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JOURNAL

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NEW! DOUBLE-DUTY *Multifine* Tooth Brush—Over 1400 fine nylon bristles, plus the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it.

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Yes, indeed! Now—for the first time—you can make homemade coconut cream pies (or puddings) in mere minutes!

And Jell-O Coconut Cream Pudding and Pie Filling makes 'em really *delish!* Lots of smooth, creamy filling and plenty of crunchy coconut right in the mix! Here's a dessert that children will be crazy about—and all it takes you is 5 minutes to cook! Wonderful, eh? Be sure to put this newest Jell-O Pudding and Pie Filling on your shopping list *now!*

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JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORP.

Journal Contents

VOL. LXIX NO. 7 July 1952

Journalities



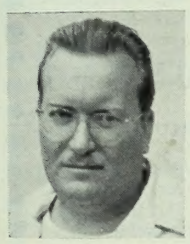
Mme. Balsan

"You were a little devil!" recalled the artist who did a portrait of her at the age of three. On Fifth Avenue in old New York she lived in a house so large and so ornate that going up the seemingly endless sweep of stairs she "prayed for courage to reach the safety of my room." Before her teens, she had cruised the world on her father's yacht, chatted intimately with Asian and European royalty. She tasted the delights of spring in Paris where, much later, she was to find love. CONSUELO VANDERBILT BALSAN is one of few eyewitnesses able to link the grandeur of nineteenth-century world society with the present day. *The Glitter and the Gold* (beginning on Page 26) is her life story, more amazing and grand than any that imagination could contrive.



Yvonne Triem

YVONNE TRIEM (***No Place for a Dog***, Page 42), a JOURNAL discovery, explains why young writers often produce dreary stories: "Such stories offer easier dramatic possibilities, an appearance of dignity, look like social criticism and make the writer feel like Dostoevski." She concludes wisely: "I think it takes a great deal of strength to write cheerfully *and* honestly."



Hannibal Coons

The sad-appearing chap on your left is really happy. HANNIBAL COONS (***Love's a Funny Business***, Page 30) reminds us that we are proud to have published his "first" fiction (***The Strong Man***, August, 1949)—really not his first at all. "Much of the pioneer air-mail tonnage in this country"—we quote Mr. Coons—"consisted of my early funny stories being rushed to the magazines and rushed back. Many so rapidly they nearly hit me in the back of the head as I turned away from the mailbox." Now his humorous fiction is "really on the highroad and going apace," we are happy to know. And so is Hannibal Coons.

Stories

Love's a Funny Business . . . . . *Hannibal Coons* 30
Giant (Second part of six) . . . . . *Edna Ferber* 32
Escape From Paradise (Conclusion) . . . *Katharine Newlin Burt* 34
Shank's Bootees . . . . . *Lt. David R. Hughes* 38
No Place for a Dog . . . . . *Yvonne Triem* 42

Special Features

It Makes You Feel Good 11
We Can Conquer Minds and Hearts . . . . *Dorothy Thompson* 11
The Glitter and the Gold (First part of four) *Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan* 26
The Natural Superiority of Women . . . . *Ashley Montagu* 36
Political Pilgrim's Progress:
Public Office is a Public Trust 43
What People Want in a President 43
The Boys in the Back Room 43
How America Lives: A Beautiful Inferiority Complex *Thelma Strabel* 84

General Features

Our Readers Write Us 4
There's a Man in the House . . . . . *Harlan Miller* 14
Making Marriage Work . . . . . *Clifford R. Adams* 16
Diary of Domesticity . . . . . *Gladys Taber* 19
Under-Cover Stuff . . . . . *Bernardine Kielty* 20
How Old Should a Girl Be? (The Sub-Deb) . *Edited by Jan Weyl* 22
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town 25
When Children Get Boils . . . . . *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* 63
Ask Any Woman . . . . . *Marcelene Cox* 101
This is a Sunbooby . . . . . *Munro Leaf* 107

Fashion and Beauty

There's Something About Her . . . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 40
"A Size 18 in Red." . . . . . *Dawn Crowell Norman* 87
Year-Round Wardrobe, $99.41 . . . . . *Nora O'Leary* 92

Food and Homemaking

Hawaiian Holiday . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 44
Line a Day . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 46
Keep Your Mixer Working . . . . . *Victoria Harris* 83
Salad Stand-bys . . . . . *Louella G. Shouer* 88
For Goodness' Sake . . . . . *Nika Standen* 116

Interior Decoration

$174.59 Gave This Room a New Start . . . *Henrietta Murdock* 91

Poetry

Home by Moonlight . . . . . *Mercedes MacDonald* 48
Laconic Tonic . . . . . *Georgie Starbuck Galbraith* 55
Rhyme on a Red Barn . . . . . *Gladys McKee* 61
Boy Trap . . . . . *Herbert Merrill* 66
At the Depot . . . . . *Dan G. Hoffman* 74
Enemy . . . . . *Marjorie Lederer Lee* 78
Over the Summer Water . . . . . *Elizabeth McFarland* 99
Folksong . . . . . *Nancy Young* 105
Against Fear . . . . . *Sara King Carleton* 115

Cover Photograph by Wilhela Cushman

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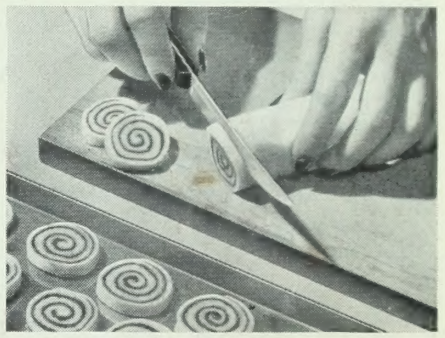
How to do tricks with leftover pie crust

— another pie-baking hint from Marie Gifford, *Armour's famous home economist*



You can make delicious, good-looking party pastries with those leftover pieces of pie dough! Simply shape the pieces into a ball and roll out to ¼-inch thickness. (Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust is tender and flaky even when re-rolled). Then:

For Cinnamon Wheels, sprinkle pie dough with a mixture of cinnamon and sugar (3 times as much sugar as cinnamon). Roll up as a jelly roll and cut into ¼-inch slices. Bake on a cookie sheet in 450° F. oven for 10 minutes or until lightly browned.





For Jam Tarts, cut out rounds with scalloped cookie cutter. Cut centers from half of these rounds. After baking on cookie sheet, as above, spread whole rounds with preserves—top with circles.

And for delicious, flaky, tender pie crusts every time—use Armour Star Lard. It's the lard so many State Fair pie champions use. This *new-type* lard needs no refrigeration—it stays fresh at room temperature, always ready to blend instantly. Do try Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe. It's on every Armour Star Lard carton!

Got a pie-baking question? Just write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 532, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Ill.—for her free *Picture Book of Pie-Making Hints.*



Armour Star Lard

Lard is 97% digestible—as digestible as butterfat. Almost completely utilized by the body, it is a valuable addition to the diet.

KATHRYN GRAYSON, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "LOVELY TO LOOK AT"— Color by Technicolor.



KATHRYN GRAYSON...Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Grayson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

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is kept at its loveliest ... with

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kathryn Grayson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like Kathryn Grayson, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

Our Readers Write us

Women the World Over

New Delhi, India

Dear Mrs. Gould: It was a pleasure to meet you and your husband at the Prime Minister's house in New Delhi. Meeting the editors of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL took me back to the days of my childhood when American friends used to send copies of it to my mother. Since then I have read it often, for it is very popular in India.

I have been interested to see how the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has evolved from a magazine devoted to the purely local interests of women to one dedicated to the larger problems of women all over the world. Many of the political, social and economic problems about which I have found excellent articles in your JOURNAL are of vital importance to women not only in India but all over Asia. I hope your tour of the East will prove to you that no matter how much women of different countries may vary in trivial outward ways, fundamentally they are one and bound together by links that no wars or political feuds can sever. I can wish nothing better for your JOURNAL than that it should dedicate itself to making more and more women all over the world work to maintain peace.

Yours sincerely,
PADMAJA NAIDU

▶ *Attractive, intelligent Padmaja Naidu, member of the Indian Parliament, is the eldest daughter of famed poetess Sarojini Naidu, governor of Uttar Pradesh from 1947 until her death in 1949. To travel around the world and find the* JOURNAL *has been a part of the education of, and is still read by, distinguished women everywhere is cause for humility as well as pride. EDS.*

You Think You're Busy?

St. Paul, Minnesota

Dear Editors: I always read and enjoy How America Lives, especially if it has to do with a large family of small children. I'm the mother of five little girls, three of whom are triplets, expecting my sixth baby within a week. The oldest is four years. You see I can use all the information I can get my eyes on.

Sincerely,
MRS. RICHARD DALY



Debbie, Patty, Barby, Jo Ann, Maureen and Mother Daly.

Another Pilgrim Progresses

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors: As a result of a long-bothered conscience and your Political Pilgrim's Progress series, I have made a start toward my political education. First, my husband and I made inquiries about our place of registration and voting in Leyden Township. Immediately I was invited to, and subsequently attended, a tea given by the "Women's Auxiliary of the Republican League of Voters of Leyden Township" (whew!). I joined this organization, became acquainted with our Republican precinct captain, was introduced to our Republican township committeeman, was asked to be an election clerk in my voting district. I have been asking questions unashamedly and receiving honest, straightforward answers. My vote is just a "drop in the bucket"—but it's an honest one and backed up with *work*, so perhaps it'll do some good.

I am twenty-five years old and have two small girls. I make most of my family's clothes, including my husband's shorts! I lecture to women's clubs and am currently engrossed in landscaping our three quarter acre of land.

Sincerely,
MRS. G. L. SIEVEKE

Mom Improves With Age—Yours

Milford, Michigan

Dear Editors: I once wrote a friend and poured out a lot of bitter resentment about my mother—I felt at the time that I hated her. I felt guilty after my outburst and that guilt prodded me to change resentment to sympathy. I know now I love her dearly. Now I can see some of the things she did for me as a child that were "beyond the call of duty." I do not try to rearrange *her* personality any more. Instead I try to graft improvements on my own.

Sincerely,
(Name withheld by request)

What! Not Steak Again!

La Paz, Bolivia

Dear Editors: I am an American who followed my heart and came here to marry the man of my life, who is Bolivian. He also thanks you for your fine recipes. I have tried a number of them and they break the monotony of steak every day. Yes, steak. My husband adores rice and your recipe for rice croquettes certainly has saved me.

Sincerely yours,
LUCILLE DE ANGLARILL

"We are Few to Fight"

Pusan, Korea

Dear Mom: It is all over. For me, the fire and the action, the firm associations of fighting men welded in the heat of battle are ended—terminated by one line on a piece of paper. I have orders to leave the little piece of dirt and sky that is the focus of great men, and the testing of small.

I have gained a thousand companions of blood and fire to cherish. I have a hundred more memories of the names and faces of those men who fell defending the whole world from greater chaos. I have not yet become elated about leaving, for I have known greater joy at the safe return of lost patrols. I have witnessed moments of such great magnificence by ordinary men that the barren and shell-rocked ridges around them became to me the most inspired of monuments to their deeds.

Now I am filled with a solitude and vastness, where the fullness of a task and trust stood for fourteen months. As I watch the new green troops coming down the gangplank of the ship below I wish I could be coming down with them, for I know I could teach them, and lead them, and return them as I was taught and led and returned.

(Continued on Page 6)





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Not a shadow of a revealing outline because only Kotex of all leading napkins gives you ends that are flat and pressed.

Not a doubt – for confidence and peace-of-mind go hand in hand with the extra absorbency and safety of Kotex . . . proved superior by actual use!

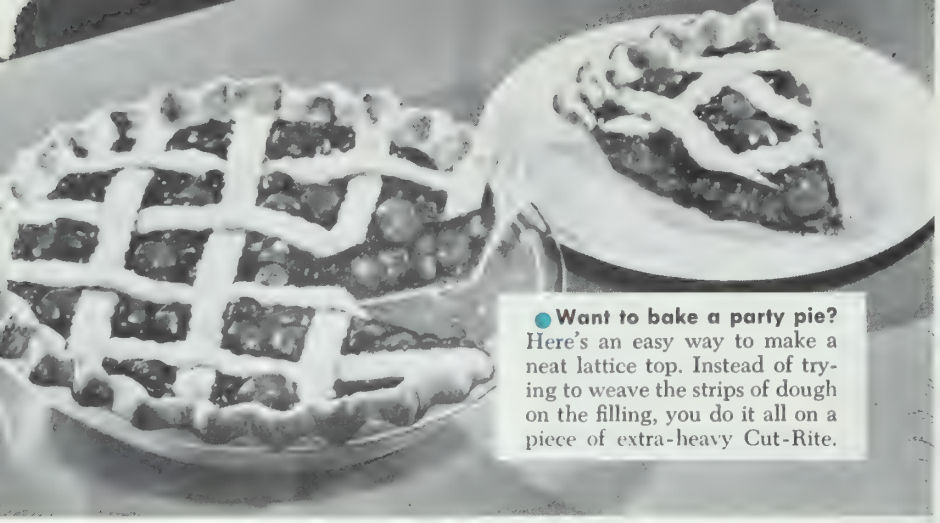
Best of all, *this* pad is made to *stay soft* while wearing . . . to retain its fit and comfort for hours and hours. No wonder Kotex is America's first choice in napkins . . . *always, very personally yours.*

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins*



DRESS BY
HERBERT SONDHEIM

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



● **Want to bake a party pie?** Here's an easy way to make a neat lattice top. Instead of trying to weave the strips of dough on the filling, you do it all on a piece of extra-heavy Cut-Rite.

DIONE LUCAS SHOWS YOU

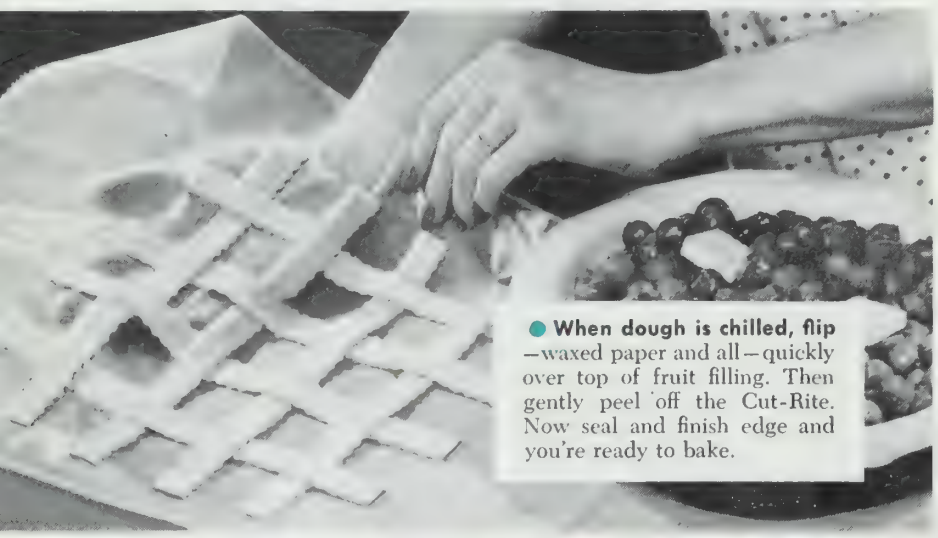
An easy way to make a Lattice Pie top



. . . famous cooking authority



● **Starting at one corner** weave ½-inch strips of pastry (cut with knife or pastry wheel) crisscross on waxed-through Cut-Rite until you have enough to cover top of pie. Put in icebox to chill.



● **When dough is chilled, flip** —waxed paper and all—quickly over top of fruit filling. Then gently peel off the Cut-Rite. Now seal and finish edge and you're ready to bake.



Every day—more women choose it!

● **Not just surface waxed,** but waxed all the way through. So pliable it folds or twists without splitting. Cut-Rite's cutting edge tears evenly—always.

A SCOTT PAPER PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 4)

But the line on the paper has changed all that. I hope it fills a greater need, for the last shot has not been fired—and we are few to fight. Love,

DAVID R. HUGHES

▶*Lieutenant Hughes is the author of Shank's Bootees, Page 38. ED.*

Big Tears

North Hollywood, California

Dear Editors: I just want you to know how much I enjoyed the story The Twisted Ring, by Anne Wormser. By the time I reached the end, I was dropping big sentimental tears all over the page. It might be classified as an "escape-type" story, but I was so sorry to see it end. I wanted to turn back to the beginning and escape all over again.

Most of your fiction hits the spot with me and I often think your writers should be given a word of appreciation. There was another delightful story, some months back, which we passed around the family and all enjoyed. I believe it was called Devotedly, Patrick Henry Casebolt.

Sincerely,

ETHELYN HUDGINGS

Who Eats Those Meals?

Beverly Hills, California

Dear Editors: I have a serious bone to pick with your food editors, Ann Batchelder and Ruth Mills Teague.

What is the use of printing all kinds of sensible food diets and reducing when your gals turn out meals like those pictured? Don't they ever eat anything that hasn't got flour in it or on it? Of the two, Teague is the worse offender. Sometimes I get so sore at her that I don't even look at her stuff. Sincerely,

GERTRUDE SHEPPARD

Tease-and-Eat Club

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors: Some couples I know have a monthly dinner party at which they serve *all* Ann Batchelder's menus for the month. The men in the group are more or less "meat-and-potatoes men" and continually tease the cooks as they devour the food. I have caught their enthusiasm and plan to start the same type of dinner club myself Yours truly,

MRS. ROY R. KRUEGER

How Lucky Americans Are!

Plymouth, England

Dear Editors: Imagine my despair and frustration when I sit here in England and see lifelike pictures in the JOURNAL of delicious marble chocolate cake, tapioca banana splits, chops, steaks and roasts, etc. As my mouth drools I wonder how edible is the paper on which these beautiful products are printed—and whether Mr. and Mrs. America realize how lucky they are. Yours truly,

JACK SANGER

How to be Deliriously Happy

Arlington, Virginia

Dear Laura Lou: Isn't this picture of Brian priceless? It's something to be



Best of all possible worlds.

placed under glass someplace to act as a shot in the arm when politics, war, taxes or business seem intolerable. See how deliriously happy he is with ice cream and cake and being one year old!

Love,

NAN CARROLL

Nothing Comes Out Right

Big Indian, New York

Dear Editors: I admit my envy of all the wives in your How America Lives

(Continued on Page 8)

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HOLIDAYS seem more festive when canned meats come to the party! Use them for making gay and appetizing palate-pleasers like this.





Have 'em ready on the shelf!

Choose from this handy check-list

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Chili Con Carne	Chopped Ham
Luncheon Meat	Deviled Ham
Barbecued Beef or Pork	Hamburgers
Beef Stew	Pork Sausage
Beef and Gravy	Tamales
Meat and Spaghetti	Tongue
Roast Beef Hash	Vienna Sausage
Potted Meat	Liver Spread
Frankfurters	Sliced Dried Beef

Tin cans are actually 99% steel!

It's *meat* that makes the meal . . . that puts the sparkle of anticipation in your family's meal-time eye! And today . . . with the wonderful variety of meats-in-cans that smile from your grocer's shelf . . . the busy housewife can whip up a thrifty, appetizing, wholesome meat-meal in absolutely record time.

Meats-in-cans are just as good for you, just as nutritious as any other meat. And thanks to steel cans*, each one comes to you fresh, pure and delicious in its own individual "pressure-cooker"!

Cans of steel make it possible for you to enjoy the best in meats and other fine foods whatever the season, whatever the occasion. They bring you more food for your dollar, maximum nutritional value for your food money the year 'round. They make food easier to handle, easier to store. And they give you positive protection against food contamination. *So remember:* your best food buys come in steel cans.

UNITED STATES STEEL

Only steel can do so many jobs so well

THE MAKERS OF BAYER ASPIRIN ANNOUNCE

NEW FLAVORED CHILDREN'S SIZE BAYER ASPIRIN!



It Tastes Like Your Children's Favorite Candy...
So Wholesome and Delicious Children Like to



CHEW IT
—or let it melt on the tongue



DRINK IT
dissolved in water



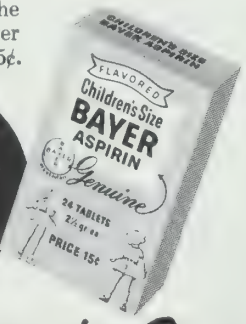
MIX IT
with their food

Here's wonderful news, mother! No more worrisome coaxing, fretting or fussing when your children need aspirin—for the *best* aspirin money can buy now tastes so delicious, they take it with a smile.

Try It Yourself, Mother. You'll recognize the perfectly delicious flavor in new Children's Size Bayer Aspirin at once. So will your youngsters. They'll think it's wonderful, chewed like candy—or dissolved on the tongue. It makes a delightfully tasty drink dissolved in water. And still another pleasant way to take it is mixed with food. Buy it today and keep it handy, so that when your children need it, you'll be ready.

Children's Size Bayer Aspirin Saves You Money! New, flavored Children's Size Bayer Aspirin actually saves you money. For you get 24 tablets—tablets just half the size of regular Bayer Aspirin—for only 15¢.

24 TABLETS ONLY 15¢



New FLAVORED Children's Size
BAYER ASPIRIN

(Continued from Page 6)

series. They are all so efficient, clever and poised. I am one of those gals who want, and try so hard, to do clever things around the house, but end up with a terrible mess and a worse temper. My molded salads collapse like busted balloons, the hot canapés burn, the easy-to-make dress looks like a sack tied in the middle, and the "fixed-over" tiered curtains make the windows look nine months pregnant. Then along comes the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and I'm off—all enthused and clever from the top of my head to the tips of my toes. Are there any others like me around, heaven forbid?

Sincerely,
BETTE FULLER

▶*There are a few. Men seem to love them too. ED.*

No Trouble at All

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Miss Hoffman: Your article Three at a Time was of interest to me because of the reference to the year's free supply of evaporated milk presented to the Weir triplets by a company manufacturing evaporated milk. As you pointed out, this provided a real saving for the Weirs. It was surprising to find following this statement: "On the other hand, it meant she had to keep on with the bothersome business long after the triplets would have normally switched to whole milk."

Many thousands of mothers *choose* to give their children evaporated milk throughout the first year and longer, and would certainly disagree with the suggestion that its use is a "bothersome business." On the contrary, the use of evaporated milk for the child's drinking cup is a great convenience. A week's or month's supply can be kept on hand. When the child is ready for his milk, mothers can just reach for the can on the pantry shelf and mix the milk with water in the proportion the doctor recommends. Surely nothing could be simpler. Of all the various forms of cow's milk, evaporated milk mixed with water has qualities most like mother's milk.

It is our view, with which I hope you will agree, that mothers and all others interested in the feeding of children should be informed there is no need to change from evaporated milk, after formula-feeding days, and that the use of evaporated milk for drinking can well be continued throughout infancy and childhood.

Very truly yours,
H. L. SIPPLE
Director of Research and Education, Evaporated Milk Association

▶*Breast feeding, whenever possible—and it usually is—is best, most doctors and mothers agree. ED.*

Annunciation, Not Incarnation

San Antonio, Texas

Dear Editors: As a Roman Catholic I know it has never been a part of our faith to celebrate the Incarnation of the Blessed Virgin on March 25th, as stated in Bernardine Kielty's March column. On March 25 we do commemorate the Annunciation.

MRS. ELLSWORTH W. FISK

Just So They're Delivered

Winnetka, Illinois

Dear Editors: Being the mother of six children, two of whom were born during conscious delivery and four of whom were delivered while I was anesthetized, I feel that I am qualified to compare methods.

As to conscious delivery being so much richer an emotional experience than the ecstatic joy of seeing your baby for the first time upon regaining consciousness, I say it is not so. My joy and love for each new little baby, whether I have been conscious during the birth process or not, has always been the same.

I have no fear of childbirth or its accompanying pain. One of my favorite replies to horrified comments on having had six children within a period of nine years is, "One of the easiest things I do is have babies!" I believe it is important to have confidence in your obstetrician. If he believes in an anesthesia during delivery, let him be the judge.

Very sincerely,
MARIAN B. McCLORY



My druqqist so[illegible]



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The Weakest Link in the Daisy Chain!



SOME OF THE GIRLS were leaving college for careers, others for a future of social gaiety, and a great many others to be married. But Julia could look forward to none of these experiences. She had three strikes against her from the start. Socially, she was the weakest link in the Daisy Chain . . . and she didn't know why*.

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Even if you are guilty of *halitosis (bad breath) only occasionally, the word gets around that you are *always* that way. It's a hurdle you can very seldom surmount, socially or in business.

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Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic . . . *and bad breath is stopped.* Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date when you want to be at your best.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth.

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Although tooth paste is a good method of oral hygiene, no tooth paste . . . no chlorophyll . . . kills odor-producing germs with anything like Listerine's germicidal efficiency.

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date.
Lambert Pharmacal Company
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Stop Bad Breath for Hours with **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

Kills bad-breath germs better than tooth paste . . . better than chlorophyll

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An unusual Smorgasbord—family-style, family-size!

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It's another of Marie Gifford's favorite recipes! For many other new meal-planning ideas and 43 different recipes write for the new booklet, "Meal Magic with Armour Star Pantry-Shelf Meats." Address the famous home economist, Marie Gifford—Armour and Company, Dept. 527, Chicago 9, Illinois.

ARMOUR 85th ANNIVERSARY



JOURNAL

Bruce Gould
Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors



"KITCHEN CATS" *by Agnes Tait*

It Makes You Feel Good

"YOU can't get blood out of a turnip" is the old saying. The Red Cross people are sure of it. The only source of usable blood is people. Most of us have all the blood we need and more is quickly produced in our bodies if a little is extracted. Yet, though blood and its derivatives are constantly needed to save the lives of civilians as well as wounded soldiers, blood donors are not plentiful. Why? Is it because of fear? If so, fear of what? Pain? An unknown procedure? Dire consequences?

The fact is, it is *easy* to get blood out of people—if people are willing. It doesn't hurt. The procedure is simple. The consequences make barely a moment's conversation. (Each prospective blood donor is carefully questioned and tested to make certain there will be no consequences worth talking about.)

But, to tell the truth, the first time we gave blood we *were* a bit apprehensive—not scared, of course, but, well, wary. Wanted not to be awkward about it. Hoped our blood wouldn't *pour* out. Wanted to make sure the nurse got the tap shut off properly. Wondered if we would faint, and if we did faint, would we do it with dignity or just plop. (Except on the stage, few women swoon with dramatic grace. They look awful.)

What happened? Not much. Nobody fainted. The whole thing caused less pain than the prick of a finger for a blood test. Then, too, since we were stretched out on a rather high cot and the receptacle which caught our blood was below us, we didn't even see it. Before we even guessed the container was full, an attendant clapped a lid on it and placed it on a cart along with others. We could not distinguish our special blood from any of the rest. Gingerly arising, we experienced a giddy moment of comradery with all people on the earth.

The coffee afterward was extraordinarily good. Someone insisted we eat a doughnut we didn't want and remain seated for twenty minutes. A dab of antiseptic cotton on our arm hid the wound. Didn't get to show it to a soul. When permitted to leave, we strolled out nonchalantly, feeling actually relaxed and refreshed. And a little proud, for we had given something more than money.

We Can Conquer Minds and Hearts

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

ON a plane between Rome and Cairo a Norwegian passenger lent me a weeks-old American magazine to read. It contained a sensational preview of what, it was predicted, would be the next great American scientific achievement.

Most of the magazine was devoted to this prediction, under the title We Can Conquer Space. Numerous scientists contributed, and all of them agreed that, given the money for continued research and experimentation, the United States might very soon realize another conquest, surpassing that of disintegrating the atom.

What was proposed and declared to be possible and even imminent was the creation of a ship or "station" that, rocketed into planetary space outside the orbit within which moves the earth, would be an artificial satellite, a tiny man-made star, as it were, completely detached from the planet on which we live and from all its physical laws. Out there, in space, there would be no gravity, no weight and no air. In fact, said the authors, the environment of such a "space station" could be described only as "nothingness."

Yet this station in nothingness would be occupied by a human crew who, dressed in an armor (depicted in illustrations) that made them resemble mechanical robots rather than men, would carry with them their own air, re-create within their narrow room shot into space their own weight—to enable them, for instance, to get food into their mouths—and manage to re-create on the most primitive plane the conditions essential to the survival of human life in a sphere where there is no organic life, human or otherwise. The greatest hazard, the authors averred, would be from meteors or meteor dust, but they assured the reader that invention and ingenuity would also find defenses against these; the greatest

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Please— remember no other cracker can add such refreshment to cold drinks as RITZ!



ou've glorified this cool drink—com-ned orange juice and carbonated ater—(half 'n' half), added a dash of ne juice, for zip. But *stop*—before you p! Be *positive* those are RITZ CRACKERS tucked alongside. Because NABISCO makes *sure* these golden-good crackers just *don't wilt*. A special baking process seals in the crispness . . . for *good!* Want to find out? *Now's* the time.

Remember—it pays to buy "RITZ"—because Nothing tastes as good as RITZ—but RITZ!" ®

morale disturber, they explained, would be boredom—the awful boredom of existence in nothingness.

But why should man seek to enter "nothingness," a sphere where by definition there is nothing whatever to discover and gain for the human race, unless, perhaps, one might learn a little more than is now known about the structure of the universe? But that is not the projected object of such a "conquest." The object is not to add to knowledge; this is not the project of astronomers. Astronomers are to be but its handmaidens. The object in artificially and mechanically creating a position outside the earth and its laws, and a point from which all this planet as it pursues its course of movement would be vulnerable at every point, is to achieve the final perfection of war.

For years writers of scientific fiction have imagined the invasion of the earth from other planets by other beings than we, creatures (if "creatures" exist elsewhere) who are not "man." Some years ago the actor, Mr. Orson Welles, reading on the radio a dramatization of the late H. G. Wells' War of the Worlds, sent part of our population into a panic as they were led to imagine that an invasion from another planet had actually begun.

The authors of the article did not take that danger seriously at all. Their space station is not designed for defense against the aggressions of another world. The invasion of this planet which the scientists dream as possible is to be by its own inhabitants, able from a contrived station in interstellar space to bombard it with atomic destruction and so become its masters in war. Thus, from nothingness this only somethingness we know could be invaded, not by men as men (dropping from parachutes, for instance) but by their destructive engines; and this planet could be made to lie as one single turning target, vulnerable from a point in interstellar space.

Liberty is the one thing you can't have unless you give it to others.
—WILLIAM A. WHITE

A caption in the article inquired, "What Are We Waiting For?" It instructed the readers of the magazine that all that is necessary to achieve this possibility of world mastery is four billion dollars—of the taxpayers' money, of course; of your money, and mine.

It seems to me that one thing we should wait for, and wait a long time, is thought.

Since I handed back the magazine to my Norwegian fellow passenger, I have been continuously haunted by the article. I do not know enough of physics, engineering or astronomy to form a judgment of whether the proposals for the conquest of space are soundly based, scientifically, or likely to be realized in foreseeable time. But is there not an element of what normally would be called criminal insanity in some of modern scientific genius? Is it necessary to do everything that a few men conceive it possible to do, regardless of the results?

THE world—or rather *our* world, on this planet—is celebrating this year the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Leonardo da Vinci, probably the greatest universal genius mankind has yet produced. We know him best as the artist who painted the Mona Lisa, the lady of the cryptic, haunting smile.

But Leonardo da Vinci was also a scientist and inventor, who nearly five centuries ago designed a submarine. He never perfected it, because, as he noted in writing, he feared it might be used as "an instrument of assassination." He did not think that the moral nature of man had developed to the point where he could be entrusted with such a treacherous and ingenious machine.

Who was the greater and wiser? Leonardo, who put restraints upon his own scientific genius, or some modern scientists who seem to think themselves above an not responsible to the human race?

I thought of that four billion dollars—a a mere beginning, of course—as I continue my travels in territories destroyed by th last war, in Europe, North Africa and th Middle East, seeing daily before my eye the skeletons of once fair cities whic generations of engineers, architects, artist gardeners and laborers had created a homes for man. And I saw them buildin anew: docks and quays for the ships o peaceful commerce; factories for the manu facture of necessary and useful things schools, homes, temples and churches.

As the plane in which I was travelin sped over the Libyan desert, the pilo called our attention to the fact that belov us lay El Alamein, scene of one of the mos desperate battles of the last war. Nothing was there to recall it, only wastes of barren sand. But from a newspaper put on the plane at Tripoli, I learned that Englishmen and Germans were co-operating in a joint expedition to search for, uncover and reinter in cemeteries the bleached bones o their youthful dead.

I visited new countries, carved by the victors out of old empires, and talked with their officials about their problems—countries where not one person in a thousand can read or write; where flies still eat at children's eyes, inducing blindness; where diseases that science can prevent or cure—malaria, tuberculosis, and endemic worm diseases caused by parasites in stagnant waters—reduce human energy to a dragging existence, if they do not cause death.

I talked with physicians in new social centers—"We have a hundred and fifty now; we need fifteen hundred"—and the story was nearly always the same: "We don't get at the *root* of the trouble. The patients we cure come in a month later with the same diseases. If only all the waters could be simultaneously treated with copper sulphate we would stop the life cycle of the animals on whom the parasites breed. But there is never enough money for the job."

Four thousand million dollars—to conquer nothingness. For that money populous states could be irrigated and deserts made to blossom. Four billion dollars is nearly five times the total budget of one Middle Eastern state; a budget which must cover war reconstruction, education, sanitation, hospitals, irrigation, roads and all the costs of administration.

And along the way I paused to contemplate the ruins of once great civilizations; to observe that nearly 3000 years before Christ, men performed extraordinary engineering feats, built great buildings of hand-cut stone, carved exquisite vessels and remarkable sculptures of alabaster and porphyry, spun fine linen, made cosmetics, and built great dams and sluices for water. I talked with world-famous archaeologists, asking, "Why did all this perish?" And usually the answer was, "The men who did all this overexpended their energies in war."

And wherever I went, in Europe and the Middle East, I read and heard anxiety expressed about America. On the morning that I wrote this article, the Egyptian newspaper, Al Mukattam, summarized these anxieties and complaints:

America no longer seems to look at the world from the humanitarian viewpoint, but only from the viewpoint of military bases and strategy. For this reason America is failing to win our friendship, in spite of all her efforts and good intentions. The Americans we came to know before the last war were men of education, industry and philanthropy who were concerned about our lives and progress and thus gained our friendship. This is what we want now.

(Continued on Page 62)

A Great New MAZOLA "60-Second" Salad Dressing



Just make and shake in a jar perfect for all salads!

—Jane Ashley

"60-Second" Salad Dressing

Measure into a jar:

1 cup Mazola® Salad Oil
¼ cup vinegar ¼ cup catchup

Add 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, few grains of pepper. (Onion or garlic, if desired.) Cover and shake well. Chill thoroughly. Makes 1½ cups. Wonderful for *all* salads.

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There's a Man in the House

By HARLAN MILLER

My plump neighbor next door praises the illuminated refrigerator interior as American science's most splendid stride: he can now rummage for leftovers behind his wife's back without turning on the kitchen light.

Just about the most modern father in our block is the one who's spent eight years trying tactfully to teach his young son to tie his shoelaces. He's finally giving up and has bought the boy a pair of those laceless slippers so suggestively called "loafers."

I'm ready to forgive our adventurous twelve-year-old for rummaging in every nook and drawer and closet and cranny in the house; in a pinch he can always find for me instantly anything I've mislaid.

From my wife's diary for the year we were married I've plucked a historic gem: "Harlan unreasonable today." This partly clears up for me what it is that sweet, agreeable women write in their diaries.

Among recent phonograph records, I like to play over and over one called Moonlight on the River. But not until I've played my Dream Girl's current favorite, At Last, at Last, a minimum of three times.

At the last P.T.A. supper of the year (after two helpings of meat loaf) I made the mistake of telling our youngest's next-year junior-high English teacher that all the classics should be rewritten in more readable style. Now I'm afraid he may suffer reprisals.

I can't avoid a slight sense of inferiority when I go to the prize fights on a night when my mate attends a meeting of the League of Women Voters, but I try to cope with it.

Among the June brides in our town some gentle envy was stirred when one girl received among her 237 presents five electric alarm clocks. Her chums' only consolation is that . . . she's moving into a one-bedroom apartment.

"I've laid the law down," confides Peter Comfort, taping a leaky lawn hose. "Only one piece of luggage for each member of the family on this summer's motor trip. So when I show up at the front door with four pieces I'll be able to razz my wife and daughter with three pieces each."

Why is it that your wife always tells you how nice you look in a dark blue suit? Maybe it's because it makes you look safe and conservative? Or because you become a tidy accessory to any of her costumes?

Junior bawls me out for threatening to go fishing on election day if the two political parties nominate certain parties who remind me of eggplant. "You ought to vote for the lesser of two evils," he advises. (Anyhow, November's no time to go fishing.)

At the bridge-table review of local gossip I learn a new version: the wife who told her husband during the heat of a breakfast-table quarrel he ought to go to a psychiatrist merely got mixed up in her words; what she says she really meant was that he ought to see an osteopath.



I can't quite fathom why it's more complicated to eat an outdoor meal in our back yard than to picnic on a riverbank nine miles away. The whole family runs a relay race from the back-yard table to the kitchen door. More food slides off trays, and refrigerator and pantry are entirely too handy.

My popularity around the house isn't helped a bit when I raid the refrig' and demolish dainties my daughter has stashed away for her boy friend, plus titbits my wife has cached for Junior when he comes home for the week end, plus snacks sequestered for our youngest to pack in his school lunch.

Too bad Luther Burbank didn't live long enough to develop a flowering crab to bloom in July and August. I'd settle for budding green leaves in the spring, with maybe a few tulips and daffodils, but when the thermometer sticks at 90 Nature needs a shot in the arm.

I've been tempted to tell some of my more high-collared friends the gag I heard when I went to New York to see a couple of ball games—that one of the more self-righteous candidates looks like a grapefruit with glasses on. But they might jump to the conclusion that I like Ike.

Frankly, shuffleboard isn't my favorite game (yet). But (after seeds, fertilizer and raking) I'm eying one long narrow bare spot on our lawn and wondering if a concrete shuffleboard alley might not be the ideal solution.

Alas, the old aristocracy in our town is slowly decaying. The great-grandson of the man who founded the buggy works (where the automatic-parking building now stands) told me in a burst of confidence that he wears (in hot weather) a bow tie that snaps on, because it keeps his neck cooler.

Once I admired elderly people who insisted they didn't care for the socicty of people their own age, but preferred "to be with younger people." Well, I'm beginning to wonder, as I watch a few elderly ladies in our town who reject natural companions their own age, and so grow lonely and full of self-pity.

I've posted signs in our basement that after July 1 all the washing and ironing must be done in the laundry room, instead of all over. We men need a room for the electric train, and anyhow in hot weather the basement's the coolest place to sleep. (If I can only make it stick.)

This year I've slept late only twice, and each time my winsome consort has brought breakfast to my bedroom on a tray. It turned out she only wanted to get all the breakfast dishes washed at once.

When Junior heaps the sunshine of his approval on a new sport shirt I'm bashful about,

. . . Or my daughter argues that I ought to have a butch haircut if I want one,

. . . And our youngest instantly detects the applesauce in a political radio speech,

. . . Or my streamlined mate urges bacon and eggs on me when I'm doggedly resigned to black coffee and grapefruit,

. . . Then I want to ransack the attic for that old marriage license, frame it in elegant plastic and put it right on the piano.

It takes some planning to arrange a

Royal Send-off



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

JACK ROBERTS hung his hat on the rack, put his briefcase on his desk and turned to his secretary. "Any messages?"

Miss Wilmot glanced at the notes scribbled on the pad near her telephone. "Your wife wants to know if you'll be home at the usual time tonight. Mr. Gleason wants you to talk at the Business Men's Lunch next Thursday. And . . . " The telephone rang. Miss Wilmot answered it, looked at him and said, "It's Mr. Granger." Jack nodded and sat down at his desk.

"Hi, Bob!" he said, "What's new?" Bob Granger was publisher and editor of the town's daily newspaper.

"Listen, Jack," the voice on the telephone said, "Have you heard about Don Bradford?"

"Don Bradford? What about him?" Don had been principal of the high school as long as most folks in town could remember. He was principal in 1920, when Bob and Jack graduated, and had been principal ever since.



"Well, the old boy's definitely decided to retire!" Bob Granger said. "The school board announced it last night and I've heard that he and Mrs. Bradford are leaving for the Coast next month!"

"You don't say!" Jack grinned—and the grin widened. For once he'd beaten Bob to a story! He'd known for weeks what Don's plans were—for years, in fact. As his New York Life agent he had helped Don figure out how, with the income from his life insurance policies and the pension he would get, he would be able to take things easy for the rest of his life.

The voice on the telephone went on. "Well, I've been thinking that Don Bradford has done so much for practically everyone in town over the years that we ought to get together and give the Bradfords a royal send-off when they leave for the Coast. You know—luncheon at the hotel, school band at the station, all that sort of thing. And I was hoping you'd have time to head up one of the committees."

Miss Wilmot, glancing up from her typewriter, wondered why Jack Roberts was smiling so broadly when he said, "Why, sure, Bob—good idea. I'll be glad to do anything I can to help—anything at all . . . "

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph. D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Does your husband—the man whose smile once sent your heart skimming—seem no longer "special"? It's a problem familiar to many—but it needn't be accepted as inevitable.

Doesn't Love Ever Last?

"WILL and I were in love when we married, and I took it for granted we always would be. But during the social hour at our study club, a conversation came up that disturbs me. We're all settled, mature women, married twenty years or more, though two of us have recently been divorced. Somehow we got on the subject of love, and it seems hardly any of us love our husbands as we used to. Is this why marriages often end in middle age? Doesn't love ever last?"

It depends on what you mean by love. Certainly the vital elements of real married love can not only last, but mature and deepen in later life. To be sure, the relationship will not be the same—nor should you want it to be. Young love is compounded of the glamour of the unfamiliar, the challenge of a new relationship, and physical attraction. These aspects, among others, give courtship and early marriage a special enchantment; they also cause intervals of doubt, anxiety and pain.

If the glamour dims as the unknown becomes known, if the challenge is met, if the physical relationship becomes less turbulent, these changes are not a loss to be mourned, but a healthy evolution to be welcomed and anticipated.

Too many middle-aged wives and husbands are troubled by the same doubts as the writer of this letter. They yearn for the romantic thrills of youth, while neglecting or overlooking the values they now have, or can attain.

Often the difficulty can be traced to the very fact that they have achieved their early goals, and have failed to replace them with others. The bond of companionship is lost, and with it the sense of sharing and companionship.

Some couples, blessed with special insight and imagination, make plans ahead for the years when the children are grown and they will have more freedom. If you have done so, you and your husband are not likely to lose your sense of anticipation, your zest for life, or your joy in each other.

If you have not done so, begin now. Instead of pursuing activities of your own, make plans with your husband which include you both—for watching a favorite television show, for new planting in the garden, for a longed-for trip two years from now. It matters little what the projects are, so long as you plan and work for them together. For the security of being together is the goal of love in youth, and its reward in maturity.

How Do You Meet Problems?

When a serious problem arises, the situation is aggravated if the attitude of either mate prevents reasonable discussion. Answer these questions with an honest *yes* or *no* to see if your attitude is constructive.

When you two have a problem, do you:

1. **Wait for a good chance to discuss it?**
2. **Feel sure yours is the right answer?**
3. **Listen attentively to the other's ideas?**
4. **Shed tears, or lose your temper?**
5. **Admit your share of the responsibility?**
6. **Pout or sulk, then or later?**
7. **Stick to the facts?**
8. **Ask friends to take sides?**
9. **Put yourself in your mate's place?**
10. **Stand on your "rights"?**
11. **Seek outside counsel when no solution results?**
12. **Walk out, or threaten to?**
13. **Postpone discussion if animosity develops?**
14. **Find it difficult to compromise?**

Odd-numbered questions should be answered "Yes," even-numbered "No." Even one wrong answer may make constructive discussion impossible. Three or more wrong answers indicate open hostility and, unless corrected, can only lead to unhappiness. The acid test is whether you two feel better *after* a discussion.

Never Enough Time

MARY began our talk by explaining that she and her husband love each other, and have everything they want except time. They have two fine children, aged five and two; Bob is doing well in business, and the small house they're buying is just right. But Mary constantly races the clock. She is growing tense and irritable, and she doesn't want to live that way.

"When we were first married," she said, "there seemed to be time for everything. Now there's hardly a chance to talk. At breakfast, I see to the children while Bob reads the paper. With all the interruptions, the housework and children keep me running all day, and there's no let-up after Bob gets home. About four nights a week, one or the other of us goes to a club or committee meeting. Nights when we're both at home, he usually has office work, and I sew or finish the ironing. Except for one night out together, garden work or household chores take all our week-end time. It's a mad scramble, with no time to enjoy anything, even each other."

Though Mary's problem is largely one of attitude, it's nevertheless real, and common to thousands of other ambitious young couples. Mary and Bob will have to work out their own solution, but Mary's remarks contain some useful clues.

When I asked her about the interruptions, Mary explained that she has a lot of telephone calls connected with social and civic affairs, and that several times a day friends or neighbors drop in for "a few minutes' visit." She enjoys these contacts, but has never thought of them as recreation.

She and Bob each have two nights a week out alone, as well as one together. This schedule, though crowded, can hardly be called confining.

Some of their week-end time is devoted to necessary maintenance, like cutting the grass and household repairs; but most of the "garden work and household chores" are improvements undertaken, not from necessity, but because Mary and Bob want them.

As we talked about these things, Mary was able to see them from a different standpoint. Perhaps the suggestions we gave her will help other harassed wives.

- *Plan your work.* No doubt you have a household schedule, but do you revise it frequently to meet your family's changing needs? Polished furniture and shining silver may be luxuries your time budget cannot afford. Eliminate nonessentials, employ short cuts, and don't be a perfectionist.

- *Decide what you really want.* Are the telephone calls, the neighbors' visits, the committee meetings worth your while, either as recreation or as community obligations? If so, allow for them and don't feel abused; if not, reduce or eliminate them. For a week, keep track of your telephone time; the total may astonish you.

- *Leave a margin for error.* Learn to allow a little more time for each task than you expect it to take. You are running a home, not an assembly line. Your children share your resentment of racing the clock.

- *Cultivate appreciation.* Many of your tasks (building an outdoor fireplace, refinishing an old table) are undertaken from choice, and are really recreation. Others, though essential, are still enjoyable. Learn to take pleasure in the activity itself, as well as the end result.

In later life, Mary will look back on these strenuous years as the happy, productive period they really are. If she can free herself from the feeling of strain, she can enjoy them now, as well as in retrospect. She has what she wants; like many other hard-working young wives, she must learn to want, enjoy and appreciate what she has.

Be sure it's
Hawaiian—
Be sure it's

DOLE



For true, tropic flavor that says "Hawaii!" with every juicy bite . . . choose sunny DOLE Pineapple Slices.

And for a bright "good morning!" or refreshing nightcap, sparkling DOLE Pineapple Juice — Hawaii in your glass! Chill, shake, punch and pour from the familiar DOLE can!

Simple—but oh so summery!—is this cool salad of snowy cottage cheese mounded on a rosy tomato slice, then topped with DOLE crisp-cut Crushed Pineapple.

For brand-new Hawaiian Party Book send 25c to DOLE, Box B, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 6, Calif.



Amazing Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap care!

...actually stimulates moisture within your skin that makes even dry skin fresher, smoother!

Science proves it's moisture from within that makes skin really smoother

There's a *definite promise* of smoother, fresher skin for you—in this newly-discovered SKIN-TONIC ACTION of Lux Soap care. A softer, dewier look . . . the wonderful *young* look!

Skin-Tonic Action works *from within* to improve your skin—not just from the *surface*, but actually *from within your skin*. New tests by Lever Bio-Chemists prove . . .

Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care wakes vital moisture within your skin

It's *moisture from within* that makes skin look really smooth, lastingly smooth. It's *moisture from within* that gives radiant freshness. Your skin *must* have this natural moisture to look its loveliest—and that's just what the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care gives your skin!

You'll see, day by day . . . the more you stimulate your inner skin with Lux Skin-Tonic Action care . . . the lovelier your complexion looks!

Yes, your skin looks smoother . . . and *it stays smoother*. That's the wonderful news of Skin-Tonic Action—*lasting freshness, lasting new smoothness.*

Moisture! . . . for dry skin!

Moisture is particularly vital to dry skin. The flakiness you see is dry, inactive skin flaking off. Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap care actually helps correct this condition *from within*. It helps your skin *retain natural moisture*. Immediate improvement is evident—you'll *see* your skin looks fresher, more luminous. Feels smoother to touch.

FOR YOU . . . a minute a day, each day. Now think of your Lux care as more than mere cleansing. Think of it as a beauty stimulant! As you cream in the rich lather for your Lux Soap Facial, this stimulating Tonic-Action wakes vital beauty. A minute-a-day makes a difference! Your warm rinse, your cold splash, *add* to the stimulation.

Now pat dry with a towel—and see the dewy freshness! Touch the more satiny feel of your skin! You're truly Lux-lovely.

Lovely DEBRA PAGET says, "*I find the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care makes a wonderful difference in my skin . . . brings fresher sparkle, delightful new smoothness!*"

And *you* can be sure . . . the beauty care that works for lovely Hollywood stars like Debra Paget will work for you, too.

The evidence in these Lux tests *proves* that the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care will make a real difference in the loveliness of any normal, healthy skin—and that probably means *your* skin.

You can easily prove this for yourself. So try Lux now . . . start *daily* Lux care . . . and you will see that just *one* cake of Lux can make your skin *definitely smoother, definitely fresher*. We would not make this promise unless we were sure that Lux would fulfill every word of it.

Today, get fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap . . . it's Hollywood's own beauty soap. You'll see why 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX TOILET SOAP care and the beautifying benefits of its Skin-Tonic Action are guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company—or your money refunded.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux with "Skin-Tonic Action"



See Lux-lovely DEBRA PAGET, starring in
"LES MISERABLES" A 20th Century-Fox Production



Sister and her son hope for a picnic. The dogs really enjoy summer—cool grass to roll in, moist earth to dig and the wonderful scent of rabbits at dusk.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

WHEN the young corn is nearly old enough to pick, we have a whole supper of Stillmeadow succotash made with corn and baby green beans. Possibly a hot muffin on the side, and always coffee. We eat down by the pond, and watch the wonderful changes of light as day goes again to that place all lost things go. The gates of the sunset close over the woods, and the favorite bright small frog comes out by the edge of the pool and quietness brims the far meadows.

Later, when the moon walks on the pond, we and whoever is visiting pop in the cool dreamy water for a night swim. I always hope we are not making the fish anxious, splashing around like large vicious animals. Once in a while when we slip in, a bevy of minnows brushes past, dim silver in the moonlight. My own small frog and all his relations chug-a-lug into the water; the water itself is dark and mysterious except where the moon sets up her silver fire.

This is the time to see life whole, let the small fears and the large anxieties go. Everyone must have such times, for the burden of our era is a severe one. To sit quietly and confront the stars is a form of prayer, as is true music and great poetry—we need to reach out and touch the infinite even if briefly.

There are some drawbacks to being a decent citizen, I find. When we were going on an overnight visit, packed and booted and spurred, and with the car full of dogs and bags, we discovered the automobile-license paper was not in the glove compartment. Feverishly we wasted an hour turning drawers upside down, hunting through files, getting out last year's purses, shaking out receipts. Our well-timed starting hour passed, so did another. So we drove to Waterbury to the Motor Bureau and I told my story to the first office girl, to the second, to the third. I filled out another blank, I was passed up and down long counters. Evidently this had never happened to anybody before, to lose that paper. A conference of seven clerks. Another paper to sign. And then the girl gave me two little metal things for the car.

"Nine dollars," she said.

"But I already have these," I protested. "They are right on the car! I don't need two sets. All I want," said I for the fifteenth time, "is one of those little papers. It isn't that I don't have a license, I have just mislaid the paper."

She went back and five more people entered into a long discussion. Some were for me, obviously, some against.

"Nine dollars," said the girl, in the end.

So I crept away, completely and doubly legal. And out nine dollars. We made the trip safely, came home. Two days later, I received a third paper from the state I have sworn to protect and cherish saying the second one had been incorrectly filled out at the bureau, so would I please substitute this. I now realize, with admiration and anger, that I am probably the only driver of an automobile who (a) has paid eighteen dollars for one year's license, and (b) has *three* licenses, for of course the missing original will turn up in the old Christmas cards or something any day now.

"This," says Jill coldly, "is what comes of you being so law-abiding."

For one thing, I defend myself by the knowledge that no house built in 1690 was designed for the complexities of modern living. The papers, the insurance policies, the charge cards, the wildlife stamps, the book-club membership things (and woe if you lose those, too) and all the rest simply are new to our day. So we poke them into the nearest drawer and then hunt later on. My only rule now is never to wonder after supper at night where I put the application for a kennel license. That way madness lies.

Esmè had a slight indisposition last week from hair balls and had to have medication. I was so anxious about her, but when we began to work on her the tiger roars made the walls shake. A Siamese

(Continued on Page 59)

Most make-ups shout: "Made-up!"—
Magic Touch whispers: "Natural beauty"



Replace that heavy "made-up" look with natural-looking loveliness by using Magic Touch. No puff, no sponge.



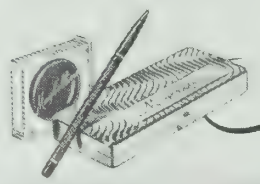
43c and 1.00—6 magic shades . . . a CAMPANA product

Magic Touch is NEW . . . a *tinted cream* make-up so sheer your skin glows through! . . . yet it hides each tiny blemish while it smooths and softens and adds glorious color. . . . Apply with fingertips (with or without powder)—so quick, so easy, so *naturally lovely!*



SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE MAYBELLINE MAKES

You'd hardly believe that the same face could become so beautiful, would you? Yet it takes only a few soft accents of Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Eye Shadow to make that amazing difference. See how lovely you can look with



Maybelline

PREFERRED BY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA





ERIK PETERSON

In Jutland, 50,000 Danes celebrate U. S. Independence Day.

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

ONE of the biggest Fourth of July celebrations in the world takes place every year in—of all places—Denmark. On that day, in the Rebild National Park in Jutland, the flags of all the American states fly together, and 50,000 Danes sing The Star-Spangled Banner, following it with their own anthem, There is a Lovely Land. How many Americans, we wonder, would recognize their own state flag?

•

On the Fourth of July, 1788, there was a big parade in Philadelphia to celebrate the ratification of the Constitution. "The rabbi of the Jews, with a minister of the Gospel on each side, was a most delightful sight," wrote Gouverneur Morris.

THE EXTRAORDINARY MR. MORRIS, by ***Howard Swiggett,*** is, as the author puts it, a book about a lighthearted gentleman who was one of the patriot leaders. Gouverneur Morris was responsible for the literary values of our Constitution, he represented the young American nation at the old French Court and held his own with the greatest minds of the eighteenth century, he was a writer, historian, thinker, and at the same time a highly successful businessman. Why is it, then, asks Mr. Swiggett, that he comes short of absolute greatness?

The answer, which Mr. Swiggett himself supplies, is very interesting. Morris had balance of mind, the habit of hard work, great outward emotional control, but underneath it all "a charming levity and an indifference to what people say." He didn't take himself seriously, and—as we've had occasion to notice very often—if you don't take yourself seriously, neither will the world take you so. A moron with pomp is frequently more honored than a man of brilliance with a sly twinkle in his eye. How otherwise would politicians flourish?

•

What follows may seem a rash philosophy. But this column stands firmly for travel. If you've saved a penny you'll do better, we think, by investing it in a trip than by putting it into a second annuity or saving it for an operation. We're all for a good sound roof on the house, but we'd go sight-seeing before we'd build on that extra room or add a bathroom.

We are not alone in this. In SECOND HONEYMOON, ***M. M. Musselman*** tells what he and his wife did when they reached fifty. They sold their house and car and life insurance and sailed to Europe. They had a wonderful time. As they said, "We're a long time dead."

To go round trip by air to Europe costs $417 (out of season), and by ship, $320. It's not for everybody, that's certain, but it's for far more than make use of it.

Well, we went to Sicily. It was 1952, but we used a secondhand 1900 Baedeker which we found far more satisfactory than The Blue Guide. To be sure, the original users of the Baedeker drove in diligences instead of C.I.T. busses, and time was not the commodity it now is. But art and scenery remain the same and the Baedeker taste is impeccable and its

story accurate. On ours we got an ra dividend. As we read we were in presence of one Clara Thorndike rk, whose book it was originally. r bookplate was there. Pages were rked with her impressions, with es; a calling card slipped out, and bery pressed violets were scattered e and there. Miss Clara went in ing, too, and saw the same carpets bluets and fields of deep red clover at we saw, mountain sides with grant yellow broom and mounds euphorbia, miniature iris growing between the stones of the Greek eater in Taormina.

We read **GODS, GRAVES AND HOLARS**, by ***C. W. Ceram***, because u never can forget when you're there at Sicily was the new Greece back in e fifth century B.C. Syracuse was e ancient New York, to Athens' ndon and Carthage's Paris. The ram book, you know, is The Story Archaeology. It's another one of The Stories of ——" and leans a bit avily on the popular-reading side.

Ordinarily that's fine with us. But is time we got our hands on the al thing. We read Thucydides' ac-unt of the three-year Athenian mpaign in Sicily. We read it sitting a hill that overlooked the harbor Syracuse where the Athenian fleet 131 triremes was battered to bits. eside the hotel where we lived was e quarry into which 6000 Athenians ho had tried to escape by land were rown to starve and die. The entire henian army and navy was slaugh-red, including General Nicias, who ad been against the campaign from e first, and who was, moreover, a ck man—he had a serious kidney ffliction. Thucydides' history, writ-en from 423 to 403 B.C., can stand p beside any of our present-day war istories. In fact, it has served as a odel for all top-notch historians own through the centuries.

But not only ancient Sicily. We came love the Sicily of today—the broad wns flattening out over a mountainside, e high terraced orange groves above and low them, the olive trees in the valleys; e small, sturdy, stalwart men, driving atiently from the fields at night from metimes as far away as nine miles, in eir two-wheeled painted carts drawn by onkeys, with the dog tied under the cart; e big flocks of goats with twisted horns, the brown-headed sheep, the many, many bright-eyed children.

Sicilians are not a happy people, we'd say. They work too hard, they see no end to their work, and they have only enough with which to scrape through. But they have their pleasure. The women have their heavy black silk shawls with fringe for Sundays, and the men have their Sunday gathering in the main square of the nearest large town, sometimes as many as a thousand of them standing there quietly, neat caps above dark weather-beaten faces—not walking about, just standing, talking to one another.

•

Now that summer's come, New York takes on an air of innocent gaiety. Children gather at the Mother Goose Playground and listen to a storyteller who knows how to tell a story. All over New York, in playgrounds and parks and settlement houses, you'll see these storytellers, sent out by the Public Library, sitting in a circle of enraptured children.

A long way from such innocence is the fashionable girls' school which is the background of **THE EARLY FROST**, by ***Clare Jaynes***. At this school divorce is common talk. The girls have a club called The Multiple Parents Club, with ranks for first, second and third divorces. "Listen to the voice of experience," says one of its members. "I have been to two father's and three mother's weddings." If there is a better argument against divorce than this novel, we'd like to know what it is.

•

JOURNAL readers, especially those with jobs and too little time, will be glad to see that ***Louella Shouer*** has her recipes, which first appeared in these pages, now gathered into a book: **QUICK AND EASY MEALS FOR TWO**, with introduction by Ann Batchelder. Prepare-ahead-and-dine-at-leisure is her theme, here put into practical terms.

***Gladys Taber's** new book,* **WHEN DOGS MEET PEOPLE**, *has twelve stories; eleven of them about dogs, and one, this column's favorite, about a Siamese cat.*

A dog's life, when there are youngsters around, is a happy one.



Quick as a breeze—
A dish that'll please!



Eat HEARTY-with
Franco-American* Spaghetti!

—and cut down on summer kitchen time! You can have a hearty meal ready in minutes, when your main dish is this tender-cooked spaghetti with the lively tomato and Cheddar cheese sauce. And watch the family *eat hearty!* There's just nothing quite like Franco-American Spaghetti for a meal that's quick, substantial and delicious. Thrifty, too—for it costs only pennies a portion! This summer, keep cool and eat hearty with Franco-American Spaghetti!

MAKES THE MOST OF A LITTLE MEAT

Cut **3-4 frankfurters** into thin slices. Brown in shortening. Add to **2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti** and heat till it bubbles. Serve with a garden salad, iced tea or milk, fresh fruit and cookies for your best and quickest meal of the week! Thriftiest, too!



JUST HEAT...
AND EAT HEARTY!

*"Franco-American" is a trademark owned in the U. S. A. by Campbell Soup Company; in Canada by Campbell Soup Company Ltd.

how Old should a girl be . . .

SUB-DEBS SAY . . .

. . . to wear make-up: "Thirteen or fourteen is fine for light lipstick, with maybe a touch of face powder for dates, but a girl looks silly if she tries heavier stuff like rouge and eye make-up before she's out of high school."

. . . to wear high heels: "A smart girl always wears low heels for school, but high heels are okay for dress-up occasions by the time she's sixteen—*if* she knows how to walk in them. Best idea is to lead up to them gradually through a Cuban or college heel."

. . . to pick out her own clothes: "Thirteen is usually the time when a girl's taste collides with her mother's. The girl should have complete say in small items like blouses and skirts, but pay attention to her mother's taste in expensive items like coats and suits. The girl should okay all purchases because she knows best what's a fad with her crowd."

. . . to have her own door key: "A girl should have a key any time her parents decide they don't want to climb out of bed to open the door for her. Some parents *like* to sit up and worry about whether their daughter will be home on time or not—and either way, a curfew is still a curfew."

. . . to go with boys in crowds: "Thirteen or fourteen is usually right, although the girls have to wait until the boys get interested. Group get-togethers for things like movies, parties and school games are a good beginning and help prepare a girl for real dates to come."

. . . to go with boys on dates: "Fifteen or sixteen is average—and it's better to start with double dates because they're more fun at first and make it easier on the girl's conversation."

BUT WHAT IF . . .

. . . your community is different: Do what your friends are doing. Age means many things more than a simple "thirteen" or "fourteen." It has to do with your class in school, the customs in your town or a particular neighborhood—and most especially, with how old you *really* are: how responsible, how poised, how grown up. If you've traveled a lot, chances are you have more know-how and feel older than the girl next door who's never been more than twenty miles outside the city limits—and you'll probably start dating sooner. If you live in a large city where there are so many opportunities to dress up, you're almost bound to begin wearing high heels and make-up faster than your cousin, only a hundred miles upstate, whose social life revolves around a drugstore, a movie theater and a big barn dance every other Saturday night. These Sub-Deb opinions show you what's *average*. What's right for *you* is a question only *you* can answer.

. . . your parents say you're "too young": Show them that you're *not* "too young" by the way you behave around the house—seeing things to be done and doing them before you're asked, for example—and by always keeping your word: in on time, calling when you say you will, taking care of your schoolwork without being reminded. People tend to treat you the way you *act*. Remember when your dad didn't want you to take the car, but you insisted, and then expected him to pay for the oversize dent you put in his right fender? Here was a fine chance to show him how *responsible* you were by saying, "If I'm old enough to take the car, I'm old enough to pay for any damages I do," and then making an arrangement for weekly deductions from your allowance. The more responsibility you accept for yourself, the more your parents will give you. You're only "too young" as long as you *act* "too young."

. . . you feel "too young": Take your time. Some girls mature fast; others are slower because of circumstances they couldn't help: Sally, who was ill a year just when her friends were beginning to have picnics and movie parties with boys; Betsy, who moved ahead a year in school but still feels more at ease with the freshman girls; Jill, who grew up out in the country where she developed a big interest in reading and painting, but had little opportunity to make friends and learn—casually—just what makes a boy tick. *When* you start doing things isn't nearly so important as *how you feel* doing them. If high heels seem "silly and obvious," wear the Cuban heels you do like until you've had a chance to get used to your high heels at home. If dating just isn't fun for you yet, stick with the big boy-girl parties that *are* fun and let regular dating wait until later. You'll catch up with the other girls—when you're *ready*.



by Joyce Behr, age 20

"You don't really take money for staying with us, do you, Gloria?"

Baseball is Everything

CARROLL SEGHERS II



Dick Hanlon

Dick Hanlon is a boy with a baseball future. His pitching was so good in high school and semipro ball in San Francisco that the Dodgers gave him a $15,000 bonus just to sign a contract—"Biggest eighteenth birthday present I could have gotten," Dick says with a grin, neglecting to mention that scouts for many other major-league teams were also after his talents. Last year—his first on a Dodger farm team—he won 19 games and lost 11 (seven of the losses by *one* run!) and hopes this year to do even better with the Dodgers' Class A Elmira team, only two steps away from the majors, where Dick hopes to be soon. His specialty: control. His project this year: trying to perfect his curve. And *our* prediction for the future: lots of big fat seasons of major-league baseball for Dick Hanlon.

What Do YOU Do for Fun?

Nancy Senior, of Birmingham, Alabama, recommends a *trolley party*. Nancy's best friend, Linda Mayes, hired the trolley, complete with motorman, for $6 an hour, invited her friends to show up at the car barn in blue jeans. The conductor's booth became the refreshment stand, complete with ice cream, soda, peanuts and cookies, and Linda's parents acting as the "hired help." As the trolley toured Birmingham for two hours, guests sang, played guessing games and did some sight-seeing. Total cost: $29 for 75 guests. . . . Shirley Welchel, of Gainesville, Georgia, says *pan parties* go over big with her crowd. The day before, each couple is told what food to bring, then someone is chosen to be head cook, and everyone else helps out: "Not necessarily the best food you ever ate, but lots of fun to fix." After dinner a talent show—judged by parents or neighbors—decides who's going to be left with the dishes. . . . Mary Lou Aistrup reports a special kind of *leap-year dance* in Teaneck, New Jersey, where the boys receive *unsigned* invitations and don't know who their dates are until they arrive at the party. To help break the ice, each guest receives a string of ten safety pins, loses a pin every time he answers "yes" or "no" to a question asked by another guest. The winner—with the most safety pins—receives a prize. . . . Barbara Bartels tells us teen-agers declare a "*twirp season*" in Miles City, Montana, for four days every leap year. Girls ask the boys for dates, take care of all arrangements and expenses. At two week-end dances they form the stag line, cut in, ask to take the boys home. On the last night of twirp season boys invited to a supper and show party discover, after they arrive, that *they* have to cook the supper. But the movie—and the dirty dishes—are on the girls.

Anything Strike You Funny Lately?

If you're a budding artist with some good ideas for cartoons about teen-age life, set them down in pen-and-ink drawings, with captions, and send them along to Jan Weyl, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. The Sub-Deb is *your* page. Let's see some of *your* contributions—the sooner the better!





What are these women doing that is so New...so Smart...so Wonderful?

They're using Helene Curtis Spray Net—
the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place,
looking *naturally* lovely. That's right—*naturally* lovely!

it's the most exciting thing that's happened to hair!

Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!

- After combing, to keep hair "just so"
- To control wispy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid "wind-blown wildness"
- To avoid "damp-day droop"
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

You're in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that "varnished" look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking *naturally* lovely, even in wet or windy weather. It's colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!

Helene Curtis

spray net *"the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place"*

There's only one SPRAY NET! It's made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty

Your Own 1-Minute Wesson Dressing

Tastes Best—Costs Less

Here it is, lady! The Wesson way to end "salad-sameness" forever. From *one* easy Wesson Dressing you can make a *world* of different, delicious dressings! Now your family can *enjoy* a salad every day.

TASTE! Compare with bought dressings. Light Wesson makes fresh salads taste *fresher!* Brightens every delicate flavor!

VARIETY! This recipe for 1-Minute Wesson Dressing is just full of quick changes. Try all 4 tasty variations!

SAVE! In all the world there's no oil milder, more gracious to green salad flavors than Wesson. Yet, superb *homemade* Wesson Dressing actually costs you less than "factory-made" dressings!

Homemade delicious...

"1-MINUTE WESSON DRESSING"

Your own homemade Wesson French Dressing tastes light and fresh. Sparkles up the most delicate salad flavor!

	To make ½ cup	*To make 2 cups*
Salt	½ teaspoon	2 teaspoons
Sugar	¼ teaspoon	1 teaspoon
Pepper	⅛ teaspoon	½ teaspoon
Paprika	⅛ teaspoon	½ teaspoon
Wesson Oil	⅓ cup	1½ cups
Vinegar	2 tablespoons	½ cup

Combine, shake up in covered jar. Shake before using.

1. THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING: To ½ *cup* Wesson French Dressing add 3 *tablespoons catsup,* 2 *teaspoons horseradish.* Fold in ⅓ *cup heavy cream, whipped.* Delicious on seafood, or vegetable salads.

2. CHILI DRESSING: To ½ *cup* Wesson French Dressing add ½ *teaspoon sugar,* 2 *tablespoons chili sauce.* Grand on vegetable salads!

3. TWO-TONE DRESSING: To ½ *cup* Wesson French Dressing add 2 *tablespoons orange juice,* 1 *tablespoon lemon juice,* 1 *teaspoon sugar,* ¼ *teaspoon dry mustard,* ¼ *teaspoon grated orange rind.* Luscious on fruit salads!

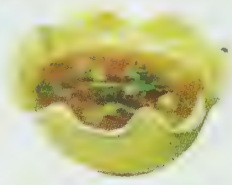
4. BLUE CHEESE DRESSING: To ½ *cup* Wesson French Dressing add ¾ *teaspoon salt, an extra dash of pepper,* and 2 *tablespoons crumbled Blue Cheese.* Zips up plain "greens"!



Chili Dressing for all tossed salads



Two-Tone Dressing for fruit salads



Blue Cheese Dressing for green salads



Thousand Island Dressing for seafood salads





Chef's Bowl Salad

Border a bed of shredded lettuce or cab bage with salad greens. Arrange a bor der of tomato wedges and cucumbe sticks. Center with fresh cooked or canne shrimp,* cubes of cheese, wedges of hard cooked egg, cubes of crisp, fried bacon

*For quality shrimp use Blue Plate or Gulf Kist Brand



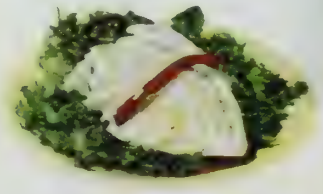
For Seafood salads: Wesson Thousand Island Dressing is thick and creamy... always Wesson-fresh!



For Vegetable salads: Chili French Dressing is shaken up *fresh!* No strong oil taste with Wesson!



For Fruit salads: Two-Tone Dressing makes fruits taste—m-m—good. Wesson brings out the fresh flavor of the fruits!



For Green salads: Wesson Blue Cheese Dressing turns plain "greens" into sumptuous eating!

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN July, 1902, President Teddy Roosevelt used to rout his six children out of their White House beds with pillow fights. Peace was achieved in the Philippines. Calvin Coolidge was a young and obscure New England lawyer, and famous rags-to-riches tycoon John W. Mackay died.

"Is it safe to allow young children to wear socks?" a mother wants to know in the July, 1902, JOURNAL. Answer: "In such a climate as ours one always runs some risk of 'summer complaint' in allowing a child to wear socks."

Food expert Mrs. Rorer suggests a summer breakfast:

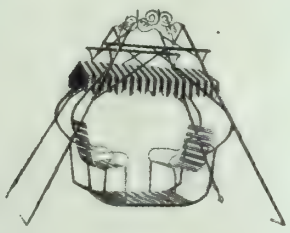
Red and White Currants
Cereal with Cream
Broiled Chops Baked Mushrooms
Muffins Coffee

Keeping foods in summer: "Poultry or meat will keep several days when sprinkled with charcoal. When ice is scarce, wrap fresh fish in wet grass or cabbage leaves and place on the cellar floor."

Fashion: "Dimities at 12½¢ a yard are hard to surpass for summer prettiness. Fancy stitchery, as fagoting, feather-stitching, herring-boning and French knots, is greatly in vogue on waists and gowns, and lace is used lavishly."

Hats for going abroad: "A small plain sailor would be best to wear on the steamer. Avoid the ugly, the unbecoming tam o'shanters and caps worn by so many women at sea."

The Journal house this month foreshadowed picture windows, with glassed-in porches on all four corners. With 15 rooms, it cost $4975 to build.



Journal about Town



DI PIETRO

At a mobile Army hospital near the front in Korea, Journal editors Bruce (left) and Beatrice (right) Gould visit with wounded Private Hoff.

VISITING a mobile Army hospital unit only a dozen miles behind the front lines in Korea, *Bruce* and *Beatrice Gould* were reassured to see, with their own eyes, that everything humanly and mechanically possible is now done to take the promptest and best care of our wounded front-line fighters.

*The soldier you see on the cot in the photo above had been shot through the right shoulder only a few hours before the Goulds stood over him with **Doctor Connelly and Nurse Newton.** Rescued from the outpost which the Reds had rushed just before dawn, **Private Hoff** was flown back to this MASH (mobile Army surgical hospital) unit by one of the two helicopters attached to each of the several MASH units strung out behind the front line. (Incidentally, one of the helicopter pilots was not so long ago a Curtis Publishing Co. employee in our Philadelphia photographic department.)*

Lieutenant Colonel Connelly declares practically any operation can be performed by the experienced staff of this MASH unit as well as in any big metropolitan hospital, so completely adequate is the equipment for any surgical emergency. Because World War II experience proved that seriously wounded men should not be moved after operations, there are in Korea excellent nurses and hospital beds to take care of necessary postoperational cases. After this care, when it is no longer dangerous, the men are flown back to base hospitals in Japan and the U. S. A.

"Nothing we can do for our wounded is left undone," the Goulds were told by Gen. Matthew Ridgway, whom they visited in Tokyo on their return from Korea. "That is why there is a lower mortality among our wounded than ever in the history of war."

Mr. Gould wryly remembers World War I days when, as a somewhat battered up naval aviator, he waited on a hospital bed for surgical attention from tennis-playing "sawbones" who reluctantly appeared after rain drove them off the court. Well, it is all different now.

*Like so many people who have met **General Ridgway** and **General Eisenhower,** the Goulds point out how many civilian-minded top-flight generals came up from majors and colonels under the inspired leadership of world-minded **Gen. George C. Marshall.** Ridgway, like all these generals who know only too well the almost unlimited power of our modern military machine to destroy man's material achievements throughout the world—as at Hiroshima—does not want a World War III. Though insisting upon the vital necessity of holding the Reds in military check, General Ridgway believes with most military experts that "the fruits of military victory are too barren." The war to be won, and the war to which America must address itself, is the war of ideas—because it is in the minds of men that democracy and communism clash head on. Here there can be no armistice.*

While in Japan, on the last leg of their round-the-world trip to the sensitive spots on the globe, the Goulds were impressed by the driving will-to-live of Japan, which will be, they predict, a great power again in a decade. Inspired by the American attitude toward them, Japanese women are striving to hold the democratic gains granted them by the "MacArthur" constitution. If the women successfully maintain their new-found freedom, Japan may very well, in the Goulds' opinion, become a real democracy.

In a recent poll, 82 per cent of husbands felt that their wives were good looking and 37 per cent thought they were even more attractive than when they married. In answer to the same questions, only 62 per cent of women felt that their husbands were good-looking and 33 per cent that their spouses had improved since the wedding. . . . The world's people speak 2796 languages.

Men whose annual income never exceeds $2500 have their highest-income year at age 43 or 44. Men in the $5000 bracket have their highest-income year at 49 or 50.

Whenever ***Wilhela Cushman*** is on location for her fashion photographing, her practiced eye rarely fails to light on a fresh face for her camera. Last May in Florida, for instance, it lit upon the girl in the sailboat on this month's cover. She is ***Joan Gourley,*** a sophomore at Rollins College, Winter Park—a girl from Kenosha, Wisconsin, never photographed before for a magazine. Wilhela found her on the campus at Rollins, where about thirty hand-picked pretty girls had been assembled for her to see. First thing Joan knew she was posing on the Inlet at Palm Beach. And the picture couldn't be more authentic, for Joan's an expert sailor.

The perfect feminine leg measures 8½ inches at the ankle, 12½ at the calf and 19½ at the thigh. This ratio can be applied in every case regardless of the woman's size. . . . Every month, 78.4 tons of dirt per square mile fall on New York; 66 tons in Chicago and 65 in Pittsburgh.



The once glamorous Olivier commiserated on the Carrie set by his still lovely wife, Vivien Leigh.

At a preview the other evening of a movie made from *Theodore Dreiser's* great novel, Sister Carrie (the picture called just plain "Carrie" and due for release this summer), we watched it with the film's two stars, *Jennifer Jones* and *Sir Laurence Olivier.* In the movie, Olivier finishes up as a bum, steals a quarter from Jennifer, and does a down-and-outer so dreadfully down and out that when the theater lights went up we offered him a dime. He held out for a quarter, which he kept for good luck.

HANS WILD



At six, her demure, thoughtful look belied the mischief she concocted with her brother.

The Glitter and the Gold



Introspective and shy, Consuelo was distressed by constant scenes between her father and mother.



"I longed to choose my dresses, but my mother had her own views, which did not coincide with mine."

"The pearl dog collar chafed my neck, and the diamond tiara always gave me a violent headache."



She had every privilege wealth can offer . . . except the right to live her own life. Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan begins her own memorable story . . . an American girl who became a duchess against her will. First of 4 parts.

By CONSUELO VANDERBILT BALSAN

FRIENDS have often told me that I should write my story and describe the world of my youth, which was so different from that of today. There are no journals to help me; there are but the meager notes of engagements made, the press cuttings of recorded events. But the portraits of my friends are etched in memory and stand like figures in a Paul Veronese, brilliant and festive against backgrounds of space and color where architectural pleasaunces and an ordered courtesy add beauty to the zest for life.

Looking back to 1895, when I married the ninth Duke of Marlborough and went to live in England, I recall a society whose conventions were closer to the eighteenth than to the twentieth century. Queen Victoria's reign was nearing its end, but those who, like myself, witnessed the splendid pageant of her Diamond Jubilee could not have foreseen that her death would close an era. There are few of us left who can recall that world with its complete acceptance of aristocratic privileges. There are still fewer to whom such anachronisms remain justified. Even then, whispered doubts could be heard of their rightfulness. So is it surprising that an American girl who held democratic views found it difficult to accept the assumption that birth alone confers superiority?

Years later when divorce brought complete freedom I found happiness in marriage with Jacques Balsan. In writing of these years I recall the homes we made together, the kindly people we lived amongst, the country I loved. And now back in my native land, having regained a citizenship I would never have resigned had the law of my day permitted me to retain it, I look back on a long life under three flags.

The scenes pictured I have witnessed; the impressions recorded were true of their day. I can tell no story but my own.

Copyright, 1952, by Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan.

Sargent's painting of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough with their two sons now hangs in Blenheim.

Both her husband and her trousseau were chosen by her mother

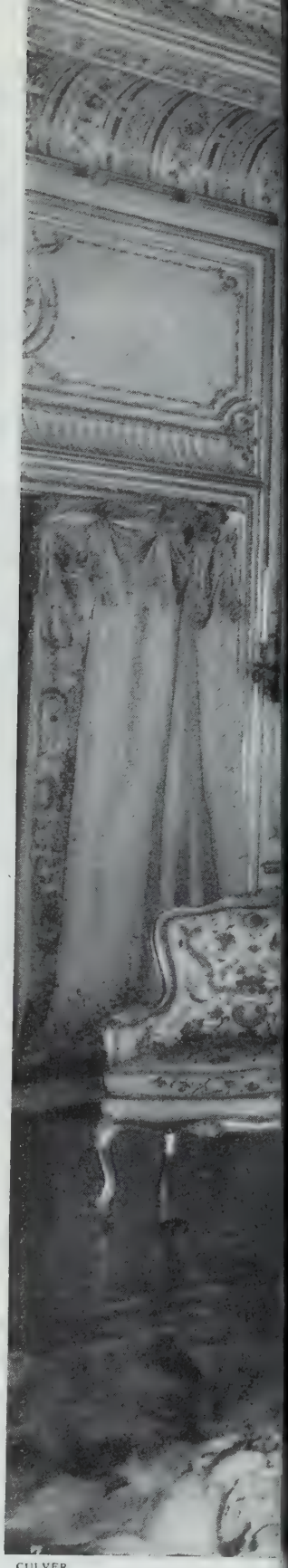
In trying to recount events that have influenced my life, it is humiliating to find that I remember very little of my childhood. Watching my great-grandchild Serena Russell at play, so sure of herself, even at the age of three, I wonder if, when she reaches my age, she also will have forgotten events that now appear important to her. That we are both in America—she the child of my granddaughter Sarah Spencer-Churchill, who married an American, and I the wife of a Frenchman—is due to the Second World War, and to events little anticipated at the turn of the century when I left my native land.

Memories of myself at Serena's age recall a picture painted by Carolus Duran of a little girl against a tall red curtain. She has on a red velvet dress with a square décolleté outlined with Venetian lace. A cloud of dark hair surmounts a small oval face, out of which enormous dark eyes (much bigger than they were) look out from under arched brows. A pert little nose and dimples accentuate the mischievous smile. There is something vital and disturbing in that small figure tightly grasping a bunch of roses in each fist. "You were *un vrai petit diable*, and only kept still when I played the organ in my studio!" Carolus Duran exclaimed, when again he painted me, this time at seventeen.

The second portrait was a very different affair from the first, for the red curtain which had become his traditional background was at my mother's request replaced by a classic landscape in the English eighteenth-century style, and I am seen a tall figure in white descending a flight of steps. For my mother having decided, in the fashion not uncommon at the time, to marry me either to the man who did become my husband or to his cousin—generously allowing me the choice of alternatives—wished my portrait to bear comparison with those of preceding duchesses who had been painted by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney and Lawrence. In that proud and lovely line I still stand over the mantelpiece of one of the state rooms at Blenheim Palace, with a slightly disdainful and remote look as if very far away in thought.

It is well that my Aunt Florence Twombly, who died this past April at ninety-six, could remember not only the street but also the number of the house where I was born, for my birth had never been officially recorded. This information was required when I took back my American citizenship after the French armistice in World War II. It was in one of those ugly brownstone houses somewhere in the Forties, which was then the fashionable district of New York, that I first saw the light of day.

My father's family was Dutch and had its origin in the Bilt—that northern point of Holland whence comes our name. It was about the year 1650 that the first member of the family came to the New Netherlands, and succeeding generations lived in the vicinity of New Amsterdam, as New York City was then called. In the first part of the nineteenth century my *(Continued on Page 48)*



White-and-gold salon. "Ransacking antique shops of Europe, my mother returned with pictures and furniture that can now be seen in my father's bequest to the Metropolitan Museum."

CULVER



Infant Consuelo with mother.
"She dominated events as thoroughly as she dominated her husband and children."



"Most magnificent" party New York had seen in private home made Mrs. Vanderbilt top social leader. Here in medieval costume.

BROWN BROTHERS



When this house was built, Fifth Avenue was fashionable street of private mansions. Upper floor had huge playroom where children skated and bicycled.

Vanderbilt summer home in Newport.
When Consuelo mentioned this address, a shopkeeper raised his prices fifty per cent.

WAYNE ANDREWS





On the Valiant, family cruised to India, Greece, France.
Consuelo was seventeen when, in Paris,
her parents finally separated and mother filed divorce suit.



When a man in this business forgets about love, it's time he changed his tune.

love's a *funny* business

SHAPIRO MUSIC, INC.
1619 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
(World's Largest Publisher of Love Songs)

September 1st, 1951

MR. HENRY O'BRIEN
RFD #1, Green Rock, Indiana

Dear Mr. O'Brien: Under separate cover we are returning your song manuscript. You will note that it is still in its original sealed envelope, marked REFUSED.

We were forced to adopt this policy some years ago, to protect ourselves from the growing number of plagiarism suits by misguided love-song composers. Love is such a simple emotion that many love songs do contain certain unavoidable similarities. Giving rise, unless due precaution is taken, to possible later charges that we have stolen a composer's song. We have therefore simply stopped considering unsolicited song manuscripts. Unless the author is known to us, any large envelope that looks as though it might contain a love song is returned immediately, unopened. We regret the necessity of this policy, and can only say that it has been forced upon us, due to the great number of amateur song writers who have turned out to be even better lawyers.

We ourselves, however, since we are a friendly firm, at least send out this little informal notice, so that when you get your song back you will know what the score is.

It's zero.

Sincerely,
SHAPIRO MUSIC, INC.

RFD #1, Green Rock, Indiana
September 3rd, 1951

SHAPIRO MUSIC, INC.
1619 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir: Well, say, thanks for the little notice, but I can see that you just don't understand my situation at all. I told you all about it in the letter I sent along with the song, but if you don't open your mail I guess you can't be expected to know what's going on. But you have just got to know what's going on with me, so I am sending the main facts back herewith in a small envelope, air mail, marked SEE CHECK INSIDE.

Because much as I'd like to, I just haven't got a lot of time to waste becoming known to you. Not that I wouldn't like to. But at the moment, believe *(Continued on Page 64)*

by **HANNIBAL COONS**



"Let's go," I said to Irene,
but she was sitting there entranced.

"Giant is not only a story of Texas today

but, I hope, of Texas tomorrow . . . exhilarating, exasperating,

violent, charming, horrible,

delightful, alive."

GIANT

BY EDNA FERBER

I'm one of a family of rulers, too, Leslie thought. *The Benedicts of Texas.* Her husband, Bick Benedict, owned Reata Ranch—3,000,000 acres of fabulous wealth. But Leslie, who had grown up in Virginia, could understand the bewilderment of her famous guests from "outside." All Texas—that is, all Texans who possessed more than ten millions in cattle or cotton or wheat or oil—had flown, in private DC-6's, to Jett Rink's party for the opening of the airport he had given to the city. Included among the Benedicts' guests were a deposed king and queen, a congressman, a movie star, a famous cowboy, a South American ex-president, Leslie's sister Lady Karfrey, and Vashti and Pinky Snyth, Texans.

At the dinner Leslie looked out over Jett Rink's great banquet room, and worried about her children. Her daughter Luz was flying down in her own plane, stopping to see Bob Dietz—nothing but a "dirt farmer" who had been to agricultural school. Her son, Jordan, had married a beautiful Mexican girl. Would Jordan bring Juana tonight? Then Luz came hurrying up: her brother was furious because Juana had been turned away at the hotel beauty shop.

A minute later Jordan Benedict strode to the head table and hit Jett Rink on the jaw—Jett Rink, one of the most powerful and hated men in Texas. While Rink's bodyguards held his arms, he lunged forward with his feet, knocking Jordan to the floor.

THOUGH the three Lynnton girls always were spoken of as the Beautiful Lynnton Sisters of Virginia they weren't really beautiful. For that matter, they weren't Virginians, having been born in Ohio. But undeniably there was about these three young women an aura, a glow, a dash of what used to be called diablerie that served as handily as beauty and sometimes handier. These qualities wore well, too, for they lasted the girls their lifetime, which beauty frequently fails to do.

The three Lynntons were always doing things first or better or more outrageously than other girls of their age and station in Virginia and Washington society. Leigh, the eldest—the one who married Sir Alfred Karfrey and went to England to live—scandalized Washington when, as a young woman in that Capital's society circles she had smoked a cigarette in public long before her friend Alice Roosevelt shocked the whole United States with a puff or two. Leigh certainly was the least lovely of the three Lynnton Lovelies as they sometimes were fatuously called. She had the long aquiline face of her mother—horse-faced, her feminine detractors said—and she was further handicapped for dalliance by a mordant tongue that should have scared the wits out of the young male Virginians who came courting with Southern sweet talk. People said that with her scarifying wit she actually had whiplashed the timorous Karfrey into marrying her.

Leslie the second sister was, as the term went, a bluestocking. She was forever *(Continued on Page 68)*

Copyright, 1952, by Edna Ferber

ILLUSTRATED BY Joe de Mers

Her lips were trembling.
He swung her around and picked her up in his arms . . .
and so up the steps
and through the doorway.

Conclusion

I DID not kill Selena. I am not guilty of her death. It was because of her conditioned plea "if you want me to live" that I subdued my own greedy heart to her desires. And my blunder in speaking of Austin Fine was natural enough, nor could I have foreseen its instant and violent effect upon her nervous instability. I am not guilty of Selena's death, but of the sin to which Luke's frightful insinuation drove me I am guilty, and it still remains to me the most wicked, the most unforgivable act of all my life.

And yet—it came so sweetly to my comfort, with the rustling silence of a linden tree in summer, with shifting shadows green, secret, with Christopher's young pale face as patient as a stone, with his lips that brushed my cheek and his humble voice, "Let me kiss you, Maggie, please. Oh, please, just once."

All that night in the strange white hospital room when I had wept out and writhed out part of my first anguish, when I had almost died, I thought, of grief and terror, that one sweetness, that one loyalty stood close to me.

The next morning, having learned that Luke was up and able to walk with the help of a cane, I sent him a request to meet me, after his breakfast, in a waiting room.

It seemed a long time before he came. I heard his step outside in the hall with a tapping that made me think of Aunt Kinny, so that I wished that I were waiting for her comfort instead of for his bitterness. When the door opened I laid down a magazine I had just taken up to pretend that I had been reading, but for very weakness kept the chair I had dropped into. He leaned there on his cane.

I don't know even now how tightly he was caught in the pincers of his various dilemmas, but I know that Selena's death had been an almost mortal wound, if not to his heart certainly to his hope of rescue. But he held himself like a fighting rather than a beaten man, keen-edged and dangerous, and I felt a loathful thrill of admiration. This was not lessened by the way he took my announcement. For in my usual fashion I went to it straight.

"I think I ought to tell you, Luke, before Aunt Kinny comes"—to my own ears my voice sounded as cool and level as his own—"even though it is no time for good news or any celebration of personal happiness, that I am engaged to marry Christopher." I added one more falsehood to silence forever in his mind that terrible suspicion, "We have been engaged for two months. It will be announced presently."

He smiled faintly, not saying one single word. I did not, of course, expect congratulations or wishes of joy, but he would probably have coerced his ironic will to this conventionality if Aunt Kinny had not been ushered into the room.

As I had foreseen, the instant she read my note pinned to her *(Continued on Page 97)*

Copyright, 1952, by Katharine Newlin Burt. The complete novel is soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

It was a long and anxious search. At last I entered Selena's garden—and there he lay, head on his arms, crying as a child cries.

Escape from Paradise

By KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

ILLUSTRATED BY





PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY MORRIS AND RALPH STEINER

THE NATURAL SUPERIORITY

read this to your husband

"OH, no!" I can hear it said. "*Not* superior. Equal partners, complementary, different, but *not* superior." I can even foresee that men will mostly smile, while women, alarmed, will rise to the defense of men—women always have, and always will. I hope that what I have to say will make them even more willing to do so, for men need their help more than they as yet, mostly, consciously realize.

Women superior to men? This is a new idea. There have been people who have argued that women were as good as men, but I do not recall anyone who has publicly provided the evidence or even argued that women were better than or superior to men. How, indeed, could one argue such a case in the face of all the evidence to the contrary? Is it not a fact that by far the largest number of geniuses, great painters, poets, philosophers, scientists, and so on and so on, have been men, and that women have made, by comparison, a very poor showing? Where are the Leonardos, the Michelangelos, the Shakespeares, the Donnes, the Galileos, the Bachs, *et al.*, of the female sex? In fields in which women have excelled, in poetry and the novel, how many poets and novelists of the really first rank have there been? Haven't well-bred young women been educated for centuries in music? And how many among them have been great composers or instrumentalists? Composers—none of the first rank. Instrumentalists—well, in the recent period there have been such accomplished artists as Myra Hess and Wanda Landowska. Possibly there is a clue here to the answer to the question asked. May it not be that women are just about to emerge from the period of subjection during which they were the slaves of the masculine world?

Less than a quarter of a century ago it was considered inconceivable that any woman would ever attain great distinction in science. Mme. Curie was an exception. But the half dozen women Fellows of the Royal Society in England are not. Nor is Lisa Meitner. And Mme. Curie no longer remains the only woman to share in the Nobel Prize award for science. There is Marie Curie's daughter, Irene Joliot-Curie, and there is Gerty Cori (1947) for medicine and physiology. Nobel prizes in literature have gone to Selma Lagerlöf, Grazia Deledda, Sigrid Undset, Pearl Buck and Gabriela Mistral. As an artist Mary Cassatt (1845-1926) was every bit as good as her great French friends Degas and Manet considered her to be, but it has taken the rest of the world another fifty years grudgingly to admit it. Among contemporaries Georgia O'Keeffe can hold her own with the best.

Reprinted from Saturday Review of Literature. Ashley Montagu, Chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University, is author of the recent books, "Statement on Race" and "On Being Intelligent."

OF WOMEN

by Ashley Montagu

If he lets you get to the end, without interrupting,

chances are he's unusually tolerant,

and you've got a remarkably good marriage.

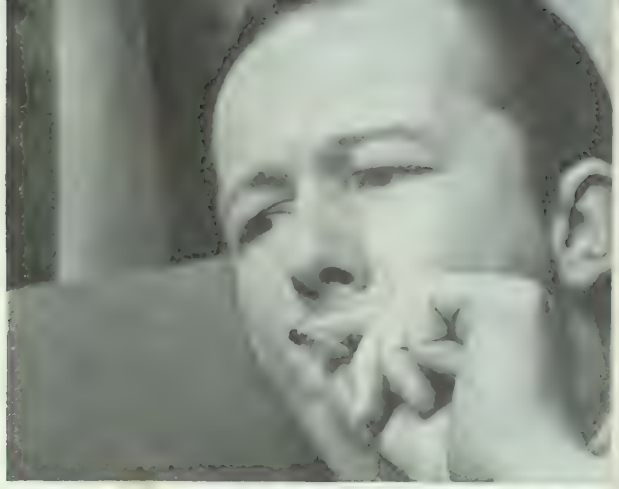
Frequent masculine reactions:

indulgence — veiled alarm — derision.

It is not, however, going to be any part of this article to show that women are about to emerge as superior scientists, musicians, painters, or the like. I believe that in these fields they may emerge as equally good, and possibly not in as large numbers as men, largely because the motivations and aspirations of most women will continue to be directed elsewhere. But what must be pointed out is that women are, in fact, just beginning to emerge from the period of subjection when they were treated in a manner not unlike that which is still meted out to the Negro in the Western World. All the traits that are mythically attributed to the Negro at the present time were for many generations saddled upon women. Women had smaller brains than men and less intelligence, they were more emotional and unstable, in a crisis you could always rely upon them to swoon or become otherwise helpless, they could not be relied upon to handle money; and as for the world outside, there they could be employed only at the most menial and routine tasks.

The biggest dent in this series of myths was made by World War I, and twenty years later in World War II, when women were for the first time called upon to replace men in occupations which were formerly the exclusive preserve of men. They became bus drivers, conductors, factory workers, farm workers, laborers, supervisors, executive officers, and a great many other things at which many had believed they could never work. At first it was said that they didn't do as well as men, then it was grudgingly admitted that they weren't so bad, and by the time the war was over many employers were reluctant to exchange their women employees for men! But the truth was out—women could do as well as men in most of the fields which had been considered forever closed to them because of their alleged natural incapacities, and in many fields, particularly where delicate precision work was involved, they had proved themselves superior to men.

But women have a long way to go before they reach full emancipation—emancipation from the myths from which they themselves suffer. It is, of course, untrue that women have smaller brains than men. Women have been conditioned to believe that they are inferior to men, and they have assumed that what everyone believes is a fact of nature; and as men occupy the superior positions in almost all societies, this superiority is taken to be a natural one. "Woman's place is in the home" and man's place is in the countinghouse and on the board of directors. "Women should not meddle in men's affairs." And yet the world does move. Some women have become members of Parliament and even attained *(Continued on Page 61)*











Sometimes a soldier's morale is lifted by a very little thing.

A letter from home, maybe,

or the unexpected sight of . . .

Shank's

By LT. DAVID R. HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

IT was during the dark days of the December retreat when I first saw them. They were hanging from the cold muzzle of an old battered Springfield rifle—a pair of tiny blue baby bootees. Their pale silk ribbons ended in a neat bow behind the front sight, and each little boot hung down separately, one slightly above the other, swinging silently in the wind. They reminded me of tiny bells, and even though one had a smudge of dirt on its soft surface, and part of the ribbon that touched the barrel had lost color from scorching heat, they seemed to me to be the freshest, cleanest objects in all of drab Korea.

At first the bootees had fixed my attention, but after the surprise of seeing these symbols of home in such an incongruous place had worn off, I let my eyes drift unobserved to their owner.

He was a lieutenant, young, I could see, and tired; not so much from the exertion of the trudging march, but with the wear of long days and nights in combat. He was talking to a group of men from his platoon, all of them together watching the core of a little blaze in their center, and I could tell that he was answering some of their disturbing questions about the war. There was a tone of hopelessness in the men's voices, but the lieutenant sounded cheerful; there was a glint in his eye, and a squint that melted into an easy smile when he spoke.

As my companions moved on, I glanced back briefly to the blue bootees, still fresh, still swinging. Often in the next few weeks I saw the lieutenant and his bootees while we moved southward before the massive Chinese armies, and around the ever-present warming fires I heard the simple story of the officer and his boots.

The lieutenant was named Shank and he, twenty-two years old, led a rifle platoon. He had come over from Okinawa while the Army was clamped in the vise of the Taegu perimeter, short on man power. Shank had his baptism of fire on the hills outside Taegu. His youth and fire helped keep his decimated platoon intact while the North Koreans frantically tried to crack the American lines. Then came the breakthrough, and Shank's company riding on the record-breaking tank dash northward. He picked up the Springfield rifle then, and kept it because of its renowned accuracy and apparent immunity to the cold weather. A violent day south of Pyongyang won Shank his Silver Star for gallantry, as he led his flesh-and-blood infantrymen against T-34 tanks and destroyed three of them. The Chinese intervention and beginning of the retreat brought him up to where I met him, south of Kunari.

The bootees? That was simple. He was an expectant father, and the little boots sent by his young wife in the States reflected his whole optimistic attitude while the battle was the darkest. I also learned that when the baby came it would be announced by a new piece of ribbon on the boots—blue for a boy, pink for a girl.

Then I forgot about him as we prepared to defend Seoul from above the frozen Han River. We were hit hard by the Chinese. They streamed down from the



Bootees

hills and trampled the barbed wire. They charged again and again, piling up by the hundreds before our smoking guns. And the days were but frantic preparations for the nights. Companies dwindled, and my platoon was halved, then halved again as cold and enemy took their toll. I neared the end of my mental reserve. Names of casualties were rumored, and I heard Shank's among them. I wondered where Shank's bootees were now.

Then the endless night of the retreat from Seoul came. When we got the word my few men were too dulled to show any emotion at the announcement. Most were too miserable to want to retreat again for twenty-five miles, Chinese or no. But we did, and the temperature dropped to thirty below zero as our silent column stumbled along the hard ground. It was the most depressing night I had ever endured—pushed by the uncompromising cold, the pursuing enemy and the chaotic memory of the bloody nights before. I, as a leader, was close to that mental chasm. Only the numbness prevented my thinking myself into mute depression.

We plodded across the cracking ice of the Han River at four-thirty in the morning, and marched on south at an ever-slowing pace. Finally the last five-mile stretch was ahead. We rested briefly, and as the men dropped to the roadside they fell asleep immediately. I wondered if I could get them going again. Worse yet, I didn't think I could go myself—so tired, numb and raw was my body.

Then in the black despair of uselessness I looked up as a passing figure brushed my inert shoe pacs. What I saw in the early light sent such a surge of hope and strength through me that tears streamed down my face.

There walked young Lieutenant Shank up the Korea road, while every waking eye followed him to see the muzzle of his old battered Springfield. There, swinging gaily in the first rays of the morning sun, were Shank's bootees, and fluttering below them was the brightest, bluest piece of ribbon I have ever seen. THE END



Lt. David R. Hughes
the day after Hill 339

(Since Shank's Bootees came to us through the author's mother, we asked for more information about her son. Her brief, factual reply tells, by understatement, a story so typical of the courage expected and accepted from our young men—and their mothers—that we asked her permission to share it with our readers. Ed.)

DENVER, COLORADO

DEAR Editors: Lt. David R. Hughes, age 23, was born and raised in Denver, Colorado. His father died when he was six years old, and he attended the public schools until he was ten, when he entered Colorado Military School.

He received an appointment to the United States Military Academy in 1946. Among many other activities at West Point, he was a member of the Pointer staff for two years, and associate editor his last year.

He graduated from the Academy with the class of June 1950, and was assigned to Fort Riley, Kansas. In October of that year he was ordered to Korea with the Seventh Cavalry Regiment, First Cavalry Division. After two months in battle he was promoted to First Lieutenant. Later he was made commander of his company.

For his actions in Korea, David has been awarded two Silver Stars, one Bronze Star, the Greek Cross of War, comparable to our Silver Star—this for close fighting with his company beside the Greeks—and the Distinguished Service Cross. He has, also, been awarded two Purple Hearts.

Sincerely,
HELEN HUGHES



Miami in midwinter—Cary's red checked cotton goes to town. Designed by Jackie, $10.95. White accents.



She travels in a cotton-rayon-and-acetate suit, $39.95, Murray Nieman.



She schools her horses in jodhpurs and boy's white shirt, leather belt.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER

. . . she's a ribbon-winning sub-deb

Sixteen-year-old, Atlanta-born Cary Weinman Latimer has been winning ribbons showing horses since she was twelve—keeps a gay yellow bulletin board of citations on her closet door.

Like other teen-agers, she loves parties, makes wonderful fudge and chocolate cake, swims and plays tennis, collects stuffed toys from her young beaux. She adores popular music, is studying voice and hopes one day to sing professionally. She likes to choose her own clothes—occasionally borrowing a pretty cotton from her mother, who might be an older sister and wears a Size 10! She travels more than most girls, thinks flying is "the only way."

Since she lives in the South most of the year, Cary's wardrobe is a double-summer one, mostly cotton. She likes "fluffy" dresses and lots of them. ("I'd rather spend less and have more" is her philosophy.) Her travel suit for going here and there is her one slim fashion, usually cotton or linen. Her favorite dress this year is a red checked cotton which cost about $10. She always has a white organdy party dress—"It's good anywhere, all year round"—and she is never without a little "shortie" coat, yellow or red, to go over everything. She goes in for red shoes, gay basket bags, hats with little brims, short cotton gloves.

Cary started riding when she was eight years old, spends her summers at the Old Mill Farm in Cartersville, Georgia, near Atlanta, which belongs to her grandparents. In 1950 she showed in Madison Square Garden in New York, and this year she won the Florida State Championship for 5-gaited saddle horses. Her favorite horse is called Cary's Hope.

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Candy-pink striped cotton shorts, $5.95; shirt to match, $6.95, visor cap, $3.95, for playtime.



She markets in a Sanforized cotton dress and jacket, $12.95, by Jackie.

Black-and-white checked tissue gingham and organdy, $12.95, by Jackie.



"Fluffy" rayon organdy worn with petticoats and stole, $35, by Fred Perlburg.



Cary bakes a cake for a party. The yellow cotton dress has her favorite neckline, $12.95, by Phyllis Dooley.





Cary loves to borrow her mother's blue flower-print cotton dress.



Wool-and-cotton bolero coat, $7.95, for everything. By Gisele.

New dress for a Phi Pi party is organdy, embroidered dots, $25, by Betty Lane.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN AND JOSEPH LEOMBRUNO



No place for a dog

He had slept hard toward morning, but when he woke he remembered fully what was to happen today. He felt no regret, no anything. He lay and blinked at the unfamiliarly bare walls, and a moment later the dog leaped to the bed. She was a black springer, not three years old. She stood over the boy with her legs braced wide, head up, tail still. She directed her willful eyes toward the window; then, as if suddenly remembering something, she bent and slashed her tongue several times across his undefended face.

"Hello, Hedy," he said. "You're in for quite a surprise today."

He slid out from under her feet and out of bed. The polished floor was bare and cold. Except for his bed and the box of earth in one corner for the dog, the room was empty. At some time since the carpets had been taken up Hedy had found a newspaper and conscientiously torn it into strips, but no one would bother with that now. He took his clothes from the footboard of the bed. Dressing, he talked steadily to the dog in a low, mocking voice. She waited impatiently by the door till he was dressed.

"Take a good look at this room, dopey," he said, and opened the door for her. "You're through with it."

He had waked late. It was ten o'clock before he followed the dog into the kitchen, but even so, he could hear the clink of dishes on the back porch—his mother was still at *(Continued on Page 110)*

The Journal presents YVONNE TRIEM and her first published story

POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Public Office is a Public Trust

A NATIONWIDE opinion poll taken by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and printed here, is one of many indications that the people of this country are deeply concerned about integrity in government.

This statement is made without intending to reflect, unduly, on the present Administration, and certainly with no partisan bias. Certain Republican national Administrations have been corrupt in the past; certain state Republican machines are now corrupt. But it seems to us that, today, the people of the country—Democrats and Republicans alike—are demanding that we face up honestly to present dishonesty in government.

People are concerned, perhaps, because with our new global responsibilities vaster sums of money than ever before are being spent, and taxes are no longer a negligible fraction of everyone's income. They are a backbreaking share. It is of deep concern to the wage earner that these high taxes be honestly and thriftily spent.

People are concerned, too, because today's dangers are so overwhelming. The blundering statesman, appointed through party loyalty, could conceivably cause an international crisis which might land an atom bomb in your children's sand pile.

People are concerned, possibly, because they are sick of seeing great moral principles used as political footballs merely to defeat an opponent. They are tired of having civil rights written into both party platforms but ignored in practice. Nondiscrimination against religious and racial groups is an ideal essential to the character of a people. It is too great an ideal to be used as a vote-getting tool. Labor rights are hard won, and precious to our American pattern of everyone's working his own passage through life. They must never be exploited by party opportunists or certain shortsighted labor leaders for political advantage. When they are cynically exploited, without regard to the national common good, the good of labor, too, suffers grievous damage.

Unless these great principles of "fairness to all" are pursued with rigorous integrity, they can become merely political opportunities, rather than advancements in human stature. Honesty is as important here as in collecting income taxes.

Our editors are questioning, and we believe voters are questioning, certain alibis offered by political apologists to explain government corruption.

It has been contended, as though it were a defense, that there has been "a moral let-down throughout the country, not just in government." Both parties have said in effect that government morals are no lower than those of the general public.

The editors of the JOURNAL strongly believe that statements like these cannot be accepted in extenuation of government corruption. Need we accept the excuse of a bribed basketball player, "All the other guys were cashin' in, why not grab some dough"? Can we permit ourselves to say, "Lots of other people cheat on their income tax, so it's all right for me"? There is no quicker way to lower any accepted standard of honesty or morality than to agree that it is permissible to copy corruption elsewhere, and to say, "If it's all right for them, it's all right for me."

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL believes that citizens are angry and offended *just because* they feel that government indifference to issues of integrity is *greater* than their own. We think, in fact, that the general populace of this country has a respect for honesty and decency which does not make the headlines (as do bribes in sport, swindling bank tellers, and corruption in office) but which exists so fundamentally that throughout all the dealings of the average man honesty remains the best policy.

A moment's thought shows why government morals are always in danger of being lower, and, in fact, we believe *are* now lower than public morals.

Wherever huge sums of money are being spent, without close, interested supervision, dishonest men are attracted like flies to the honeypot.

It is hard to rob me as an individual because I have a deep personal concern as to where every cent of my hard-earned money goes, and unless I am a fool, I watch it closely.

It is hard to rob a responsible business firm because it must be *responsible* to its employees, customers and stockholders, show a balance sheet of profit, or soon go out of business.

It is easier, however, to rob the government because the old saw, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," remains sadly true. There is no watchdog of public moneys as keenly concerned as the individual is in regard to his own purse. The sums are vast, the temptations continuous. Opportunities for dishonesty are greater than in any other field unless each responsible official is *determined* that no dishonesty shall exist in his department. This requires both integrity and intelligence higher than the average.

We are fortunate in having many such officials of high integrity and intelligence throughout the structure of our government *(Continued on Page 119)*

What People Want in a President

"The government should set a pattern of honesty, wisdom and strength for the whole country."—Average Citizen

WHAT do the American people want from the man who will be elected President next November?

Thousands of men and women straight across America—farm wives, doctors, miners, pretty young secretaries—were asked this question in a national sampling survey conducted by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

What are the issues most important to these potential voters next fall? What are the problems they most want solved? Thousands of answers were sorted, with, of course, tens of thousands of possible variations in reply.

Three broad areas, and only three, emerged as those in which the majority of Americans expect our next President to show leadership and take constructive action:

They want peace, and reason to hope for continuing peace.

They want relief from financial pressure.

Even more, they want faith in their national Government and the man who heads it. They want to feel that they can trust the honesty, ability and high moral purpose of their President and his Administration.

Agreeing that these issues were most important today, Americans showed remarkable unanimity of opinion. In numerical terms, the percentages were as follows:

Peace	72 per cent*
Relief from financial pressure	74 per cent*
Faith in government	81 per cent*

In the minds of the vast majority there is no doubt that these three issues are so vitally important as to overshadow all others.

If faith in the competence and morality of public officials *(Continued on Page 119)*

*Each voter mentioned several issues—hence the overlapping percentages. *Ed.*

The Boys in the Back Room

What They Say: "I'll feel my way. I'll start by keeping the women confused—but in an enlightened sort of way."

• • • • • • • • • • •

In the last presidential election, Illinois voted 3,900,000 from a potential of 5,900,000.

Maryland, with 1,500,000 potentials, voted fewer than 600,000.

In large part, voting eligibles registered and turned out to a percentage of 50 or less. In New York, of 10,376,277 potentials, 6,274,527 voted in 1948.

• • • • • • • • • • •

A Pennsylvania candidate for delegate to the Democratic convention made a last-minute appeal to his friends *not* to vote for him. "I didn't know I had to pay my own expenses on the trip," he explained.

HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY

BY ANN BATCHELDER

I'VE always wanted to go exotic and burn in tropic suns and cool off in blue and mysterious waters. And, being one who has a lovely scheme for travel, I've just been on a long, long trip via the travel-bureau brochures, as is my wont when the urge is strong and the world is a-beckonin', and my feet are a-dancin' on some celebrated deck. The star-bedecked nights are mine, and I'm a traveler once more in the lands of my delight.

GUESS WHERE? Something happened to me this year. I decided on Hawaii. When I make a decision, I stick. Changing my clothes is child's play compared with changing my mind. And I will say this: once you've started your collection of folders on Hawaiian travel, you couldn't change your mind either. More colorful, alluring enticement is packed in those folders than in any I've ever seen. It was definitely a journey of exploration, of gaiety, of sun and sea and sand. *(Continued on Page 120)*

STUART-FOWLER


MENU
Shrimp Curry with Rice Hawaiian Style
Sautéed Bananas
Tomato-and-Avocado Salad
Pineapple Sherbet in Watermelon Shell
Iced Tea
(Planned for 8)



Water-color painting, red and purple poppies.

Line a Day

1 I have a new cookbook—CHARLESTON RECEIPTS—collected by the Junior League of Charleston and sold for the benefit of a most worthy cause. This is a book to cook by, and to read and look at with delight. The chapter headings in Gullah are priceless. The illustrations charming. And the receipts!

2 It is reported belatedly that George Washington's favorite dessert was gingerbread. Could be that he wasn't so fond of cherry pie after all.

3 A titbit for a porch luncheon is a shrimp-and-coleslaw salad. Shave the cabbage fine. Use mayonnaise sharpened with lemon juice for this. The frozen concentrate comes in handy here.

4 And when using concentrates for orange or lemonade, a little freshly grated orange or lemon rind adds the right zest.

5 If you don't care for tuna fish, then this is not for you. If you *do* care for it, it's definitely your dish, and a regular quiver-giver. Now then, this is what you do:

6 Slice very thin some cold boiled or baked ham. Cook about 1 cup sliced mushrooms about 5 minutes in a little butter. Add 1 can cream of mushroom soup. Stir in ¾ cup cream and milk mixed, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook until smooth. Now then to the second part.

7 *Step 2:* Break up 1 can tuna fish, drained from all oil or liquid. Add to the sauce. Have ready slices of hot buttered toast, put a slice of ham on each one and cover with the tuna sauce. If you are crazy for tomato, put a slice, salted and peppered, on each slice of ham. This is a hearty Sunday-night supper dish.

8 Shrove Tuesday is pancake day, but pancakes are tearoom specials no matter what the season. And don't we adore those little red-tableclothed haunts where the sirup may or may not have ever seen a tree? You bet we do.

9 Now Deviled Denvers are a useful kind of pancake. Make a batter of Denver egg-sandwich mixture. This is a beaten egg, beaten up like scrambled eggs, with a minced green pepper, an onion and a can of deviled ham added. Beat well. Cook as you would—yes, just as you would—*pancakes.*

10 Green beans are a prolific vegetable. Families are apt to complain, "Gee whiz, can't we ever have something besides green beans?" Well, here are several things you can do to vary the daily dose of beans.

11 Add grated sharp cheese to cream of mushroom soup and serve as a sauce with cooked Frenched green beans.

12 Another way with green beans, if you are an herb enthusiast: add a *small* bay leaf and a *pinch* of thyme when cooking them. Remove the bay leaf, drain, season and butter as usual.

13 This is a snappy one. Fry 2 or 3 slices bacon until crisp. Crumble the bacon and add to the beans and serve with a sauce made from 2 tablespoons bacon fat, blended with 3 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, salt and pepper. Add 1½ cups rich milk and stir until thickened. Serve over 3 cups cooked green beans.

14 A friend of mine makes the best crispy sweet potatoes I ever ate. Secret is this: Cook sweet potatoes, and while still warm, peel and cut into largish dice. Roll each cube in brown sugar and dry bread crumbs mixed together. Sauté in butter or margarine until they have a crisp, light brown crust.

15 This piece of gossip is no great secret. Frosted glasses for the "ade" crew are fixed by dipping tall glasses (the rims and an inch deep) in orange or lemon juice and then fast in fine sugar, and allowing them to dry. Or in a half-beaten egg white, then in juice, then in sugar, and allowing them to dry.

16 And I may as well remind you that ice cubes with a twist of orange or lemon peel inside or a cherry, any kind, ripe fresh ones included, make a cold drink look cooler. Fill the trays ⅓ full, set your twist in these and freeze. Fill up with water and refreeze. Ice cubes made of fruit juices are good in cold drinks—and don't dilute the flavors. My, it's hot and getting hotter. Cooler things look, cooler they are, and you too.

17 For an ice-cream sandwich I'll take slices of coffee ice cream with raspberry jam spread between.

18 For the shortcake season, instead of whipped cream all the time, beat up enough cream cheese with cream to soften, sweeten if you like it sweet, and use as usual on strawberry shortcake. As you usually do.

19 Or you might make a date with this little line plunger. When you mix up your dough for a peach shortcake, add 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon to the shortcake mixture. You'd better sift them right in with the flour.

20 You can't go wrong on baked ham, hot or cold. It's the handiest thing. (I mean cold.) If you're going to set up with a baked ham for the week end, try a glaze of prepared mustard and brown sugar, half and half. Grilled pineapple slices and stewed prunes provide the props.

21 What shall we call this composition? Just a good summer salad—especially good with fish. Marinate 1 Bermuda onion, thinly sliced, in ½ cup French dressing. Let stand 2 hours. Just before serving time add 1 tablespoon light cream, mix well, and pour over 1 thinly sliced cucumber.

22 Need a sandwich idea or two? Chicken livers, cooked, chopped and combined with a little mayonnaise and a little chopped avocado, make a good sandwich filling.

23 Water cress, chopped ripe olives and avocado are another good sandwich team.

24 Get yourselves some large ripe pears. Pare and scoop out cores. Fill the pears with lime sherbet. Have everything chilled. Pear beyond compare!

25 Here's another pear to pare. Poach peeled and cored pears slowly in apricot nectar. Chill. Serve with the nectar as a sauce with or without vanilla ice cream or lemon sherbet in the centers. No further data available.

26 This may sound as wild as toe painting (first cousin to finger painting). But it turns out more handsome than either or both. Deals with a jellied salad.

27 You'll need for this salad 1 package raspberry-flavored gelatin, one can Bing cherries and a dozen or so walnut or pecan halves. Make up the gelatin, using the sirup from the cherries for the liquid, and add just a dash of lemon juice. Pour a little into individual molds and allow to almost set. Arrange in each mold a few cherries which have been stuffed with the nut meats. Add more gelatin. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce, and serve with cream mayonnaise used as a garnish.

28 A cold-meat platter gets a face-lifting from such things in color as cress, jellied tomato cubes, cucumber slices in lemon-jelly molds—small ones—water cress, tiny stuffed tomatoes, stuffed oranges sliced and cut into shapes. Then there are all kinds of stuffed or dipped fruits and funny little marinated vegetable gewgaws which, the more you make, the more you'll invent.

29 Thinking of cold ham or corned beef, this little sharp bit is right out among the best. Beat until very stiff 1 cup heavy cream. Add—and beat in—¼ cup drained, prepared horse-radish. Press out the juice before going with the cream. A little salt. Freeze to a firmness. Cut into small cubes. Very fine indeed.

30 For a fresh new note in the tomato-juice first-course routine, add a little chopped fresh dill. Serve very cold.

31 This is a good time to brush up on the Declaration of Independence and give a little attention to the Constitution that holds us together. In this month let's forget the new by-laws for Bonnie Brae, and consider the new President of a more important club who will become the head of a great nation. "Of thee I sing."

Lily Anne Featherfeather



Summer *is Sandwich-time and* Soup-time, *too*



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

So! It's a sultry summer day and time to get lunch, and your family's appetites are just—well, so-so. Cheer up. I've help for you: Make up a tempting platter of their very favorite sandwiches. Take down from your soup shelf a can or two of their best-liked soup (4 minutes fixin' time, you know). Be sure to let your folks catch a tantalizing whiff of that good soup as you set it on the table. I don't think you'll have to call them *twice!*

Every meal, you know, needs one hot dish—and hearty soup's a "natural". Soup stimulates appetites, says "Let's eat!" It's easy to digest . . . it's nourishing . . . and by contrast soup makes your cold foods taste better.

Here are 24 ideas for easy, happy summertime eating. Is your soup shelf stocked—ready?

Soup is the ideal one hot dish of cool summer meals

Cream of Mushroom Soup
("Mmm-Good" these mushroom pieces and cream)

8 Sandwiches specially good with it:

Ham Salad with Lettuce
Pimiento-Egg Salad
Swiss Cheese on Rye
Chicken-Nut Salad
Liverwurst and Mustard
Chicken with Cranberry Sauce
Sliced Tongue with Horseradish
Roast Pork with Chili Sauce

Vegetarian Vegetable Soup
(In one delicious soup—fourteen vegetables)

8 Sandwiches that seem to belong with it:

Yellow Cheese with Pepper Relish
Sardines-Onion on Rye
Cream Cheese-Olive
Peanut-Tuna Salad
Crab Salad in Hard Rolls
Peanut Butter and Pickle Relish
Salmon Salad
Sliced Egg and Olive

Chicken with Rice Soup
(Golden broth, tender pieces of chicken, fluffy rice)

8 Sandwiches that accent it:

Tomato and Green Pepper Slices
Cucumber and Water Cress
Bacon and Tomato
Smoky Cheese Spread
Corned Beef with Mustard
Meat Loaf with Ketchup
Pineapple Cheese
Peanut Butter and Bacon

A clever cook keeps a full soup shelf!



THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD

(Continued from Page 28)

great-grandfather Cornelius Vanderbilt founded the family fortune, moving from New Dorp, Staten Island, to New York, and changed the spelling of our name from van der Bilt to its American version.

My grandfather, William H. Vanderbilt, had, considering his numerous philanthropic gifts, an unmerited reputation for indifference to the welfare of others. It was, as is often the case, founded on a remark shorn of its context. This is the version of "the public be damned" story that was given me by a friend of the family. Mr. Vanderbilt was on a business trip and, after a long and arduous day, had gone to his private car for a rest. A swarm of reporters arrived asking to come on board for an interview. Mr. Vanderbilt sent word he was tired and did not wish to give an interview, but would receive one representative of the press for a few minutes. A young man arrived saying, "Mr. Vanderbilt, *your* public *demands* an interview!" This made Mr. Vanderbilt laugh, and he answered, "Oh, *my* public be damned." In due course the young man left and next morning his article appeared in the paper with a large headline reading, "Vanderbilt says, 'The Public be damned.'" That he was not so black as painted I have from a cousin to whom my grandmother after her husband's death said, "Your grandfather never said an unkind word to me during all the years we were married."

In the "House of Vanderbilt," by Frank Crowninshield, I find a reference to my grandmother in which he says, "She was an amazing woman who brought up her children to become people of the greatest cultivation and taste. She had been born Maria Louisa Kissam, the daughter of a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church. The Kissams were an old and distinguished family, Mrs. Vanderbilt's father having descended from the Benjamin Kissam who, in 1786, married Cornelia Roosevelt, the daughter of the patriarchal Isaac, the President's great-great-grandfather." Of my grandmother's eight children my father, W. K., as he was known to his friends, was the second son. I remember my grandmother very well, and our visits to her in the big house on Fifth Avenue directly opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral where she lived. She was a lovely old lady, gracious and sweet as old ladies should be. All her grandchildren—we were, I think, twenty-six—loved her.

My father's eldest brother, Uncle Corneil, as we called him, was a stern and serious person, or so we thought. He was not gay like my father and Uncle Fred. Of my four aunts I loved my Aunt Emily Sloane best for, like my father, she was of a joyous nature and had the look of happy expectancy one sees on the faces of those who love life. She and my Aunt Florence were always perfectly dressed, and with their slight figures and quiet distinction reminded me of Jane Austen's charmingly prim ladies. Sometime before her death I went to see Aunt Emily. She was sitting at a window overlooking Central Park. It struck me that her days must have been very long, now that she was widowed and that the bridge game she loved was no longer possible because of her failing memory. But when I sympathized with her, she folded her hands and, softly smiling, answered, "I have such lovely thoughts to keep me company."

My maternal grandfather, Murray Forbes Smith, was descended from the Stirlings, and both my mother's given names—Alva Erskine—are Stirling names. The Scotch tradition of large families is borne out in two volumes on the Stirlings in America. This prolific family overflowed from Virginia into the more Southern states and produced several governors and people of importance. All this accentuated in my mother a pride in her Southern birth and a certain disdain for the mercenary spirit of the North. Her father, who owned plantations near Mobile, was ruined by the liberation of the slaves and, after the Civil War, moved to Paris. There my mother's eldest sister made her debut at one of the last balls given at the Tuileries by Napoleon III.

Why my parents ever married remains a mystery to me. They were both delightful, charming and intelligent people, but wholly unsuited to each other. My father, although deep in his business interests, found life a happy adventure. His gentle nature hated strife. I still feel pain at the thought of the unkind messages I was made the bearer of when, in the months that preceded their parting, my mother no longer spoke to him. The purport of those messages I no longer remember—they were, I believe, concerned with the divorce she desired and with her wishes and decrees regarding custody of the children and arrangements for the future.

My father had a generous and unselfish nature; his pleasure was to see people happy and he enjoyed the company of his children and friends, but my mother—for reasons I can but ascribe to a towering ambition—opposed these carefree views with all the force of her strong personality. Her combative nature rejoiced in conquests. She loved a fight. A born dictator, she dominated events about her as thoroughly as she eventually dominated her husband and her children.

I remember once objecting to her taste in the clothes she selected for me. With a sarcasm hardly warranted by so innocent an observation, she informed me that I had no taste and that my opinions were not worth listening to. She brooked no contradiction, and when once I replied, "I thought I was doing right," she stated, "I don't ask *you* to think; *I* do the thinking, you do as you are told," which reduced me to imbecility. Her dynamic energy and her quick mind, together with her varied interests, made her a delightful companion. But the bane of her life and of those who shared it was a violent temper that like a tempest at times engulfed us all.

One of her earliest ambitions was to become a leader of New York society. To this end she gave a fancy-dress ball for the opening of her new house, 660 Fifth Avenue, on March 26, 1883. In contemporary newspapers I have read how eagerly invitations to this party were sought after. It proved to be, they said, the most magnificent entertainment yet given in a private house in America. My parents, gorgeous in medieval costumes, received the elite of what then was New York society. My godmother, who as Consuelo Yznaga had been my mother's bridesmaid, was our house guest and the ball was given in her honor. She was then Viscountess Mandeville and soon after, when her husband succeeded to the dukedom, became Duchess of Manchester. Beautiful, witty, gay and gifted, with the ability to play by ear any melody she had heard, she delighted us with her charm. Her lovely twin daughters who died so tragically young and her son Kimbolton spent that winter with us. Kim had early acquired the sense of importance a title is apt to confer, and one day when the postman left a letter for Viscount Mandeville with the comment, "How I would like to see a real live lord," he was astonished to see a diminutive figure in a sailor suit approach him exclaiming, "Then look at me."

Now firmly established as a social leader, my mother, wishing still further to dominate her world, assumed the prerogatives of an *arbiter elegantiae*, instructing her contemporaries in both the fine arts and the art of living. Ransacking the antique shops of Europe, she returned with pictures and furniture to adorn the mansions it became her passion to build. She thus set the fashion for Period houses, which at that date were little known in this country. Once she was successfully installed in the three homes she had built, her restless energy must, I imagine, have turned to other projects. It was perhaps then that plans for my future were born.

Courage was one of her prominent characteristics—a courage that was physical as well as spiritual. I shall never forget an incident when I had occasion to realize how intrepid and quick were her reactions. It took place at Idlehour, our home on Long Island. One day, when I, aged nine, was out driving, my pony started to run away with me, making straight for a water hydrant. My cart would undoubtedly have been overturned; but without the slightest hesitation my mother, who was standing nearby, threw herself between the hydrant and the racing pony and seized his bridle, thus preventing a serious accident.

Reminiscences relating to one's childhood are apt to be tinged with a self-conscious pity, which in my generation might be considered justified, for we were the last to be subjected to a harsh parental discipline. In my youth, children were to be seen but not heard; implicit obedience was an obligation from which one could not conscientiously escape. Indeed, we suffered a severe and rigorous upbringing. Corporal punishment for minor delinquencies was frequently administered with a riding whip.

I have a vivid memory of the last such lashing my legs received as I stood while my mother wielded her crop. Being the elder, I had the privilege of the first taste of the whip—Willie followed. We had, my brother and I, been sailing in our boat on a pond. Our governess, Fräulein Wedekind, wished to bring us home, but, lost in the pleasure of the sport, we paid no attention to her calls. At length as we neared the bank, she caught us and, imprudently straddling the water with one leg on shore, she tried to stop us. Alas, how could one prevent the wicked impulse to give a sudden shove with an oar, setting the boat free and seating Fräulein in the water? It seemed very funny at the time, but as we neared home, our governess trailing her wet skirts straight up to our mother, the incident lost its charm.

I bore these punishments stoically, but such repressive measures bred inhibitions, and even now I can trace their effects. It is a melancholy fact that childhood, so short when compared with the average span of life, should exert such a strong and permanent influence on character that no amount of self-training afterward can ever completely counter it. How different is the child's education today! Prejudiced as I am by my own experience, I still think that, although my mother's standard was too severe, it was preferable to the complete lack of discipline I see in many homes today.

Punishments, which were private affairs, were more easily borne than ridicule suffered in public. I remember an occasion when, dressed in a period costume designed by my mother—for it was her wish that I should stand out from others, hallmarked like precious silver—I suffered the agonies of shame that the ridicule of adults can cause children. Then again I was particularly sensitive about my nose, for it had an upward curve which my mother and her friends discussed with complete disregard for my feelings. I developed an inferiority complex and became conscious not only of physical defects but also of faults that with gentler treatment might have been less painfully corrected. Introspection and heart searching caused hypersensitiveness and a quick temper to cloud an otherwise amiable disposition.

My brother Willie was my junior by eighteen months. He had inherited my father's charm and sweet temper. The wistful look of his big green eyes was appealing, but he was mischievous and recklessly daring. He used to ride one of those old-fashioned high-wheeled bicycles at such speed that he took many tosses. One day my mother threatened to confiscate the bicycle at the next fall, and Willie went through a lesson before his tutor discovered that in falling he had broken his arm. I had for him the love little girls expend on their juniors and we shared a keen sense of fun.

My brother Harold was born seven years later. Returning from a walk on a Sunday in July, 1884, we found him in my mother's arms. Nor were we further enlightened until Boya, my sainted nurse, informed me that God had sent him to us. What could be more pleasing than so poetic a version of birth and creation? Though we experienced a certain curiosity as the years went by, modesty was not sacrificed to the precocious knowledge sex education now confers. Harold, being so much younger than we, took little part in our games. In our eyes he was encircled by the halo his adoring nurse Bridget placed round his lovely head. She was an ardent Catholic—a faith that inspired her with sufficient courage one day to tax my mother with the number of houses she was building: "You have so many houses on earth, Mrs. Vanderbilt, don't you think it is time to build one in heaven?" To which my mother replied, "Oh, no, Bridget—you live in my houses on earth, but I look forward to living in yours in heaven"—an answer of classic realism.

We did not live for long in the little nondescript house in which I was born. Choosing Richard Morris Hunt as her architect, my mother built a large ornate white stone house in the French Renaissance style at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street. It was demolished after my father's death to make room for office buildings. This house stood back from the avenue and was approached by wide steps leading to an iron-grilled entrance. Inside one saw on the right a great stairway running up three flights. I still remember how long and terrifying was that endless upward sweep as, with acute sensations of fear, I climbed to my room every night, leaving below the light and its comforting rays. For in that penumbra there were spirits lurking to destroy me, hands stretched out to touch me, and sighs that breathed against my cheek. Sometimes I stumbled, and then all went black, and tensely kneeling on those steps I prayed for courage to reach the safety of my room.

(Continued on Page 50)

Home by Moonlight

By Mercedes MacDonald

First they will find the stile that
the moon melts over,
And see how it lies on the steps
where the bracken parts;
Then they will wade through fields
of honeysuckle and clover
And, breathing deep in its
shadowy coolness, they will
open their hearts.

Where the long lane curls through
the orchard, they will be
walking
Hand in hand, leaf-splashed
from the moonlit shade,
With voices hushed, and silences
that answer better than
talking—
And one will stop or the other
will stop where the thickest
shadow is laid.

The frogs will croak from the
millpond, easily knowing
Why in the dark these footsteps
whisper so late,
And deep in the moonlit barn,
sweet with hay, a cow will be
lowing—
And they will come to the yard
at last, and stand too long at
the gate.

One of these women has discovered a wonderful complexion secret...



She's washing her face . . . Like many women, she's simply washing with soap and water in the ordinary way—carelessly. If that's what you're doing—*stop!* You could be doing *so* much more for your complexion! You should know Palmolive's wonderful complexion secret.



She's getting a lovelier complexion . . . She's giving herself gentle beauty care that leads to softer, smoother, younger looking skin. By washing properly with Palmolive Soap, she's doing what skin specialists have proved astonishingly effective in bringing lovelier complexions!

Palmolive Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!



Yes, Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Are you one of those women who could be getting far lovelier skin just by changing *the way you wash your face?*

It's hard to believe—but true . . . the very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to *bring out beauty while it cleans your skin.* And, in 14 days or less your skin can be softer, smoother, younger looking.

Yes, thirty-six leading skin specialists in 1285 tests with women of all ages—with all types of skin—proved it beyond a doubt! These doctors found most women can have lovelier complexions when they *stop* careless cleansing and *change* to the Palmolive Beauty Plan.

Next time you wash your face, try this way: Gently massage Palmolive Soap's specially mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and pat dry. Do this 3 times a day. It *feels* so right . . . *is* so right for your skin!

You'll need no other beauty aid . . . Palmolive's rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care. So get Palmolive now—discover for yourself Palmolive's wonderful complexion secret.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

So ***MILD*** *. . So* ***PURE*** *. . So Right For* ***All*** *of You*



Palmolive Soap Makes Every Bath a Beauty Bath



Safety Tips for Vacation Trips

NOW THAT VACATION TIME has come, many motorists will follow the natural urge to take to the open road. Whether they go on a vacation or week-end trip, or just for a drive in the country, they will find motoring most pleasant when it is safest.

According to National Safety Council data, motor vehicle accidents accounted for 40 percent of all deaths from accidental causes, and injured more than a million people last year. Safety authorities say that a good way to make your summer trips more pleasant as well as safer is to follow such motoring precautions as these:

1. Always drive at a safe and sane speed. Reports of state and city traffic authorities show that in 2 out of every 5 fatal accidents, a speed violation was involved. That is why it is so important to drive at a speed which gives you complete control of your car at all times.

2. Follow other cars at a safe distance. According to the National Safety Council, even when going only 30 miles per hour, under normal conditions, it would take you about 80 feet to come to a complete stop. This emphasizes the need of allowing ample stopping room between your car and the car ahead. A safe margin is one car length for every 10 miles of speed. Of course, this distance should be increased at night, and when driving on slippery roads or in bad weather.

3. Keep constantly alert to other cars on the road. This may help you avoid an accident, even if their drivers do something wrong. For example, by watching traffic coming from both left and right when nearing an intersection, you may be able to anticipate and avert possible danger. For the same reason, it is wise to pay attention to traffic coming toward you at all times, and especially on hills and curves.

4. Be prepared for driving emergencies. Should a tire blow out, keep a firm grip on the wheel with both hands and let the car slow down before applying the brakes. This will help prevent dangerous swerving. When stopping on a slippery surface, apply your brakes lightly, then release and apply again to help avoid skidding.

5. Have your car's condition checked regularly. Traffic reports show that vehicle defects are contributing causes in about 1 out of every 9 fatal accidents. Defective brakes, lights, tires and steering mechanisms are most frequently at fault. Every part of your car should be periodically checked to make sure it is in safe operating condition. Such inspection is especially important before taking a trip.

Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "How's Your Driving?" to help you increase the pleasure and safety of your motoring. This booklet contains many practical comments and suggestions that tell how to drive with the least amount of worry and trouble. Use the coupon below to send for your free copy.

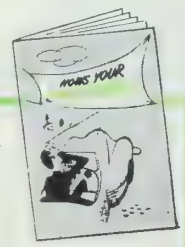
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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 752-J, "How's Your Driving?"



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(Continued from Page 48)

In comparison to this recurrent nightmare, how gay were the gala evenings when the house was ablaze with lights and Willie and I, crouching on hands and knees behind the balustrade of the musicians' gallery, looked down on a festive scene below—the long dinner table covered with a damask cloth, a gold service and red roses, the lovely crystal and china, the grownups in their fine clothes. The dining room was enormous and had at one end twin Renaissance mantelpieces and on one side a huge stained-glass window, depicting the Field of the Cloth of Gold on which the Kings of England and France were surrounded with their knights, all not more magnificently arrayed than the ladies aglitter with jewels seated in high-backed tapestry chairs behind which stood footmen in knee breeches.

Next to this big dining room was a small breakfast room adorned with Flemish tapestries and Rembrandt's portrait of the Turkish Chief. Then came a white drawing room hung with a fine set of Boucher tapestries; here were the beautiful lacquer *secrétaire* and commode, with bronzes chiseled by Gouthière, made for Marie Antoinette. Next door our living room, a paneled Renaissance salon, looked out on Fifth Avenue.

My father's small dreary room saddened me—it seemed a dull place for so gay and dashing a cavalier who should, I thought, have the best of everything life could give. He was so invariably kind, so gentle and sweet to me, with a fund of humorous tales and jokes that as a child were my joy. But alas, he played only a small part in our lives; it seemed to us he was always shunted or sidetracked from our occupations. It was invariably our mother who dominated our upbringing, our education, our recreation and our thoughts. With children's clairvoyance we knew that she would prove adamant to any appeal our father made on our behalf and we never asked him to interfere. The hour we spent in our parents' company after the supper we took with our governess at six can in no sense be described as the Children's Hour. No books or games were provided; we sat and listened to the conversation of the grownups and longed for the release that their departure to dress for dinner would bring.

OCCASIONALLY Willie and I were permitted to join my mother in her handsome bedroom and watch her evening toilet. There was one memorable evening when the safe in which her jewels were kept could not be opened. My mother was going to a big dinner at which it would almost have been considered an offense to wear no jewels. Something of the prevailing feeling of panic must have reached me, for I ran to my room and prayed fervently that a miracle would open the safe. And when I returned the safe was opened—my mother decked in her beautiful pearls. Small wonder that I believe in the efficacy of prayer.

When I was old enough for a room of my own I was moved from the nurseries next to my mother to a room above hers, to which she had access by a spiral staircase in one of the towers that adorned the house. On this floor there was a colossal playroom where we used to bicycle and roller skate with our cousins and friends. But the chief memory it holds is of a Christmas tree that towered the roof and was laden with gifts and to for us and for every one of our cousins.

After heavy snowfalls there were joyou sleigh drives to which we looked forward the horses with their bells; the fat coachma wrapped in furs, and Willie and myself in th back seat with our small sleigh on which w were allowed to toboggan down slopes in th park.

AFTER the holidays there were matinees the Metropolitan Opera House, when in m best dress I sat in my father's box near th stage. My earliest operatic recollection is hearing the great Adelina Patti sing Martha Her birdlike trills evoked scenes of wild en thusiasm, and mountains of bouquets wer heaped round her diminutive form. Gou nod's "Faust" was one of my favorites, bu Mephistopheles terrified me, and folly be came associated with love after seeing Ma guerite and, later, Lucia di Lammermoor i their affecting mad scenes.

Every Saturday my mother made me re cite endless poems in French, German an English, and in my tenth year there was memorable occasion when our *solfège* clas gave a concert i honor of our pa ents. Whether fro stage fright or emo tion, I gave a ren dering of *Les Adieu de Marie Stuart* wit so much feeling tha I burst into tear Somebody tosse me a bouquet an I am sure no prim donna ever felt greater thrill.

Willie and I als went to a weekl dancing class con ducted by M Dodsworth, an elde erly and elegant in structor who ha taught succeedin generations of Ne Yorkers how t dance and how t behave when in com pany. Willie dis liked being dresse in his best sailo suit and having t dance with elderl girls who steere him around, but liked wearing m prettiest dress, an the competition of boys who wished to danc with me gave me a sense of superiority I di not often enjoy at home.

Sundays were special days. We went t morning service at St. Mark's-in-the Bouwerie, a long drive in the landau wit Willie and myself in our best clothes facin my mother in an elegant costume and m father in a frock coat, top hat and an over coat with a fine fur collar. Those long drive were always frightfully tiring, for I was mad to sit up very straight and was not allowed t relax for a moment. When my legs began t fidget in uncontrollable twitches, I was strictly admonished against what for some unknow reason my mother dubbed "Vanderbilt fidg ets," as if no other children had ever bee afflicted thus. Sitting up straight was one o the crucial tests of ladylike behavior. A hor rible instrument was devised which I had t wear when doing my lessons. It was a stee rod which ran down my spine and wa strapped at my waist and over my shoul ders—another strap went around my fore head to the rod. I had to hold my book high when reading, and it was almost impossible to write in so uncomfortable a position. How ever, I probably owe my straight back t those many hours of discomfort.

Upon our return from church, we children lunched with our parents in the company o two boys of our age, and after a Scriptur lesson spent delirious hours marching armie of tin soldiers across the carpet that repre sented land, or sailing them over the seas o

Soon Month

THEY were the fiercest tigers of the jungle, but Helen Martini made household pets of them. The Bronx Zoo had never been able to raise lions and tigers born in captivity, for the wild mothers would not care for their cubs. Mrs. Martini, whose husband was a zoo keeper, was convinced that kindness could overcome ferocity. She took the infant cubs to raise on the bottle, and not only saved their lives but taught them gentleness and affection. When Dacca, her favorite tiger, grew up and had cubs herself, Mrs. Martini's efforts were doubly rewarded. Dacca was an ideal zoo mother.

Read Helen Martini's fascinating

MOTHER WAS HUMAN

Complete in the August JOURNAL

parqueted floors to fight furious battles for possession of forts we built out of blocks.

In contrast to this city life there was the welcome liberty we enjoyed at Idlehour, my father's place at Oakdale, Long Island, where we spent the early-summer and autumn months. It was a rambling frame house close to a river; green lawns swept away to the gardens, stables, woods and farms. Here we crabbed and fished in the river and learned to sail a boat. We had ponies, which I rode side saddle, and a garden to plant, but we were bad gardeners, for my brother Willie, who was of an impatient nature, would pull up the potatoes long before they were ripe.

Good behavior found its reward in the pleasure of cooking our supper in the playhouse. Our German governess presided and indulged her taste for sauerkraut, which we did not appreciate, but as compensation I was allowed the chocolate caramels I loved to make. This playhouse was an old bowling alley, and when my mother handed it over to us she insisted as a matter of training that we should do all the housework ourselves. Utterly happy, we would cook our meal, wash the dishes, and then stroll home by the river in the cool of the evening.

Boya, my nurse, as near a saint as it is possible for a human being to be, shared these outings with us. High-minded, simple and kind, she had none of the mawkish sentimentality that caused my governess to take affront at the slightest provocation.

There were times when, possibly influenced by Boya, I reflected with some discomfort on the affluence that surrounded me, wondering whether I was entitled to so many of the good things of life. This feeling was sharply accentuated by a visit I paid to the sick child of one of our Bohemian workmen, whose duty it was to cut the grass lawns that surrounded the house. One morning when wishing him good day I noticed how sadly he answered. "Is anything the matter?" I inquired. Then he told me of his little girl, aged ten—"Just my age," I commented—a cripple condemned for life to her bed. The sudden shock of so terrible a lot overwhelmed me; and when the next day I drove with my governess to see her, the pony cart filled with gifts, and found her in a miserable little room on a small unlovely cot, I realized the inequalities of human destinies with a vividness that never left me. How much I owe to Boya! It was from her I learned the happiness helping others brings. For she gave her all in alms and kindness and later, when she left us, she spent her last years directing a Home for Swiss Girls in New York.

WHEN my grandfather died in 1885, leaving the bulk of his fortune equally divided between his two elder sons—Cornelius and my father—my mother was able to give full vent to her ambitions, and the yacht Alva, of 1400 tons, was one of the first results of our new affluence. She was a beautiful and luxurious ship with appointments in simple good taste, but she was a bad sea boat, as we soon found to our discomfort, and was eventually sunk in a collision in a fog. On our first trips we visited the West Indies. In following years we crossed the Atlantic and cruised in the Mediterranean.

These yachting expeditions were excessively boring to us children. A doctor, my brother's tutor, my governess and three men friends of my parents' made up our party. Heavy seas provided our only escape from the curriculum of work, for even sight-seeing on our visits ashore became part of our education, and we were expected to write an account of all we had seen. Harold, still being in the nursery, was free to amuse himself within the limits a yacht made possible.

On one of our cruises we visted Algiers, Tunis and Egypt. I recall being deeply impressed by the magnificent proportions of the temples of Egypt, but the tombs of the kings gave me the worst kind of claustrophobia and I was terrified by the hundreds of bats that clung to the low ceilings. There was something pathetic about the richly caparisoned mummies surrounded by the worldly possessions they deemed necessary to their future lives, and it seemed positively indecent to disturb the dignified seclusion they had taken such infinite precaution to insure.

On leaving Egypt we went to Constantinople. At the entrance to the Dardanelles our yacht was rudely halted by two shots across the bow, for warships were then not admitted into the Bosporus and we had been mistaken for a small cruiser. After a twenty-four-hour delay during which the authorities were placated, we were allowed to proceed and soon anchored in that beautiful bay, with Constantinople and its lovely palaces and mosques spread before us. My parents had gone on shore when an anxious captain brought me the news that a pasha had arrived and wished to see my father. As the captain could not speak a word of French nor the pasha a word of English, it was arranged that I should entertain him, since he refused to leave without tendering the sultan's apologies to my parents for the incivility of our reception. It must have been a new experience to the haughty and sophisticated Turk to talk to a little girl for an hour or more, and it was a proud moment when later a beautiful box of sweets arrived as a tribute to my exertions. At that time Turkish women were strictly secluded, their emancipation from the purdah only being accomplished by Mustapha Kemal in his policy of Westernization during the first quarter of the next century. My father had an audience with the sultan, who showed us every courtesy, even having us visit palaces not usually opened to the public.

OUR cruise that year ended at Nice, where we arrived in time for the carnival and all its grotesque and riotous gaiety. We took part in the Battle of Flowers and greatly enjoyed throwing what in time became rather dusty nosegays at passers-by. Suddenly a well-meant but clumsily aimed package hit me in the eye. Neither the chocolates it contained nor the compliment attached to it, "*Pour la jolie petite fille*," was allowed to console me, for my mother, fearing that compliments might lead to conceit, said, "It must have been meant for Harold." Harold, aged three, was, I admit, a beautiful child; still I hoped he had not been mistaken for a girl, and had doubts of my mother's veracity.

From Nice we went to Paris, where in recurrent years we spent the months of May and June at either the Hotel Bristol or the Continental. When I think of spring it is of Paris, with its sweet scents of budding chestnut trees and flowering lilac, and of the lilies the hawkers vend in the streets, those sprigs of *muguet* one wears on the first of May. The lovely city has for me a beauty that makes my heart ache. The gracious harmony of its ancient buildings, the shimmering lights, the soft green of the trees, and the fast flowing Seine glowing red in the evening sun, all nurture a sad and tender reverence. For the beauty of spring is evanescent and loveliness is a fragile thing.

When I was a child, Paris in springtime was a happy place. At the carrousel we rode wooden horses to gay waltzes. We loved the Punch-and-Judy shows in the Champs Élysées, and in the little booths we bought pails and shovels to play with on the sand piles, or boats to sail on the round basins in the gardens of the Tuileries. There was a small band of us who met there for several years running when our parents went abroad to race at Longchamp, to shop, or simply to have a good time in the easy carefree way of the nineteenth century.

I remember Waldorf Astor, now Viscount Astor, and married to Nancy Langhorne, first woman member of Parliament. He was a serious little boy, very good-looking, with the remarkable sense of fairness that has inspired all his actions to this day. There was also May Goelet, who was bright, amusing and quick, the three natural attributes of an American girl. She was to be my bridesmaid and later to marry Marlborough's cousin, the Duke of Roxburghe, himself a fine man and a great gentleman. She became a Scottish chatelaine and lived at Floors Castle in the lovely border country where England and Scotland meet.

And there was Katherine Duer, who married, first, Clarence Mackay, and then, after

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divorcing him, Dr. Joseph Blake, the great brain surgeon who rendered such service to France at his hospital in the First World War. Katherine was very handsome, with a straight nose, and a shock of dark hair that swept back from a low, well-shaped forehead. Her dark eyes flashed with ardor and the love of life. She wanted to dominate us all; she was one of those who assumed it to be her right. She was always the queen in the games we played, and if anyone was bold enough to suggest it was my turn she would parry, "Consuelo does not want to be queen"—and she was right.

THESE days of early spring were the precursors of others that during the summer months we spent at Newport. Here our little band would meet again. My happiest memory is of a farm in the surrounding country where we went for picnics and played at Indians and white men, those wild games inspired by the tales of Fenimore Cooper. Wriggling through thorns, scrambling over rocks, wading through streams, we were completely happy—though what sights we looked in torn clothes with scratched faces and knees as we drove home to the marbled halls and Renaissance castles our parents had built!

In the autumn my family would return to Idlehour and then to New York, where the winter routine would resume. As I grew into my teens, I began to study at what was known as the Rosa classes. My class consisted of six girls and was held at Mrs. Frederic Bronson's house. Mr. Rosa managed to cram such various subjects as English, Latin, mathematics and science into two hours; but if our knowledge was elementary, at least our interest was sharply awakened. Mr. Rosa was especially successful with history and literature, or perhaps it was because they were my favorite subjects that I thought so.

Mrs. Bronson lived on Madison Avenue near Thirty-eighth Street, which was then a fashionable residential part of the city. Every morning I walked there with my governess. Fifth Avenue had but very few shops in those days. The big Hotel Windsor at 571 Fifth Avenue, later destroyed by fire, was, with the churches, one of the few large edifices to interrupt the even flow of private mansions. The busses were still drawn by horses and there were many elegant carriages with a coachman and groom on the box seat. I liked these walks better than the return home in my father's brougham, which called for me at one o'clock.

In addition to the Rosa curriculum I had French, German and music lessons with various governesses, and an hour or so of exercise in Central Park.

In the eighties the foundations of education were laid young. We were not encouraged to consider self-expression more important than the acquisition of knowledge, and if like children the world over we painted crude and grotesque pictures, they were not considered to possess artistic merit. At the age of eight I could read and write in French, German and English. I learned them in that order, for we spoke French with our parents, my father having been partly educated at a school in Geneva. We had then a German governess at home; the French governess came in for an hour a day, and I prepared my lessons for her under Boya's supervision.

There was, because of our travels, a long procession of governesses in my life, and when I grew older there were two so-called finishing governesses in residence, one English and one French. How difficult it was to please them both. What tact and patience it required! It may have taught me to see both sides of a question, for whatever opinion was held by one was invariably contradicted by the other. The English governess remained with me to the day of my wedding. She was one of the best friends I ever had.

Reading soon became my favorite recreation. The books I read in those early days were chiefly French and German. There were fairy tales, Hans Andersen's and *Les Contes de Perrault*, and La Fontaine's Fables, which I had to commit to memory. In a German book there was a grotesque creature called Strubble Peter whose escapades Willie and I thoroughly enjoyed. Later Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson and Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales inspired the games we played. There were in those days fewer books written for children. I am bewildered by the choice with which I am now confronted. It was perhaps for this reason that we read what might be described as the Classics. At the age of thirteen I became acquainted with the loves of the gods in a lovely book on Greek mythology, and with Henty, Marryat and Jules Verne went on voyages of discovery. "The Scottish Chiefs" I knew practically by heart, and Robin Hood was also a favorite hero.

It was about then that Plutarch's Lives inspired a Spartan austerity which in contrast to the cushioned comfort of my life I found appealing. Unbeknownst to my governess—for by then I had been moved to a room near my mother's—I determined to sleep on the floor without a blanket; but a heavy cold soon put an end to that short-lived experiment. The next step in my literary experiences was the discovery of "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth" and "Woodstock," and Dickens' novels which held me spellbound. Later came Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians." "Vanity Fair" I was not allowed to read.

TIP

In the coffeehouses of eighteenth-century England customers who expected service were encouraged to drop a coin into a box, in plain sight of the waiter. The legend on the box was "To Insure Promptness." The waiter was prompt to serve first and best those customers who were interested in their own welfare sufficiently to think of the welfare of the waiter. The use of the first letter from these three words gave us the new term "tip."

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

I read voraciously of the German classics with a governess who so inspired a love of German poetry and philosophy that after my marriage I read the books hitherto forbidden: Faust in its entirety; Heine, with Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. For the heavier philosophies of Kant and Hegel I had no liking and wasted no time in cudgeling the little understanding I had for them. But Nietzsche had the inevitable appeal of poetic vision combined with madness. In Vienna years later, on one of those sad pilgrimages to restore my hearing, I had dreams of translating *"Also Sprach Zarathustra"*—a dream which ended when on inquiry at a bookshop I discovered there were already some twenty-seven such translations.

The deepest emotion of my young life was born in my confirmation. Bishop Littlejohn, then the Bishop of Long Island, was our house guest, and the service took place in the church at Islip which my father had helped to build. As I knelt at the altar rails I felt as if I were dedicating my life to God's service, and had anyone suggested my becoming a nun, I might indeed have considered changing the white muslin and veil I was wearing for the more sober garb of the convent. Preparing for this sacrament at a time when the widening rift between my parents was causing me sorrow rendered me peculiarly susceptible to the emotional appeal of Christianity.

In my sixteenth year my family acquired a new 2000-ton yacht, the Valiant. It brought my father from Birkenhead, where she was built, to Newport in seven and a half days. His journey had a brilliant ending, for when he arrived at Newport, our new and magnificent home awaited him—Marble House on Bellevue Avenue. This, my mother's second architectural achievement in co-operation with her architect friend Richard Hunt, was inspired by the Grand Trianon in the park of Versailles. Unlike Louis XIV's creation, it stood in restricted grounds, and, like a prison was surrounded by high walls. Even the gates were lined with sheet iron. But it cannot be gainsaid that Marble House both within and without impressed one with its splendor and grandeur. The hall and staircase were built of yellow marble, and there were fine tapestries flanking the entrance depicting the Death of Coligny and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve which always gave me a momentary chill. The beautiful dining room, built of red marble, gleamed like fire.

Upstairs my own room was austere. It was paneled in a dark Renaissance *boiserie*. There were six windows, but at best one could only glimpse the sky through their high and narrow casements. An unadorned stone mantel opposite my bed greeted my waking eyes. To the right on an antique table were aligned a mirror and various silver brushes and combs. On another table writing utensils were disposed in such perfect order that I never ventured to use them. For my mother had chosen every piece of furniture and had placed every ornament according to her taste, and had forbidden the intrusion of my personal possessions. Often as I lay on the bed, that like St. Ursula's in the lovely painting by Carpaccio stood on a dais and was covered with a baldaquin, I reflected that there was in her love of me something of the creative spirit of an artist—that it was her wish to produce me as a finished specimen framed in a perfect setting, and that my person was dedicated to whatever final disposal she had in mind.

On the ground floor just under mine a Gothic room held a collection of majolica, cameos and bronzes which a French connoisseur, Gavais by name, had brought together. It was our living room but stained-glass windows from some famous church kept out the light, creating a melancholy atmosphere in which a della Robbia Madonna suggested the renunciation of a worldly life. It was here that Marlborough later proposed to me, and that I accepted a sacrifice that in obeisance to the dictates of my upbringing I felt was foreordained.

The restrictions of my girlhood may appear strange to modern young women accustomed to the freedom that is now theirs. But in my youth there were no telephones, no cinemas, no motorcars. Even our clothes prevented the relaxed comfort we now take for granted. When I was seventeen my skirts almost touched the ground; it was considered immodest to wear them shorter. My dresses had high, tight, whalebone collars. A corset laced my waist to the eighteen inches fashion decreed. An enormous hat adorned with flowers, feathers and ribbons was fastened to my hair with long steel pins, and a veil covered my face. Tight gloves pinched my hands and I carried a parasol.

Thus attired I went to Bailey's Beach for a morning bathe. There, clad in a dark blue alpaca outfit consisting of a dress under which were drawers, and black silk stockings, with a large hat to protect me from the sun, I bobbed up and down over incoming waves. Needless to add that I was never taught to swim. Tennis and golf played no part in my education, but lessons in deportment cultivated a measured and stately walk.

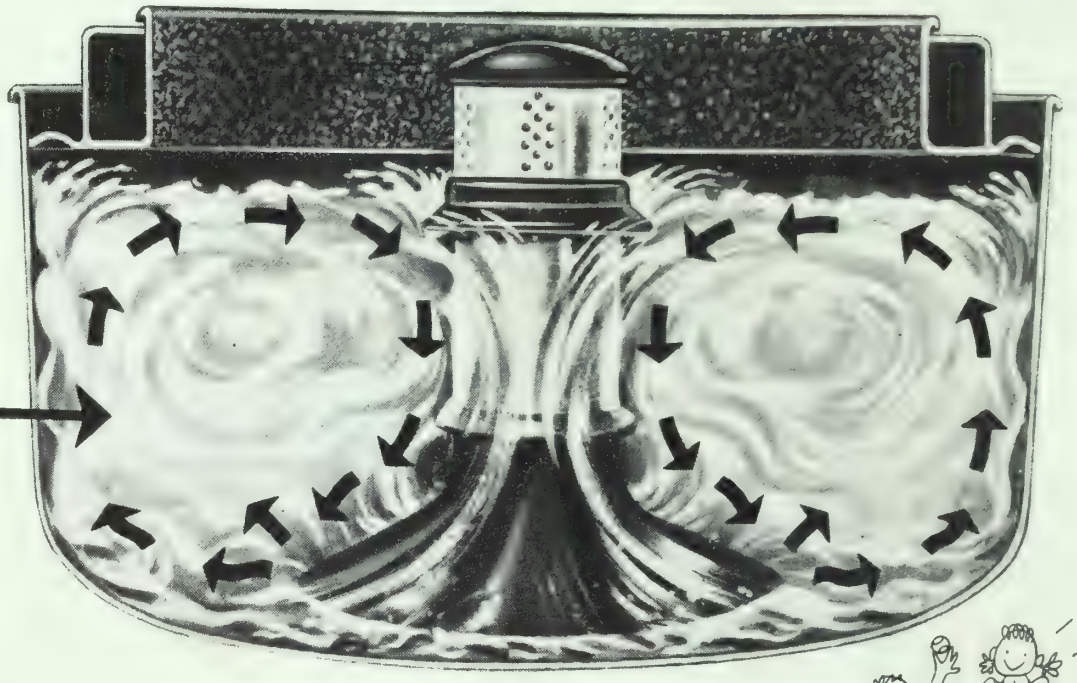
How full of tedious restraint was this artificial life! It was not surprising that I disliked our sojourn at Newport and longed for the greater freedom of Idlehour. As I grew older discipline increased. I then saw little of my contemporaries, and spent my days at my studies. My mother disapproved of what she termed silly boy-and-girl flirtations, so the picnics at the farm ceased and my governess had strict injunctions to report any flighty disturbance of my thoughts.

My mother always lunched at home to be with her children; it was the only meal we had with her. One of my most vivid memories of her is at the head of the massive oak table in our New York house, at which places were invariably laid for six or eight guests who would drop in informally. It was then the fashion for women to drink tea or chocolate with their midday meal. In front of my

(Continued on Page 54)



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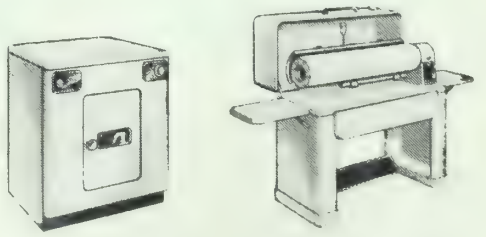
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(Continued from Page 52)

mother's place there was a sumptuous silver tray on which stood a tea service and a chocolate pot. They were large and heavy and were embossed with scenes from Flemish life recalling those in the tapestries on the walls. They seemed to me much too heavy for my mother's delicate hands to lift.

Men were only occasionally present at these luncheons, my father being kept at his business, and as I grew in years and listened to the arid gossip women talk when in each other's company, I developed a decided preference for the society of men whose conversation, it seemed to me, held much more of interest. My studies at the Rosa classes had made me very much alive to events other than those discussed amongst my mother's women friends. I sometimes longed to express my views in the general conversations that took place, but a look from my mother repressed me.

Art was a favored topic, and I listened to the appreciations of certain self-termed connoisseurs whose appraisals were dictated by the cost rather than the beauty of an object. I was not surprised when later in Mrs. Oelrich's pseudo-marble palace or Mrs. Goelet's Renaissance château I saw objects that with their heavy gilding and rich velvets looked expensive but had neither the fine proportions nor the restraint art imposes. Period houses were then rising like mushrooms in the competitive atmosphere of Newport's plutocracy. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who lived in a frame house of some distinction but no pretensions and claimed to be a social leader, is reported to have been annoyed by such ostentation. On one occasion when her hostess, whose knowledge of history was as limited as her appreciation of art, announced, "And this is my Louis Quinze salon!" Mrs. Fish with a polite but studied insolence exclaimed, "And what makes you think so?" Such distinctions gave pleasure to the little set of elegants who still occupied the simple houses of their fathers and gazed with affronted eyes at the vulgar extravagances of newcomers.

As a child I would note these new mansions rising when in the afternoons I drove my pony Dumpling up and down Bellevue Avenue. My governess, Miss Harper, shared the seat beside me in the low dogcart specially built for me; behind sat a small groom. One day shopping in the town of Newport I learned how the rich are exploited, for when Marble House was mentioned as our address the shopkeeper informed me he had mistaken the price he had given me and added a good 50 per cent. Even Miss Harper seemed taken aback, and I was aghast at what I conceived to be dishonesty.

As I grew older, I was increasingly happy to leave the artificial life of Newport and to return to Idlehour in the autumn. Here, when I was sixteen, a last peaceful interlude awaited me before our departure on a long cruise to India.

I saw little of the Rosa classes from then on. It was perhaps as well that the competitive ardor examinations evoked should be over, for I worked myself into such a state of apprehension that I still wonder how I managed to secure the *cum laude* with which our teacher rewarded our best efforts. Encouraged by my English governess, I had had hopes of going to Oxford, but all this came to naught when at the age of eighteen I became engaged to be married.

I had reached an age when the continual disagreements between my parents had become a matter of deep concern to me. I was tensely susceptible to their difference, and each new quarrel awoke responding echoes that tore at my loyalties. Profoundly unhappy in my home life, I awaited the rupture which I felt could not be long delayed. Divorce in those days was considered shocking, and because of its novelty would create a dire scandal. But of this I knew nothing and cared still less. The immediate cause of my unhappiness was to be found in the constant scenes that so deeply wounded my father and harried my mother beyond control—scenes that embittered the sensitive years of my girlhood and made of marriage a horrible mockery. It was in such an atmosphere of dread and uncertainty that our last and longest yachting expedition was undertaken in my seventeenth year.

We left New York on November 23, 1893, with India as our destination. The party included my parents, my brother Harold, a doctor, a governess and the three men friends who were our constant companions. Willie, being at school, remained at home. My mother, claiming that my governess gave sufficient trouble, refused to have another woman on board.

Our way to Bombay lay through the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, calling only at Tunis and Egypt. We spent two days in Cairo while the yacht passed through the Suez Canal and coaled at Suez. The harbor of Bombay was a welcome sight after so long a voyage, but when we started to cross India in a private sleeping car attached to a regular train we realized what discomfort in a train could amount to. At every station angry natives seeking transportation tried noisily to force their way into our bedrooms, which opened directly onto the station platforms. Luckily the doors were locked, but the din was formidable, and in the night those angry mobs seemed threatening. No one slept and the next day we continued our journey in the comparative luxury and seclusion of a private train.

Thus we crossed India—stopping at Ahmadabad, Jaipur, Delhi, Benares, Lucknow and Agra. Accompanying my parents, I did all the sights in tourist fashion, and spent a night of lurid memories in Lucknow. I had read a vivid description of the gallant defense of its English garrison during the Indian Mutiny and of how they were finally overcome and massacred by Indian troops. In my hotel bedroom, which was accessible to any marauder, the horrors of that massacre assumed nightmare proportions. Hotels at that time were small hostels one story high, built to accommodate commercial travelers; the front of the rooms gave onto a court, while the back looked out on an open drain. Fortunately, most of our nights were spent on the train, which was backed onto a siding. Even then we knew little comfort, for it was difficult to secure bath water and the food was incredibly nasty. We lived on tea, toast and marmalade.

It was wonderful to find all the luxuries of home on the Valiant, which had come round India from Bombay and lay anchored in the Hooghly. My parents spent a week as guests of the Viceroy and Lady Lansdowne at Government House, Calcutta. My mother, whose habit it was to impose her views rather than to invite discussion, had already, on occasion, revealed the hopes she nourished for my brilliant future, and her admiration for the British way of life was as apparent as was her desire to place me in an aristocratic setting. These intentions, I am sure, crystallized during her visit at Government House. In the Viceroy and Lady Lansdowne she found exemplified the qualities she admired, which the prerogatives of a privileged life had but enhanced; and in conversations with her hostess, who was Marlborough's aunt, the possibility of my marriage to him may have been discussed. It is certain that it was then her ambition took definite shape; for she confessed to me years later that she had decided to marry me either to Marlborough or to Lord Lansdowne's heir.

It was with no regrets that I left India. It seemed to me a cruel country. Women had so little part, either in its history, its life or its religion. Their lives were spent in purdah, in petty squabbles and intrigues which sometimes culminated in ugly tragedies.

We spent the spring in Paris. I can still see the view over the Tuileries gardens from our windows, still enjoy our walks under the flowering chestnuts of the Champs Élysées and our drives in the Bois de Boulogne. Every day there were visits to museums and churches and lectures at the Sorbonne, but the classical matinees at the Théâtre Français were my greatest pleasure.

On Sundays my governess and I would go to Saint Sulpice and sit with Widor, the cel-



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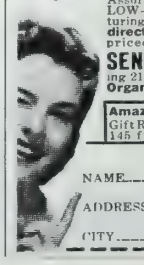
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brated organist. Years later when Rheims Cathedral was reopened after the First World War I was to hear his lovely Mass for Two Organs. How deeply moving was that Mass in its spiritual ascendancy of an inviolate faith. There was in that beautiful church, in that vast assembly, a dedication, such as had animated the crusades, that sanctified the participant.

In the Paris of my youth there were no motorcars. One used to stroll along the boulevards or sit and watch the passing crowd. The little open victoria in which it so delighted the Princess of Wales to drive incognito was, with the boats that plied the Seine, the pleasantest conveyance. The Rue de la Paix was the fashionable shopping center and names of the great dressmakers—Worth, Doucet, Rouff—were printed on small doors admitting one to modest shops. Inside, the array of lovely dresses, expensive furs and diaphanous lingerie fairly took one's breath away. I longed to choose my dresses, but my mother had her own views, which unfortunately did not coincide with mine.

For my first ball, at the Duc de Gramont's in the Avenue des Champs Élysées, where I made my debut at a party given for the Duchess' eldest daughter, I had a white tulle dress made by Worth. It touched the ground with a full skirt, as was the fashion in those days, and it had a tightly laced bodice. My hair was piled high in curls and a narrow ribbon was tied round my long and slender neck. I had no jewels and wore gloves that came almost to my shoulders. The French dubbed me "*La belle Mlle. Vanderbilt au long cou.*"

It is difficult for a girl of the present day to visualize a white ball, as those dances given for debutantes were then called. A "*bal blanc*" had to live up to its name of purity and innocence; it could not inspire the mild flirtations of a pink ball where young married women were included. The men who attended them, no doubt with the intention of selecting a future spouse, were expected to behave with circumspection. There was no opportunity for conversation. A debutante was invited to dance, and once the dance was over she was escorted back to her mamma. Rows of chaperons lined the walls, discussing the merits of their charges. The young girls stood diffidently beside them. The terror of not being asked to dance, the humiliation of being a "wallflower," ruined the pleasures of a ball for those who were ill-favored. With the politeness inherent in the French, a galaxy of partners presented their respects to me and I was soon at ease and happy. Curiously enough, my second husband, Jacques Balsan, who was present, told his mother the following day, "I met at the ball last night the girl I would like to marry." It was twenty-seven years later that his wish came true.

WE spent the whole of May and June in Paris, and I had five proposals of marriage. When I say I had, I mean that my mother informed me that five men had asked her for my hand, as the French saying goes, but Jacques was not amongst them. She had, as a matter of course, refused them, since she considered none of them sufficiently exalted. There was only one, a German prince, whose cause I was allowed to consider.

I met Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg at an evening party given by Madame de Pourtales in her house close to the Madeleine. That the Comtesse Mélanie de Pourtales had been a famous beauty, could still be seen. She was a typical *grande dame* and in her salons were to be found the *beau monde* of Paris. I felt lost as I entered that brilliant throng of statesmen, diplomats and elegant women, but my hostess with inimitable charm called me to her side and put me at ease. I sensed by the way she drew me out that her interest was not inspired purely by kindness to a little debutante and I wondered what lay behind it.

LATER in the course of the evening while I was with the Prince I saw my mother engrossed in conversation with our hostess; they were observing us with interest. Instinct suggested and made me fearful of some deep-laid plot. I was grateful for the distraction offered by Comte Louis de Turenne's witty comments on those present. He was a diplomat of the old school and seemed to know the history of everyone worth knowing. It was, he told me, then the fashion for great ladies to aspire to political power through protégés whose ambitions they fostered. It was also common knowledge that intrigues were on foot to displace Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg who, though elected ruler of Bulgaria a few years before by the great Powers against the wishes of Russia, had not yet been accorded general recognition.

Pointing to Prince Francis Joseph, the Count said it was rumored that at least one of the Powers would be willing to elect him King in Ferdinand's stead, and that he appeared to be assured of success if provided with the necessary financial backing. The stage seemed set for a political intrigue and my hostess's ambition to place her protégé on a throne showed signs of succeeding.

I think that for a moment my mother's intentions to marry me to an English Duke faltered. A royal crown glittered more brightly than a coronet! So the Prince continued his courtship unhindered, unfolding his ambitions to my apprehensive ears. It seemed I was but to exchange one bondage for another. Such a marriage could mean only unhappiness. Separated from my family and my friends, living in a provincial capital, ironbound in a strict etiquette with a man whose views were those of a prejudiced German princeling—how could I reconcile myself to such a life? Only a great love could make such a marriage possible, and I felt aversion rather than attraction for the dapper man of the world for whom I realized I was only a means to an end.

My mother on second thought decided to adhere to her former intentions and raised no objections when I confessed my feelings to her. So nothing more was heard of the project—Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, backed by the great Powers, assumed the title of czar, and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg's Royal aspirations later became reconciled to a minor role in his marriage to a Montenegrin Princess, sister to Queen Hélène of Italy.

Soon after this we left Paris to spend the summer in England at a rented house near Marlow on the Thames. Having begun a divorce suit against my father, my mother wished to await its conclusion abroad and had invited Mrs. William Jay with her daughters, who were my friends, to visit us. My parents definitely parted that spring in Paris. I felt relief that the sinister gloom of their relationship would no longer encompass

(Continued on Page 57)

Laconic Tonic

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Oh, very few the verbal
Bouquets my lord will cast.
But neither does he burble
Of charmers in his past.

When flattery is courted,
His tongue is with the cat.
But never has he snorted,
"You call that thing a hat!"

I doubt that he's been heard to
Compare me to champagne.
But—note—I'm not referred to
As—quote—the ball and chain.

Oh, daily I'm beholden
To him, my king of gents,
Whose silence is more golden
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(Continued from Page 55)

ne. But I did not realize how irrevocably I would be cut off from a father I loved nor how completely my mother would dominate me from then on.

We first went to London and settled in the fashionable Brown's Hotel, a dingy structure in a narrow street. The rooms were frowsty in the true English sense and contained a bewildering medley of the rubbish of centuries. Rigid armchairs had lace antimacassars; comfortless couches stood stiffly against the wall; footstools and whatnots impeded one's progress, and a black grate held black coal at an impossible angle. A chandelier with gas flares hung over a large round table on which were spread the Times, the Morning Post, a copy of Punch, and the fashionable weekly, The World, in which Belle's Letters castigated the *beau monde* like a genteel precursor of Cholly Knickerbocker. Over the windows hung heavy plush draperies, and the meager light was still further dimmed by the thick lace curtains.

Our carriages and horses, the imposing French coachman and the no less distinguished English footman had preceded us, and our first outing was a visit to Lady Paget, one of my mother's oldest friends. She was born Minnie Stevens of New York and, with my godmother Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, represented the American element of the smart coterie known as "the Prince of Wales set."

Lady Paget was considered handsome; to me, with her quick wit and worldly standards, she was Becky Sharp incarnate. She was married to a tall, handsome officer who in time, and for no apparent other reason, became a General. She lived at 35 Belgrave Square, a fine house with lofty rooms in which there was an immense amount of nondescript furniture and numerous tables that were littered with signed photographs in silver frames.

She received us with a mixture of the affection due to an old friend and the condescension that seemed to infect the habitués of the inner circles of London society. Once greetings had been exchanged, I realized with a sense of acute discomfort that I was being critically appraised by a pair of hard green eyes. The simple dress I was wearing, my shyness and diffidence, which in France were regarded as natural in a debutante, appeared to awaken her ridicule. My lack of beauty—for I was still in the ugly-duckling stage—made me painfully sensitive to criticism. I felt like a gawky graceless child under her scrutiny.

"If I am to bring her out," she told my mother, "she must be able to compete, at least as far as clothes are concerned, with far-better-looking girls."

It was useless to demur that I was only seventeen. Tulle must give way to satin, the baby décolletage to a more generous display of neck and arms, naïveté to sophistication. Lady Paget was adamant.

It was at a dinner party at her house, soon after, that I met the Duke of Marlborough. My hostess had placed the Duke on her right and had put me next to him—a rather unnecessary public avowal of her intentions. He seemed to me very young, although six years my senior, and I thought him good-looking and intelligent. He had a small aristocratic face with a large nose and rather prominent blue eyes. His hands, which he used in a fastidious manner, were well shaped and he seemed inordinately proud of them.

By that time the London season was well over, and the festivities and balls of June and July had petered out in the dust and heat of August. Society had gone its different ways to Cowes, to Scotland, to do a cure, or simply to country houses. We went to our house on the Thames, accompanied by Mrs. Jay and her daughters, who were younger than I. My brother Willie joined us. His tutor, blessed with the appropriate name of Noble, had brought him from St. Mark's School to spend the holiday with us. With Miss Harper and my brother Harold we were a pleasant little party. Being the eldest and hard put to finish my studies, I worked a considerable part of the day while Willie and Mr. Noble ran a motor launch on the Thames. There were occasional breaks in our routine, such as the day my mother, posing as an English chatelaine, gave a party for the village children. To our discomfiture they complained that American ice cream gave them tummy-aches and clamored for hot tea which we had not provided.

That summer I received two or three other proposals from uninteresting Englishmen



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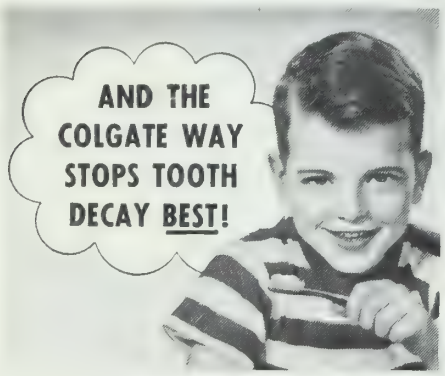
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which I found slightly disillusioning. They were so evidently dictated by a desire for my dowry, a reflection inclined to dispel whatever thought of romance might come my way.

In the early autumn of the year 1894 we returned to America. I looked forward to being in my own country and to coming out in New York society with feelings of pleasure. The few balls of Paris and London had awakened a zest for more, and I was anxious to see something of my friends from whom I had been separated for many months. It was with relief that I realized that the dangers of a foreign alliance were at least for the time being in abeyance, and that my mother's ambitions appeared to have waned, since that one dinner with the Duke of Marlborough remained our only meeting.

WE settled at 660 Fifth Avenue, from which my father had temporarily been banished. Society, not yet hardened to divorce, was inclined to take sides. During the following months I was to suffer a perpetual denial of friendships and pleasures, since my mother resented my seeing anyone whose loyalties were not completely hers. I had, moreover, to render a strict account of the few parties I was allowed to attend without her, and if I danced too often with a partner he immediately became the butt of her displeasure. She knew how to make people look ridiculous and did not spare her sarcasm about those to whom I was attracted, reserving special darts for an older man who by his outstanding looks, his distinction and his charm had gained a marked ascendancy in my affections.

The following March, on my eighteenth birthday, a succession of floral offerings arrived in staggering profusion. It was then the custom to send American Beauty roses to the object of one's affections, and when I opened a small box and found a perfect rose alone on its green foliage I instinctively knew who had sent it, though no name was attached.

Later that day I received the only proposal of marriage I wished to accept. We had gone to Riverside Drive to bicycle, which was at that time a fashionable amusement, and my Rosenkavalier and I managed to outdistance the rest. It was a most hurried proposal, for my mother and the others were not far behind; as they strained to reach us he pressed me to agree to a secret engagement, for I was leaving for Europe the next day. He added that he would follow me, but that I must not tell my mother, since she would most certainly withhold her consent to our engagement. On my return to America we might plan an elopement.

Alas for those hurried promises! I have never succeeded in hiding my feelings and my mother must have guessed the cause of my new radiance. She laid her plans with forethought and skill and during the five months of our stay in Europe I never laid eyes on Mr. R., nor did I hear from him. Later I learned that he had followed us to Paris but had been refused admittance when he called. His letters had been confiscated; my own, though they were few, no doubt suffered the same fate.

When one is young and unhappy the sun shines in vain, and one feels as if cheated of one's birthright. I knew that my mother resented my evident misery, and her complaints about what she satirically termed my "martyrdom" did not improve our relations. Like an automaton I tried on the clothes she ordered for me. Visits to museums and churches were varied by concerts and lectures. I went to a few of those deadly debutante balls which I no longer cared for and danced with men who had no interest for me. Then we moved to London, where events began to move more rapidly, and I felt I was being steered into a vortex that was to engulf me.

One ball stands out clearly because of the beauty of the hostess and of her surroundings. It was given by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House. The young Duchess was a glittering apparition in her silver dress and diamonds as she stood at the top of the great staircase receiving her guests. There were endless reception rooms thronged with people. I had few acquaintances and felt lost and ill at ease. It was the custom then to have cards on which your partners wrote their names, and I can still recall the surge of gratitude with which I welcomed the first to do so. Marlborough, whom I had not seen since the dinner at Lady Paget's the previous year, claimed several dances.

We were but a short time in England, and a visit to Blenheim Palace was the outstanding event. At that time Marlborough lived there alone. His two unmarried sisters sometimes stayed with him, but his mother, Lady Blandford, was seldom invited. She had after many years of unhappiness with Marlborough's father finally divorced him, and he had contracted a second marriage with Mrs. Hammersley, an American widow, whose wealth had been freely spent installing central heating and electric light at Blenheim.

In response to a telegram from his wife to meet her at the local station one afternoon, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., showed up just in time to see the train flash by. Waving frantically from the rear platform was Mrs. Roosevelt. On spying her husband, she threw an envelope in his general direction, which the wind naturally deposited into a bramble bush. After a rather exhausting struggle Mr. Roosevelt finally retrieved the note. It read: "Dear Ted. This train doesn't stop here."

Blenheim always impressed one by its immense size and by the beauty of its situation and surroundings. It has a stately grandeur—the word "palace" best describes the intentions Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and the architect, Sir John Vanbrugh, had in mind when they built it. We entered the park through a stone arch. A porter in livery, carrying a long wand surmounted by a silver knob from which hung a red cord and tassel, stood at attention and the great house loomed in the distance. At the right of us and below lay an ornamental lake spanned by a monumental bridge. We turned into a fine avenue of elms and passed through another arch leading into a court around which were disposed audit rooms, laundries, a porters' lodge and various offices. On its southern façade it was flanked by hothouses which formerly had housed a collection of Titian's works. The gallery was kept locked, since the ladies were not allowed to view the pictures, and great was their delight when it was destroyed by a fire.

PASSING through still another stone arch, we drove into the central court surrounded by the house. To the open north one looked across the bridge to the monument built to the first Duke, a column around which, as legend would have it, trees were planted in the order in which the British regiments stood at the opening of the Battle of Blenheim. It was this legend which gave rise to the question asked by so many tourists with more curiosity than knowledge of either history or geography: "At which exact spot was the battle fought?" From the column the High Park sloped gently down in green glades to the lake. There were great oaks, some accounted over a thousand years old, including one credited to have hidden King Alfred, for the park had been part of the royal forest of Woodstock. There were also Fair Rosamond's Well, named after a king's love, and the High Lodge where the wicked Earl of Rochester, High Ranger to Charles the Second, had taken his pleasure. The High Park Lodge was a small house with a lovely view. In my time it was used only for picnic luncheons when pheasant and rabbits were shot in the park.

A flight of shallow steps led up to the main entrance of the palace. The doors opened

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onto an immense hall with a domed ceiling. It was so high that I had to crane my neck to see the great Duke dressed in a Roman toga driving a chariot. He was surrounded by clouds and I realized that he was hurrying through celestial spheres, no doubt to join Julius Caesar and Alexander the Great. Even Napoleon, I thought, could not have imagined a finer apotheosis. The architect Vanbrugh had unfortunately forgotten to provide space for the monumental staircase such a house required and one had to climb a long and narrow flight with an ugly handrail. A family group painted by Hudson was the only ornament to enliven one's endless peregrinations up and down. From the hall red baize druggets showed the way to which tourists must adhere.

We followed one into the great Saloon where again we viewed the first Duke and his household in wall frescoes painted by the French artist Laguerre, who must have rued the day he came to exploit his country's humiliation. In due course Marlborough, accompanied by his sisters, Lady Lilian and Lady Norah Spencer-Churchill, joined us. Lilian, a pretty blonde a few years my senior, immediately won my heart by her simple unaffected kindness. Two or three young men completed a party which seemed lost in so big a house. As I looked about I saw drawing rooms stretching in vistas on either side of the saloon, on the west toward the Long Library and on the east to the private apartments. We spent the evening listening to the Duke's organist, a famous musician from Birmingham, who played for us on the organ Marlborough's father had installed in the Long Library.

The following day, Sunday, my host showed me his estate. We also drove to outlying villages where old women and children curtsied and men touched their caps as we passed. The country round Blenheim is rural with plowed fields and stone fences. The villages are built of gray stone and the lovely old churches delighted me. Each cottage had its small garden gay with flowers. I realized that I had come to an old world with ancient traditions and that the villagers were still proud of their Duke and of their allegiance to his family. They earned little, but were cared for when sick. There were as yet no stump orators to inform them of better conditions; politicians were Liberal or Conservative, which meant in either case much of a sameness to the tiller of the soil.

That Marlborough was ambitious I gathered from his talk; that he should be proud of his position and estates seemed but natural; but did he recognize his obligations? Steeped as I then was in questions of political economy—in the theories of the rights of man, in the speeches of Gladstone and John Bright—it was not strange that such reflections should occur to me.

I don't know what Marlborough thought of me, except that I was quite different from the sophisticated girls who wished to become his Duchess. My remarks appeared to amuse him, but whether he considered them witty or naive I never knew, except that much later, after our separation, he said on the occasion of some trivial catastrophe, "Consuelo must be laughing at this—she has such a sense of humor!" Luckily for me I have always been able to laugh even at my own discomfiture.

It was that afternoon that he must have made up his mind to marry me and to give up the girl he loved, as he told me so tragically soon after our marriage. For to live at Blenheim in the pomp and circumstance he considered essential needed money, and a sense of duty to his family and traditions indicated the sacrifice of personal desires.

When I left Blenheim after that week end I firmly decided that I would not marry Marlborough. And homeward bound, I dreamed of life in my own country with my Rosenkavalier. It would, I knew, entail a struggle, but I meant to force the issue with my mother. I did not relish the thought, but my happiness was at stake.

(To be Continued)

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 19)

does not care for treatment. Of all intractable animals, Esmè wins the bluest ribbon. Wrapped in a bath towel her wedge face stares fiercely out, her sapphire eyes glare, and the stream of language is not fit for a lady's ears. We always begin to laugh helplessly and wonder whether we can ever even butter her paws. But cats do shed, and I am sure Esmè has a fur-lined tummy.

Summer reading is supposed to be very special. My reading is not especially seasonal, but I think I read more cookbooks in summer perhaps. It cools me off to read Gourmet's recipes for molded sea foods and cool shivery mousses, whether I have the ambition to rush out into a kitchen already boiling from blanching vegetables all day or not. The best cookbook of the year is, of course, Louella Shouer's Quick and Easy Meals for Two. Charming and packed with wonderful recipes besides much needed information for young housekeepers, this is really tops. Solves my gift list for a long time too. It is unique in the cookbook field, good for the expert as well as the novice. The idea of cutting out a dozen wax-paper liners for cake pans at a time is wonderful. I have for years scissored for each cake and never once thought of this!

My own cooking is on the lazy side when it is very hot. I acquire virtue by all that freezing for next winter's blizzardy days. So I make a salad of all the vegetables there are, spread hot chopped-beef rounds with mustard and a dash of chili powder and broil them on the grill and call it a meal.

Chili powder is not used enough as a general seasoning. I add dashes of it to gravies and soups, to salad dressings; just brightens them up.

The dogs really enjoy summer. Cool grass to roll in, a dip in the pond for the Irish, moist garden earth to help weed, and long leisurely twilights when everybody stays up with them. Bedtime gets prolonged. Fireflies provide a wonderful excitement. A person, says Tiki, can chase and chase and the light goes ahead. Sister knows all about fireflies, but Tiki is impressionable yet. Jonquil's son and heir bangs around looking like a fat yellow balloon. He tastes the wonderful scent of rabbit in the dusk. I often think our rabbits should go in some kind of relay races. None ever gets caught, but many run. It doesn't disturb their living right with us in the yard, nor eating the freshest of the carrot tops at all. They just skip along. Aside from dog forays, they are safe and they know it.

Father felt differently. He used to get up around five in the morning at home and pull a shirt over his nightgown and pop on his shoes and maybe a hat and sally forth. Once he shot right through the neighbor's window which was behind a special rabbit, and I feel it is a tribute to father that the neighbors only sighed and replaced the window and said nothing. Father had got his rabbit, that was all there was to it.

Now the old earth is turning in her appointed course, the flying saucers are flying, the atom tests keep upsetting nature, and guns boom away all over the world. I can remember the innocent and lovely days when the Wars of the Roses were all the wars I knew about. The Revolution was in a category of its own, lit with fictional splendor, and the Civil War was not spoken of because we knew people who stemmed from both sides. Now we are preoccupied incessantly with war, we are war's children.

Nevertheless, the sun rises just as it always has risen, the stars spatter the sky with a visible evidence of God, and the hot still days ebb gently and beautifully into the infinite blessing of purple twilight. Man has yet not thought up a way to put out that sun, nor smudge the stars, nor make it snow in Connecticut in July. **THE END**



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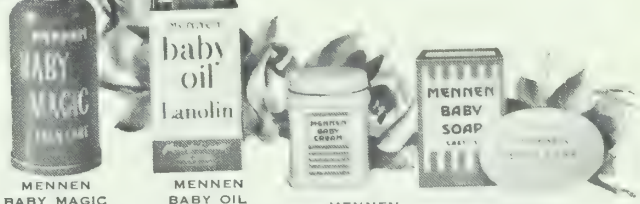
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TUSSY *cream deodorant*

THE NATURAL SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN

(Continued from Page 37)

finet rank. In the United States they ve even got as far as the Senate. But it is ll inconceivable to most persons that there ıld ever be a woman Prime Minister or ident. And yet that day, too, will come. Woman has successfully passed through abolition period, the abolition of her lldom to man; she has now to pass sucfully through the period of emancipa-, the freeing of herself from the myth of riority, and the realization of her potenties to the fullest.

nd now for the evidence which proves superiority of woman to man. Let us beat the very beginning. What about the cture of the sexes? Does one show any eriority over the other? The answer is a unding "Yes!" And I should like this es" to resound all over the world, for no has made anything of this key fact which at the base of all the differences between sexes and the superiority of the female he male. I refer to the chromosomal struce of the sexes. The chromosomes, those ll cellular bodies which contain the editary particles, the genes, which so stantially influence one's development fate as an organism, provide us with our ic facts.

n the sex cells there are twenty-four omosomes, but only one of these is a sex omosome. There are two kinds of sex omosomes, X and Y. Half the sperm cells ry X and half carry Y chromosomes. All female ova are made up of X chroomes. When an X-bearing sperm fertis an ovum, the offspring is always female. en a Y-bearing chromosome fertilizes an m, the offspring is always male. And this what makes the difference between the es. So what? Well, the sad fact is that Y chromosome is but an iota, the merest of a remnant of an X chromosome; it is rippled X chromosome. The X chromoes are fully developed structures; the Y omosome is the merest comma. It is as if the evolution of sex a particle one day ke away from an X chromosome, and reafter in relation to X chromosomes ld produce only an incomplete female—creature we now call the male! It is to this ginal chromosomal deficiency that all the ious troubles to which the male falls heir be traced.

the first place, the chromosomal deency of the male determines his incapacity have babies. This has always been a sore nt with men, though consciously they ıld be the last to admit it; although in ıe primitive societies, as among the Ausian aborigines, it is the male who conves a child by dreaming it, and then tellhis wife. In this way a child is eventually n to them, the wife being merely the inbator who hatches the egg placed there ough the grace of her husband.

The fact that men cannot have babies and kle them nor remain in association with ir children as closely as the wife has an rmous effect upon their subsequent psylogical development. Omitting altogether n consideration the psychologic influences rcised by the differences in the hormonal retions of the sexes, one can safely say t the mother-child relationship confers rmous benefits upon the mother which not nearly so substantively operative in necessary absence of such a relationship ween father and child. The love of a ther for her child is the basic patent and model for *all* human relationships. Ind, to the extent to which men approxite in their relationships with their fellow n to the love of the mother for her child, that extent do they move more closely to attainment of perfect human relations. e mother-child relationship is a dependentrdependent one. The interstimulation ween mother and child is something which father misses, and to that extent suffers n the want of. In short, the female in the ther-child relationship has the advantage having to be more considerate, more self-sacrificing, more co-operative and more altruistic than usually falls to the lot of the male.

The female thus acquires, in addition to whatever natural biological advantages she starts with, a competence in social understanding which is usually denied the male. It is because women have had to be so unselfish and forbearing and self-sacrificing and maternal that they possess a deeper understanding than men of what it is to be human. What is so frequently termed feminine indecision, the inability of women to make up their minds, is in fact an inverse reflection of the trigger-thinking of men. Every salesgirl prefers the male customer because women take time to think about what they are buying, and the male usually hasn't sense enough to do so. Women don't think in terms of "Yes" or "No." Life isn't as simple as all that—except to males. Men tend to think in terms of the all-or-none principle, in terms of black and white. Women are more ready to make adjustments, to consider the alternative possibilities.

By comparison with the deep involvement of women in living, men appear to be only superficially so. Compare the love of a male for a female with the love of the female for the male. It is the difference between a rivulet and a great deep ocean. Women love the human race; men are, on the whole, hostile to it. Men act as if they haven't been adequately loved, as if they had been frustrated and rendered hostile, and becoming aggressive they say that aggressiveness is natural and women are inferior in this respect because they tend to be gentle and unaggressive! But it is precisely in this capacity to love and unaggressiveness that the superiority of women to men is demonstrated, for so far as the human species is concerned, its evolutionary destiny, its very survival are more closely tied to this capacity for love and co-operation than to any other. So that unless men learn from women how to be more loving and co-operative they will go on making the kind of mess of the world they have so effectively achieved thus far.

AND this is, of course, where women can realize their power for good in the world, and make their greatest gains. *It is the function of women to teach men how to be human.* Women must not permit themselves to be deviated from this function by those who tell them that their place is in the home in subservient relation to man. It is, indeed, in the home that the foundations of the kind of world in which we live are laid, and in this sense it will always remain true that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. And it is in this sense that women must assume the job of making men who will know how to make a world fit for human beings to live in. The greatest single step forward in this direction will be made when women consciously assume this task—the task of teaching their children to be like themselves, loving and co-operative.

As for geniuses, I think that almost everyone will agree that there have been more geniuses for being human among women than there have among men. This, after all, is the true genius of women. Surely, the most valuable quality in any human being is his capacity for being loving and co-operative. We have been placing our emphases on the wrong values. It is time we recognized what every man and every woman at the very least subconsciously knows—the value of being loving, and the value of those who can teach this better than anyone else.

Physically and psychically women are by far the superiors of men. The old chestnut about women being more emotional than men has been forever destroyed by the facts of two great wars. Women under blockade, heavy bombardment, concentration-camp confinement and similar rigors withstand them vastly more successfully than men. The psychiatric casualties of civilian populations under such conditions are mostly masculine, and there are more men in our mental hospitals than there are women. Because of their greater size and weight, men are physically more powerful than women—which is not the same thing as saying that they are stronger. As far as constitutional strength is concerned, women are stronger than men. Many diseases from which men suffer can be shown to be largely influenced by their relation to the male Y chromosome. Deaths from almost all causes are more frequent in males at all ages. Though women are more frequently ill than men, they recover from illness more easily and frequently than men.

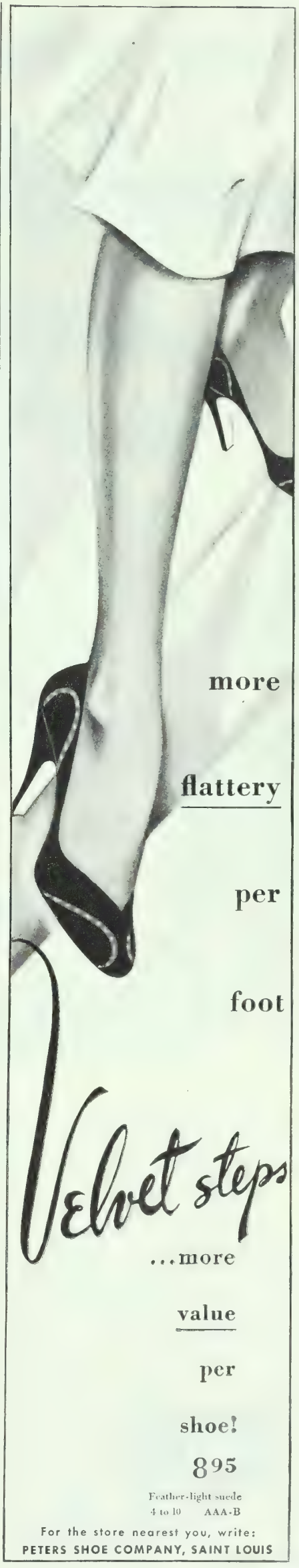
Women, in short, are fundamentally more resistant than men. With the exception of the organ systems subserving the functions of reproduction, women suffer much less frequently than men from the serious disorders which affect mankind. With the exception of India, women everywhere live longer than men. For example, the expectation of life of the female child of white parentage in the United States at the present time is over seventy-one years, whereas for the male it is only sixty-five and a half years. Women are both biologically stronger and emotionally better shock absorbers than men. Today it is fairly well known that males suffer from hysteria and hysteriform conditions with a preponderance over the female of seven to one! Epilepsy is much more frequent in males, and stuttering has an incidence of eight males to one female.

At least four disorders are now definitely known to be due to genes carried in the Y chromosomes, and hence are disorders which can appear only in males. These are barklike skin (ichthyosis hystrix gravior), dense hairy growth on the ears (hypertrichosis), nonpainful hard lesions of the hands and feet (keratoma dissipatum), and a form of webbing of the toes. It is, however, probable that the disadvantages accruing to

Rhyme on a Red Barn

By Gladys McKee

He painted the barn
And the house stood gray;
Year after year
He would have his say:
"A man is judged
By the looks of his barn,"
And its scarlet was sharp
As the prick of a thorn,
As she kept back words
That would pass as wind
And planted new vines
Where the paint had thinned.
But whether from habit
Or whether she found
Truth in his words,
Their remembered sound,
When she was alone
And could have her will
To paint the house
Like a daffodil,
She looked at the gray
And shook her head
And had the barn painted
A rocket red,
And it stood like a flag
Against the sky
For man and his Maker
To judge love by.



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For the most precious person in your life

*Pablum is the registered trademark of Mead Johnson & Company for its line of baby cereal products.

the male are not so much due to what is in the Y chromosome as to what is wanting in it. This is well shown in such serious disorders as hemophilia, or bleeder's disease. Hemophilia is inherited as a single sex-linked recessive gene. The gene, or hereditary particle, determining hemophilia is linked to the X chromosome. Females are the most usual transmitters of the hemophilia gene, but it is only the males who are affected, and they are affected because they don't have any properties in their Y chromosome capable of suppressing the action of the hemophilia gene. The mechanism of and the explanation for (red-green) color blindness is the same. About 8 per cent of all white males are color-blind, but only half of 1 per cent of females are so affected.

Need one go on? Here, in fact, we have the explanation of the greater constitutional strength of the female as compared with the male; namely, in the possession of two complete sex chromosomes by the female and only one by the male. This may not be, and probably is not, the complete explanation of the physical inferiorities of the male as compared with the female, but it is certainly physiologically the most demonstrable and least questionable one. To the unbiased student of the facts there can no longer remain any doubt of the constitutional superiority of the female.

I think we have overemphasized the value of intellectual qualities and grossly underemphasized the value of the qualities of humanity which women possess to such a high degree. I hope I shall not be taken for an anti-intellectual when I say that intellect without humanity is not good enough, and that what the world is suffering from at the present time is not so much an overabundance of intellect as an insufficiency of humanity. Consider men like Lenin, Stalin and Hitler. These are the extreme cases. What these men lacked was the capacity to love. What they possessed in so eminent a degree was the capacity to hate. It is not for nothing that the Bolsheviks attempted to abolish the family and masculinize women, while the Nazis made informers of children against their parents and put the state so much before the family that it became a behemoth which has well nigh destroyed everyone who was victimized by it.

What the world stands so much in need of at the present time, and what it will continue to need if it is to endure and increase in happiness, is more of the maternal spirit and less of the masculine. We need more persons who will love and fewer who will hate, and we need to understand how we can produce them; for if we don't try to understand how we may do so, we shall continue to flounder in the morass of misunderstanding which frustrated love creates. Hatred is love frustrated. This is what too many men suffer from and an insufficient number of women recognize—or at least too many women behave as if they didn't recognize it. Perha women feel that men ought to be ma tained in the illusion of their superiority b cause it might not be good for them or t world to learn the truth. In this sense th article, perhaps, should have been entitl What Every Woman Knows. But I'm n sure that every woman knows it. What I a sure of is that many women don't appear know it, and that there are even ma women who are horrified at the thought th anyone can entertain the idea that wom are anything but inferior to men. This sc of childishness does no one any good. T world is in a mess. Men, without any a sistance from women, have created it, a they have created it not because they ha been failed by women, but because men ha never really given women a chance to ser them as they are best equipped to do—l teaching men how to love their fellow me

Women must cease supporting men f the wrong reasons in the wrong sort of wa and thus cease causing men to marry the for the wrong reasons too. "That's what man wants in a wife, mostly," says M Poyser (in Adam Bede), "he wants to ma sure o' one fool as 'ull tell him he's wise Well, it's time that men learned the trut and perhaps they are likely to take it mo gracefully from another male than fro their unacknowledged betters. It is equal important that women learn the truth, to for it is to them that the most importa part, the more fundamental part, of the ta of remaking the world will fall; for the wor will be remade only by remaking, or rath helping, human beings to realize themselv more fully in terms of what their mothe have to give them. Without adequate mot ers life becomes inadequate, nasty and u satisfactory, and Mother Earth becomes battlefield on which fathers slay their you and are themselves slain.

Men have had a long run for their mon in running the affairs of the world. It time that women realized that men w continue to run the world for some time y and that they can best assist them to run more humanely by teaching them, wh young, what humanity means. Men w thus not feel they are being demoted, b rather that their potentialities for good a so much more increased; and what is mo important, instead of feeling hostile towa women they will for the first time learn appreciate them at their proper worth.

There is an old Spanish proverb which h it that a good wife is the workmanship o good husband. Maybe. But of one thing can be certain: a good husband is the wor manship of a good mother. The best of ways in which men can help themselves is help women realize themselves. This w both sexes will come for the first time fu into their own, and the world of manki may then look forward to a happier histo than it has thus far enjoyed.

WE CAN CONQUER MINDS AND HEARTS

(Continued from Page 12)

We are thus set to conquer the bleak nothingness of space while the somethingness of our own human world calls to us in frustration and pain. And in the very birthplaces of human civilization the ruins of past ages cry a warning. There, on the Mediterranean North African coast, broken columns and the conformations of dusty rubble remind one that a great city-state, with temples and stadiums, baths, theaters and gardens, once rose white and gleaming above the sea. And broken pieces of sculpture reveal bodies and faces so like our own as to be startling: fair faces, full of energy, will, intelligence. No people like them live today in the "backward area" where this great and prosperous city once stood, but dark and ragged Bedouins, herding their poor flocks of sheep and goats and dwelling in tents and caves.

What happened here to bring such grandeur low? Not external war, but two internal revolts from which the city never recovered. And as I looked upon the ruins I remembered that strange prophecy that Sunday-school children repeat without much thoug "Blessed are the meek, for they shall herit the earth."

The meek of this world—the poor, t downtrodden, the backward, the ignorant they are no target for the conquerors space, who may one day launch their billi dollar weapons from some artificial Ma

When the cities are gone there may be l the deserts and the mountains, the tent a cave dwellers, the herdsmen and the pe ants, and the savages of the jungles, fr whom the upward climb of civilization m again, someday, begin. But may we r rather hope and believe that instead of c quering space, the sphere of nothingness fr which to bombard this planet, we may t turn from such nihilism and bend our en gies to conquer the evil in ourselves and sickness of this planet—this one small sph in the universe which alone, among myriad stars, has been given to the race Man? Must we continue to collaborate write his epitaph? THE E

H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS



Even healthy youngsters occasionally develop boils, but cleanliness and proper diet are still the best preventives.

When Children Get Boils

By DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

"DOCTOR, why does Billy have these boils?" When a mother asks me that question, I don't always find it easy to answer, even though boils are one of the earliest recorded afflictions of mankind. You may remember that Job was covered with them from "the sole of his foot unto his crown," and was so tortured that he bewailed the day he was born. Yet I am not sure that we have come very far since that Old Testament time in finding out exactly why some people, and many children, get boils while others do not.

I am not speaking now of the pimples which so often curse young folk during adolescence, and which seem to be associated with the glandular changes of that period. Boils are painful, pus-filled swellings which may attack babies and children of any age. I have never seen a child covered with boils from head to foot as Job was, but I have known babies, preschoolers and grade-schoolers to have repeated clusters of large boils covering extensive areas of the body.

Boils seem to run in families to a certain extent. If a parent has them, or has had them, the children are more likely to. When babies, particularly, break out with boils for no discernible reason, a hereditary factor can often be traced. Also, the seasons play some part, for many children get boils in the spring and the fall.

As with any other infection, the child who is run down physically is more likely to suffer from them than one who is well and strong. Poor diet and a dirty, neglected skin certainly encourage boils. Yet we see healthy, well-cared-for youngsters who get them too. Almost any child can get boils at one time or another.

However, we are better off than Job in several respects. Today we know the specific cause of boils, and newer treatments, particularly the antibiotics, offer speedier relief. We have even learned a lot about keeping these infections from occurring. Although we cannot prevent them in all cases, the knowledge we have permits us to make them much less serious and painful.

Boils are the work of a specific germ, usually the staphylococcus, some of which are found on the surface of the skin of well people at all times. When these germs penetrate the outer surface of the skin, usually through a hair follicle, a little focus of infection is created which may be the beginning of a boil.

The first sign is usually a mild red spot. Unlike the ordinary pimple, the boil at its start is only slightly elevated, and its surface is more round than pointed or cone-

DOCTOR BUNDESEN'S booklets, used by many thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

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The difference between this...



and this...



is often this...





Even Bud forgot the pie!

Table talk had centered around the presidential election. Then Nancy asked, "Dad, how does the electoral college work?" "Well, er," said Dad. "Hey," chimed in Bud, "Let's look it up in World Book!"

Soon the discussion turned to democracy, and World Book's fascinating article on "government" was in the thick of it. Mom brought in the pie unnoticed. World Book had provided such fascinating food for thought that even Bud forgot the pie! . . .

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shaped. At this stage the body is seeking by natural processes to resist the invading germs. White blood cells are concentrated at the site, surrounding the focus of infection and causing the staphylococci to liquefy, forming the fluid we call pus. As this process continues the fluid accumulates. The boil swells, is painful and grows harder. At its center is a tough core made up of blood, pus and dead skin tissue.

Sometimes the surface of the boil ruptures by itself, permitting the fluid to drain away naturally. When this happens, it is necessary to see that a proper dressing or bandage is applied so that the escaping liquid and germs will not invade other sites. This is important. Carelessness in keeping the area of an open boil clean is largely responsible for the spread of the infection and the occurrence of those excruciating "clusters" of boils. Mothers should be careful, too, about handling towels, washcloths and garments of the child with boils. The infection may easily be transmitted by these means.

If the boil fails to rupture and drain of its own accord, it may still subside in a few days. If it does not, the doctor should be called upon to open it. He will make a tiny incision at the top to permit the escape of the accumulated mass.

Mothers must never try to accomplish this by squeezing the boil and they must see that the child doesn't either. Squeezing is likely to spread the infection, and the laceration caused when the boil is torn open this way may leave a lasting scar.

When boils occur in the soft tissues of the face or neck, and especially inside the ears or nose, there is always danger that the infection may spread to the brain, causing serious complications or possible death. Only a short time ago I saw a ten-year-old girl with a painful, dangerous boil which had started at the base of the nostril and then had spread up inside it. Her nose was red and swollen, even the skin under her eyes was puffy. The child had a slight fever. She looked and acted sick.

The mother told me she had wanted to bring the little girl to me several days earlier, but her husband had scoffed at the idea. "It's only a pimple," he had insisted. "Let it alone and it will disappear."

In this case, he couldn't have been more wrong. The angry infection had invaded the whole facial area, perilously close to the frontal portion of the brain. Without even letting the youngster go home for more suitable clothes, we took her to a hospital and started giving penicillin to fight the infection. At the same time we applied hot foments, or moist dressing, at the site of the boil. In another day or two the child was entirely well and all signs of the boil had vanished.

But I have known cases like this one that were neglected too long, and the outcome was tragic. If your youngster develops a boil in one of these danger areas, don't wait to see what is going to happen. Turn the treatment over to the doctor at once.

Should boils occur frequently, or the large, especially hard type known as a carbuncle appear, preventive measures should be begun. The first rule is good skin hygiene. See that the child's daily bath includes vigorous soap-and-water cleansing of the entire body, with special attention to the face, neck and arms, where dirt is likely to accumulate. This will keep the outer skin as free as possible of staphylococci and prevent the accumulation of dirt and grease which invites infection. Inspect the boil-afflicted youngster's face and neck regularly for blackheads. Remove these by washing or by gentle pressure—never by hard squeezing or pinching.

If the boils persist, take the child to the doctor for a thorough examination. In addition to treating the boils themselves, he may find some underlying condition which is making the child susceptible to them. Diets that are too rich in fats, starches and sweets, for example, predispose some children to boils, though not all. Excessive fatigue and anemia are two other conditions that may bring them on. I am sure I need not tell you that when boils call attention to a condition of this kind, they actually confer a favor.

Fortunately, most boils are more of a nuisance than a hazard. Nevertheless, they are most uncomfortable to have. Also, severe and repeated attacks may leave unsightly scars. It is worth while to do what you can to keep your child or children free of all but an occasional, accidental occurrence. And with most small sufferers, good diet and good scrubbings can banish them altogether.

LOVE'S A FUNNY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 30)

me, I just can't get away. Even to get you to print up the copies of Irene's song.

That's the first thing I want to get straightened out. It isn't my song. If there's one thing in this world I can't stand, it's popular love songs. I guess there's just one man in this country that hates popular love songs any more than I do, and that's my father, Mr. Robert Louis O'Brien of this city. Whenever one of those love-song singers comes on the radio, papa just gets a kind of a sick expression, and gets up sort of slowly, and turns off the radio. Part of it due to the fact that his father, my grandfather, was a song writer, with the result that the family was pretty hungry for quite a few years, and papa just never got over it. And if you want the truth, neither have I.

Which makes it real funny, I guess, that here I am trying to get some copies of a love song printed up. But that is what I have got to get done, or Miss Irene Hagedorn, my fiancée, is going to run off to New York with Mr. Roger Tyrrell, the piano player at the Jump Nook, and my whole life will be utterly and completely ruined. Irene and I have planned to get married since I guess the first grade—I've carried enough books home for that girl to stock a store—and if she'd up now and marry Roger Tyrrell it would be just about the last straw.

Not that Irene and I have ever done a lot of talking about love. We haven't. But it's always been pretty generally understood that one of these days we'd get married. And I intended to get around to it any day now. Papa gave me my own sixty acres a year ago, and I've got crops in and a good tight barn on it, and maybe even this fall I intended to get a house up and move Irene in. If I hadn't been able to make it this fall, I would have made it sure by next fall. And that's just exactly what I had in mind.

And then along comes this snake in the grass Roger Tyrrell. The Jump Nook is a little roadhouse outside of town on the road to Terre Haute, and it's a place I've never patronized very much, because you can't stay up till all hours and get much done around a farm. Also, a plain cheese sandwich, not even a pickle, is forty cents, spareribs a dollar and a half, and that will give you an idea. But of course for a real nice evening, with dancing, there's no place like the Jump Nook. So that's where I took Irene on her birthday, Thursday night, June 21st.

Well, the minute we went in and sat down I felt something was wrong, and then I saw the band wasn't there at all, just this one fellow up on the bandstand playing the piano. They'd changed to having the band just on Friday and Saturday nights. Well, what a letdown.

But Irene didn't seem to mind. She was looking at this piano player like she had just won the bingo prize. I was looking at him, too—you could see he was from out of town, one of those English shirts with the wide collar tabs, knitted tie, and I was thinking if he didn't have a marcel wave in his hair I'd eat the piano. And right then he turned part way around, started bouncing up and down, and began singing Love Me, Love Me, Love Me.

Let's go, I said to Irene.

She was sitting there entranced. Oh, isn't he wonderful, Henry, she said. I wonder if I could get him to sing Be My Love.

I imagine you could, I said, if you'd give him maybe twenty cents.

Now Henry, she said.

And we sat there till I'd say eleven o'clock.

From then on there was nothing for it but that we had to go out to the Jump Nook about every other night and twice on Sundays. We practically lived in the place. And Irene would say, Oh, isn't that wonderful, and Oh, Henry, did you hear that flatted fifth, till I thought I'd lose my mind.

And that's when I made the mistake. Because one night when she was carrying on about Oh, isn't he wonderful, I said No, he is not wonderful, and even if he were wonderful he does not know that you exist. So let's pay the bill and get out of here, tomorrow's Wednesday.

Well, she said, bristling up. So he does not know that I exist, doesn't he? Well, Henry O'Brien, maybe you don't, either.

And we didn't talk all the way home.

And then she took to going out there alone. In the afternoons. I'd see the Hagedorns' pickup truck there when I'd pass on the way to Terre Haute with some hogs or something. And in the evenings she was all of a sudden real busy.

Then one night she called up and said would I please drive her out to the Jump Nook, she had a surprise for me. Which she sure did. We had hardly got sat down when they turned the spotlight on Irene, and this Roger Tyrrell gets up and says he will now sing a wonderful new love song written by that popular Green Rock girl, Miss Irene Hagedorn. And he bows to her in the spotlight, and then he sits back down and he plays and sings it.

And although I am just about dead at that point, I must say that it is not a bad love song. Wabash Waltz.

Which didn't really surprise me too much. Just last year Irene wrote the new school song at Green Rock College, I'll Never Forget You, Dear Green Rock. That girl has a touch, on a lot of things. But why Roger was making such a fuss over it did puzzle me.

But not for long.

Because just about two days later Irene sprang this idea of going to New York with Roger. Not going to New York with Roger, I don't mean that, but going to New York at the same time as Roger. October 15th his job is up at the Jump Nook, and he is planning to go to New York to try to get a job there. Moving up, he calls it, according to Irene. And he's been giving her a big line that she's a wonderful song writer and how of course you can't get a song published unless you live in New York. So when he goes to New York why doesn't she take a trip there at the same time, and he can take her around Tin Pan Alley and help her get her song bought.

Well, from just about four miles away you can see what that boy has in mind. The Hagedorns have got just about the best bottom land around here—corn so tall a giraffe couldn't jump over it—and this Roger is planning to get Irene off there to New York with all this song talk, get her married to him, and then live off the Hagedorns while he runs around playing the piano in all sorts of low dives.

So what I want you to do is to print up two or three copies of her song right away. With your name on it and all, just like you have bought it. I will then spring it on them, saying modestly that there are some of us who can get a song published from here all right, which should just about take the wind out of Mr. Roger Tyrrell's sails. There is no need to go off to New York, I will say to Irene—now that you have got it published just wait right here for the profits.

And since you will only have printed up maybe three copies altogether, there can't very well be much profits, and when Irene doesn't get any big checks maybe then she will forget about this love-song business, and feel like marrying a right-thinking American boy and settling down.

So rush word how to mark the big envelope when I send the song back, so you'll know who it's from and open it. And I guess you've already noticed that I wasn't kidding when I said SEE CHECK INSIDE. I enclose ten dollars in advance for the three copies. Which ought to be plenty, even for three special ones, since your regular ones I notice only cost forty cents apiece.

There's only one thing I ask—please hurry.

Yours very truly,
HENRY O'BRIEN.

SHAPIRO MUSIC, INC.
1619 Broadway
New York, N. Y.
(World's Largest Publisher of Love Songs)

September 6th, 1951

MR. HENRY O'BRIEN
RFD #1
Green Rock, Indiana

Dear Mr. O'Brien: You seem to be under a misapprehension.

As is true of all well-known song publishers, we do not "print up" copies of songs to order, for a fixed fee. We either publish a song according to our regular procedure—paying all expenses of publishing and distribution, and sending the author a royalty statement and our remittance every three months—or we have nothing to do with it.

There are, however, firms that perform the type service you have in mind. You can no doubt find some of their ads, usually in magazines of a sporting nature.

We return your ten dollars, and regret that we can be of no further assistance.

Sincerely,
SHAPIRO MUSIC, INC.

RFD #1
Green Rock, Indiana
September 8th, 1951

SHAPIRO MUSIC, INC.
1619 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: For your information, I am under no misapprehension whatever.

If all I had to do was to get the song printed, just by anybody, I could have Charley Turner right here in Green Rock print it. But what good would that do? Irene's no fool. I've got to get a real song publisher to print it, with their name right on it. That's why I picked you. She's had your songs spread all over the piano since she was ten years old. I've bought her a big enough pile of your songs to make a garden seat. So I figured you'd have the most effect on her.

And it's sure a surprise to me that you'd take this high-and-mighty attitude. Here you are in the love-song business, but you evidently don't really care one thing about love. Which seems a funny way to do business to me. If you were in the garage business and I was an old customer you'd bring me over some gas if I was out, or help patch a tire. Why, just last week a plumber in Terre Haute that Irene's father hardly knew helped him cut a length of pipe, and didn't charge him a cent. Glad to do it, he said.

And still here you are in the love-song business, you've made just about a million dollars off of love, and still you won't go two feet out of your way to help one right-thinking American boy get married. And I think it's pretty stinky of you.

I'd suggest, mister, that it's about time you changed your tune.

Yours very truly,
HENRY O'BRIEN.

THINGS I THINK

The things most likely to be untrue are those which are common knowledge.

A man never likes a cat until a smart cat likes a man; then he's a cat lover for keeps.

When you have a cold everyone knows a sure cure but the doctor.

—MARY WRIGHT ABER

Mothers who know-feed Swift's Meats for Babies every day!



Do you know how soon baby can start meat?

Sooner than you think! Meat *used* to be a latecomer—6 or 8 months, when mother had to scrape and strain it at home. But no more! *Today* many babies start smooth, tempting Swift's Meats for Babies at six *weeks*—some as early as *two* weeks. (How? Why, Swift's Meats are strained so fine, babies *drink* them in formula! Ask your doctor!)

So easy to digest! Swift's Meats for Babies have been test-fed to hundreds and hundreds of babies in the early weeks of life—and even delicate *premature babies* digest Swift's Meats for Babies as *easily as milk*—and thrive on them!

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

Builds baby—builds resistance to germs. Baby's system must build antibodies to fight germs. And one of the best builders of antibodies is meat, because of the complete, high-quality proteins meat provides.

Proteins, B vitamins, iron—All three are needed every day—and all three are in Swift's Meats for Babies! Complete proteins for sturdy growth, B vitamins and food iron for good red blood.

Save on seven tempting meats! Beef, Lamb, Pork, Veal, Liver, Heart, plus Liver-and-Bacon. All prepared as only Swift knows how—because Swift originated meats for babies. Ready to serve at about half the cost of home-prepared meats! Treat your tot to Swift's Meats for Babies—the sooner the better!

Only the finest Meats for Babies are labeled **SWIFT**
...foremost name in meats
...first in Meats for Babies



INTEROFFICE MEMO—SHAPIRO MUSIC
DATE: September 10th, 1951
FROM: Miss Kelly
TO: Mr. Shapiro
SUBJECT: Everything is not moonlight on the Wabash

Abe, we have somehow managed to get ourselves involved in a small private war at, so help me, Green Rock, Indiana.

I attach the remarkable correspondence. Should we attempt to answer any further, or just close the place up and run for it?

INTEROFFICE MEMO—SHAPIRO MUSIC
DATE: 9/10/51
FROM: Abe
TO: Kelly
SUBJECT: Foolishness

Miss Kelly, for the last time do not write out the month on the line that says date. It wastes all the time we are supposed to save by using these memos.

Also, Miss Kelly, we are in business here to make money, not to hold people's hands. What this boy needs is Dorothy Dix. Or that Fairfax, what's her name, Beatrice. Tell him to write to one of them. We are running a business here, not a lonesome-hearts club. And in business you have to learn to say no.

But after all, what will it cost me to print him up three copies of his lousy song? Maybe a hundred bucks. And really, I wouldn't miss it. So tell him to send his song back, mark it ATTN. ABE SHAPIRO, and I'll get a nice little piano arrangement made, print him up three nice copies, and it won't cost him a nickel. Tell him to keep his ten bucks, and buy the bride a bouquet. On Abe Shapiro.

Okay?

Make the letter to him short.

RFD #1
Green Rock, Indiana
September 13th, 1951

ATTN. ABE SHAPIRO
Shapiro Music, Inc.
1619 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Well, now that's more like it. Yes sir. Here's the song, sir, and thanks a lot. Yes sir.

There are just two little extra favors I'd like to ask. One is, of course, hurry. Irene is already wondering where her song is, and boy I sure know what you mean when you talk about people accusing you of stealing their songs. These song writers can sure get in a panic.

Also, while you've got it there, whatever you do don't leave it around on your desk anyplace, where some other song publisher might see it, and make a hit out of it. That would be downright disastrous. Nobody would ever get the taste of money out of that girl's mouth again. She'd go off to New York for sure, get one of those penthouses, and boy what I've heard about them.

So whatever you do, while you've got it there don't show it to a soul. Except that I guess you'll have to show it to the printer. You couldn't go over there at night, and print it up yourself, could you? No, I guess not. But please be careful.

And hurry.

Yours very truly, sir,
HENRY O'BRIEN.

SHAPIRO MUSIC, INC.
1619 Broadway
New York, N. Y.
(World's Largest Publisher of Love Songs)

September 15th, 1951

MR. HENRY O'BRIEN
RFD #1
Green Rock, Indiana

Dear Mr. O'Brien: I guess maybe I should call you Henry. And without wasting any more time, I will get right to it.

Henry, do not worry about anybody seeing your song and making a hit out of it. Nobody can sit down and write a hit song right off the bat any more than I could come out there and raise a hit pig right off the bat. I wouldn't know which end to feed, believe me. And songs are the same way. It takes a while.

So don't worry about anybody's first song being a hit, even this Irene's. It just can't happen.

And by the way, let's get one thing straight. Just because I am doing you a little favor I don't want later any funny business about you saying some song we publish sounds like Irene's song. I am not myself even looking at the song. I am giving it to the arranger to make an arrangement, to the printer to make

Boy Trap

By Herbert Merrill

I've never seen a fox or coon come near
The craftiness a boy has, keeping clear
Of certain kinds of traps, and I should know.
They set enough for me once, long ago.
You can call ducks or dogs, but rarely boys.
They're skilled in hearing chores behind the noise
Of mother on a front porch, wearing out
Her throat and neighbors' patience with her shout.
A dinner bell's a better trick. They'll come
From wonderland for that and stay at home
Until the pie is gone. Then they're gone too,
With lawns unmowed and lessons still to do.
A boy's a wild woods thing, no use to scold him.
It's only growing up will catch and hold him.

the three copies, and I am sending the whole business back to you. By next Thursday.

And that is all we will ever have to do with each other.

Okay?

Sincerely,
ABE SHAPIRO, *Pres.*
Shapiro Music, Inc.

RFD #1
Green Rock, Indiana
September 17th, 1951

ATTN. ABE SHAPIRO
Shapiro Music, Inc.
1619 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I'll say it's okay. I want to get this thing settled once and for all.

But there are just a couple of other things. While you're at it, maybe you better print up an even dozen. Irene's got relatives all over Putnam County, and after all, once you get the machine going, what does paper cost? Come to think of it, make it twenty. Twenty ought to just about do it.

Also, what you say about how the song can't possibly be any good is sure encouraging. It sure takes a load off my mind. Also, it brings up the other little extra thing. Because if you're really sure the song isn't worth singing, would you please get Art Henderson to sing it this Saturday on his big Saturday Night Jamboree from Terre Haute? At about exactly ten minutes after eight. Everybody around here listens to Art, and by Saturday night I'll have the copies, and I happen to know that Roger is going to have dinner over at the Hagedorns that night. He probably wants to test the corn.

Anyway, I'll drift over there just about a few minutes after eight. And I'll say Why, Irene, I didn't know; you've got company. And I'll get introduced, she can't hardly do anything else, and then I'll say Say, folks, we're missing Art Henderson. And I'll turn him on, and what will he be singing but Irene's song. Say, isn't that your song, Irene, I'll say. And she'll say What in the world. And then I'll pull out the copies, pass them around, and say Oh, it's nothing. It's just that maybe some folks around here don't know that I exist either.

Oh Henry, she will say, rushing into my arms, what a fool I have been.

And I might just get Roger kicked clear out of there this very Saturday night.

So rush the twenty copies—maybe you'd better make it twenty-five, I forgot her relatives around Danville—and be sure and get an extra one over to Art Henderson. With the instructions.

And I think that ought to just about do it.

Yours very truly, sir,
HENRY.

HENRY O'BRIEN
RFD #1 GREEN ROCK IND
WHAT DOES PAPER COST, HE SAYS. YOU SHOULD KNOW WHAT PAPER COSTS. BUT WHILE I AM AT IT I AM SENDING YOU FIFTY COPIES SO YOU'LL HAVE ENOUGH. AND ART HENDERSON WILL SING IT SATURDAY NIGHT AT EXACTLY EIGHT-TEN. AND THAT IS ABOUT ALL I CAN DO FOR YOU, MY FRIEND, AFTER ALL WE ARE RUNNING A BUSINESS HERE.
ABE SHAPIRO.

RFD #1
Green Rock, Indiana
September 22nd, 1951

ATTN. ABE SHAPIRO
Shapiro Music, Inc.
1619 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Well, Mr. Shapiro, sir, I sure can't blame you for getting upset now and then. After what happened tonight I don't see how you can stand this love-song business at all, because I don't see how anybody can ever understand women.

What a day. After jumping around the whole day like a dog with electric fleas on him, I got over to Irene's right on time, got introduced, and at exactly eight-ten I said Say, we're missing Art Henderson. And I went over and turned on the radio. And I must say you'd carried through, Art was singing it all right. And Irene sure said What in the world.

But then everything just went to pieces. When I said modestly I'd arranged the whole thing, and handed Irene her copies, she just got madder than a little wet rooster. Henry O'Brien, she said you've just ruined everything—I didn't want that song published at all.

And she started crying like her heart would break, and slashing at me with her love song. Which is when I left, to think it over.

And it is now about ten o'clock and I am home, thinking, but I have not been getting much thinking done. So I thought I might as well write to you. You're an expert at this love business, what do you suppose could have got into her?

Whatever it is, you sure made it worse by printing up all those fifty copies. Because I got to looking at all of them last night, and wondering if any store ever sold that many copies of a love song, and then I suddenly thought Why, gol-lee. What a lucky thing it was you had sent me so many. Because if the song was supposed to be published, it would sure look funny if Irene went into any of the music stores around here and they didn't have any for sale.

So I saved out six of the copies for Irene, and then spent all day covering every music store between Indianapolis and Terre Haute, leaving each one a few copies to sell. Arranging it by just slipping them onto the rack when nobody was looking.

And now I've got to start out Monday morning and get every one of them back, and I'll probably get arrested if anybody sees me taking them, and there are times, I can tell you, when you just wonder if it's worth it.

Yours very truly, sir,
HENRY.

HENRY O'BRIEN
RFD #1 GREEN ROCK IND
I STILL SAY IT IS NOT POSSIBLE, BUT WABASH WALTZ LOOKS LIKE TREMENDOUS HIT. FROM ART HENDERSON SINGING IT SATURDAY NIGHT ORDERS POURING IN FROM ALL OVER INDIANA, ALSO ALL OVER ILLINOIS. AND EVERYBODY HERE SAYS IT'S GREAT. AIRMAILING CONTRACTS AND THOUSAND DOLLAR ADVANCE FOR IRENE SINCE SHE DID BOTH WORDS AND MUSIC SHE WILL GET FULL FOUR CENTS ALL SHEET MUSIC, AND FULL CENT ALL RECORDS. ALSO FIFTY PER CENT OF OUR TAKE ON TRANSCRIPTIONS. THIS IRENE IS A GOLD MINE. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T LET THAT ROGER SIGN HER UP TO ANYTHING. PUNCH HIM IN THE NOSE.
ABE.

RFD #1
Green Rock, Indiana
September 24th, 1951

ATTN. ABE SHAPIRO
Shapiro Music, Inc.
1619 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Well, that's sure good news about the song.

It's been a hectic day here. At first I couldn't figure out what was going on. This morning I got a late start to pick up the copies, due to having to doctor a hog, but I finally got going, about ten o'clock. And not a one of the places still had any on the rack. I pawed around, saying I was just looking, but look as I might I couldn't find a one. And about the fourth place I gave up and asked them if they'd seen it, and they said Yes, and wasn't it a wonderful song, and they were temporarily out but they'd ordered more.

Well, after about two times of that I turned around and came back home to think it over. Also to see how the hog was.

He was better, and I was sitting on the front porch thinking, about one o'clock, when the Hagedorns' pickup truck came flying up. And Irene jumped out. She came running up the walk, half crying, threw herself in my arms, and said Oh Henry, what a fool I have been.

Because you know what? That girl didn't write that song at all. You were right all the time; you can't just sit down and write a hit song. It turns out now it was an old song by my grandfather, Davey O'Brien, which she'd sneaked out of the trunk in our attic and put her own name on. Just to impress Roger, so she could get him to hang around and make me jealous, which would make me think I was losing her, which would make me hurry up and marry her. Can you beat that? Boy, these women.

But it was sure good to have her back.

There now, honey, I said, patting her on the shoulder, I'm going to get that house started right today.

And we did get it started, we went up there this afternoon and started staking it out. It's going to be a one-story brick, up on the high corner in the trees, with a good wide front porch looking down over the Hagedorns' bottom land to Big Walnut Creek. A beautiful spot.

And when we got back to the house, about three o'clock, your telegram was here, and all I can say is that if that song is really a hit song, we can supply you just about a hundred. Irene said when she got the idea she just rushed up to the attic and grabbed it out of grandfather's old trunk at random, the first one her hand came to. And there's a thousand songs in there if there's one. All no doubt as good as this one. Grandpa gave me that trunk on my thirteenth birthday. He said You're up to your teens now, Henry, and some day what's in this trunk will make you rich. Because one of these days they're going to get back around to good music.

We laughed at the time.

Yours very truly, sir,
HENRY.

THE END

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GIANT

(Continued from Page 32)

reading books, but not the sort of books which other Southern young women consumed like bonbons as they lay, indolent and slightly liverish from too many hot breads, in the well-worn hammock under the trees. Leslie Lynnton had opinions of her own, she conversed and even argued with her distinguished father and his friends on matters political, sociological, medical and literary just as if she were a man. Though her eyes were large, dark and warmly lustrous there undeniably was a slight cast in the left one which gave her, at times, a sort of stricken look. Oddly enough, men found this attractive, perhaps because it imparted a momentarily helpless and appealing aspect.

The third girl, Lacey, was seven years younger than her second sister and represented Mrs. Lynnton's last try for a son. Lacey turned out a tomboy and small wonder. As each of the three had been intended by their parents to be males, only masculine names had been provided for them before birth. With the advent of the third girl Mrs. Lynnton, admitting final defeat, had hastily attempted to change the name from Lacey to Laura. But Lacey it remained.

You were always seeing photographs of the three in airy organdies and sashes posed with arms about one another's waist in front of white-columned porticoes with a well-bred hunting dog or two crouched in the foreground. But Race Lynnton—Dr. Horace Lynnton in all the encyclopedias and Who's Whos and medical journals—had really brought them up with a free hand and an open mind. Though the girls moved with grace and distinction they were generally considered too thin. Theirs were long clever-looking hands rather than little dimpled ones; theirs a spirited manner; little money and small prospect of more, being daughters of a very dedicated surgeon-physician-scientist.

"I declare," Mrs. Lynnton would say—she frequently prefaced her statements with a warning salvo such as I declare or I must say or if you want my opinion—"I declare, Leslie, I sometimes think your father and I will have you on our hands an old maid. Leigh was late enough, twenty-three when she married, but look at her now, Lady Karfrey! So it turned out well enough in spite of her sarcastic ways when she was a girl."

"But mama, you didn't marry papa until you were past twenty. And you did pretty well for yourself, you will admit. Married to the most wonderful man in the world, that's all."

"I married your father because he asked me, and that's the truth. I was no beauty and neither are you. You treat men as if they were girl friends, though you've had a hundred chances I must say."

"Not quite a hundred, mama. Perhaps ten."

"Most girls have had one, and snatched at it, and don't let them tell you anything different. If you're not married next year I'm going to dress up Lacey and put her in the parlor. She'll be seventeen soon and there she is out at the stables day and night. It's time she learned that all males aren't quadrupeds." She had a somewhat tangy tongue of her own, Nancy Lynnton.

EQUIPPED thus rather meagerly for matrimony one would justifiably have thought the three Lynnton sisters fated for spinsterhood. On the contrary the big shabby Virginia house was clogged with yearning swains. Young Washington career men; slightly balding European subdiplomats and embassy secretaries in striped trousers and cutaways; Virginia and Maryland squires of the huntin' ridin' and slightly run-down set; with a sprinkling of New York lawyers and Wall Street men and even an occasional Midwestern businessman. Doctors who came ostensibly to confer with Horace Lynnton ended up in the vast hospitable kitchen (for the Lynntons were famous cooks in defiance of a day and place in which cooking was considered menial). Beaux haunted the verandas the parlors the stables. They swarmed all over the place—to the dismay of neighboring beauties—much as bees will sometimes desert the stately cool rose for a field of heady wild red clover.

As for the boasted Virginia background, this lay so far in the past as to be misted by the centuries and discernible only to Mrs. Lynnton's somewhat bemused eye. A great-great-great-grandfather had sailed overseas to Virginia in the sixteen hundreds, one of those indentured servants or jail bait whose descendants later became First Families of Virginia perhaps as legitimately as their more aristocratic contemporaries. But this traveler's son too had possessed the spirit of roving adventure. He had moved with the tide of travel from Virginia to Kentucky to Indiana to Ohio.

Mrs. Lynnton always skipped lightly over these geographical intervals when she spoke of herself as having descended from one of the F.F.V.'s. Leslie and Lacey made nothing of this, or at best regarded it as a family joke. Leigh—now Lady Karfrey—having inherited something of her mother's snobbishness, took the doubtful distinction more seriously.

As for Dr. Horace Lynnton, late of Ohio, here was a great human being and a dedicated spirit disguised as a tall somewhat shambling man in a crumpled suit and a bow tie slightly askew so that his wife or one of three daughters seemed always to be busy under his chin. When finally, during what came to be called the First World War, he had moved with his family to the once stately but now rather ramshackle house in Virginia it was because he could give his brilliant brain his surgical genius and his magic hands to the rehabilitation of the thousands of broken boys who, veterans of the gruesome war years of 1917 and 1918, filled the nearby hospitals of Washington, Virginia and Maryland.

Though there was only a physician's income behind it, profusion was characteristic of the Lynnton ménage. Horses in the weathered stables; the most delicate and savory of American cooking in the kitchen with no Southern grease-fried indigestibles to mar it. There were succulent soft-shell crabs from Maryland, smoked Virginia hams, Ohio maple sugar and pancakes, little plump white chickens, button-size hot biscuits with golden pools of butter between their brown cheeks. Terrapin. Oysters. Succotash. Devil's-food cake. Profusion not only of food but of gaiety and laughter; of good talk at dinner and after. Sweet-scented flowers in the rambling garden, deep-cushioned shabby handsome chairs, vast beds and capacious fireplaces, sherry on the sideboard, leisure in the air, and wit to spice the whole of this.

Bick Benedict was no fool, and he hadn't been twenty minutes on the place before he realized that this was a run-down old Southern shebang in need of about fifty thousand dollars in repairs. Not that he was there in the role of anything but guest, and that of the most transitory nature. In Washington on business he had come down to the Lynnton place in Virginia to look at a horse and to buy it if possible.

By the purest of accidents Dr. Horace Lynnton had found himself owner of a long-legged rangy filly who had turned out to be a gold mine. As horses, to him, were four-legged animals meant for riding or for driving he was more bewildered than pleased. Offered in part payment of a bill which was already absurdly small Doctor Lynnton had good-naturedly accepted the unwanted animal.

"She's an accident," the owner had confessed. "And I won't say she's any good except for one of your girls to ride. She's one of Wind Wings'."

"But I can't accept her," Doctor Lynnton had protested. "You said her sire was Wind Wings!"

"Yes, but the dam was a stray plug that we kept for my little Betsy to jog around on. She got into the paddock by mistake, and the damage was done. Not that it matters, except that I want you to know that on her mother's side she hasn't a drop of good blood in her that I know of. She'll never run."

"Prince and peasant girl," said Horace Lynnton. "A combination that has been known to produce amazing results. Sire for speed, they say. Dam for stamina."

They named her My Mistake but in spite of this by the time she was three years old it began to appear that she would soon romp away with everything from New York to Mexico.



"Okay—three eggs well beaten. Now what?"

Bick Benedict of Texas had sought out Horace Lynnton in Washington not as the famous man of science but as the owner of My Mistake.

"Is she for sale?" he had asked.

"I suppose so. I don't go in for racing. She was meant for my youngest daughter—to ride around the country roads."

"Could I see her?"

"Drive out with me this afternoon, if you care to, stay for dinner and overnight."

"Thanks, I'll be glad to drive out but I can't stay. I've got business engagements here in Washington."

But he never left—or practically never—until he and Leslie were off for their honeymoon and Texas.

In the first twenty-four hours of his stay at the Lynntons' Jordan Benedict experienced a series of shocks which left him dazed but strangely exhilarated too. The first shock to his Southwest sensibilities came when Doctor Lynnton introduced the young Negro who drove them down to Virginia. The little ceremony was as casual (but also as formal) as though he were introducing any two friends or acquaintances.

"Benedict, this is Jefferson Swazey who'll drive us down. Jeff, this is Mr. Jordan Benedict from Texas."

Well I'll be damned, thought Jordan Benedict. On the way down the two men talked of this and that: of the freakish little filly; of the dead Harding, that pitiful and scandal-ridden figure with his imposing façade concealing the termite-riddled interior; of Coolidge, the new President of the United States, the rigid and vinegary Vermonter.

IT was almost dusk as they arrived. The two men entered the house. A wide and beautifully proportioned hall ran from front to back with great arched doorways opening off it. Shabby rugs on a caramel floor. Riding crops, tennis rackets; books and papers and magazines on the overflowing hall table; a friendly lean and lazy dog; a delicious scent of something baking or broiling or both. They peered into the big living room. Here was a feminine world, all crystal and flowers and faded yellow satin curtains. Bits of jade. The ruby glow of Bohemian glass. The flicker of flame in the fireplace.

Doctor Lynnton shook his head. "The girls are somewhere around, but they're probably busy. Perhaps you'd like to wash up."

"I'd like to have a look at the filly while it's still light."

"Yes—the horse," Doctor Lynnton agreed somewhat vaguely. From a nearby room there came the sound of voices. He raised his voice to a shout. "Leslie!"

Bick Benedict turned expecting to see a son, or a manservant answering to this name. There emerged from the room that later he was to know as the library two figures, a man and a woman. The woman was wearing riding clothes, he was startled to see that it was a side-saddle habit complete with glistening black boots, crop, stock. He had seen nothing like this in years—certainly not in Texas. A tall slim girl, not pretty.

"Leslie, this is Jordan Benedict, here from Texas. My daughter Leslie."

The young man with her was in riding clothes and not only riding clothes but actually a pink coat of the hunting variety. *Well I'm damned,* Jordan Benedict said to himself for the second time in an hour. Then his ear was caught by the girl's voice which was lovely, warm and vibrant.

"Texas! How interesting! Father, you know Nicky Rorik. Mr. Benedict, this is Count Nicholas Rorik; Mr. Jordan Benedict."

Doctor Lynnton moved toward the rear doorway. "We're on our way to the paddock. Mr. Benedict's come to look at My Mistake."

"I'm coming along," said Leslie, "to tell you all her bad points. I don't want anyone to buy her."

(Continued on Page 70)

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Cashmere Bouquet Soap

—Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!

(Continued from Page 68)

"Dear daughter, kindly remember that Mr. Benedict is a Texan and your father is a country doctor. You two go on down to the stable. I'll join you directly, Jordan."

Rorik, Benedict was saying in his mind. *Rorik. Now let's see. He comes from one of those kicked-around kingdoms, or a midget principality or something, it's one of those musical-comedy places.*

Then the slim dark young man said something about seeing everyone at dinner. And vanished with a bow that gave the impression of heel clicking, though nothing of the sort took place.

Weeks later Jordan Benedict dredged the young man up from the depths of his memory and put to his wife Leslie the questions which even now were stirring in his thoughts.

"That first day I met you, Leslie, when I came into the house with your father. You were tucked away in the library with that Rorik guy. What kind of hanky-panky was going on, anyway? Quiet as mice until your father called you."

"Oh, that. Well, I never quite knew, myself. It was a serious proposal of a sort, but it had a morganatic tinge. When his uncle dies he'll become ruler or grand duke or whatever it's called—if any. I've lost track."

Now, on their way to the paddock he waited for her to speak. In Texas the women talked a lot, they chattered on and on about little inconsequential things calculated to please but not strain the masculine mind. Leslie Lynnton did not start the conversation. She strolled composedly and quietly beside him. All about them were the ancient trees, the scent of flowers whose perfume yielded itself to the cool evening air. The orchard was cloudy with blossoms.

"How green it is!" he said inadequately.

"Isn't it green in Texas?"

The girl must be a fool. "Don't you know about Texas?"

"No. Except that it's big. And the men wear hats like yours."

"Yes, I suppose this does look funny to you. But then, that rigging you're wearing looks funny to me." For some reason he wanted to jar her composure. "And your friend's red coat."

She laughed and paused a moment in her walk and looked directly at him for the first time. And he thought, *She might be kind of pretty if she filled out a little.* She was saying, "They're called pink, not red. Don't ask me why. And you're right about these riding clothes of mine. They're ridiculous, I never wear them, really."

"But you're wearing ——"

"I mean I never wear them for riding. Just today. It's a special day down here. Once a year they do a lot of rather silly stuff that was Virginia a century or two ago. You know—scarlet coats and floating veils and yoicks. The men dig their pink coats out of moth balls and the women wear this sort of thing if they still can stick on a side saddle. Tonight's the Hunt Ball—not at our house, thank heaven!—and you're invited."

"I'd look good at a Hunt Ball in these clothes."

"Oh, well. We're having dinner here—just the family and two or three others. Do stay for that."

HE muttered something about an engagement in Washington, to which she said politely, well, another time perhaps. And there they were at the stables and My Mistake was being paced in the paddock by a young Negro boy. Bick saw instantly that the satin-coated sorrel had the proper conformation: long of leg, neat of hoof, long muscular neck, deep chest. Her hoofs seemed scarcely to touch the ground, they flicked the earth as delicately as a ballet dancer's toes.

"Well, there she is," said Doctor Lynnton, coming up behind them.

Horses had been a vital part of Jordan Benedict's life since birth. It could not be said that he prided himself on his horsemanship any more than he could be said to proud of his breathing or walking. Certain walking was more foreign to this Texan tha riding.

"I'd like to try her out if you've no objection," he said to Doctor Lynnton.

"Of course. How would you like to try he on the track? We've rigged up a little hal mile track there just beyond."

"How about your clothes?" Leslie calle to him as he mounted in his Texas tans, h great wide-brimmed Texas Stetson, h brown oxfords.

He flung up his arm. "My grandmothe could rope a steer in hoop skirts."

PERHAPS it was the upflung arm tha startled My Mistake. Jordan had ridden thousand quarter horses, bucking ponies racing horses. This filly was a live electri wire carrying a thousand volts. She was ou of the gate and on the track like a lightnin flash. Accustomed all his life to the high pommeled Western saddle he sat the Easter saddle well enough but his style was a revela tion to Eastern eyes. The stableboys stared their eyes their mouths making three wid circles in each amazed face. Jordan's arm were akimbo, he held the reins high, hi loose-jointed seat in the saddle irked the lit tle filly, she jerked her head around to glar at him with rolling resentful eyeballs, sh skittered sidewise. She gave him a nasty fiv minutes. *Damned girl, watching.* He knew h must master her, he did master her, he took her twice around, drew up before his startled audience and dismounted before the animal had come to a stop.

To those who are good to me, I am good; to those who are not good to me, I am good also. Thus all get to be good.
—LAO TSE: TAO TEH KING

Leslie Lynnton was laughing like a child, peal on peal of helpless spontaneous laughter.

"Now Leslie," her father said chidingly, "don't you tease Mr. Benedict. That's how they ride in Texas."

Leslie drew a deep breath and choked a little. "That wasn't riding. That was scuffling with a horse."

He was deeply offended, it was almost as if a man had impugned his honor—a phrase still used in Texas editorials. Instantly she sensed this, she spoke so that the grinning boys could hear.

"I'm sorry. Forgive me. I'm ignorant about your part of the country. Our way of riding seems queer to you too. You'd laugh at me if you saw me in this habit all bunched up on the side of a horse."

He was furious. He said nothing. There was a little frown between his eyes and his eyes were steel.

"All right boys!" Doctor Lynnton called to the stablemen, and waved away the horse, the attendants, the whole incident. "Thanks. Come on Jordan—let's go up to the house and have a little drink before dinner."

"Oh, I'm afraid I'll have to ——" Jordan began stiffly.

"You must have a wife or a mother or a—or someone who has spoiled you terribly," Leslie said. "You take teasing so hard."

"My sister," he found himself saying to his own intense astonishment. "I'm not married. My sister—I live with my sister."

"Oh, well, that accounts for it. Why aren't you married, Jordan?"

"Now Leslie!" Doctor Lynnton remonstrated again.

He ignored this. "It seems strange to hear you call me Jordan." He pronounced it with a *u*, Jurden, Texas fashion. "Almost no one does. There's always been a Jordan in the family, but everyone calls me Bick."

"Bick Benedict." Leslie tried the sound of it. "No, I like your own name. Jordan Benedict. Why do they call you Bick?"

He began to feel really foolish. "Oh, when I was a little kid I suppose I couldn't say Benedict, the nearest I could manage was Bick, and it stuck as a nickname."

"Jordan," she said stubbornly. "You're staying to dinner. And the night. You can drive back to Washington tomorrow morning with papa, he gets up at a ghastly hour

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and starts poking at people's insides before the world is awake."

"I came here to buy a horse," Bick announced rudely. "I won't go to any Hunt Ball."

Walking between the two men Leslie linked an arm into her father's arm, into Bick's. "I'll get up early and have breakfast with you two. There's mama. We're late I suppose."

On the veranda steps stood Mrs. Lynnton and beside her a girl of sixteen or seventeen in men's pants—at least that was what Bick Benedict called them. Benedict was shocked. Even the professional rodeo girls wore full divided skirts in Texas.

"Well, really," began Mrs. Lynnton with considerably less than storied Southern hospitality, "it's half past seven, dinner's at eight and you're not even ——"

"Mama, Mr. Jordan Benedict from Texas. . . . Lacey—my sister Lacey."

Leslie performed the introductions at a clip which left her mother's complaint far behind. Mrs. Lynnton had made instant appraisal of this tall broad-shouldered visitor in the ten-gallon hat and dismissed him as negligible.

"Are you the man who wants to buy My Mistake?" Lacey asked bluntly.

Mrs. Lynnton acknowledged his presence for the first time. "I hope so, before Lacey here kills herself riding her."

"No, Mr. Benedict's not buying her," Leslie said, without reason.

"Oh, yes ma'am, I am," Bick said with a great deal of drawl as always when angry. *Too many damned bossy women around here,* he thought.

Doctor Lynnton waved a placating hand. "Let's not decide anything now. We'll have a drink and then we'll all clean up and see you downstairs at about eight, Jordan. Uh, Bick. Is that better?"

Stuck, he thought as he entered his room, but then instantly there came over him a sensation very strange—a mingling of peace and exhilaration. A large square high-ceilinged room, cool, quiet. Chintz curtains, flowers in a vase, a fire in the fireplace, a bathroom to himself, shaving things and sweet-smelling stuff in bottles in the bathroom, and big thick soft towels. Nothing like this at Reata in spite of the millions of acres and dozens of rooms and scores of servants and "hands."

Later in the evening when he mentioned the comfort of his room to Leslie she said flippantly:

"Yes, who cares about the necessities, it's the luxuries that count. What if the dishpan does leak!"

He still could telephone Washington and have someone drive out to fetch him. What was the sense of staying? He'd made up his mind to buy the filly, if only (he told himself parenthetically) to show those women that they couldn't run him the way they ran Doctor Lynnton.

ACROSS the table from him—across all those lighted candles and the flowers—were Leslie and that Rorik fellow still in the red coat. Only it looked dressier now and his hair very black above the red. Career man he'd be called. Bick disliked him for no reason.

The women did a great deal of talking, they were leading the conversation, especially that Leslie girl, it wasn't the formal sort of dinner-table talk that he had sometimes encountered in Washington on his infrequent business trips there. He rarely took active part in the Washington end of Texas affairs, that was his cousin Roady Benedict's business, that was why he had been sent to Washington.

Someone at the other end of the table must have asked Nicholas Rorik a question for he raised his voice to carry down the line of dinner guests. "It isn't a large country as you know, it is a principality, my country." He cast his eyes ceilingward to juggle the figures into American terms. "It would be in your miles less than eight hundred square miles. Very small, as you consider size in this country."

"My goodness," said his questioner, laughing a little and then turning to look at Jordan Benedict, "Texas is bigger than that, isn't it Mr. Benedict!"

"Texas!" said Doctor Lynnton. "Why, Mr. Benedict's ranch is bigger than that. Sorry, Nicky. No offense."

"I've always heard these tall tales from Texas," said one of the men across the table—he, too, was wearing one of those red coats with a red face above it—"and now I'd like to have it right from the hor—— right from headquarters, Mr. Benedict. Just how many acres have you got, or miles or whatever it is you folks reckon in? It's the biggest ranch in Texas, isn't it?"

Jordan Benedict never could accustom himself to the habit these Yankees had of asking a man how much land he had. Why, damn it, it was the same as coming right out and asking a man how much money he had!

"No," he said quietly, "it isn't the largest. It is one of the large ranches but there are others as large. One or two larger, up in the Panhandle and down in the brush country."

HE felt that Leslie Lynnton was looking at him and he sensed that she understood his resentment though he didn't know how or why. *That girl isn't only smart,* he thought. *She understands everything, that's why her eyes are so warm and lovely.*

"Yes," the fellow was saying, persistently. "Yes, but how many acres, actually? A million? Is that right? A million acres?"

Jordan Benedict felt his face reddening. Still, a straight question like that, aimed at a man's head. You had to answer it or insult a man at your host's table. He had seen men killed for much less. There was a lull in the table talk. He looked squarely into Leslie's eyes, she smiled at him ever so faintly as a mother smiles at a shy child, in encouragement. He heard himself saying, "Something over two million acres. Two million and a half, to be exact."

Mrs. Lynnton's head had been slightly turned away from the table to speak over her shoulder to a servant. She turned now to look at Jordan Benedict. It was a stunned look, the look of one who has heard but who rejects the words as incredible.

"How many acres did you say, Mr. Benedict?"

"He said two and a half million acres mama," Leslie said with exquisite distinctness. "And you should see the greedy look on your face."

But Mrs. Lynnton was not one to be diverted from her quarry, once she had the scent. "Are there," she persisted, "any cities on the premises?"

Choking a little, "Why yes ma'am, there are a few."

"Do you own those too?"

The company could no longer be contained. A roar went up. Bick Benedict's reply, "Not rightly own, no ma'am," was lost in the waves of laughter. "Nobody owns a city," Bick persisted virtuously. Controller of every vote in the town of Benedict, and most of the county.

From across the table Leslie said, "How about Tammany?"

"Oh, now, Leslie!" pleaded a man seated beside Mrs. Lynnton. *A New Yorker,* Bick decided not very astutely. *And anyway, what does a woman want to go and get mixed up in political talk for?*

At ten o'clock the dinner guests departed, bound for the Hunt Ball. Jordan Benedict declined politely to go, pleading no proper clothes and a very early Washington appointment.

At quarter of eleven Leslie Lynnton pleaded a crashing headache together with various other racking complications and left the Hunt Ball flat, returning to her home under the somewhat dazed escort of a bewildered young man who had long been a willing but unrewarded victim. She went straight to the library but seemed disappointed in what she found—or failed to find—there. But she made three silent trips between the library and her bedroom, her arms loaded each time with books of assorted sizes. These she plumped down on her bed and it was surrounded by these tomes that her sister Lacey in the room next door came

(Continued on Page 73)

Go swimming



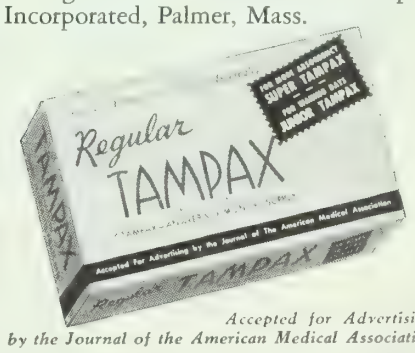
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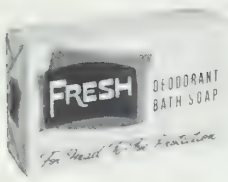


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(Continued from Page 71)

upon her in a spirit of investigation, having seen her light and heard her moving about.

Lacey poked her head in at the door. "I thought it was burglars or a lover," she said.

Leslie glanced up from the book she was reading. "Well, it would have been nice to see you in either case. And where do you learn such talk!"

"What are you home for?"

"To read. About Texas."

"You mean you came home from the Hunt Ball just to have a read! About Texas!"

"Go along to bed," Leslie said. "There's a good child."

Lacey gave her a hard look. "Aha!" she said. "Likewise oho! Texas, huh?"

The Lynnton family knew what Leslie meant when she said she was going to have a read. Her bed in the old Virginia house was by no means the meager maiden couch upon which the unwed usually compose themselves for sleep. Leslie had seized upon a vast four-poster that had reposed for years in the jungleland of the attic. It stood, not with its headboard against the wall as is the custom of all well-behaved beds, but in the middle of the room for reasons that no one of the family could fathom and that Leslie never explained. The headboard soared almost to the ceiling. Above blazed a crystal chandelier, full blast, and on either side were lamps. All over the bed and in piles on the floor were books large and small, making a sort of stockade in the confines of which Leslie Lynnton had composed herself to read for hours.

Upon this spectacle Lacey gazed without astonishment. "Oh, Leslie, are you in love with him?"

"Perhaps. Yes, I think so. He says Texas is different from any other state in the whole United States."

"Pooh! Everybody says that about their own state. That's what papa says about Ohio and mama about Virginia."

Leslie ignored this. "He calls it 'my country' when he means Texas. I asked him about that and he said all Texans—he says Texians—call their state their country and they even call their own ranches their country as if they were kings. I never was so interested in my life. I've got all the books I could find in the library that might have something about Texas and pa's files and the Congressional Records since way back and the encyclopedia and a lot of histories and Your Southwest and How to Run a Ranch and Life of a Texas Ranch Wife and the Texas Rangers and Texas, a Description of Its Geographical Social and Other Conditions With Special Reference to ——"

"Good night!" said Lacey, and closed the door firmly.

Breakfast at the Lynntons' was a pleasant thing. The dining room itself was perhaps the friendliest room in that open-handed house. A noble old room, high-ceilinged, many-windowed. On a sunny day such as this it was no room for a woman who preferred to shun the early-morning light. A brilliant bay at the south end led to a terrace and the haphazard garden. Inside shone mahogany and silver and crystal.

BICK BENEDICT, entering the room rather diffidently, noted that the napkins were neatly darned, the flower-patterned carpet threadbare. "It's the luxuries that matter," Leslie had said. "Who cares about the necessities."

Breakfast here was done in the English fashion, a movable feast. On the long sideboard were the hot dishes cozily covered and freshly replenished from time to time but certainly the early risers had the best of it. Eggs, kippers, sausages. Hot biscuits toast muffins. Tea coffee jam honey. You helped yourself you sat and you talked or you sat and ate if you had awakened grumpy or you sat and read your paper, the sun streamed in, the coffee was strong and hot, there was an air of leisure mingled with a pleasant bustle of coming and going.

Leslie Lynnton came in with a rush which she checked at once.

Early as she was, Doctor Lynnton and Bick Benedict were there ahead of her. She looked very young and pale in the little blue dress with the white collars and cuffs, her black hair tied with a ribbon. She had had three hours of sleep.

"Hello!" she said. "Good morning!"

"Why Leslie!" said Doctor Lynnton.

She hurriedly blotted this out by saying, as she helped herself to coffee, "I almost always breakfast with papa." She looked very straight at Bick Benedict and he at her. She saw in the morning light that his eyes were crinkled at the corners from sun and wind; he looked even taller and broader of shoulder there at breakfast in the sunny room.

"You're looking mighty pert, Miss Leslie," he said inadequately. "You don't look as if you'd been dancing all night."

She drank her entire cup of coffee, black, she set the cup down carefully in the saucer and sat a moment very still as though ignoring the little compliment, so that the two men as they regarded her so admiringly and thought of her, the one with the love and affection of many years, the other with an emotion that bewildered and exhilarated him, felt momentarily puzzled.

She made her decision. "I came home at quarter to eleven," she said quietly, "and I read about Texas until four this morning."

"Oh, Leslie!" groaned Doctor Lynnton. "Leave the poor boy to eat his breakfast in peace."

Bick Benedict was astonished and he did not believe her. He smiled rather patronizingly. "Well, what did you learn? It takes a lot of reading, Texas does."

God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

—II TIMOTHY 1:7

"We really stole Texas, didn't we? I mean, away from Mexico."

He jumped as if he had touched a live wire. His eyes were agate. He waited a moment before he trusted himself to speak. "I don't understand the joke," he finally said through stiff lips. He thought how many men had been killed in Texas for saying so much less than this thing that had been said to him.

"I'm not joking, Mr. Benedict. It's right there in the history books, isn't it? This Mr. Austin moved down there with two or three hundred families from the East, it says, and the Mexicans were polite and said they could settle and homestead if they wanted to, under the rule of Mexico. And the next thing you know they're claiming they want to free themselves from Mexico and they fight and take it. Really! How impolite. I don't mean to be rude, but really! Of course the Spanish explorers, and the French, that was different. There was nobody around and there they were tramping and riding across the hot desert in all those iron clothes, with steel helmets and plumes. They must have been terribly uncomfortable. Those Conquistadors—isn't it a lovely word!—Coronado and De Soto and What'shisname De Vaca, poor dears, looking for the Seven Cities of Cibola like children on a treasure hunt. Still, they didn't actually grab the land away from anyone, the way we did. Of course there were the Indians, but perhaps they didn't count."

Doctor Lynnton glanced at Benedict. He was startled to see that the man was rigid with suppressed anger. The muscles of his jaw stood out hard and stiff.

"Now now, Leslie," Doctor Lynnton murmured soothingly. "You mustn't talk like that to a Texan. They're touchy. They feel very strongly about their state." He smiled. "Their country, you might almost say. To some of them the United States is their second country. Isn't that so, Benedict?"

"Oh, but I didn't mean to be impolite!" Leslie said before Bick could voice his pent anger. "I was just talking impersonally—about history." She picked up her cup and saucer and came over and sat beside him, cozily, her elbow on the table, she leaned toward him, she peered into his face like an eager child. It was disconcerting, it was maddening, if she had been a man he would have hit her, he told himself. "It's all in the books, it's news to me, I just meant it's so fascinating. It's another world, it sounds so big and new and different. I love it. The cactus and the cowboys and the Alamo and the sky and the horses and the Mexicans and the freedom. It's really America, isn't it. I'm—I'm in love with it."

Bick Benedict's heart gave a lurch. *Watch out,* he said to himself. *Rattlesnakes.*

WOMEN did not talk like that. Certainly Texas women didn't talk like that. Of course, in those two years he had spent at Harvard because the Benedict men always had a couple of years at Harvard so that no one could say they were provincial, he had met a few girls who had a lot of opinions of their own but they weren't popular girls, they weren't girls you saw at the football games or the prom. Well, if she wanted to talk about Texas he'd talk to her as if she were a man.

"I never saw anything as ignorant as you Easterners. All you know about American history is what's happened east of Philadelphia. Did you ever hear of the Rio Grande? I'll bet they don't even teach about the Alamo and San Jacinto in your schools."

"No, they don't. Do they papa?" Doctor Lynnton passed his hand over his face with a gesture like that of brushing off cobwebs. But she went on without waiting for his confirmation. "And anyway, we're not Easterners, Mr. Benedict." With earnestness she had grown formal. "Are we papa?" A rhetorical question, purely. "Tell him."

"Hell no!" said Horace Lynnton. "Ohioans are no Easterners. But now don't you get into any fracas with a Texan, Leslie. They're touchier than a hornet, didn't you know that?" Horace Lynnton stood up. "Don't you think you ought to look at My Mistake again before we go? I don't think you ought to buy her unless you're dead sure. You'll have to watch out for that trick she has of doing fancy dance steps just when she's supposed to be getting near the post. Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money."

"I've paid five times that for a bull," Bick said, but not boastfully. Absently, as though this were something unimportant, to be dismissed for more pressing things. "Do you like it living here in Virginia?" he asked Leslie.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Everything looks so little."

"Big doesn't necessarily mean better. Sunflowers aren't better than violets."

"How far west have you been?"

"Kansas City once, with papa."

"That's east! And little. In Texas there's everything. There's no end to it."

"Perhaps too much of everything is as bad as too little. I suppose I'm used to everything being sort of cozy. I don't mean little and cramped. But sort of near me. Family and books and friends and the kitchen if I want to go out and try something new and Caroline doesn't mind."

Doctor Lynnton cleared his throat to remind them of his presence. They were weaving a pattern, warily, of which he was no part. "We'll have to be getting along, Bick," he said. "Unless you would like to stay on, we'd be happy to have you but I'm due at the hospital ——"

"Good morning!" cried Mrs. Lynnton from the dining-room doorway. "Good morning everybody." She looked straight at Bick. "Good morning Lochinvar!"

Bick Benedict, rather red, stammered, "Uh—good—uh ——"

"Don't mind mama," Leslie said, not at all embarrassed. "She's been trying to marry me off for years. And anyway, mama, if you're going to be geographical, Lochinvar came out of the west, not the southwest."

"Leslie reads too much," Mrs. Lynnton explained blandly. "Leslie dear, if Mr. Benedict has finished breakfast don't you want to show him the stables?"

"He saw them yesterday, mama. Besides, we've just quarreled in a polite way about

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Texas so it's no use your trying to palm me off on him. And anyway Mr. Benedict has three million acres and five hundred thousand cows or whatever they're called in Texas ——"

"Head of cattle," Bick suggested, "and not quite five ——"

"—— head of cattle then. And hundreds of *vaqueros* and consequently he's engaged to marry the daughter of the owner of the adjoining ranch who, though comparatively poor, is beautiful and has only one million acres and fifteen thousand horses and two hundred thousand head of cattle and six hundred *vaqueros*."

"What is a *vaquero?*" Mrs. Lynnton demanded, dignified in defeat.

Jordan Benedict walked round the table to stand beside Leslie as though he were talking to her rather than to her mother. "A *vaquero* is a Mexican cowboy," he said crisply, with no trace of a drawl. "Did you ever hear the word buckaroo? That's what the old Texas pioneers made of *vaquero*, they couldn't get the hang of the Spanish word *vaquero*. You see—*vaca*, cow. *Vaquero*—fellow who tends cows."

"Is she pretty?" demanded Mrs. Lynnton, turning the knife in her wound.

Doctor Lynnton bent over his wife's chair and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Good-by dear. Mr. Benedict and I are going now. I'm late."

Baffled, Mrs. Lynnton must still know the worst. "What, may I ask, is the name of the lucky young lady you are marrying, with all those cows?"

Then even Leslie was moved to protest. "Oh dear Mrs. Nickleby, that was just my little joke."

Bick Benedict just touched her hand with his forefinger. "It's more or less true—or was. My next-door neighbor does have a daughter—only a next-door neighbor in Texas is fifty miles away, usually. And he does have just about all that land and those horses and the cattle. And perhaps there was some idea of my marrying his daughter like the fellow in a book. But I'm not."

A radiance lighted Mrs. Lynnton's austere features. "Dear me, it all sounds so romantic. I never knew anyone from Texas before, it's very refreshing, of course it's quite a distance, Texas."

"It is a far piece, ma'am," Bick agreed, still looking at Leslie. "But when you get there you never want to live anywhere else."

"Yes," Mrs. Lynnton agreed happily, "with those new fast trains and all, you can visit back east in no time at all. And you're going back tomorrow. Dear me, what a pity. I don't know when I've met any young man that seemed so much like one of the family."

After thirty-six hours of travel the bride and bridegroom seemed to have set up miniature housekeeping in their drawing room on the Missouri Pacific's crack Sunshine Special. Books and papers and bundles and bags were heaped on couches and racks. A towering edifice of fruit in a basket, untouched, was turning brown under the hot blasts that poured through the screened window. The door of the compartment adjoining the drawing room was open, and this was piled with a formidable array of luggage.

THEY had been traveling hours, days, yet Texas was not in sight. Bick Benedict did not appear eager for a glimpse of that fabulous commonwealth from which he had been three weeks absent. He lolled on the hot plush seat, the withering southwest blasts poured over him, the dust clogged his throat, the electric fan set the cinders to spinning more merrily in the stifling little room.

He had been bred on heat and dust. This was nothing.

The bride was reading a railroad timetable. Bick Benedict eyed her through narrowed lids. "I've married a bookworm." They both laughed as though the time-worn joke were new-minted.

It was incredible that any woman could appear as cool and fresh as she after thirty-six hours in the gritty luxury of a train drawing room. She seemed to have an unlimited supply of fresh blouses and just to watch her open a filmy handkerchief and to catch the scent that emanated from it as she shook out its white folds was a refreshment to the onlooker. She brushed her hair a great deal. She poured eau de Cologne into the lavatory washbasin and bathed her wrists and her temples and the scent of this, too, pricked the grateful nostrils.

"I don't know how other brides feel on their honeymoon," she now said, "Mr. Benedict sir. But I'm having a lovely time."

"Well, thanks."

"It isn't only you. It's traveling. I love train riding even if it's hot and dusty."

"If we'd had the private car as I wanted ——"

"Private cars for two people are immoral. And anyway, they're dull."

"Well, thanks again."

"I'll bet you," said the bride, "that this minute, sight unseen, I know more about Texas than you do."

"Mrs. Benedict, if I may call you that, I am taking the filly known as My Mistake and the young woman formerly known as Leslie Lynnton off the hands of Doctor and Mrs. Lynnton, respectively. The understanding was that the one can run and the other is intelligent as well as lovely. Perhaps one of you has got the wrong name."

"Leslie Benedict," she mused. "It isn't as pretty as Leslie Lynnton."

"But you're prettier. I don't say that I'm taking full credit. But you are."

"It's the fresh air," she said. "And the regular hours. Darling, will you let me know the minute we reach Texas?"

"Texas isn't exactly a secret."

"It's different from other states, isn't it? It looks different."

He was seated opposite her on one of the grim settees. Now he leaned forward and clasped his hands between his knees and smiled up at her, so earnest so eager so alive. "You're a funny girl. You didn't marry me just for the trip to Texas, did you?"

"I won't say I didn't."

He laughed aloud then and held out his hand for hers and swung around so that he sat beside her on the seat that had been facing him. They looked at each other a moment, smiling, and then they became serious and silent.

The sound of the drawing-room door buzzer was like an electric shock. Bick Benedict passed a hand over his forehead and shouted, "Come in!" It was the dining-car steward, sallow and sleek and obsequious.

He purred. He bowed. "Parn me," he said. "But I figured you'd want to get your order in early, before the rush. You can just run your eye over the menu, but I have a couple of suggestions. Our last stop we took on some ——"

"Oh, let's have dinner in the dining car," Leslie said. "With the rest of the world. Let's have olives—the big black ones—in a bowl of cracked ice with celery. And melons. And brook trout."

"Brook trout!" Bick protested doubtfully. "They don't have ——"

"But we do," interrupted the steward with injured dignity. "I was just trying to tell Mrs. Benedict. We took them on at Baxter just for our special passengers."

It had been like that from the moment they had turned their faces toward the west. Passenger agents had come aboard at various stops for the sole purpose of inquiring about their comfort.

"They behave as if you were royalty," Leslie had said. "Do they always do that? Or just for brides and bridegrooms?"

"The Benedicts have been around these parts a long time," Bick explained. "And we travel a lot. And Reata beef travels a lot too. They're the really important passengers when it comes to railroad arithmetic."

Leslie thought that her mother would have loved all this kowtowing on the part of railroad crew and officials. In those brief days before the hurried wedding Mrs. Lynnton had chanted her refrain endlessly.

"Jordan Benedict of the famous Benedict ranch in Texas, you know. Jordan Benedict Third. Everybody knows about the Benedict ranch. It's practically a kingdom. It's a kind of legend Doctor Lynnton says."

The Benedict family had not come to the wedding in great numbers. Bick's younger brother Bowie had come as best man and of course his Cousin Roady in Washington and his sister Maudie Lou Placer and her husband Clint. But his older sister Luz, the one who kept house for him at the ranch, the one who never had married, caught the grippe or something at the last minute and couldn't come. Nor did Uncle Bawley who practically never left his big untidy bachelor house from which he ran the five hundred thousand acres of the Holgado Division. Assorted aunts and uncles and cousins had not been urged to come. There had been no time, really.

The Virginia newspapers and the Washington society columns referred to it as a whirlwind courtship—a phrase that delighted Mrs. Lynnton. Rushed though she was with the wedding preparations Mrs. Lynnton snipped out all the newspaper clichés and pasted them in a Bride's Book—white leather with gold tooling—which she presented to Leslie and which, years later, Leslie's daughter Luz came upon with whoops of mirth at the knee-length skirts and the ear-hugging coiffures.

It had not been much of a wedding, as society weddings go. The striped trousers and cutaway coats knew about Bick Benedict, and seemed somewhat pale beside him, not only from chagrin but because they hadn't a century of Texas sun and dust and wind behind them for coloration. The girls said, "Oh, Leslie, he reminds me of Tom Mix a little, only blond of course."

Three days of their honeymoon were spent in New York where the tall Texan in the big tan Stetson and the starry-eyed girl in bridal gray caused a turning of heads even on Manhattan's blasé Fifth Avenue. They had stayed at the Plaza.

He seemed, curiously enough, in no great hurry to start the journey home. Strangely, too, he seemed not to have a great deal of ready money. They went to the theater, they ate well, they drove in the park, they shopped a little but there was none of the lavish moneyed carelessness that one would expect from the possessor of millions of acres of land and thousands of cattle.

Not that Leslie expected or coveted the brilliant baubles with which the Fifth Avenue windows were bedecked. But perhaps Bick felt that some sort of explanation was called for.

"Cattlemen don't have a lot of ready cash," he said not at all apologetically. "We put it back into the ranch. More beef cattle, better stock, experimenting with new breeds. A good bull can cost fifty thousand dollars."

THE bride had her practical side. "He can bring in fifty thousand too, can't he? If you sell him. Or his—uh—sons?"

"You don't sell a bull like that. You buy him."

At the unreasonableness of this she laughed. But then she said seriously enough, "I hope you're not stingy by nature, Jordan darling. Because that's very bad for you. We've never had any money but we've always been lavish."

"Perhaps that's why."

"Why what? Oh. Just for that perhaps you'd better buy me something very expensive. Not that I want it. But as a lesson to you. Not the price of a bull but a calf, say."

Now, as they neared the end of their journey the little luxury room on the train grew hotter, hotter, became stifling, the electric fan paddled the heat and slapped their faces with it, the whole body was fevered with heat and dust. Too, another kind of fever possessed Leslie, it was the fire of deep interest and anticipation so that she quite ignored the physical discomfort of the stuffy train.

"You can see miles!" she said. "Miles and miles and miles!" She had her flushed face at the ineffectually screened window, like a child.

He eyed her with fond amusement. "Sometimes I think you're ten years old and not real bright."

"I can't help it. Geography always excites me when it's new places, and I love trains and being married to you, and seeing Texas. When your grandfather came here it was wilderness really, wasn't it? Imagine! What courage!"

"They were great old boys. Tough."

As far as her eyes could see she beheld the American desert land which once had waved knee high with lush grasses. She had never seen the great open plains and the prairies. It was endless, it was another world, bare vast menacing to her Eastern eyes. Later she was to know the brilliant blurred pattern of the spring flowers, she was to look for the first yellow blossoms of the *retama* against the sky, the wild cherry and the heavy cream white of the Spanish dagger like vast camellias.

"How big is it, really? Not in figures, I can't understand figures, but tell me in a kind of picture."

This was home again, this was what he knew and loved. "Well, let's see now. How can I —— Look, you know the way the map of the United States looks? Well, if you take all of New England—the whole of the New England states—and then add New York State and New Jersey and Pennsylvania and Ohio and Illinois, and put the whole thing together in one block, why, you'd have a state the size of Texas. That's how big it is." He was triumphant as though he himself had created this vast area in a godlike gesture.

It was late afternoon when their train arrived at Vientecito. "Here we are!" he said and peered out through the window to scan the platform and the vehicles beyond in the swirling dust.

"What's it mean?"

"Vientecito? Means gentle breeze. We call it Viento for short. The wind blows all the time, nearly." He pointed at some object. "There we are. But who's that!" A huge Packard. In the driver's seat was a stocky young Mexican with powerful shoulders. About twenty, Leslie thought; a square face a square brow, his hair like a brush growing thick and up from his forehead. He was very dark very quiet he did not smile.

(Continued on Page 76)

At the Depot

By Dan G. Hoffman

Passengers push past me in a
mist, and you are
nowhere.
Disbelieving, I murmur
your name, your name. I hear the
ringing of the ringing of the
ringingofthe ringingofthe
unanswerable phone,
the sirens cleaving chaos with
chorales of doom
and indestructible in my mind our
home
looms in a dream's clear light:
your slip and stockings flung on
the chair last night,
the calendar in the kitchen still
unhung
and you at breakfast (having just
brushed out your hair)
and the day bursting in at the
windows
and the sunlight and ourselves are
all
too much for the room to contain,
life never so joyous as now—

Now in this drizzling asphalt night
I stand
alone, impossibly alone, for we
live in each other and if you
are not on that next train,
I'll know. . . .



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Detroit 2, Michigan

(Continued from Page 74)

There was no one else in the car. There was no one to meet them. The man got out of the car, he stood at the open door looking uncertainly at Bick. He did not glance at Leslie. Bick's face was cold with anger, there was a curious underlay of white beneath his deep-coated tan, his jaw muscle swelled as he set his teeth. The two men spoke in Spanish.

"What are you doing here? Where is Jett?"

"Señorita Luz said she needed him. She sent me in his place."

"You don't know about a car. Here. Pile these bags in the back. Where's the pickup? There are trunks."

"Nothing was said about sending the pickup."

Bick Benedict's lips were a straight thin line, his fists were clenched.

THE boy, very serious and dignified, was inexpertly piling suitcases into the back of the car. This accomplished, he was about to take the driver's seat.

"Out!" barked Bick. The boy paused, turned. Bick gave him the baggage checks. In Spanish he said, "You will wait here. The pickup will be sent. It may be two hours, it may be midnight. You will wait here."

The boy inclined his head. Leslie came toward him, she put out her hand.

"I am Mrs. Benedict," she said. "What is your name?"

The dark eyes met hers. Then they swung like a startled child's to encounter Bick Benedict's ice-blue stare. The boy bent over her hand, he did not touch it, he bowed in a curiously formal gesture, his hand over his heart, like a courtier. His eyes were cast down.

"What eyelashes!" Leslie said over her shoulder to Bick. "I wish I had them!"

"Dimodeo," the boy said in English. "I am called Dimodeo Rivas."

"That's a beautiful name," Leslie said.

"Leslie! Get into the car, please. We're leaving." His voice was a command. She smiled at the boy, she turned leisurely, she was somewhat surprised to see her husband's face scowling from the driver's seat.

"Coming!" she called gaily. She looked about her as she came—at the railway station so Spanish with its Romanesque towers, its slim pillars and useless grillwork. The sun burned like a stab wound, the hot unceasing wind gave no relief. She stood a moment by the car door, hesitant, waiting for Bick to leap out. He sat looking straight ahead. The boy Dimodeo ran to her, he opened the Packard's half-door, she placed her hand delicately on his arm. "Thank you, Dimodeo. Uh—*gracias*—uh—*muchas gracias!* There! I can speak Spanish too. How did I happen to remember that? Ouch!" as she settled herself on the hot leather seat. "Read it somewhere I suppose."

With a neck-cracking jerk the car leaped away. Never a timorous woman their speed now seemed to her to be maniacal. She glanced at her husband's hands on the wheel. Nothing could go wrong when hands like that were guiding your life. He was silent, his face was set and stern. Well, she knew that when men looked like that you pretended not to notice and pretty soon they forgot all about it.

"How flat it is! And big. And the horizon is—well, there just isn't any it's so far away. I thought there would be lots of cows. I don't see any."

"Cows!" he said in a tone of utter rage.

She was, after all, still one of the tart-tongued Lynnton girls.

"I don't see why you're so put out because that boy came instead of someone else. Or the family. After all, it's so far from the railroad."

"Far!" in that same furious tone. "It's only ninety miles."

She glanced at the speedometer. It pointed to eighty-five. Well, no wonder! At this rate they'd be home in an hour or so. Home. For an engulfing moment she had a monstrous feeling of being alone with a strange man in an unknown world—a world of dust and desert and heat and glare and some indefinable thing she never before had experienced.

He was speaking again in a lower tone now, but a controlled anger vibrated beneath it. "We don't behave like that down here."

"Behave?"

"Making a fuss over that Mexican boy. We don't do that here in Texas."

"But this still is the United States, isn't it? You were being mean to him. What did he do?"

The speedometer leaped to ninety. "We have our own way of doing things. You're a Texan now. Please remember that."

"But I'm not anyone I wasn't. I'm myself. What's geography to do with it!"

"Texas isn't geography. It's history. It's a world in itself."

She said something far in advance of her day. "There is no world in itself."

"You've read too many books."

She began to laugh suddenly—a laugh of surprise and discovery. "We're quarreling. Jordan, we're having our first quarrel. Well, it's nice to get it over with before we reach—home."

To her horror then he brought his head down to his hands on the wheel, a gesture of utter contrition, and one that might have killed them both. At her cry of alarm he straightened. His right hand reached over to cover her hands clasped so tightly in her fright.

"My darling," he said. "My darling girl." Then, strangely, "We mustn't quarrel. We've got to stand together."

Against the brassy sky there rose like a mirage a vast edifice all towers and domes and balconies and porticoes and iron fretwork. In size and general architecture it somewhat resembled the palace known as the Alhambra, with a dash of the Missouri Pacific Railroad station which they had just left behind them.

"What's that! Is it—are we near the ranch, Jordan?"

"We've been on it the last eighty miles, practically ever since we left Viento. That's Reata. That's home."

"But you said it was a ranch! You said Reata was a ranch!"

And there ahead of them was the town. The town of Benedict. A huge square-lettered sign said:

WELCOME TO BENEDICT
pop. 4739

"Is that for us, Jordan? How sweet of them."

"No, honey. It's just the Chamber of Commerce saying howdy to any visitors who come by."

"Oh. Well, it's all been so regal, and everyone has done so much forehead bumping I thought —— Oh, look! Look, Jordan." They had flashed into town, they were streaking down the wide main street. "Please drive slower, darling. I want to see. What a wide street for such a little—I mean ——"

"It's wide because it was a cattle trail. We used to drive thousands of head of cattle to market along this trail, way up to Kansas. That was long before this was a town. Just a huddle of shacks on the prairie."

Now the vast white mansion had vanished, obscured for the moment by the town with its Ranchers and Drovers Bank, its Red Front Grocery, its hardware store, garage, drugstore, lunchroom. But even as they roared through the town Leslie felt herself in a strange exciting new land.

"What's that! What in the world is that!"

In the courthouse square facing the street was a monstrous plate-glass case as large as a sizable room made of thick transparent glass on all sides. Within this, staring moodily out at a modern world stood a stuffed and mounted Longhorn steer. A huge animal, his horn spread was easily nine feet from tip to tip.

"You've just got to stop. I must see him."

"You'll have the rest of your life to see him."

"I can't believe it. A—a cow stuffed and put into a glass case on the street."

He touched her flushed cheek tenderly and laughed a little. "You're in Texas, honey. Anyway, they have lions outside the New York Public Library, don't they?"

"But this is real."

"Everything's real in Texas."

"What's it for? Do they worship it, or something?"

"He's a Longhorn—the last of the Reata Longhorn herd. They roamed the range wild a hundred years ago. Now they're as extinct as the buffalo, or more. Way back in the days of the Spanish Missions in the Sixteen Hundreds the Spanish brought the first livestock with them. When the missions were abandoned the stock was left behind to run wild and pretty soon there were thousands and thousands of head covering the whole country. Tough mean animals. Hoofs and horns and hide like iron and the meat like leather. That's what we used to call beef, not so many years ago. And now there's the last Longhorn a museum piece in a glass case."

"Who'd have thought a cow could be so romantic! What are they like now—the Reata cows? And where are they? I haven't seen any. I don't believe you really have any."

He laughed wholeheartedly and the sound delighted her. She was not used to morose faces, the Virginia house had been a gay lighthearted place. "Oh, we've still got one or two," he said airily, "hiding out in the mesquite and around, and we don't call them cows, exactly. Wait till you see the new breed. We've been ten years experimenting and I think now we've just about got it. We brought Herefords from England and bred them to the best of the native stock. And now I'm breeding the cream of that to the big Kashmirs. Oriental stock. They can take the heat and they've got a body oil that discourages ticks and fleas. There's never been anything like them in the world. In the world!"

His face was brilliant with life, the silent man of an hour ago was a young eager boy. Some deep inner instinct pinched her heart sharply. *That is his real love,* it said. *Reata and its past and its future are his life. You are just an incident, you are a figure in a pattern you don't even understand.*

NOW the town was behind them, they were again in the open country. Again she saw the house, its great bulk against the brassy sky, its walls shimmering in the heat. She stared at it in a sort of panic but she asked, quietly enough, "Did you build it?"

"The Big House? No. My father built it. He said he built it for ma but I reckon he really built it to show the cotton crowd that he wasn't just a big high-powered cattleman. He wanted to show them that he was in high cotton too."

"High cotton?"

"Here in Texas the cotton rich always snooted the cattle rich. And now if this oil keeps coming into Texas the old cattle crowd will look down their noses at the oil upstarts. You know, like the old New York De Peysters snooting the Vanderbilts and the Vanderbilts cutting the Astors." He pointed with his left hand. "See that low

(Continued on Page 78)

WITH THE CHILDREN

An invitation from a four-year-old: "Come over to our house and see our mother cat and her kittens. The mother cat is full of little milk bottles!"

"I certainly hope this show can last longer than seven-minute frosting does," exclaimed our first-grader.

"I talked him out of fighting with me. I said that the sixth grade was just coming out and my brother was in it. Then he went on his business."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON

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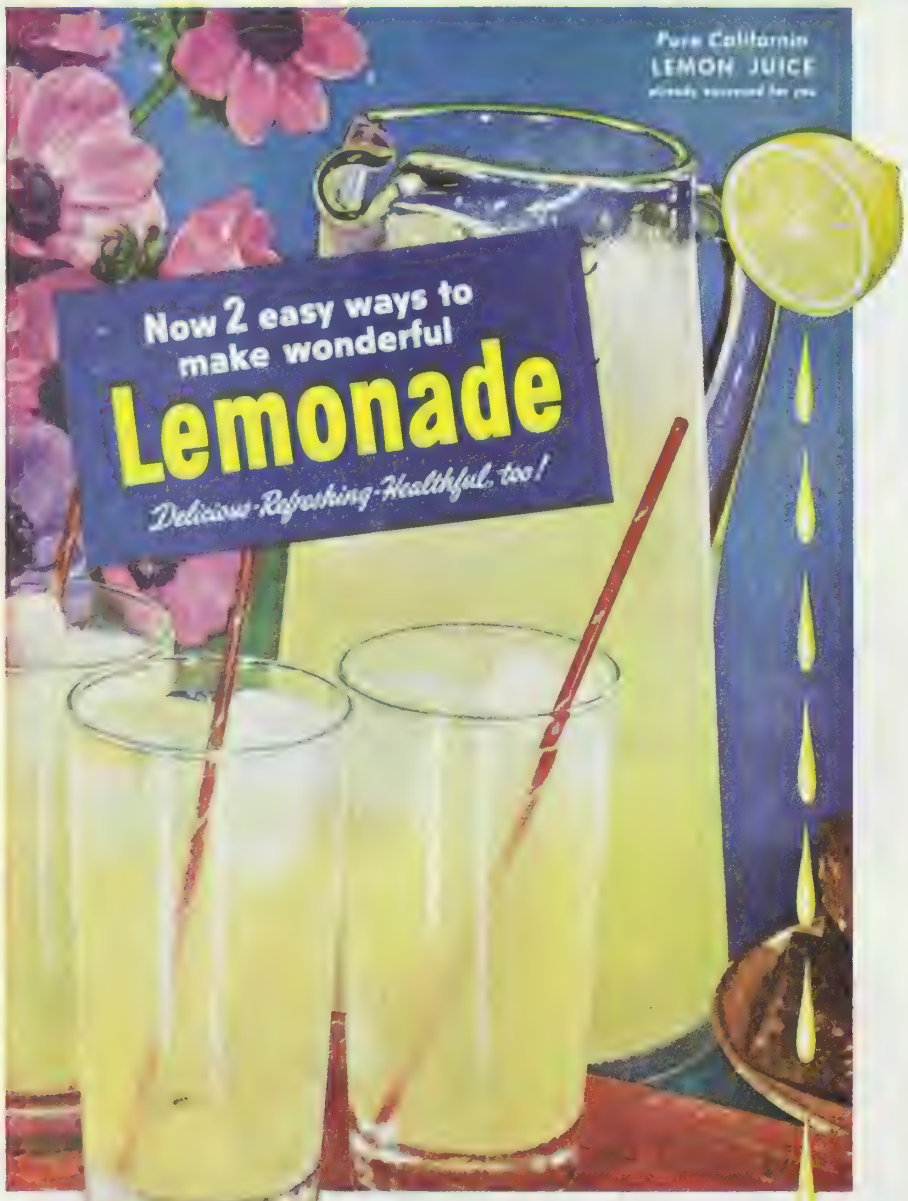
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BIG NEWS FOR THIRSTY FAMILIES



1 USE THE NEW CONCENTRATE FOR LEMONADE. Just open a can and mix the ready-squeezed, sweetened "makings" with water and ice. *In seconds* you have delicious lemonade with the flavor of freshly-picked California lemons. Nutrition experts recommend this healthful, cooling drink . . . and thirsty children, grown-ups and guests love it. *So why not keep a pitcherful in your refrigerator or let your youngsters mix it themselves?* One can makes a full quart. Enjoy Concentrate for Lemonade in punches, mixed drinks and iced tea, too. It's so convenient and costs so little! Look for *Concentrate for Lemonade* today in your grocer's freezer or on his shelves.

2 USE PURE CALIFORNIA LEMON JUICE . . . *either canned or fresh-frozen* . . . to blend your own lemonade. Combine with proportions of sugar, water and ice to suit your individual taste. No fuss, no bother, no squeezing . . . *but what genuine refreshment!* You'll also find ready-squeezed California Lemon Juice tasty, handy and economical when any drink, food or recipe calls for lemon juice. You'll especially like its tangy, tree-fresh goodness in salad dressings. You have your choice of many brands. *Buy several cans.* Use some every day . . . because canned or fresh-frozen pure California Lemon Juice is an abundant source of Vitamin C.



LEMON PRODUCTS ADVISORY BOARD
Los Angeles, California



(Continued from Page 76)

grayish building about half a mile from the Big House? That's the old ranch house. That's where I was born. It's always been called the Main House."

She stared for a long minute at the low rambling outlines of the old house. "I like it. It looks like a house to be born in." She glanced sidewise at him. "Who lives in it now? Your sister Luz, does she—will she live there?"

"Luz lives with me," he said. "With us. In the Big House. She's run it ever since ma died twenty-five years ago." He laughed a short mirthless little laugh. "Some say she runs the ranch."

"It will be all strange to me at first. Of course at first I'll have to learn how things are done here. I hope she won't . . . mind."

"Hard to say what Luz will or won't mind. Let's just relax and be happy we're home."

She longed to say, *But a wife runs her house, doesn't she? A wife wants to manage her own household and plan things and decide things and be alone with her husband.* Some new wisdom told her to say nothing.

A turn of his wrist, the car ground to a halt before high iron gates. A man ran out of a little gatehouse and he seemed to bow as he ran. He opened the gates, he raised his hand in salute and his teeth flashed, his face was joyous with welcome.

"*Bienvenido! Bienvenido, señor! Señora!*" A dusky skin, the face square, the features finely cut; an ageless face, perhaps forty perhaps sixty. He had limped a little as he ran, so that between the running and the bowing and the limping he had a hobgoblin aspect, but there was dignity in his bearing.

Bick Benedict raised a hand from the wheel in greeting. "*Cómo estás, Arcadio!*"

"*Muy bien, gracias. Gracias!*" He looked at Leslie, his hand went to his forehead, he saluted gravely, ceremoniously.

"Hello, Arcadio," Leslie called to him. She smiled and waved. As they moved on and the gates closed behind them she pinched her husband just a little nip. "Is that all right? Tell me if I do something wrong, darling. I feel as if I were in a foreign country. I'm not used to acting queenly."

"Don't be silly. This is Texas. Everything free and open. You're home."

"I shall simply burst if I don't ask questions. Darling, is his name really Arcadio, how enchanting, and why does he limp so terribly and is the gate always closed you said everything's free and open in Texas I don't mean to be critical I'm just so interested I can't wait till I write papa ——"

"It's really Arcadio, though I don't know why that's enchanting. He was just twelve when they put him in the *corrida*, and so was I. They gave us old horses to ride, we were only kids. One day when he was helping hold the herd his horse stumbled and fell on him, his right leg was pinned beneath it and then the horse's hoofs began to dig into him and tear him apart. His father was a ranchero but they were out on the range, there wasn't a doctor within fifty miles ——"

"Poor little boy," she said. "Poor little man, limping and bobbing."

"You can't be sentimental on a ranch."

She thought, *I don't even know what a corrida is.*

Up the long drive. An old adobe building on this side. Another on that. Big square buildings, small squatted buildings. She longed to say what's that what's that what's that? Something restrained her.

Far off across the flat land she saw what seemed to be another town made up of toy houses huddled on the prairie.

"Do you remember that first night at dinner? When mama asked if there were any cities on the premises? Is that another town—all those little houses way off there?"

"That? That's no town. That's just where some of the ranch help live—some of the married ones with families. Some of the *vaqueros* live there and a few of the rancheros. Most of the rancheros live out on the *ranchitos*, they're spread about ten or fifteen miles apart, of course."

"Of course," Leslie echoed solemnly. Then she giggled, what with nerves, travel weariness, and some amusement. "Mr. Benedict, sir, your bride wouldn't know a *vaquero* from a ranchero when she saw one—if she ever saw one."

"You will." Then, as they made a sharp turn in the drive, "You're going to see a heap of *vaqueros* right now. Old Polo has put on a show for you."

They were approaching another gate—a wooden one, cross-barred—and a line of fence that stretched away endlessly. On the other side of the fence, facing them, were perhaps fifty men on horseback. They sat like bronze equestrian statues. Erect, vital, they made a dazzling frieze against prairie and sky. Their great hats shaded the dark ardent eyes. Their high-heeled boots were polished to a glitter; narrow, pointed, they fitted like a glove. Their saddles, their hatbands, their belts were hand-tooled. Their costumes lacked, perhaps, the silver, the silks, the embroidery, the braid, but in every basic item this was the uniform that the Mexican *charro* had worn three hundred years before and that every American cowboy all the way from Montana down to Arizona and Texas had copied from the Mexican.

On either side of the gate they made a single line, reined up side by side like cavalry on parade. Immobile they sat in their saddles, they did not smile, they did not raise a hand in greeting. Only their dark eyes spoke. At the gate, mounted on a splendid palomino was a man of middle age, dark like the others but with an almost indefinable difference. Authority was in his bearing. The man swung low in his saddle and opened the gate, he drew up squarely then in the path of the car.

He spoke the greeting. "*Viva el Señor! Viva los Novios!*"

From the men then, like a chant, "*Viva el señor! Vivan los Novios!*"

She tweaked his coat sleeve, "Jordan, what's it mean—*los novios?* What do I do?"

But Bick Benedict nodded carelessly to the men, he raised a hand in greeting and gravely he spoke his thanks in the Spanish tongue. Then, out of the corner of his mouth, to Leslie, "They've put on a real show for you, honey. Welcome to the bridal couple. Say *gracias,* will you?"

She was enchanted, she opened the car door, she stepped to the fender and leaned

Enemy

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

I have no fear of travel:
There's no where to travel
From Market Street to heaven
By wing or by track
That would ever so entice him
As to leave his house forever.
He's a lawn-mowing, homey man;
He'd always come back.

I have no fear of women:
Women are equal;
There's only one secret
That all women know.
It has to do with loving;
It's really that simple—
And it's something I found out about
Ages ago.

But when he sleeps before me,
That's when I lose him;
Lose him to the darkness
And a world of his own.
Oh, I can handle travel,
And I can handle women—
But I'm beaten by an hour
At midnight, alone.

out. "Thank you!" she called, and her ce was warm and lovely with emotion. racias! Gracias! Thank you for the beau- l welcome!"

'Don't overdo it please, Leslie."

'Can't I blow them a kiss? I'm in love h all of them."

'Come in and sit down," Bick said. 're're moving."

'Especially that beautiful *café au lait* ffalo Bill."

'Polo's got ten grandchildren. He'd be cked to his Mexican core."

Now the car made the last curve in the g drive and there they were at the foot of great broad stone steps that led to the rway of the house. She looked up at it. one came to the car, no one stood in the rway. Nothing could be really sinister in light, she said to herself. And aloud, "It's sta time, isn't it? Just like in Ol' Virginny, ough we never paid much attention to it." He held out his hand to her, his hand was d, was crushing. "Neither do we." He ked up at the house, together they began mount the steps.

'Would it sound too sickening and coy if sked you to carry me through the door- y, just for luck?" And she smiled. "Of rse I'm a big girl——"

He stared at her incredulously, he saw that lips were trembling. His hands were on shoulders, he swung her around and ked her up in his arms as if she had been hild, and so up the steps, across the broad randa and through the doorway, her arm out his neck, her cheek against his. He nt his head impetuously and they kissed g and silently.

Like a vast flue the great doors east and st drew the prevailing wind from the exican Gulf. "Oh, it's cool!" she said in- equately.

He tipped her to her feet and she stag- ed a little and leaned against him and ked about her, blinking with the sudden ange from glare to shade. Then she saw ainst the gray-white background the six gs of Texas, draped and brilliant in a rst of color upon the wall that faced them. e Spanish flag, the French flag, the Mexi- n flag, the flag of the Republic of Texas, e flag of the Confederacy, the flag of the ited States of America.

No sound disturbed the utter silence of e enormous room. Yet Leslie had a feeling at on the other side of every door and wall ere were ears listening, listening. They od in the middle of the great hall like urists, Leslie thought. Or like guests who ve mistaken the time at which they were pected.

"What's going on here!" yelled Bick. He pped his hands. "Tomás! Vincente! pe! Petra!" Then, in a great bawl that oped all the rest, "Luz! Luz, come out here fore I come and get you."

ROM nowhere there appeared a little mp woman. Until this moment Leslie d not been aware that she had pictured is older sister of Jordan's as a tall dark oman—swarthy, almost—with straight ack hair and straight black brows. But is Luz who came toward them was a pink- eeked bustling little body in a pink ruffled ess and a bright red hat. Thick plaits of ay-white hair and, in unexpected contrast, ry black eyes that gave the effect of hav- g been mistakenly placed in a face meant r blue eyes. Their hard brightness startled e beholder like sudden forked lightning in sunny summer sky.

Her voice was shrill and high, she walked th a little clatter and rush of short steps, rs were the smallest feet Leslie had ever en.

"Jurden! Stop that bawling like a calf's st been branded." Her manner was brisk, t to say hearty. She kissed her brother on e cheek, a mere peck. She came to Leslie. Howdy, Miss Lynnton," said Luz Bene- ct. "Excuse my being late." An added sh suffused the pink rouged cheek.

Bick Benedict put one hand on his wife's oulder. "Now Luz, don't you go roweling slie first thing. This is Mrs. Jordan Bene- ct, and don't you forget it."

"We looked for you a week ago," said Luz. She took Leslie's hand in a grip of steel and smiled up at her.

"But we didn't plan to come sooner," Leslie said. "What made you think we did?"

"I didn't figure Bick would stay away. All the spring work to be done. It's the worst time of the year to be away. The big spring roundup."

"But this is—was—our honeymoon!"

"No honeymoon's as important as roundup at Reata."

LESLIE felt suddenly inadequate in an argument involving the relative importance of a honeymoon and a roundup. She was mildly amused to hear herself saying, "Yes, it must seem so to all but the two involved." She stood with her arm through Bick's, she turned to smile at him tenderly, she was startled to see that he apparently had heard none of this exchange, he was staring at the big doorway through which they had just entered. There was the sound of a motor in the drive.

"Jett!" yelled Bick, and released his arm with a jerk as he started toward the door. "Jett! Come on in here."

"Don't you want to see the house?" Luz said hurriedly.

"Yes. Yes, of course," said Leslie. "But I'll wait. I'd rather wait for my—for Jordan."

"Oh, Jordan and Jett are everlastingly jangling about something. Come on." It was plain that she was anxious to be off. The sound of the men's voices rose in argument.

Leslie glimpsed this Jett Rink in the doorway now—a muscular young fellow with a curiously powerful bull-like neck and shoulders. His attitude, his tone were belligerent. About twenty, Leslie decided. She decided, too, that he was an unpleasant young man.

"She wanted for him to go, not me. I don't like for Dimodeo to drive the car any more'n you do. Ever time he does I got to spend two days patching her up."

"You'll do as I say."

"Tell that to *Madama*. How am I going to know what to do? Her hauling one way and you another. Tell me who's boss around here and I'll do like they say."

Leslie turned away, annoyed at the boy's hard insolence. Her eyes had become accustomed now to the dimness of the great hall. Luz Benedict had disappeared. *Madama*. That boy Jett had called her *Madama*. Funny, her going off like that.

Everywhere on the walls were the mounted heads of deer, of buffalo, of catamounts, coyotes, mountain lions; the vicious tusked faces of javelina or wild hog, red fox, gray fox, and two sad-eyed Longhorns whose antlered spread and long morose muzzle dwarfed all the other masks. In the space not occupied by these mortuary mementos were large gold-framed paintings of cows (Herefords) of Longhorns (extinct) of sky and prairie and prairie and sky—of all that which the sun-tortured eye could see if it so much as peered through a crack in a window blind in this land of cattle and sun and sky and burning hot prairie.

Through the wide door at the rear she saw the patio and a glimpse of green, she walked toward it inhaling a deep breath as she walked, feeling suddenly shut in and stifling. Oleanders in tubs stood disconsolately about, the white walls under the glare of the sun glared back gold at their tormentor. Leslie sank for a moment into one of the big wicker chairs and sprang up with a little screech. It was like sitting on a bed of red-hot coals. She began to know why Texans never sat out of doors, why they sought the dim shade of inner rooms.

She came back into the hall and stood there and now Bick joined her. "Leslie! I thought you'd gone upstairs with Luz."

"I was waiting for you."

The tap-tap-tap of Luz Benedict's little feet sounded on the stone floor. "Oh, there you are, Bick! Going off and leaving this poor little bride of yours alone. She wouldn't come with me. Come on, Bick. You show her the house. I'll tag along."

Leslie was to become accustomed to the clatter of men's high-heeled boots on these



tiled floors, and the clank and jingle of spurs and the creak of leather. Texas sounds. Everywhere the creak of leather. The staccato tap-tap of Luz Benedict's little heels was to stay in her mind long after they had ceased forever.

She and Bick went hand in hand but Luz chattered and clattered close behind them. "And this is the big room and that there is the little sitting room and this is the library and this is the music room and over there is the dining room and that is the men's den."

And "How wonderful!" Leslie exclaimed. "How interesting!" as they walked through the dim vast rooms. Everything was on a Gargantuan scale, as though the house had been built and furnished for a race of giants.

LESLIE was weary, warm, her face was burning, her eyes smarted. The three ascended the great stone stairway now. It seemed that there were acres of dull bare bedrooms with their neat utility beds and their drab utility chests of drawers and one armchair and one straight chair and a drab utility table and an electric-light bulb in the middle of the ceiling. A hotel. A big, bare unattractive hotel with no guests. A terrible thought occurred to Leslie.

"Have they ever been filled—all these rooms?"

"My yes!" Luz shrilled happily. "And then some. Times we had 'em sleeping in cots out here in the hall. Sitting-room couches too."

Luz clattered on down the hall, she pointed briskly to a big room whose door stood open. Two Mexican women and a man were bending over open suitcases which Leslie recognized as Jordan's.

"That's Bick's room," Luz said breezily. She marched on down the hall, turned right, turned left. "And this," she said, "is your room."

There was the fraction of a moment of utter silence. Then Leslie began to laugh. She laughed as helplessly as one does who has been under fearful strain and then Bick too was laughing; they laughed as two people laugh who love each other and who have been apart in spirit and now suddenly are brought together again by the stupendous absurdity of the situation at which they are laughing. And oh! they whooped, and ugh! they groaned in a pain of combined laughter and relief.

The black eyes stared at them, the pink face was rigid with the resentment of one who does not share the joke.

Bick wiped his eyes, he patted Luz's shoulder. "Look, sis," he said, "Leslie and I are married. We're having these two big front connecting rooms where the breeze'll get us, one for a bedroom and one a kind of sitting room where we can sit and talk if we want to."

"Away from me, I suppose."

"Why no, honey, we don't mean ——"

"Yes," said Leslie then, with terrible distinctness. "Away from anyone when we want to be. When we want to be together." Then, at the look on the woman's face, "Not secrets, Luz. Just husband and wife talk." *Poor dear, she doesn't know.*

"Get Lupe and one of the other girls," Bick said hastily. "They'll fix us up. I hope those trunks get here. They could unpack while we're eating supper."

"Supper's at six," Luz announced firmly. "How'd you like a cup of coffee right now? I clean forgot, with Bick yapping at Jett."

"Oh, I'd love it. But could it be tea?"

"Tea!" doubtfully.

"Or coffee, if it's—coffee will be wonderful."

Bick pressed a wall button. "That'll fetch somebody. Leslie, I'm going to take a look at the ruin that's gone on while I've been away. . . . Now Luz, don't you get sore again. . . . The girls will help with your things, Leslie. Anything you need, just tell Luz."

He was gone. "Well now," said Luz, and settled herself in a chair, "the girls will fix you up in a jiffy. I hope you didn't bring too much fussy stuff. We're plain folks out here. I ain't got enough clothes to dust a fiddle."

It came to Leslie with a shock that this woman was acting a part. Was purposely talking a kind of native lingo. The black eyes were darting here and there as the suitcases and bags were opened. Lupe had come in with a tray on which was coffee.

"I hope it won't spoil my dinner," Leslie said.

"Coffee never spoiled anything. Here in Texas everybody drinks coffee morning to night and night to morning."

It's the climate, Leslie thought suddenly. *Hot and flat and humid. They have to have it as a stimulant.*

She felt better now that she had had the coffee. She had gulped it down, hot and strong. "That was lovely," she said. Lupe was taking things out of the bags. The young girl Petra had joined the older woman. Now the clean bare room with its big white bed, its neat wooden chairs, its stark table burst suddenly into bloom like a spring garden released from winter. Lacy filmy silken things. Soft beribboned flowered things. Scent. Color.

"My!" Luz exclaimed inadequately. "Where you fixing to wear those?"

With a sinking heart Leslie thought of the trunks that were even now on the road from Vientecito—trunks crammed with more dresses, more chiffons, silks, laces.

"Do you know," she began haltingly, "it's the queerest thing but I feel so—so terribly tired. And sleepy too. I can hardly ——"

"Texas," Luz said triumphantly. "Lots of strangers from up North feel like that. Thin blooded is what's wrong with them. Texas air is so rich you can nourish off it like it was food."

"That must be it. I just thought if I could have a tiny nap before dinner—supper."

"Well, sure. You go right ahead."

"And a bath. That will be lovely."

Luz took charge. "Lupo! *Un baño caliente.*"

"No. No, thanks so much. I'll just take my time and perhaps sleep a little first and then have the bath, or perhaps the other way around. I don't know." She was growing incoherent with weariness.

"Go at once," Luz commanded the two women. Leslie caught the Spanish *immediato.* "*Cierra la puerta.*"

As they went Leslie remembered her two-word Spanish vocabulary. "*Gracias! Muy gracias!*"

They were gone. The door was closed. She stood with her back against it for a moment like a woman in a melodrama.

She went through the pleasant relaxing ritual of the bath, the powder, the lotions, the creams. She put on a plain silk dressing gown, stood blinking a moment in the disordered bedroom and was reassured by the scent of the perfume that Leigh Karfrey had sent her from Paris, by the look of the pink bottles and jars ranged neatly on the grim bureau, by all this fluff of feminine belongings that had turned the dour chamber into a woman's room.

She threw herself in a fine Gulf draft across the great double bed and was immediately asleep in spite of the strong coffee and the bewildering day.

She awoke to a bedlam of sound, she sat up terrified, her terror mounting as she stared about her at the unfamiliar room and did not know where she was or how she had got there. Now she remembered and now she translated the sounds that had shocked her into wakefulness as the clamor of metal on metal. A brazen gong was beating within the house. An iron-tongued bell was shattering the air outside. She sprang up, she ran a comb through her short clipped hair and arranged its waves tenderly over each cheek in the mode of the day. *I don't care,* she argued to herself, *I'm going to put on a pretty tea gown for dinner, that's what they're for.*

She put on the filmy tea gown with the la fishtail in the back though it came just belo her knees in the front. The clamor had cease the sound of the brazen gong had died awa Suddenly it was cooler—not actually ch but the fierce heat of the day was gone. S shivered a little standing there in her tran parent chiffon gown, she wondered if pe haps she should have worn somethi heavier.

She went carefully to the hall and peer over the banisters. The vast hall belo was empty but she heard the murmur voices and now they were raised in som thing very near a shout. She stepped slow down the great stone stairway in her sli pointed satin slippers with the brillia buckles and the high heels.

She stood a moment in the center of th hall. Then she followed the direction of th voices. Jordan and Luz Benedict were talkin with considerable animation in the room th Luz had designated as the music room.

"MAUDIE'S a hog for money," Luz w saying. "And Placer—well—Placer! A pa of fools, but Maudie's the worst, because sh knows better." At this somewhat ambiguou statement she saw Leslie in the doorwa "Well, come on in. Where's the party at My!"

For one terrible instant Leslie sensed tha her husband had momentarily forgotten tha he was married, had forgotten that she wa in the house, had forgotten that she existe

Now he jumped up, he came to her an took her two hands in his and held her off t look at her. "You're prettier than a sunris Just look at her, Luz!"

"You look kind of wonderful yourself, she said, and meant it though he wore boot brown canvas pants and brush jacket, brown shirt open at the throat. Luz was a she had been through the day. Leslie wa relieved to see that she had taken off the re hat.

A concert-grand piano dominated th room, it bore the Steinway stamp. "What beautiful piano!" Leslie exclaimed. " haven't seen one like that since I hear Paderewski play in Washington years an years ago. Who plays? You, Luz?" Sh ran a tentative handful of notes, it was badl out of tune.

"The strings go to rusting," Luz saic "Bick plays a little and so do I, but there' no time for piano playing on a ranch."

"Why not?" Leslie inquired innocently

"There's too much work to do." Now th gong sounded again furiously from th dining room. "Come on," said Luz, "let's g eat." She led the way, scudding across th tiled floor.

The great table would have seated twenty it was covered with a white tablecloth, mammoth spread that could have bee rigged as a sizable tent. Down its middle, a five-foot intervals, were clustered little colo nies of catchup bottles, chili sauce, vinegar oil, salt, pepper, sugar bowl, cream pitcher

Luz took charge. "Bick sits there o course. You sit there. I sit here." The thre huddled at one end of the table, Bick at th head. Places were laid for ten.

Leslie sat down, she tucked her absurc chiffons about her, she shivered a little ir the damp air of the vast vaulted room. She eyed the empty places with their expectan china and glass and silver. "Is there com pany?"

"No, thank goodness for once," Luz said "But you never know on a ranch whether there's going to be two or twenty. Folks stop by."

Leslie smiled at Luz, at Bick. "We're like that at home. There's always enough for sudden guests. But not quite twenty."

Bick reached forward to cover her cool fingers with his big hand. "You're cold You must be starved. I remember now you hardly ate a bite at lunch."

"I was so excited. I couldn't. But now I do feel kind of hollow and limp."

Two Mexican girls came in, very quiet and neat in dark dresses and white aprons, their feet slip-slapping in sandals. They carried platters and vegetable dishes. There was

(Continued on Page 82)

MAN AND THE UNIVERSE

The Bible and traditional Christian belief, we all know, conceived the universe to be constructed on a very much smaller scale than we have to try to conceive it now. In the mind of anyone who reflects upon this contrast, the question inevitably arises whether it is still possible to believe that God, a personal God, is the creator of such a universe as scientific investigation has disclosed, and also whether it is still possible to believe that in so vast a universe man is as important as used to be supposed.

Let it be granted at once that it is prodigiously difficult to *imagine* how a personal God—for that is what we are talking about, and not some recondite form of cosmic energy—can be in a living relation to the whole universe. The attempt to imagine any such relation quickly dizzies the mind. But even in the old days no one in his senses supposed that it was possible for a finite mind to *imagine* what it felt like to be God, the creator of all things visible and invisible. The dizzying extension of the size of the universe raises no new problem for the *reason* as distinguished from the imagination. It must mean, indeed, that the power of God is even greater and more astonishing than men of old had realized, but they held emphatically that His power was infinite. Thus it is fair to say that every new discovery of the range of the universe and of the complexity of the microcosm as well as of the macrocosm serves to document and fill in the outline of what had already been inferred about God from the cruder and very small-scale map that alone was open to the vision of men in biblical times.

The formidable difficulty here is that which concerns the importance of *man* in such a universe and the possibility of *man's* being in personal relations with a God of such unimaginable power. But here, too, the difficulty, in so far as it is a new one, is much more of the imagination than of the reason. At first, it is true, man, and indeed the earth on which we live, seem to be dwarfed into such insignificance that it seems to be the height of presumption to suppose that we or it is of any importance at all. If we took this seriously, we should fall into a panic about the worth-whileness of anything we do; and, as a matter of fact, Christians as well as other people did get pretty panicky when the homeliness of the little universe to which they had been accustomed was first threatened by the incoming tide of scientific discovery. Is it then only the congenital conceit of humanity which makes us go on thinking that we and our doings and our concerns are still important?

When we ask a question like that—and we have reason enough to ask it, for God knows we are prone enough to conceit—we are overlooking a consideration which tells in almost the opposite direction. For however vast the universe is, man alone among created beings, so far as we can tell, knows anything about its vastness. The universe itself is unconscious, dumb, inarticulate, irresponsible. In man alone the universe becomes conscious of itself, and acquires articulation, meaning, and the possibility of conscious glory. Thus, what at first sight diminishes man's stature, on a profounder view heightens it.

ALEC R. VIDLER:
Christian Belief
(Charles Scribner's Sons)

Did you ever?

Did you ever see a cake with so much let's-eat-it-right-now appeal? Ever know that your own cake can be just as fine and luscious and even-textured as the one you see here? All you do is get yourself a package of Pillsbury Cake Mix (White, Chocolate Fudge or Golden Yellow) and add milk. Ever stir up such an easy triumph? Did you ever hear so much we-really-mean-it praise from your family? Did you ever?



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Remember—
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Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

WHITE · CHOCOLATE FUDGE · GOLDEN YELLOW



(Continued from Page 80)

steak—not the broiled steaks of the Eastern seaboard, crisp on the outside, pink on the inside, juicy and tender and thick. These were enormous fried slabs, flat, gray, served with a thick flour gravy. Mashed potatoes. Canned peas. Pickles. Huge soft rolls. Jelly. Canned peaches. Chocolate cake. It was fundamental American food cooked and served at its worst, without taste or imagination.

WRESTLING, Leslie found that the steak once cut could not be chewed. She felt her face flushing scarlet, she tried to swallow the leathery mass, it would not go down, she choked a little, took a sip of cold water, chewed again resolutely, swallowed with a final fearsome gulp and thought what a surprise it would be for her stomach when the door opened and that rude mass of rubber beef tumbled in. She ate her mashed potatoes, she ate her peas, she worried the steak around her plate and tried not to think of little broilers and strawberry meringue and lobster bisque and spoon bread.

"Doesn't she look lovely, Luz!" Bick was saying.

"Certainly does," Luz agreed, without enthusiasm. "I was just wondering where at she was fixing to wear all those party dresses."

"She's going to wear them for me, aren't you, Leslie? I'll feel like a maharaja. Run cattle all day and when I come in evenings there you'll be all satin and sweet."

"I was thinking of sending them all back home to Lacey," Leslie said, "and swapping them for her blue denims."

"Don't let Luz fool you, just because she goes around looking like an old daguerreotype. It's a pose of hers. Texas girls are mighty dressy."

Luz smiled a little secret smile. "You'll have a chance to see for yourself tomorrow."

Bick leaned forward. "Leslie's going out with me tomorrow. . . . There's a roomful of riding clothes here in the house, Leslie. All sizes, all shapes."

"But won't my own things be here by then?"

"Well, yes. They're probably here now, unless Dimodeo and Jett Rink want the hides skinned off 'em. But your kind of riding clothes out on the range ——"

Luz cut in. "The girls are coming. We've fixed up a real old-fashioned barbecue tomorrow noon. Out at Number Two."

"Call it off."

"Likely. With some of them on the way this minute from every which place. It's a welcome for the bride."

"How lovely!" Leslie said weakly. She was afraid to look at the fuming Bick.

"Luz! Why don't you mind your own business! Leslie wants to see the ranch."

"She'll be seeing it on the way."

"I don't think she'd like a barbecue."

Leslie began to laugh a little hysterically. "If it's me you're talking about I'm right here. Remember? And of course I'd love a barbecue. It's like a picnic, isn't it?"

Dinner was finished. Bick rose abruptly. "This is different. I know what you Virginians mean by a picnic. Chicken and ham and champagne cup and peach ice cream and a darky in a white coat to hand it around."

She went to him, she linked her arm through his, she looked up into his eyes. "But if that was the kind of picnic I wanted for the rest of my life I wouldn't be here, would I?"

The little clatter of Luz Benedict's heels, the high shrill voice. "Gill Dace is waiting on you, he phoned twice."

"Yes, I know. I'm going down now."

To her horror she heard herself cry out, "No. No, don't go away. Stay with me, Jordan. Don't leave me alone."

"Why honey, Luz is here."

"Where are you going? I'll go with you."

"You can't go down there in those clothes."

"Where is it?"

"Gill Dace is the vet. He's the man who doctors all the four-footed characters and there isn't a more important man on the ranch. I'll take you down someday soon." He kissed her lightly on the cheek, the friendly placating kiss of a husband of ten years' standing whose thoughts are elsewhere. He was off down the hall and out into the twilight, she heard the sound of the car roaring down the road. She stood in the center of the great hall with the stuffed animal heads goggling down at her in her trailing tea gown. Luz was standing on the stairway waiting for her to ascend and as Leslie looked up at her it seemed to her weary and confused gaze that this face had in it much of the quality of those others eying her from the walls.

"I suppose you're all tired out, traveling and all. You'll want to turn in quick, be all raring to go for tomorrow. The girls are wild to see you."

Solemnly they were ascending the stairs. Leslie heard herself making polite conversation and she began to feel very odd; light in the head and heavy in the legs. "Are they all nearby neighbors—the girls?"

Luz laughed a sharp little cackle. "Texas, anything less than a hundred miles is considered next door. Only real nearby one is Vashti Hake and she's better than sixty miles. The Hake ranch."

Leslie was tempted to ask if this Vashti Hake was the girl whom Jordan in spite of family pressure had not married. Better not. *I'll know when I see her.*

Leslie held out her hand. "Good night, Luz. You're right, I do seem to be awfully tired. I'll write to mama and papa and then I think I'll ——" Her voice trailed off, emptily.

"Sure I can't help you with anything?"

"No. No really."

"Good night." The heels pounded down the hallways. Over her shoulder she tossed a final word. "I'll wait up have coffee with Bick like always."

Her trunks had come, the two women were slip-slapping about in her bedroom, the lights were blazing, it was horribly hot. They had hung away most of the gowns; the bureau drawers, open, showed neat rows of pink and blue and white, but a froth of lace and silk on chairs and bed testified to the inadequacy of the room's cupboards and chests and the fantastic unreality of Mrs. Lynnton's geographical knowledge.

Leslie clapped a hand to her head. "I am very tired. Will you go away now. And take these things somewhere. Anywhere."

They were full of little murmurs and nods of understanding. "*Si si si! Dolor de cabeza. Rendida.*" They looked about the room rather wildly, they snatched up armfuls of delicate clothing, they bowed gravely. "*Buenas noches, señora.*" They were gone.

From somewhere outside the hum of a stringed instrument—a guitar? A scent drifted in—a sweet dusty scent. The wind had not stopped blowing, she had hoped it would by nightfall. Hot winds made her nervous and irritable. *I must ask Jordan if the wind always blows like this in Texas. Perhaps this was just a windy day.*

There was a little glass-fronted bookcase and in it perhaps a dozen books leaning disconsolately against each other or fallen flat in zigzag disorder. She opened the glass door. A little pile of magazines, the Cattleman's Gazette. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. A Girl of the Limberlost. The Sheik. Wild Animals I Have Known. The Texas Almanac for 1919. She closed the little glass door.

SHE went to the door and listened. Nothing. She went through the bedtime ritual of her adult life in Virginia; brushed her hair, washed and creamed her face, wiped it carefully and canceled the process by dusting over with powder. Men, she had learned, found cold-creamed wives distasteful. She sat down at the little table-desk, she took from the drawer the stationery engraved with the *reata*, she thought Lacey would love this.

Dear Papa and Mama and Lacey. She stared at this for a long time. *I am camping out in a Spanish castle.* But how did you go about writing a letter in which you thought one thing and wrote another?

When Bick came in an hour later she was still seated there with her pen in her hand drawing curlicues on the paper before her—

the sheet of paper that said only *Dear Papa and Mama and Lacey.*

"You still up, honey!"

"It's only a little past ten—on my beautiful watch that my husband bought for me in New York."

The dusty clothes he had worn at dinner were a trifle dustier now and as he bent to kiss her there was a horsy smell that was not too unfamiliar to her Virginia background, nor too repugnant. But she made a little face. "Phew! You certainly have been down to see the vet."

"Gone about a month and you'd think I'd been away a year. Luz always gets the whole place to milling when I'm off." He paused at the door. "Coming?"

"Where?"

"I'm going down to have some coffee."

"Can't you have them bring it up here, all cozy? I don't think I'll have any. I'm dead for sleep, suddenly. Uh—look, dear, I must order a lot of books from Brentano's in Washington."

"Oh, you won't do much reading out here. You won't have time to read."

"The house, you mean? Yes, I suppose there must be a lot to do, just running a big house like this."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. Luz runs the house."

"But Jordan! I mean—I'm quite good, you know. Really. I know about food and servants and furniture and I'm even a pretty good cook. I'd like to ——"

"We'll let Luz tend to all that. She wouldn't like anyone else to run the house."

"But I'm your wife!" Her sense of the ridiculous told her that she was talking like a woman in a melodrama. She began to laugh, rather helplessly. "Let's not be silly. This is my—this is our house, isn't it!"

"As long as we live and want it, honey. And you're going to be happy in it, and relax and have fun. You're going to love it down here." Bick pulled off his brush jacket and tossed it on a chair, he yawned a shade too carelessly and stretched his arms high above his great hard lean body. There was nothing amorous in the glance his bride bestowed upon this fine male frame. "I'm going down for a cup of coffee. Come on."

"Jordan Benedict, do you mean you're going downstairs to have your coffee!"

"I've got to talk to her anyway about something."

She flew to him, she twined her arms about him, the lace and silk and ribbons were crushed against his dusty boots his crumpled shirt. "You don't wish you had married a Texas girl, do you Jordan? That Texas girl. Do you? Jordan!"

"You're the one I wanted to marry, the only one. Sweet. Wonderful."

"I'm frightened. For the first time in my life I'm frightened."

"You're just tired out. Look, I'll just run down and see ——"

"Stay with me!"

"I'll be back in a minute. Come on down with me. Come on, Leslie, unless you're too tired."

"Yes, I am. I am too tired. I'll finish my letter and then I'll pop into bed. I think I never was so tired in my life."

She stood a moment after he was gone, listening to the sharp click-clack of the high-heeled boots on the hard floors. She went to the desk, she stared a moment at the words on the paper. *Dear Papa and Mama and Lacey.* She took up the pen and went on.

I love it. Texas is so different and wonderful. Jordan's house is huge but then everything's big here. Luz, Jordan's sister, the one who was ill, is here with us and I know we're going to be great friends she's so refreshing. And all those picturesque vaqueros and the stuffed heads I must write you all about them when I'm feeling more rested after the long journey down.

She began to cry and the tears plopped on the sheet of paper and she quickly dried them with a blotter but they left a little raised spot anyway.

(To be Continued)



keep your mixer working

By Victoria Harris

Give it air

Keep air vents for cooling motor open. If vents are clogged with batter, clean with a dry cloth over a wood skewer. Disconnect motor before cleaning. Plastic covers protect mixers from dust.

Oil when needed

Some motors are permanently lubricated and need no oil. Others need a few drops monthly if mixer is used daily—less frequently if used less often. Too much oil harms as much as too little. Instructions tell how much and where to oil. As a reminder, mark oiling dates on the kitchen calendar.

Check adjustments

Beaters should just touch bowls. If beaters scrape, or leave thick unmixed layer on bottom of bowl, look for adjustment screw—usually under bowl turntable or under mixer motor. Turn to bring beaters and bowls into working harmony and prevent wear and noise—especially important after old bowls have been replaced. New types of bowls withstand heat changes.

Do your part

Use long-handled rubber scraper to keep food in path of beaters—less harm if caught. Scrape food from beaters. Banging against bowls causes bent beaters, chipped bowls.

Cues for service

If dark oil runs down beater shafts, take to dealer for regreasing (different from oiling). If beaters click when operating, they may be bent and need expert service.

2 days' desserts (BOTH DREAMY) in just 14 minutes!



Brides! Beginner-cooks! Here's how to turn *one* dessert into *two!* Whisk up a double recipe of real, genuine Minute Tapioca, and pop it in the refrigerator. You're ready to serve *two* kinds of light-but-nourishing treats that'll have "him" saying, "I married a wizard!" Try these . . .



STRAWBERRY STRIPE

Minute Tapioca Cream Strawberry Jam

Prepare Minute Tapioca Cream, using easy double-recipe directions on the package. Chill. For tonight's dazzler . . . use half of tapioca cream; spoon alternate layers of pudding and homemade strawberry jam into sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light fanfare . . . with country-kitchen flavor no ready-made dessert can match! For creamy-goodness, and smooth, swift making, be sure it's Minute Tapioca!



MINUTE TAPIOCA COOLER

Minute Tapioca Cream Ice Cream

Then—the next night, surprise the family with this chilled 'n cheery treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big scoop of your favorite ice cream—chocolate, vanilla, strawberry . . . and plump it on each serving. (A perfect combination with foamy-light tapioca.) Makes 5 or 6 servings of a frilly, flavorful dessert that gets *extra* stars for milk-and-eggs goodness. Try *real, genuine* Minute Tapioca—the pudding dessert served more than any other!

REAL TAPIOCA!

MINUTE BRAND TAPIOCA

FULL OF COUNTRY-KITCHEN GOODNESS!



Best thickener for fruit and berry pies! Minute Tapioca won't mask fruit flavor and color. If recipe calls for cornstarch, use Minute Tapioca instead (same amount.) If it calls for flour, use slightly less.

A product of General Foods



Wilma Webb's day begins at 6:30, is likely to include an unexpected caller, an errand for a friend—and too often, tears, as fatigue mounts and chores remain half done. "I go around the red barn to tell things. I must work that way too!"

HOW AMERICA LIVES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MYRON DAVIS

"I'm the housewife with a beautiful

by THELMA STRABEL

Route 1, Box 237,
Joplin, Missouri.

Dear Editors: Maybe you can help me cure this "beautiful inferiority complex." Truly, I feel I need help.

I love nothing better than to always have a clean, neat house, yet be able to let my children play without always reminding them to "pick up." I love people and entertaining people, but unplanned company usually finds my cupboard bare—except for applesauce and pickles, two items I found time to can. I don't manage—I go all out on recipes, and fall short on a balanced diet.

I've gained from 130, when I first married, to 160, since Tommy was born. Confusion overtakes me—frustration eats at me. My stomach gnaws—so I eat, *makes no difference what it is or when!*

I must make use of my only talents, my two hands and my heart, but I feel so inadequate. I just don't know how *and I know you know* how.

Sincerely,

WILMA WEBB

Work gets sidetracked, Wilma feels frustrated. Tommy, 1, is, she says fondly, "the added spoke that makes the wheels go round—backward!"



The laundry, every three days, puts a big dent in the schedule. Wilma must strain wash water (to eliminate iron rust), ladle it into washer.



Generous with time and energy ("to a fault," Elmo worries), Wilma often takes on outside jobs, loves baking cakes for bazaars, friends.





Margaret Ann, 8, and Mary Jo, 7, are friendly rivals over Tommy. Wilma sews for all three, likes using remnants—"They take more imagination, less money."



Being punished? Nope. Western-thriller time. Both the girls have cowgirl outfits, broomstick horses, and frequent narrow escapes from savage Indians.

nferiority complex."

T'S a little past six in the morning and already there's a crisis in the Webb household. Elmo has looked for a clean shirt and hasn't found ıe. His other shirts are all in the big pile of ironing-to-be-done that is mporarily decorating the dining-room table.

"I *meant* to iron yesterday," Wilma says, as she packs the lunch xes for Elmo and the girls, "then I remembered I'd said I'd bake at birthday cake."

The cake is visible, a real creation. It must have taken a long time, ith her cake decorator, to make it so beautiful, such an expression of r innate artistry. There is also a jingle she wrote to go with it. People ways exclaim over her cakes, and they praise her gay jingles.

"I baked a lot of cookies, too," Wilma confesses. "You know how I n when I get to baking."

"That makes eight cakes," Elmo states, "that you've made for rthdays or bazaars this spring."

"I know. But don't hit the ceiling." She grins up at her husband—an, wiry, over six feet tall. "Anyway, you *(Continued on Page 91)*



The girls are constant companions, but Wilma says Margaret Ann tends to "boss," worries over the effect of this on shier, quieter Mary Jo.

Half-painted kitchen, uncurtained living-room windows—I get carried away by new decorating ideas. n always starting something I can't finish!"





"We're an outdoor family," all agree. On camp-outs, picnics, Wilma feels free of self-doubts, problems—"It's then we're happiest."



IRENE DUNNE, SOON STARRING IN THE UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE, "IT GROWS ON TREES", SELECTS AVON WITH THE HELP OF MRS. EVA CLARK, AVON REPRESENTATIVE.



"Your skin responds so quickly to Avon creams!"
—Irene Dunne

"I love to choose cosmetics the Avon way!"

Irene Dunne

"Selecting Avon cosmetics is so easy . . . so pleasant!" says charming Irene Dunne. "Your Avon Representative helps you, in your own home. And Avon cosmetics are so flattering in color . . . so delightfully fragrant . . . so *right* for your complexion!"

You, too, will enjoy the convenience and economy of choosing fine cosmetics the Avon way. Your Avon Representative will help you.

. . . Welcome her when she calls.



Avon COSMETICS
RADIO CITY, NEW YORK
MONTREAL, CANADA

©

Wistful Wilma looks longingly at a bright red dress—Size 12. By "thinking out" her weight problem and sticking to her diet, Wilma could lose enough to wear it by fall!



RONNY JAQUES

"a size 18 in Red—

Colossal! But dieting is a mental hazard for me!"

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

VIVACIOUS Wilma Webb owns an impressive collection of reducing diets which she has clipped and saved through the years. But as her collection expands Wilma does, too, because "when I feel tired or frustrated my stomach gnaws and I eat! Makes no difference what it is—or when!"

As a business girl and then a bride (size 12, weight 130 pounds) Wilma thrived on colorful clothes. But now, three children, three sizes and nine years later, there are thirty pounds between Wilma and the becoming wardrobe of her young-homemaking days. Currently tipping the scales at 160 pounds, she feels forced to select from the Size 18 racks "slenderizing" blacks or subdued colors in an effort to hide her superfluous padding.

The Wrong Escape

What would a psychiatrist have to say about Wilma's weight worries? We asked one, and this is what he told us: "The world is filled with nervous nibblers. Overweight adults, like Wilma, who eat with the hope of achieving emotional as well as physical gratification. It may be a mid-meal sandwich which 'fights off' frustration; a pocketful of peanuts which acts as a 'sedative' for worry; a chocolate soda that 'coats over' the feeling of inferiority. But whatever the treat, or the reason for it, continuous overeating boomerangs back on its victim by actually aggravating the condition it is meant to 'cure.'"

If you are an average overweight, you can break such hunger habits, provided you want to and are willing to try. In fact, those are the first and most important steps. Next, condition yourself psychologically to a reducing regimen, before you begin. Try to discover the reason you are overeating before you start to count calories and padlock the cooky jar. Your diet will serve the double purpose of straightening out your thoughts, and your figure too. Following are some of

(Continued on Page 114)

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Help Yourself—to a Prettier Figure!

Have a plan. Ask your doctor to approve your diet, and to tell you how many pounds he thinks you should lose. It is possible for most people to lose between 1½ and 2 pounds each week easily, and safely. A calorie chart will help keep you "in line."

Have it in writing. Weigh yourself at the same time and in the same clothes every day, and keep a written record of your weight and measurement losses.

Don't be discouraged if you diet for three whole days (!) and your weight doesn't change. The timing of weight losses varies with the individual, but it all evens out within two to three weeks!

The pause that reduces. Wait ½ hour after lunch or dinner before you have your dessert. You will probably feel full and won't want it by then!

Assign the "cook's other meal" (too much tasting while preparing) to a slimmer member of the family. Let Junior be the official seasoning expert!

Mind over platter. Before you eat, weigh the value of any forbidden foods which may tempt you. On one side, you will find a few minutes' worth of tasting pleasure. On the other, added pounds, larger dress sizes, splotchy skin! Balance your diet, and your beauty accordingly.

Make it a party—three times a day. Devote extra attention to attractive, appetizing, nonfattening touches. Try these: jellied madrilene with a spoonful of cottage cheese; crunchy raw vegetables such as carrots, cucumbers, celery, cauliflower; mushrooms on toast; baked grapefruit with just a hint of honey; or a half-and-half hot mixture of consommé with tomato juice!

Work your weight away if you are a school or business girl, by clearing your pockets, purse, desk and locker of all mid-meal clutter. At lunchtime, pretend you have just finished a large meal and will have to force yourself to eat a little more!

Be a goal girl. Determine your new-weight date well in advance, and plan to celebrate it when it arrives. Your future treat can be a brand-new top-to-toe outfit (in a smaller size), a special dinner date with your husband, or your own big party—in honor of you!



Conversation piece for your table . . . serve luscious homemade strawberry jam in a brandy glass!

Can you? . . . you betcha!

YES, YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN JAMS AND JELLIES!

FASTER than baking a cake! It's a fact! You can turn out a batch of the *yummiest* strawberry jam you've ever tasted—in *only 15 minutes* after fruit's prepared. How? Just use Certo or Sure-Jell*.

CHEAPER than those you buy! That's right! Luscious homemade jams and jellies not only taste much, much better—they actually cost much *less!*

EASIER than carving a duck! No more guesswork! With Certo or Sure-Jell there's *no* long boiling—fruits jell after one-minute boil.

SURER than making an omelet! Just follow recipes exactly and jams and jellies are perfect *every time*—you retain the rich, ripe fresh-fruit flavor.

SO delight your family soon . . . their "oohs and aahs" will make you proud as punch!

RECIPE for this scrumptious jam on page 99. Clip it out right now.

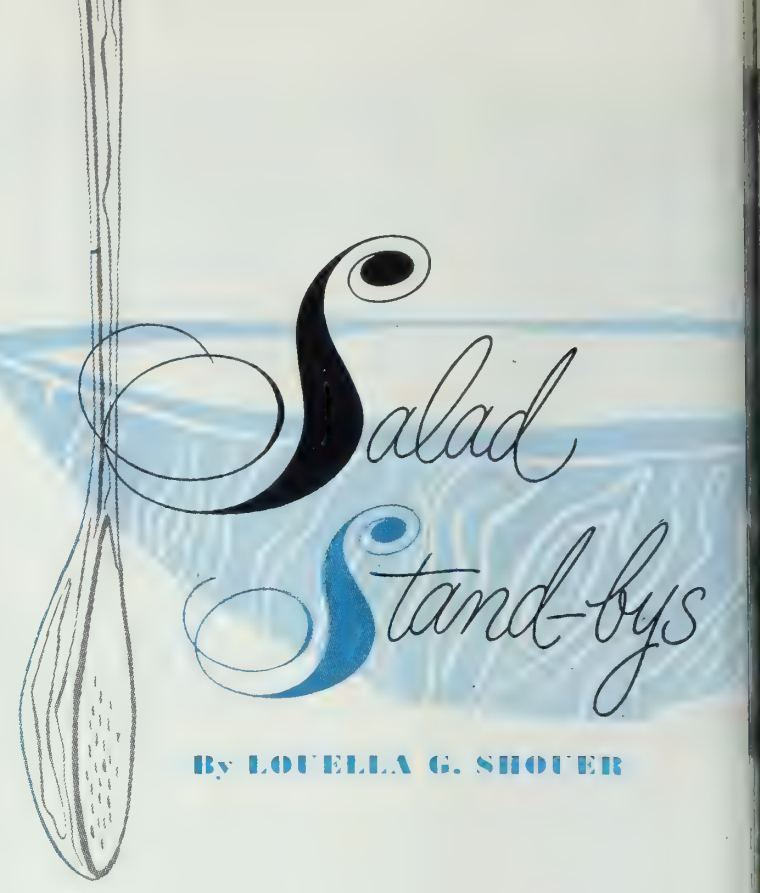
*Certo and Sure-Jell are made from *natural* fruit pectin—nature's "jellying" substance found in varying amounts in all fruits.

HOMEMADE JAMS AND JELLIES—
Taste best... Cost less!



CERTO OR SURE-JELL
Take your choice . . . a liquid or powdered fruit pectin product!

Products of General Foods



Salad Stand-bys

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

"I CAN always be sure that the members of my family will eat vegetables if I serve them in a salad. We grow most of our own salad makings in the garden—radishes, cucumbers, spinach, leaf lettuce and tomatoes in particular. Elmo does the real gardening. I just do the picking," Wilma Webb hastens to add.

"Quite often we have a salad as the main dish or to supplement cold meats—with a hot soup to begin with, of course. Sometimes fruit salad is our dessert when the main course is hot."

"OUR FAVORITE bowl salad, which we call Country Garden Salad, has practically everything under the sun in it—vegetables, ham, cheese and even hard-cooked eggs—tossed together with a snappy horse-radish dressing."

COUNTRY GARDEN SALAD

Rub the salad bowl with a peeled clove of garlic. Use a combination of greens if you have them, otherwise use 1 head of lettuce for the base of your salad, adding a couple of scallions or green onions, minced (tops and all), 4 radishes, sliced, 1 carrot, grated, ½ green pepper, minced, about ⅛ pound boiled ham and ⅛ pound Swiss cheese cut into julienne strips. Last but not least, slice 2 shelled hard-cooked eggs into the salad and toss with a horse-radish-flavored French dressing. (Add 1 tablespoon prepared horse-radish to each ⅓ cup of your favorite French dressing. In the Joplin area, as in many parts of the Middle West, the favorite French dressing has a tomato, catchup or tomato-soup base and is sweetened.) Serves 4–6.

• • •

"WHEN I was a youngster, we didn't have a garden of our own, and I always made an excuse to go to the neighbors' at suppertime whenever I knew they were having wilted lettuce for supper. Now we have lettuce in our own garden all summer long, and I have wilted lettuce often." What a dish gardenless city folks miss! City markets rarely carry the garden-type leaf lettuce, and wilted lettuce is never half as good when made with crisp head lettuce. But lacking the right kind of lettuce, try Wilma's hot potato salad some night for supper with cold meat or frankfurters and some sliced, ripe juicy tomatoes. She uses the same dressing for this salad as for the wilted lettuce.

HOT POTATO SALAD

Sauté 4 slices bacon until crisp. Drain on paper toweling and crumble it into bits. Now sauté 2 tablespoons chopped onion in the bacon fat. Add 2 tablespoons water, ½ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Boil 1 minute. Pour over 3 cups diced cooked potatoes mixed with ¼ cup chopped green pepper, 2 shelled hard-cooked eggs, sliced, and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Toss together and serve while still warm. This same dressing is the one to use for wilted lettuce—adding the onions and eggs to the leaf lettuce but skipping the green pepper. Serves 4–6.

• • •

"PARTICULARLY when salads are to be the main dish, I try to make attractive garnishes for them—carrot curls, radish roses, celery fans, and so on. But often they are eaten up before they have a chance to garnish anything," Wilma said, pointing to Mary Jo, who was nibbling away at the plate of sliced olives that were planned for the chicken salad.

CHICKEN-AND-PINEAPPLE SALAD

Dice enough cold cooked chicken to make 4 cups. Drain 1 No. 2 can pineapple chunks. Cut the pineapple into smaller pieces. Combine with the chicken. Then stir in ¾ cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon of the pineapple sirup and 1 cup sliced celery. Mix well and season with 1¾ teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Chill and serve in a lettuce-lined bowl. Garnish with sliced stuffed olives and wedges of ripe tomatoes. Serves 8.

• • •

"FRUIT SALADS with cottage cheese are popular with my family all summer long. We all like cottage cheese. It's a



MYRON DAVIS

The salad bowl goes to the picnic table on sunny days.

onderful accompaniment to fresh mmer fruits—grapes, melon balls, aches, and so on. Sometimes I set ttage cheese with gelatin and pour it to individual ring molds. Turned ıt, they make attractive nests for ıy fruit at hand. Another favorite lad is a peach cottage-cheese salad ith minted apple slices. I use apples lot in salads, as we have so many om our own trees."

APPLE, PEACH AND COTTAGE-CHEESE SALAD

ombine 2 cups sugar with 1 cup wa-r, 2 teaspoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon int extract and a little green color-g. Simmer 5 minutes. Peel and core or 5 apples. Slice into the sirup. Sim-er until apples are tender and deli-ately tinted green. Drain apples and ill. When ready to serve, heap cot-ge cheese into peach halves, fresh canned. Arrange on salad greens nd garnish with the minted apples. erves 8.

• • •

ARGARET ANN and Mary Jo like be in the kitchen when Wilma is ooking. A favorite chore is pitting the erries and stuffing them with cheese henever Wilma makes this salad—a essert salad, really, and a refreshing nish for any summer meal.

TUFFED-CHERRY-LIME SALAD

rain 1 No. 2 can Royal Ann cherries. it the cherries. Stuff with small cubes f cream cheese from a 3-ounce pack-ge. Prepare 2 packages lime-flavored elatin, using the sirup drained from ne cherries and enough boiling water o make 4 cups for the liquid. Stir un-



rgaret Ann and Mary Jo stuffing rries for Wilma's fruit salad.

til gelatin is dissolved. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Chill until thick and sirupy. Fill 8 individual molds with the stuffed cherries and lime gelatin. Chill until set. Turn out on lettuce and serve garnished with a spoonful of boiled dressing or mayonnaise.

• • •

RIGHT in her notion that a salad is as good as its dressing, Wilma has collected favorite salad dressings for a number of years from her friends and neighbors. Of the many, we think these four the most distinctive. In fact, we had a difficult time picking our favorite among the four. Each one does something special for the ubiquitous tomato-and-cucumber salad, cooked and raw vegetable combinations, and just plain head lettuce. We've discovered, too, that the Killarney, Alabama and egg-salad dressings make delicious dips for raw vegetables.

OPAL WAGGONER'S SOUR-CREAM DRESSING

Combine 2 teaspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 egg, slightly beaten, and 1 cup thick dairy sour cream in the top of a double boiler. Have the water in the bottom of double boiler gently simmering. Cook a few minutes until dressing thickens, stirring constantly. Cool to room temperature and store in refrigerator. Makes about 1 cup.

MARTHA WOLKIN'S KILLARNEY DRESSING

Whip 1 cup cottage cheese with ⅓ cup milk so that it's nice and creamy. Add 2 teaspoons finely minced green onion tops, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and a dash of cayenne pepper. Let ripen in refrigerator 3 hours. Makes about 1 cup.

ALABAMA SALAD DRESSING

To ¾ cup salad oil, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1½ teaspoons grated onion, 1½ tablespoons

(Continued on Page 94)

HOW AMERICA LIVES

HOW
Anne Baxter
discovered V-8*

has Lively Flavor and Goodness no single juice can match!



V-8 FOR VITAMINS FOR VITALITY

*V-8 Vegetable Juices is a delicious blend of 8 juices in one drink!

Anne Baxter
Starring in
"THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



...it WAS great fun. We found a charming restaurant for lunch and made a real discovery! To start, Joan ordered...



...V-8—and it tasted marvelous—refreshing! I was delighted when the Captain said I could buy V-8 to serve at...



...home. The next evening I had V-8 for my dinner guests and they said...



...no single juice can match its Lively Flavor and Goodness. Anne Baxter

*V-8 is a trademark owned in the United States by Campbell Soup Company; in Canada by Campbell Soup Company Ltd

For coolest summer sleeping

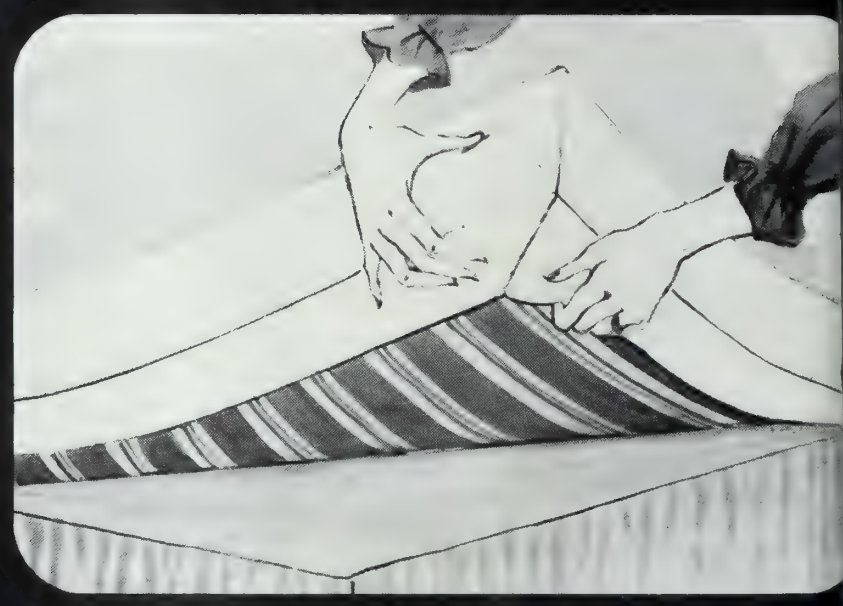




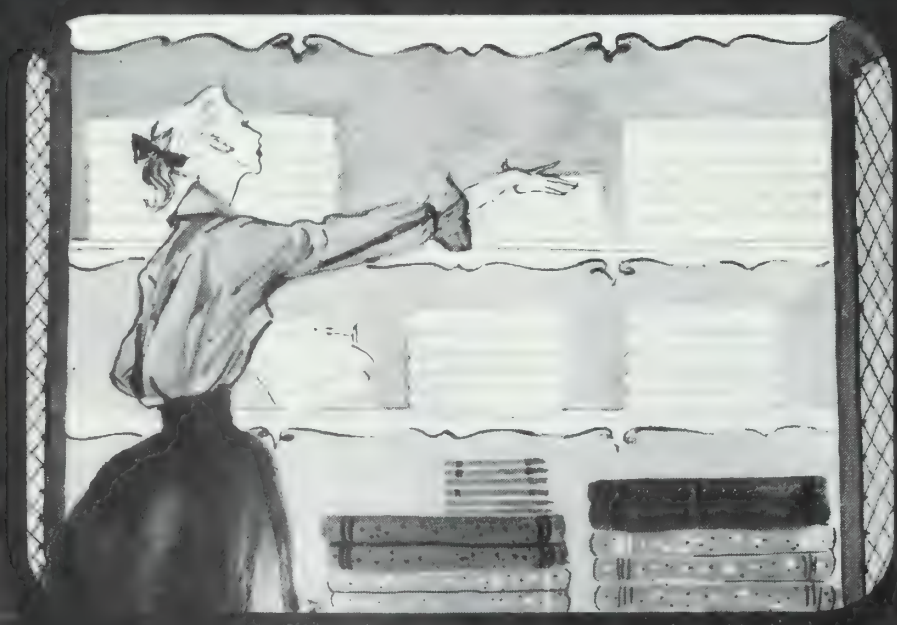
1. Ordinary flat sheets wrinkle as you toss and turn, make you feel hotter, more restless on a warm nigh



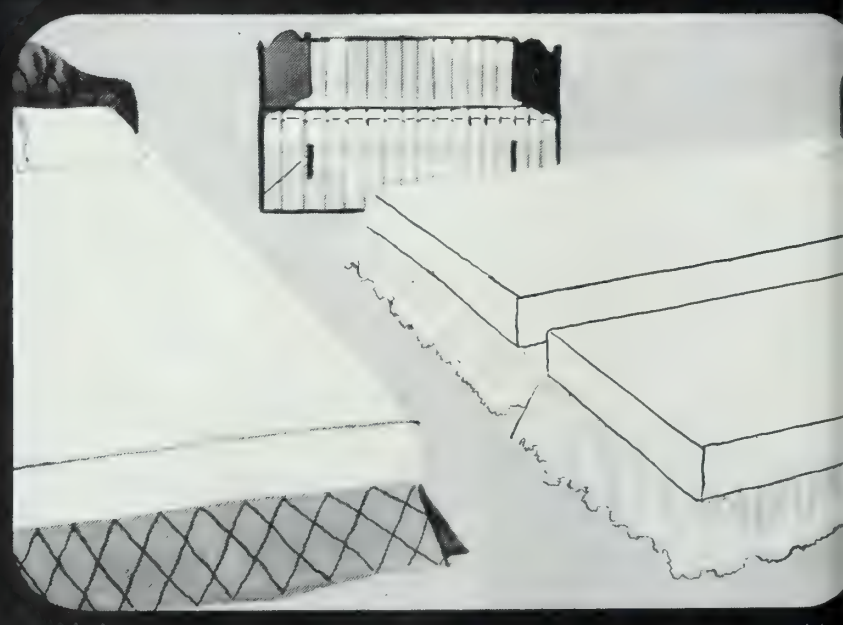
2. A Contour Sheet*keeps you far cooler, more comfortable, because it stays smooth, wrinkle-free all night long.



3. Four fitted corners and a shaped tuck-under ancho the sheet so it won't wrinkle, can't pull out.



4. Contour Sheets wash easily, fold compactly. Sanforized* to fit like new after washing. Ironing is optional.



5. Available in combed percale and sturdy muslin for dou twin or crib size mattresses; youth bed size in muslin.

Only **PACIFIC** *makes the CONTOUR SHEET* *

In the same price ranges as flat sheets. At your favorite store or write for folder an name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. 7D, 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

Pacific Mills makes Contour Sheets and Pillowcases • Contour Crib-Fast* Sheets • Supersorb* Towels • Pacific Silver Cloth

*Reg. U. S. Pa

HAROLD POWTER

Ready to start a new cycle is the Webb living room with blue slip covers for the old furniture, a new rug and freshly painted walls.

$17.59 gave this room a New start

By **HENRIETTA MURDOCK**
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

"CAN hand-me-down furniture really be made to look charming?" This was Wilma Webb's doubtful inquiry as we considered the possibilities of the family living room that had been her mother's. Most of the furniture was still strong and comfortable, but there were too many contrasting colors and shapes, resulting in an ill-assorted, dated effect. We first recommended a good basic color scheme to pull all the unrelated elements together.

In doing over a room for everyday use, choose a color that can stand wear. A medium blue such as we chose for this room is good; also green with rose or yellow for accent. Avoid "fair" colors such as gray or beige with old furniture. If you are buying a rug, do that first, as it is easier to match paint and *(Continued on Page 97)*



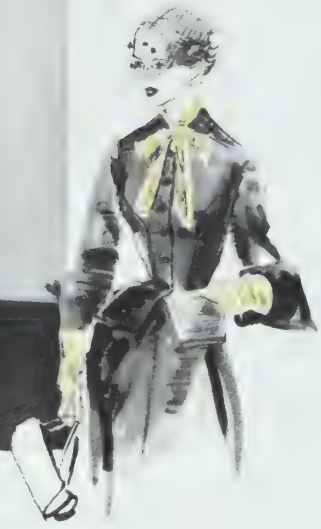
The original room did not dramatize its window wall.

LESLIE GILL



Black ribbed rayon-and-cotton faille makes a wonderful year-round suit. The four-gore skirt is nice for separate blouses. Vogue Design No. 7616, 12 to 20.

Suit **$11.75**
Gloves **1.20**



Year-round wardrobe to make... $99.41



Wilma Webb in her silk shantung-taffeta dress, ideal for additions of jewelry or flowers. Vogue Design No. 7536, 12 to 20. In the fall she will make a jacket in jersey, No. 7590.

Dress **$12.02**
Jacket **8.91**



HOW AMERICA LIVES

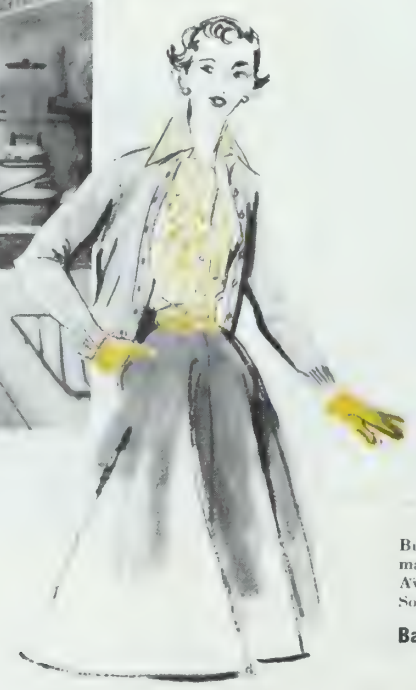
Lovely gold fleece in an all-round coat with new shoulder detail. A becoming color to Mrs. Webb and looks well over all her clothes. Vogue Design No. 7633; Small, Medium, Large.

Coat **$38.23**
Bag **5.00**



Pretty tie-print acetate in blouse-and-skirt combination. For fall, gray flannel skirt, gray sweater. Blouse, Design No. 6756. Skirt, No. 7467.

Tie-print blouse and skirt **$7.60**
Flannel skirt **8.75**
Sweater **5.95**



WILMA WEBB loves to sew . . . her only problem is finding the time. The wardrobe we have worked out with her is based on this theory: When the children are out-of-doors all day in summer, plan and get started on the major pieces of a year-round wardrobe. Wilma started on her black shantung-taffeta afternoon dress. This she can wear as a best dress all summer with flowers and gay accessories. In the fall she will make a jersey jacket for it. Next, her two-piece costume in an acetate tie-print—the blouse she will wear all winter with the gray flannel skirt she will make later, and a sweater. Her black rayon-faille suit is basically suited to many changes—white touches in summer, perhaps a tie-print change for fall. The skirt is a nice extra to wear with a dressy blouse in winter. To wear over all these she will make a gold fleece coat—the color is a light touch over the two dark major pieces in her wardrobe.

By Nora O'Leary
Pattern Editor of the Journal



Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.)

Back and Other Views and Itemized Cost of Wardrobe on Page 112



For soft, shining hair tomorrow... tonight—

CREAM-TONE your hair

with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

Is your scalp tight, dry, dandruffy? Is your hair dull, listless, hard to manage? Have permanents, hair dyes, today's high-tension living all taken their toll?

Then you're the girl who ought to know about the recent discovery in hair care that has excited the whole world of beauty.

It is called CREAM-TONING...and it is something you can do at home. You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils! You don't have to fuss with wet towels!

CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple, inexpensive. And, oh, what wonders it works for your hair!

NEW PRODUCT makes NEW TREATMENT POSSIBLE!

The product that makes cream-toning possible is brand new. It is smooth, creamy Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing. Flower-pink, flower-fragrant, it is a skillful blend of soothing, scalp-conditioning lanolin, costly cholesterol and other ingredients that contribute in rich measure to hair beauty.

How to CREAM-TONE your hair with LADY WILDROOT!

It's easy! First brush your hair. Then part it, section by section. Rub Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing gently but thoroughly into your scalp, along the line of every part. Don't be afraid to use plenty; it's *good* for your hair.

Continue rubbing until all the cream disappears—leaving your scalp glistening, relaxed, cream-washed, cream-toned. Now relax! Give the rich emollients in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing time to soften and soothe. Let the luxurious lanolated oils work their magic all the way from your scalp to the very tip ends of your hair! Keep the cream on as long as you wish—a few minutes, half hour, or even over-night.

After CREAM-TONING...Shampoo!

Now for a good shampoo! You'll like the active bubbly lather in Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the way it *dissolves* and floods away any remaining excess cream, taking with it dirt, grime, loose dandruff.

Give your hair a second quick-sudsing—with Lady Wildroot Shampoo! Then rinse, dry, and set.

Now, look at your hair! Your scalp is so pink and clean it glistens. Your hair is so fresh and clean it gleams. It's soft, radiant, beautifully manageable—easy to coax into deep, easy waves. Women troubled with dry hair, frizzyness, split ends, find this cream-tone conditioning a joyous discovery. Women with too-oily, sticky, gummy hair like the way it does away with excess oil.

TRY IT TONIGHT!

You'll never know, you couldn't begin to guess, your hair's own natural too-long-hidden beauty until you CREAM-TONE your scalp with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing!

(Girls who haven't time for a complete CREAM-TONE treatment put a teaspoon of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the final rinse—after an ordinary shampoo—and find their hair extra soft, extra radiant, extra manageable—snarls and tangles magically smoothed. Others use Lady Wildroot for daily good grooming—to tame fly-away locks, calm unruly curls and straggles.)

GUARANTEED! or double your money back!

If you have been hunting for a solution to dry hair, oily hair, frizzy hair; if you want to see how glamorously lovely your hair can be ...then tonight, CREAM-TONE your hair. Your favorite store has Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the 50¢ and $1.00 sizes.



If you don't agree tomorrow morning that your scalp is cleaner, your hair more radiant, then return the bottle and Wildroot will gladly send you DOUBLE your money back.

Don't forget—Be glamorous, Be beautiful. Tonight... CREAM-TONE your hair...with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing.



Cut this out and put it in your purse

REMINDER! Stop at your favorite store and buy a bottle of...

← **1.** Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing. Discover what CREAM-TONING can do for YOUR hair.

← **2.** Get Lady Wildroot Shampoo ...for a soapless, sudsy, lanolin lovely, better-for-your-hair shampoo.



SALAD STAND-BYS

(Continued from Page 89)

chopped parsley, 1 small clove garlic, minced, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon celery seed, ½ teaspoon mustard seed, ¾ cup thick dairy sour cream and 2 teaspoons minced chives (optional). Makes 1½ cups.

WILMA'S EGG-SALAD DRESSING

Chop 2 shelled hard-cooked eggs and add to ½ cup mayonnaise thinned with 3 tablespoons top milk or cream. Season with 2 teaspoons prepared mustard and ½ teaspoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives or 3 tablespoons chopped dill pickle. Mix well. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Makes about 1 cup.

• ● •

SALAD MEALS call for something special in the bread department, Wilma believes. With fruit salads, she serves cheese or orange biscuits. For meat or vegetable combinatio salads, refrigerator bran rolls—easy to mak and practical for summer meals, as one batc provides fresh hot rolls for several meals.

BETTY RICHARDSON'S REFRIGERATOR BRAN ROLLS

Measure 1 cup whole bran, 1 cup shortening ⅔ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon salt into bowl. Pour 1 cup boiling water over this an mix well. Let stand until lukewarm, then ad 2 well-beaten eggs and 2 packages yeas (compressed or dry) softened in 1 cup luke warm water. Add 7 cups flour. Mix thor oughly and beat smooth with a spoon. Cove and store in refrigerator overnight. The nex day, flour your hands lightly, shape doug into rolls, and let them rise in greased mu fin pans in warm place until doubled in bulk Bake in a hot oven, 400° F. 15 minutes unt nicely browned. Makes 2½ dozen.

"A BEAUTIFUL INFERIORITY COMPLEX"

(Continued from Page 85)

never have far to go to hit it"; and Elmo replies, "Well, that's lucky," and dashes off to put on yesterday's shirt and then drives away to his work as accountant at the Atlas powder factory.

Wilma gives the little girls their breakfast and then they set off to the country school, down a winding lane, wearing jeans and plaid shirts, hand in hand—Margaret Ann so dark, sparkling-eyed and vivacious, Mary Jo blond, quiet and shy.

Now it's time to take up Tommy, the pet of the household, and feed him in his high chair. Wilma enjoys this quiet time alone with her son. She's a very loving and devoted mother. A pretty one, too, dark-haired, sweet-faced, with really lovely black eyes. She's tall and carries herself well—but it's too bad about those extra pounds!

On the wall behind her is a big calendar. She decided to note on it a record of each day's activities, to see where her time goes.

"*Sunday:* Grandmother's." (That's Elmo's mother. His parents, dairy farmers, live not far away, and Grandmother Webb is very generous about baby-sitting.) "*Monday:* Washed hair, did Margaret's hair, cleaned. Saw Aunt Nell. *Tuesday:* Reducing exercises, washed, pottered. *Wednesday:* Exercises, straightened up, decorated table for Ladies of Lion. *Thursday:* Washed. To see Edith. *Friday:* Ironed, cleaned. *Saturday:* Baked, marketed. Mary came by."

"I guess there it is," Wilma says ruefully. "The exercises I *meant* to do every day, the way I start and then drop work, because I love having friends and being with them. And those table decorations . . . sometimes I think I do things like that because praise seems to mean so much to me. I do make out a working schedule, but I'm awful at following it. What I *try* to do is to give the house a thorough cleaning Monday and Friday, with another 'go-over' on Wednesday. But keeping things picked up around here is hard."

One trouble is that their six-room, cozy-looking house lacks putting-away space. There is no closet at all in the girls' room; dresses must be hung on hooks in the spare bedroom. Their room has only one small chest.

"Someday," Wilma says, "I hope to afford a pair of chests and a wardrobe for this room. But now it's usually a mess. And I'd like to make the enclosed back porch into a nice bedroom for Tommy."

The porch is a cluttered catchall now.

"Look here," Wilma says, "and you'll understand why I wrote to the JOURNAL for help. I feel that the JOURNAL practically raised me." On a laden-down chair in the corner there's a great stack of well-worn, much-used copies of the JOURNAL. "And see this too." She proudly produces a scrapbook. "This is all Sub-Deb pages I pasted up when I was in my teens. I'm saving it for my girls I think the articles will be a help to them as they were to me. Though *my* teens wer different from those of most girls."

She sits down; the scrapbook on her lap

"When I was twelve years old my fathe left home. My brother Joe was eight at th time, and it was all pretty awful for us. W loved both of our parents so much, and w couldn't understand it. I think the wors part was the shame we felt. Children pick u gossip so quickly and we soon learned ther was 'another woman' and that everybod knew it. I'll just never forget some things There wasn't much money at that time, an also I think my mother still loved my father Anyway, she kept on doing his laundry fo him. That woman wouldn't let him out o her sight, and when he came for the laundr she waited on the corner for him. Joe and could see her."

As Wilma tells about it, the ready tear in her eyes, you can see it too.

"But I never stopped loving my father He was so handsome and charming an sweet—just weak, that was all. He go 'caught in a trap,' he said once to me wher I was older. And when he was killed, I wa brokenhearted."

That was when Wilma was twenty and after a business course, had gone to work on the switchboard at the Atlas Company where her father was supervisor of the pow der line. A sunny morning—and then th peace of the countryside shattered by a ter rible blast like a great roaring of wind. A building on the powder line had exploded The men in the office, which stood high on a hill above the plant, rushed down "on th line" to help. Wilma stuck to her switch board until over it came the news that he father was . . . gone.

"Death by explosion—you can guess wha it is," Wilma says painfully. "There's . . nothing. Sometimes when I'm daydream ing—and I guess I do too much daydream ing—I imagine my father is alive. That h just walked away after the explosion, so tha everyone would think he was dead. I dream that someday he'll come back."

It was shortly after her father's death that Wilma and Elmo "got together." Elmo had already come to work in the office at Atlas after leaving college because of a family financial crisis. Dating among employees was frowned upon, so Wilma regarded him sim ply as a nice prospect for her girl friends an worked busily at matchmaking—though Elmo was pretty balky about it. She was going with a couple of other boys herself then, though from what she'd seen of mar riage it wasn't anything she was anxious to get into. Then, after the tragedy, Elmo persuaded her to go on a picnic with him

"I thought he was just being sorry for me," Wilma says. "But we got to know each

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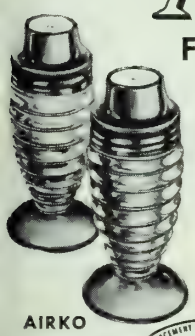
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other at that picnic. We walked away from the others and just sat and talked. Elmo's quiet and reserved, where I just spill all over, but there's nobody like Elmo for listening and being sympathetic.

"We began seeing a lot of each other, but honestly I was bowled over when he asked me to marry him. I said yes and took his ring, and then right away I got cold feet over that marriage business and handed the ring back. But my mother told Elmo the best thing to do was to ignore me. So Elmo, the rat, began dating other girls, calling them over the switchboard so I'd hear him, and then did I come around! But Elmo played it safe. He wouldn't give me my ring again until after the announcement tea!"

Because Wilma's mother wasn't well, their wedding was a quiet one, early Easter Sunday at the Presbyterian church in Webb City (named for Elmo's great-uncle). Wilma wore a navy crepe dress with a corsage of roses and lilies of the valley.

"Elmo always *seems* so self-possessed," Wilma grins reminiscently, "and he did then. But I could see those coattails of his just swaying, and the minute the ceremony was over he grabbed my hand and bolted out of the church. Nobody got to kiss the bride!"

They lived first in an apartment in Joplin. Then, on the death of Wilma's mother, not long afterward, they went to live in the white, wide-eaved house on two acres, the old home, which Wilma had inherited.

Wilma kept her job, and they had an easy time of it, with their combined salaries.

"It was fun, driving off together to work," Wilma recalls, "though I was always sort of helter-skelter. Elmo put an extra rear-vision mirror in the car so I could use it to make up on the way to work."

There were lots of carefree good times. Elmo belonged to a mixed club in Joplin, the Kappa Upsilon Pi, and Wilma, who was lively and generous, was warmly welcomed. The group owned a mountain cabin and there were wonderful week ends of fishing and hunting. (One of the great things Elmo and Wilma have in common is their love of outdoor life.)

Then, with Margaret Ann on the way, Wilma quit her job. Then along came Mary Jo. And Wilma's troubles began. The budget became a nightmare. Managing for a whole family on one salary (Elmo's income is now in the neighborhood of $3600 a year) really got her down.

"And I don't improve much," Wilma says ruefully. "With us it seems to be chicken at the beginning of the month and feathers at the end. I'm afraid the trouble is that I had never had to worry about money. When I was working I helped out at home, but if I wanted new clothes or anything, I could always get the money from my father by seeing him and shedding a few tears. Maybe that's why I cry so easily now. And then my uncles felt sorry for me, too, because of what had happened to my home life, and from time to time they'd give me presents of money. Elmo makes out a budget and then what do I do but try to wheedle him out of it!"

The budget underwent a great strain last year when Tommy was born, the next month Elmo was operated on for a tumor on the thigh, and then both girls had their tonsils out. Hospitalization insurance helped some, but not enough.

But it wasn't only the budget that began to fray Wilma's nerves; it was the worry about her own inefficiency as a housekeeper.

"You see," she explains, "mother insisted on doing so much for me when I was growing up. Spoiled me, I suppose. She couldn't help it. I didn't really learn to keep house. When things pile up, sometimes I just run out on it! I get nervous and depressed and want to be with someone."

There are occasions, when she goes off like this, when Elmo gets home before she does, and straightens up a bit himself. Then she's like a guilty child: "Now, Elmo, don't you look at me in *that* tone of voice."

One of the places to which Wilma "runs away" is to her mother's old family homestead, where her much-loved Aunt Nell now lives. It's a comfortable farmhouse, with a quilt set up on a frame in the sitting room, where there may be a cousin or two to "visit" with.

Elmo's family were pioneers in this country, coming from Tennessee. His great-grandfather and uncle were killed by bushwhackers after the Civil War. Elmo isn't interested in ever taking over the family dairy farm, though. He likes his job, especially as he leaves work at four-thirty and gets home in time to enjoy his children.

His hobbies are hunting and fishing. "But I like to pile my whole family in the car and take them along," he says. "This summer I'm going to get a car bed and take this young fellow too," he declares, picking up Tommy. "I'm going to make a fisherman



"If the Government really wanted to conserve metal they wouldn't let them put pins in new shirts."

Home Canning Hints
by Lucina Ball



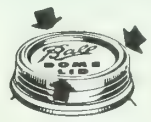
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out of him. There's nothing like getting out and camping overnight, the girls sleeping in the car and Wilma and I on folding cots."

"When I can camp out like that, it really smooths me out," Wilma says, putting her arm through his.

Elmo feels that the country is a fine place in which to bring up children. He fought hard against a recent movement to have the country school abandoned and the children sent to a large consolidated school. He has been on the school board for two years and will be president next term. Wilma is active in the community club and helps run the yearly carnival or pie and box supper, the proceeds from which provide for such things as athletic equipment for the school.

Both parents evaluate their children's traits and problems carefully. Margaret Ann, they say, needs to be held down, as she is inclined to be bossy and to rush through her schoolwork. Mary Jo needs special encouragement and appreciation.

"They're easy children, though, to raise," Wilma says. "When one of them has to be punished, which isn't often, I put her in her bedroom and then I time the period she has to stay there by the range timer.

"I don't have problem children; I'm just a problem mother. When I get so nervous and exhausted I find myself yelling at them. And then I get all teary when they bring home from school little notes they've written: 'I love you, I love you, mother.' I don't feel I *deserve* such children!

"I don't deserve Elmo, either. He's naturally neat and orderly, and I know I get under his skin. But I've seen him really mad only three times. It's lucky for me, because one of my troubles is that I just can't stand criticism. The least little word from anybody and I go all to pieces. And when things go wrong and I get in a jam—glory, do I blow! Like that time I had a guest I wanted to impress—me, always trying to make an impression as a gracious hostess."

"You ought to have tried out that Swiss-steak recipe beforehand," Elmo says, "and you didn't have time to make that cake."

"I know. I never seem to allow myself enough time. But that was a sample night at the Webbs'."

THERE was Elmo, entertaining the guest in the living room, the children playing about, and Wilma in the kitchen. Well, dinner hadn't been started in time, and then there was too much liquid in the casserole in which she was making that "special steak" and it spilled all over the oven, making a terrible mess. Meantime, Wilma was trying to make a fancy frosting for the cake. At this point, year-old Tommy, with his staggering steps, wandered out into the kitchen, reached up, and Wilma turned just in time to see him trying to pull a pan down over his head.

"I yelled at Margaret Ann because she was supposed to be watching him. He'd scared me to death and I was getting more nervous by the minute. I startled Mary Jo, who had come out to help set the table, and she dropped one of the best glasses and broke it. Then there was glass all over the floor to be picked up.

"Dinner was getting later by the minute, and the children were getting hungry—and cross. And Elmo in the living room doing his best to pretend nothing was wrong. Every time I'd look around there was one of the girls saying, 'When are we going to eat?'

"Finally I said, 'If you don't get out, I'll scream.' So then they skedaddled out, and I got dinner on the table at last, but because they'd been scared out of the kitchen they didn't finish setting the table and I had to jump up and get things. We got settled down and Mary Jo said grace, and then because she was tired—and mad, too, I guess, because I'd yelled at her—said, 'I'm not going to drink my milk,' and gave it a big push and it went all over papa's pants."

ELMO, listening to this recital, says, in his dryly humorous way, "That was my *lucky* night. It wasn't coffee."

"That night—that's the way things always go with me," Wilma says.

But Elmo, who is sometimes filled with masculine exasperation, more often with concern, over the emotional and nervous states into which Wilma works herself, says, "You take too much on yourself and you don't organize ahead of time."

"He's right," Wilma says. "I enjoy taking the time to do little things for other people—but I never know where to stop!"

This interest in others expresses itself, too, in her love for having people in frequently, though that's hard on the budget, she admits. Even with all the help of vegetables raised in the garden, food runs about $120 a month. Other expenses average, per month: dry cleaning, $6; electricity, $6; gas, $13.50 (averaging summer and winter months and including heating); magazines and newspapers, $2.50; insurance, $21; church contributions, $2; health bills, including dentist and oculist and medicines, $16.66; taxes, $4.20; telephone, $5 to $6.

With these expenses cleared, they put aside about $17 a month for recreation, which includes Elmo's Lions Club dues and dinners, a movie twice a month, and the vacation automobile trips they all love.

"I make clothes for the girls, as much as I can," Wilma says. "I hardly ever buy anything for myself any more. I'm *learning* not to be extravagant. Elmo needs a suit, but I have to make him spend money on himself."

Elmo saves a lot by his natural mechanical ability. "It's hard for me to talk much," he says with his shy frankness. "I think I've always expressed myself with my hands. When I was a boy I would keep sneaking out and taking the family car apart, so my father gave me an old model T and I was always happy when I had it all in pieces to work on."

Now he does most of the work on their car, does electric wiring, repairs the pump and does all the papering and painting.

"But I cut out that fancy wallpaper bordering and pasted it up around the top of the living room," Wilma says. "That's the kind of thing I like to do—things people will notice. I waste a lot of time that way."

It is night and Wilma is ironing, while Elmo gets the children to bed. All too often she irons at night, when she's already dead tired. The room is filled with country quiet. "I like it out here at night. Any time, in fact." She runs the iron over a plaid dress. "My brother and I had a lot of fun here—until I was twelve. You know, when your parents are a couple, they picnic and play cards with other couples and all their kids have a fine time together. Then when your mother is suddenly alone, her social life changes—and you feel awfully left out of things. You even wonder if people don't want *you*."

THE END

Next Month

"Our friends say, 'How can you bring your child up under these conditions?'"

THERE is no plumbing, no refrigeration, no telephone on the eleven-acre farm called home by "Colonel" and Marianne deButts and their six-year-old daughter Forrest. There are not even any near neighbors. But there are playmates for Forrest—56 of them, all animals. All treated as members of the family. Shawnee, the Shetland pony, sometimes strolls into Forrest's room to nuzzle her awake. Read about this

CHILD OF NATURE

By Ruth Shapely Matthews

HOW AMERICA LIVES

the August JOURNAL



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$174.59 GAVE THIS ROOM A NEW START

(Continued from Page 91)

fabric to it than to reverse the process. The blue rug we chose is a reversible woven cotton rug costing $43.95 in the 9′ x 12′ size. The same rug comes in 14 colors to match any scheme. Next we bought the 79-cent denim for our draperies and upholstery and matched the paint color exactly to it. This gave us our background color and brought us to the furniture treatment.

The actual arrangement of any room is extremely important and a decided style factor in a do-over room. Try for homey, convenient groupings, with pieces pulled back to allow free space to move around in. The Webb living room lacked a fireplace, but did have a triple window which became the center of interest after we grouped our furniture to focus on it.

The oversize coffee table is an old library table cut down to window-sill height. Flanking it are two big easy chairs, with the sofa occupying the blank wall. Only after the furniture was arranged could we decide on the upholstery for each piece. Distributing the patterned fabric and the accent colors is one of the reasons a decorated room turns out well. Study out where each material should go, before using it.

The print for the chair slip covers is a heavy, washable cotton costing about $2.25 a yard. You can find the denim in all colors in the cotton-dress-goods department of your local store.

Two of our chair-side tables were made by cutting an old whatnot in two. You will recognize the lamp bases as the old blue-and-gray stoneware jars of grandmother's day, and still to be found in the cellars of many old homes. The lamp shades are covered with ordinary burlap.

Here is the cost of basic materials for doing over the Webb room:

Paint (walls and trim) 3 gal. . . .	$13.50
Paint (ceiling) 1½ gal.	6.75
33 yds. denim (sofa, draperies) @ 79c.	26.07
16 yds. print (chairs) @ $2.25 . . .	36.00
Rug 9′ x 12′	43.95
4 prs. curtains @ $8.98	35.92
2 lamp shades @ $4.95	9.90
Welting.	2.50
	$174.59

ESCAPE FROM PARADISE

(Continued from Page 34)

cushion, in which I told her that Luke was ill at the Albany hospital, she had started for Albany, and had heard at the hospital of Selena's death. This was the first of her children to go away. The shining sun had lost one of its beneficiaries, but it shone now dimly, beautifully, palely upon Luke and me.

Later that same day I told her, too, of my "engagement." She kissed me gently and gently wished me joy. She seemed neither elated nor surprised and asked no questions except a long mute one with her eyes, from which I turned my own away.

The third person to be informed of my approaching marriage was Christopher himself.

Life with its persistence went on in fluid and in shaped events. I remember my emotions of that time far more clearly than I do our sad performances. I remember my nights when Aunt Kinny came in her white floating draperies to lie beside me, with patting and with murmuring.

"How strange it is that we must suffer so," she said. "I can't help but feel that there's a reason for our extremity. That we know—some hidden part of us—that our agony isn't justifiable. That we miss through our stupidity a knowledge near and undiscovered as yet, that would frighten us with joy." And then, "My poor darling, my lamb, cry all the tears you have. Tears are a part of our inheritance. Never fight sorrow when it is real. Only when it is false, when we have manufactured it for our own delusion. Real sorrow is to be accepted as human nature is made to accept it, with tears. With mourning. Cry, my darling, it can only give you ease."

And so she brought me to tranquillity and sleep.

It was not until I had got back my composure that she told me about Austin Fine. "Selena and he—they went together," said Aunt Kinny in a low tone of astonishment. "Almost at the same time. It was like an appointment. They saw him in the smoking room of the steamer he took for Buenos Aires. Yes, it was from there I got the cable. He had been drinking but was not, they assure me, drunk. But there was a storm, a high sea running, and passengers had been warned to stay below. He went out on deck and shortly afterward, when they thought he had gone to his stateroom, there was a great lurch. A wave had hit the decks. He must have stayed out near the railing and been carried overboard. They didn't discover his loss until the next day."

With him vanished the $50,000 worth of bearer bonds which had last been seen on Mr. Orme's desk by Luke before he hurried out to get a doctor. It was impossible to doubt that Austin—Benedict Williams—had taken them under some sudden abnormal temptation, a desire, perhaps, for liberty.

But in Aunt Kinny's mind there was some contrary belief she could not, or would not, share with any of us. She spoke of Austin tenderly and often; without pity, even with a sort of triumph, as though there had been merit in his death.

Not more than a fortnight after Selena's death Mrs. van Dyne's fortune fell ripely into Luke's hands. It had not been affected by the slump in the stock market, which soon after picked itself up and went staggering on its drunken accustomed path. Luke was able with the Van Dyne inheritance behind him to weather his own disaster and to cover most of Aunt Kinny's losses, which simmered down almost to that $50,000.

A curious interview took place between them at this time, to which I was an involuntary witness. He came into the sitting room where Aunt Kinny was reading and I was half asleep in one of the big wing chairs. Luke must have been expected, for Aunt Kinny looked up at him from her book.

"Listen to this," she said. "'Take away opinion and where is the plaint, "I have been wronged"? Take away the plaint, and where is the wrong?'"

"Epictetus," said Luke promptly. He was a hungry reader and had that asphalt memory.

"You're right. It's a sort of vanishing trick, isn't it? Take away the feeling of injury, and there's nothing to grumble about. Stop grumbling and—where's your injury?"

"I think you improve on Epictetus, mom."

Luke placed himself as usual before the little fire in the slightly arrogant and graceful pose that was familiar to us.

"Your quotation is to the point," he said. "I came on a matter of 'injury.'" He stuck two fingers into his vest pocket, pulled out a folded green slip and flattened it on Aunt Kinny's knees.

She looked down at the slip and sat still. I saw her face lose some of its soft rose. "Your check for fifty thousand dollars, Luke? What does it mean?"

"It means that I want to make good what you lost by your mistaken confidence in Benedict Williams."

During the next few minutes I heard the fire talk and very clearly the traffic and the voices from the street.

Then said Aunt Kinny in a voice unlike her own, a cool and measured voice, "I doubt, Luke, if you will ever be able to make up what I have lost through my mis-

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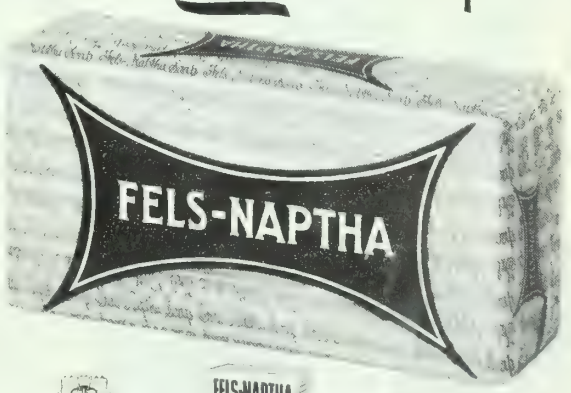


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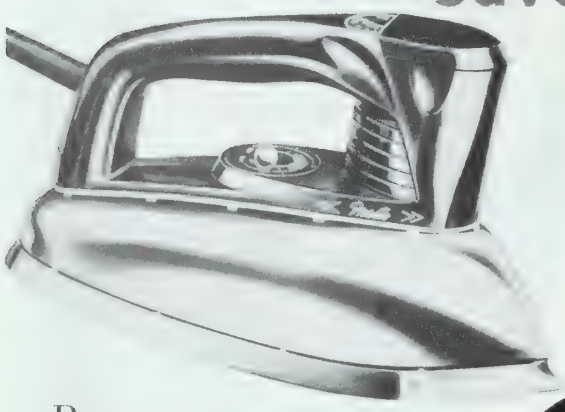


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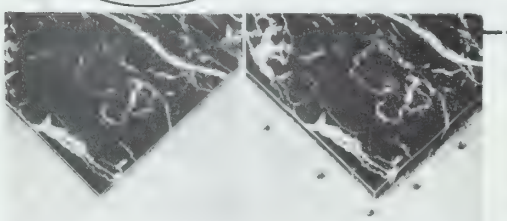
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taken confidence. But I believe that I will accept this. Thank you very much."

She stepped with her curious energetic lightness over to what she called her escritoire. She put the check into one of the drawers, then returned to her chair. I was astonished at her casual acceptance of Luke's largess, which had come to him, of course, by way of Mrs. van Dyne.

"While you are indulging yourself in this beneficence, Luke," she began presently, "can't you see your way somehow to get back her savings to Mrs. Becky? In some such fashion as to make her believe you did it through one of those market manipulations you're so clever about? I'm sure you could convince her without too much trouble."

Luke whistled. "Aren't you raising the ante rather high, mom?" I saw that he had flushed and now walked across the room to look down into the square. It was five o'clock and twilight had begun to sift into the room.

By this time I was sure he had not seen me and I was uncomfortable. I would have spoken, but Aunt Kinny was too quick for me.

"Maggie," she said as if I'd been included in the conversation from its start, "don't you think those savings of Mrs. Becky's are quite necessary to her peace of mind, even to her self-respect? I've been wondering how I could work it, but I believe it should be Luke's affair."

Luke half turned and shot down at me one of his sharp sidelong looks. He was not at all glad of my presence. "You there, Maggie? Playing 'little pitcher'?"

"I thought you'd seen me ——"

Aunt Kinny was murmuring, "A robin. A big fat red old robin. You won't believe me, but I saw him today in our magnolia tree with a wisp of straw in his silly beak. That should mean an early spring. We'll be going up to Hawk's Rest soon ——"

Luke had thrown himself into a chair. "Mom," he said, interrupting her Spring Song, "you have no notion whatever of the value of money, have you?"

"Oh, I have," she dimpled. "I'm what might be called an alchemist-in-reverse. I don't want to change things into gold, but gold into things."

"Someday, if you don't look out, you won't have gold enough to change into your bread and butter."

Aunt Kinny laughed. "Then," she said in a cozy voice, "some of you Wall Street boys will have to take care of me. You should be trained to pick up the litter you make. And one old woman is not much of a burden, even if she is outsize like me. I wouldn't cost much."

Luke glanced ironically about him. "Wouldn't you?" said he.

"Peace of mind and self-respect—not such a bad investment, Luke."

"I suppose you mean—for me. Oh, all right, I'll fix up Mrs. Becky. As far as her savings go, that is. I won't make good her other losses."

"No. That might encourage her to gamble again on some expert's advice. Will you ring for tea, Luke?"

He went to the bell and I to the door.

"Not staying with us, Maggie?" Luke turned as I went past him.

"I'm sorry," said I, "I'm going to meet Chris. He's stopping for me on his way uptown."

As I closed the door I heard Luke laugh, whether at me or at something Aunt Kinny said I don't know, but it had the old malicious "ho—ho—ho" of a brownie and took me back with so abrupt a magic to my childhood that I stood there, as it were, in a pinafore and with a wild mane of flaxen hair across my back. How short a time ago! "*If you work out right, Margaret Eustace, you are to be my wife.*"

But in a few weeks now I would be Christopher Dane's wife. I had confessed to him after Selena's funeral the use I had made of him, announcing an engagement in advance. I had taken him to the Peacock Room, having decided to foreclose at once and forever its mortgage on my memories. And there I had stood before him, a hand on each of his wide shoulders, looking up into his face.

I faltered, "Chris, do you remember what you said that day up at Mrs. van Dyne's when we went out together?"

"I'm glad you took me at my word, Maggie." His face was clear and firm and he bent his lips to mine. We said not another word. The deed was done.

I was to be married quietly from Hawk's Rest, to which, as Aunt Kinny had announced, we were to return earlier than usual that spring.

Hawk's Rest was beautiful in May. The dogwood was in bloom, and the cherry trees; all the birds in the world were in quick motion and free song. The growing smells were good and the air was tender. It is hard not to be happy in May.

There is a long sand beach on the South Carolina coast, a silver beach fringed with the hooded myrtle trees and the long bending grasses. To a small hotel on this beach Christopher took me for our brief honeymoon.

The sound of the perpetual waves swinging up and down from one opalescent tip of the horizon to the other will always speak to me of resignation. With that voice in my ears I had my first experience of an emotion which is not natural to any youth, least of all to mine. It is an aftermath of heartbreak; and as sad.

Christopher had left me on the last evening of our stay to go up to the hotel and bring down a beach supper, and as soon as he had disappeared along the boardwalk into a deep hollow between the dunes I stopped sifting sand through my idle fingers, sat up and took counsel with the horizon. It was firebright with sunset—I saw the glow on my body, and the wet sand, too, was red; the little waves curled over their own rosy hollows beautifully.

Most of my life's decisions have been made under the goad of an emotion, suddenly, but that evening I came to measured and controlled terms with a long future. For the first time I dedicated all my powers—never doubting their adequacy—to the happiness of another person. I put down my head upon my knees the better to shut out the movement of the world, flash of wave and wing, bending of silver grasses, and sentenced myself to duty. No Aztec more resolutely cut out a living heart and held it palpitating up to the propitiation of some savage deity.

When Christopher returned he found a pale and smiling bride who clung to him. He had to put down all his bundles in a hurry to gather me up. "Hullo, Maggie, what now?"

"It's our last day here. Christopher. Do you still . . . love me?"

I had never yet asked him that question, nor had he ever put that usual lover's query to me. Now he held down my damp soft "mop" upon his chest. "Do you hear that?" he asked.

I heard the steady drumming of his heart.

"What does it say, silly?"

"It says 'Yes'—I think."

"It's never said anything but yes to you, Maggie. And very well you know it. You're trying to flirt with me and I'm no good at that. How about supper? That swim has made a sea wolf of your husband."

I drew away, trying to laugh but blinking at tears, for I wanted perversely some sort of drama by which to mark the greatness of my sacrifice. How much Christopher understood I shall never know. He was sensitive and wise and he knew Margaret Eustace as few people have ever known or ever will know her. When a woman, even more a man, asks that question, "Do you love me? Do you really love me?" it may express a considerable variety of doubt. More often than not a doubt of the speaker's own emotion. A form of disguise, a throwing of earthwork around weakness. Never yet had Christopher asked me about my own love and I had not noticed the omission. There were so many things I did not notice about Christopher.

Now we began to eat and to laugh; and to talk about our future. When we got back

city Christopher would "put out his ." He had gone into partnership with r young doctor and they had taken ffices in a street not far from the apartment where I was now to live. opher's pride would permit no finan- lp from Aunt Kinny, nor would he a cent of my allowance, which I in- to use for clothes and small private es as well as for stealthy contributions general comfort and amusement of our odd family.

mit that I was apprehensive about Chris had warned me and I had ly accepted that misfortune, but the of making my with a habitual ird had come too or comfort.

hope, darling," said, "that your will have a good n dad. He's very f you and he'll be best behavior. n't want to spoil me-coming."

a matter of fact, ne time after our Dick was a model -in-law and prac- trict sobriety. sisted upon doing ousework. There ning in the world so much or do well.

spent many of ek ends that sum- Hawk's Rest. If could not get he insisted that I ne. At such times uld bach with octor partner, ie Ames.

vas wonderful to Hawk's Rest, and s cooking was an y. I rode Lady the remembered had breakfast in wam in the pool. l tennis with my ends and neigh- I chattered to Kinny by the hour ot to know the er inmates.

y were an odd ss carefully se- than of old, and k Aunt Kinny's rs and legal ad- tried to discour- er acquisition of and to cut down numbers and the of their stay.

were all begin- be anxious about Kinny. It was not she was ill, but he was not quite herself—or perhaps, exactly, she was more than ever before ry self. She radiated benevolence and with both hands lavishly to all the "The bank" and "the firm" were ned over this increasing, not very al, extravagance, and there was some s talk of appointing a guardian.

AR before, Luke would have been the able choice, but during this year he ft, or been requested to leave, the firm ne, Latterly, Hobbs and Jamieson, and et up for himself. He had an iron in sort of fire and every one of them d to burn with a golden fury. "The own luck," people said. He was in a ay of becoming one of those fantastic s of fortune who make their millions they are still very young.

lived in his own version of Aunt 's splendor, had a magnificent apart- overlooking Central Park, and took to horses on a Maryland estate. Once ce we ran into him at some function which our occupations and finances allowed us to attend, and when I saw him, when he came near, wearing his glittering pallor and probing me with those perpetually excited eyes, my blood made quick meaningless excursions. I was hot, cold, giddy, icily wretched, agonizingly stirred.

ON one of these occasions—it was toward the end of my first married winter—he caught me alone, sitting with a glass of sherry in my hand, on a hidden window seat of somebody's drawing room. It was, I remember, a very large "five o'clock."

Luke's voice above me made me start. He caught my wrist to steady my glass, then sat down beside me. "*Mrs.* Mopsie," said Luke.

I forced myself to look at him with calm. "Nobody calls me Mopsie now."

"I've been wanting to call you . . . all sorts of things." He spoke low and, leaning closer, touched my knee with his finger in the old odd fashion of emphasis.

He was, as always, beautifully dressed in some dark well-cut cloth, his linen diamond-white, his tie of a bright patterned silk. He wore the inevitable gardenia. But he looked older than his years, older than Chris, who was his senior. There were lines in his fine pale skin and the red curls had gone back a trifle from his temples. I think he was more picturesquely handsome than ever.

"I can't forget, Luke, that the last thing you called me was"—my hand went foolishly to my constricted throat—"a murderess."

He jerked back from me. "What are you saying? You mean that day in the hospital—you thought—that I——"

I set down my glass on the sill because my hands were shaking. I unpinned and took off my enormous feathered hat, leaned back my head and closed my eyes.

"This is what you said to me. I can never in my life forget it." And I repeated those dreadful words, "As if anyone in her senses would trust *you* to bring a wife to *me*."

He sat so still for so long that I opened my eyes to look at the meaning of his stillness. The instant he met my look—and there was an incredible wetness in his eyes—he began to speak, stammering a little, glancing at me and away again.

"I was out of my head. I had counted on Selena. I was in trouble, terrible trouble. She was—she would have been my salvation. Haven't you ever been so angry for sheer pain, so angry that you felt the necessity to strike, to wound—to kill?"

"That's the way I've felt toward you for months," I told him.

"Without understanding? Without forgiveness?"

"Without understanding. Without forgiveness."

He looked out the window down into the street below. I could see that he was trying to think of some way to move, to change me. He could not guess how his very nearness moved and changed me.

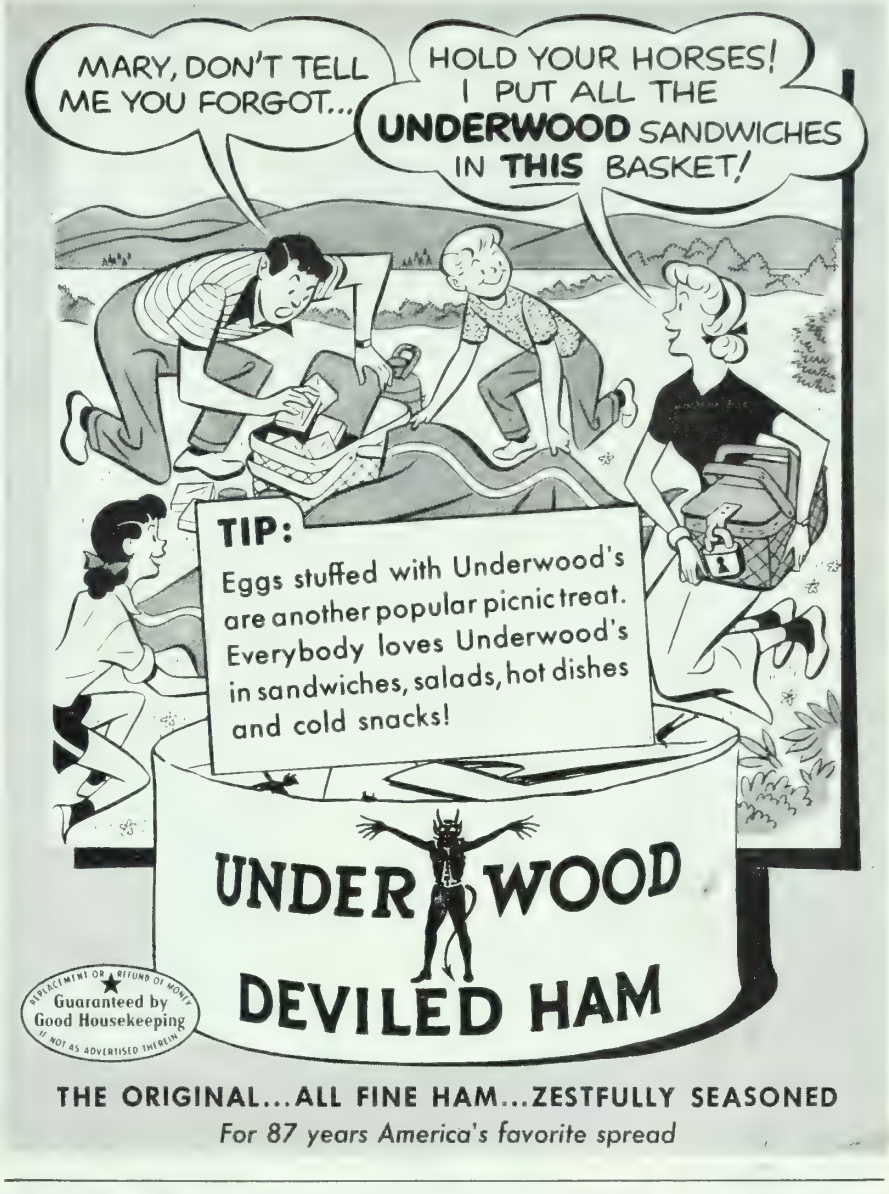
Over the Summer Water

By Elizabeth McFarland

Summer distances do not alarm
  When water fills them.
The eye drinks, feels no harm,
  Rinses, and spills then;
While the heart, little red canoe,
  Over the resonant river races,
Calling Darling! Clementine! Lou!
  O Boy in the boater and braces!

Summer people, like daguerreotypes,
  don't fade;
  They are watermarked and that
  is that:
Professor and Mrs. Pew on the
  esplanade . . .
  Old Mrs. Ferris's hat . . .
The Fat Boy . . . The Twins . . . The
  Sophomore . . . The Beaux . . .
  The Belles in their bright boating
  dresses—
Memory wears retrospective
  clothes,
  Small waists and (preferably)
  long tresses.

Summer quivers over the water on a
  banjo ping,
  Is magnified, and roars to shore;
A myriad lost voices in community
  sing
  O my Darling! O Clementine! No
  more. . . .
For water is ghost-freighted with
  memory;
  It widens in rings beyond telling
Where time's old excursioners go
  down to sea,
  Their scarves and their bannerets
  swelling.



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To prepare fruit. Crush about 2½ qts. fully ripe berries, one layer at a time, reducing each berry to pulp. Measure 1½ cups prepared fruit into large saucepan.

To make jam. Measure 7 cups sugar; set aside. Place saucepan holding fruit over high heat. Add 1 box Sure-Jell pectin; stir till mixture comes to hard boil. At once stir in sugar. Bring to full rolling boil; boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, ladle quickly into glasses. No need to paraffin if eaten within 2 months. Just cover with lid, waxed paper, or foil, and place in refrigerator.

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For novel way to serve, See Page 88



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"I don't know how you felt toward Selena," I said. "She was, I suppose, necessary to your ambition, she and her money. As it was, Mrs. van Dyne ——"

"God bless Mrs. van Dyne," Luke said, and turned a hard and chiseled face and smiled at me.

"But I"—a choking stopped me for an instant—"I *loved* Selena."

Then I saw Chris shouldering his way toward my refuge, which had become a trap, and I went to meet him.

WHEN we came back into the little hall of our apartment we found Richard Dane lying on the floor. He was in a stupor, but before reaching that stage he had managed to wreck our pretty sitting room, had pulled down a chintz curtain and upset the tea table. My precious Chinese porcelain tea set was broken into bits.

In rigid silence, tight-lipped, I helped Chris carry Dick into his bedroom and then, in the same silence, I swept up the bright bits of my treasure. I left Christopher to struggle alone with the curtain, and shutting myself into the bathroom—refuge of all heart-broken children—I gave way to fury and despair, until I had exhausted my turbulent emotion. I then began to wash my face, smooth my hair and feel ashamed.

Christopher tapped on the door. "Aunt Kinny's here, Mag," he told me. "She and I got the curtain fixed and she says she has another tea set like that one. Come on out, darling, please."

I came quickly. Aunt Kinny rather more than occupied our one small sofa. I kissed her ardently.

"I was never so glad to see anyone in all my life. You'll stay for supper, won't you, darling?"

She dimpled up at me. "I have a plan. We're going to the Waldorf for dinner, you and Chris and Dick —— No? Too bad." After a short pause, "Can we leave him?" Any problem with Aunt Kinny was always "ours," not "yours."

"Oh, yes," said Christopher. "He's *out* now until morning."

"Well, you and Chris and I. We'll have a feast and I've tickets to the new Ziegfeld Follies."

It was impossible not to have a good time if Aunt Kinny willed it so, and we were all gay. After the theater our hostess insisted upon climbing up our stairs again because she wanted to see how Dick was.

Dick was log-still on his bed, but breathing noisily.

"Have you ever thought, Chris dear, of sending Richard to a cure? There are sanatoriums, you know, and they often do a very good job."

"I've thought of it," he told her, "but there are two objections. One, he wouldn't agree to it. Two, I couldn't afford to send him."

"One," Aunt Kinny retorted, "I can persuade Dick to do anything. You know I can. Two, I don't think my nephew and Maggie's husband would go out of his way to hurt our feelings, would he? Besides, I'm one of your father's oldest friends."

Not even Christopher's obstinate pride could resist that influence, and Dick was no more able to withstand it. In July he went away to take the cure—and Christopher and I were left to hope and peace.

I was very happy. I cannot exaggerate my happiness of those weeks. At night, when Chris was free to do so, we went to roof gardens or sat on a park bench above the river, or took a ride on top of the Fifth Avenue bus. We attended outdoor concerts and cheap summer opera.

We talked about our future, the sons and daughters we would have, how they would be educated. Christopher's practice was growing. I had great faith in his ability, great pride and pleasure in his success.

It was only when I lay awake lonely in the dark, Christopher's quiet breathing in my ears, that I was troubled by a growing doubt. When would Chris begin to understand? When would my acting fail and he suffer for what I could not with the best will in the world quite bring to him, what his young passionate manhood deserved, the full answering passion of a real wife?

Aunt Kinny had gone to Newport fo month of August and it was, I think, si after her return that I answered a ring apartment door to find Joseph on the th old.

He said, "Mr. Latterly is down bel Mrs. Jamieson's car. He's on his wa Hawk's Rest and wants you please to there with him."

"Joseph, is anything wrong?"

He looked grave. "Mrs. Jamieson' too well, miss. Mr. Latterly will tell about it."

I got Chris at the office and was to "forget all about him and to stay as lon was needed."

Mr. Latterly sat in his corner of the seat. His ugly and distinguished face rational eyes upon me as he spoke. "D Stewart and Doctor Meigs asked me t that you are not to be alarmed. Your has had a slight stroke ——"

I gasped and my hand jumped to his where he laid upon it a hand of his ow

"No, no," he said, "that is just the you must not take it, Margaret. You not indulge yourself in emotional anx or fears. You will have to be the 'pillar o house,' my dear. Luke Jamieson is not— available in several senses of the word. in Europe and there are other reasons he would not be acceptable to—er- firm. The firm, that is, would prefer t point another guardian."

"Guardian? Oh, surely that won't be essary."

"It is what we are considering, Marg But there will have to be consultations, ferences."

"I can't, Mr. Latterly," I told him. not a bit fitted for such a responsibili *hate* the idea."

"I imagine that you do, but at the time I feel certain that you are a young with a strong sense of duty. You are no usual spoiled rich young lady. If you Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Tinker and m would not be asking you to consider for dear Aunt Cornelia's sake"—his voice uneven on the name—"what you can do now to repay her devotion to yours

I sat quiet then, my hands folded toge and looked out the window, trying to pose myself.

It was not until I came into Aunt Kin pretty room and saw her face smiling u me from its pillow that I felt tears and quick bright stab of hope. I could not bel in her danger nor in her incapacity. bright, pretty eyes beamed, her hand pa my own and what she said was character even if it came slowly.

"I've been spending too much of my money, they tell me, Maggie. I do wan leave you something. So let's pull up a shall we, lamb?"

I said I'd be delighted to pull up a thought she might begin with my allowa which was at least three times too large which her face fell so pitifully that I ha retract the suggestion.

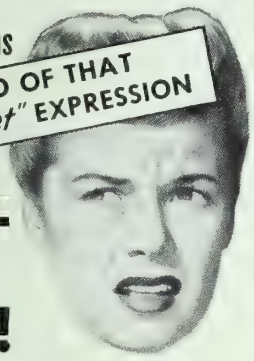
She tapped her knee under its wool-a silk covering. "Let me see. Let's not down on"—with a sly, mischievous glan "on *food*." Then she closed her eyes, and went out to make room for her lunch tr heard her murmuring, "'Where thieves not break through nor steal.'" And, like arrow, a painful near-understanding of reason for her confusion and for her increa extravagance, and even perhaps for her ness, flashed into my mind and was allo to vanish.

UP there in Aunt Kinny's room the lif Hawk's Rest seemed to survive beautift but downstairs later that day I was inv to a meeting in Aunt Kinny's little den confronted with the face of change an disaster.

Doctor Meigs and Doctor Stewart, Latterly and Mr. Hobbs awaited me, a Mr. Tinker, who seemed to bristle with pins of fact and figure. Aunt Kinny had b overdrawing her accounts. The time

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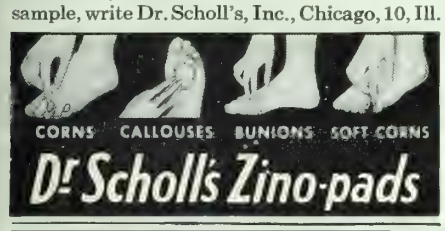
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come for strict retrenchment and control. The necessity for the appointment of a guardian, one of her own family, was obvious.

"We don't want to press or to hurry you into anything, Mrs. Dane. You must take your own time. You will be staying here, of course. Certainly for the next fortnight."

"As long as that? My husband ——"

Doctor Meigs came over to me and put a gentle hand upon my shoulder. "Maggie dear," he said, "there is no nurse I could provide for her—though of course I am sending one up immediately—who can do for Mrs. Jamieson what you can do. Now is the critical time. For the present I do beg of you, my dear, to make this house your headquarters."

And so I stayed. Christopher urged me not to return until I felt completely justified in doing so. He was making out very well.

After this talk with my husband I sat for some time near the telephone table, my head upon my hand, my fingers making meaningless pencil designs on the small tablet there.

There was something moving in my mind that I did not want to understand. There was a tone in Christopher's voice. There was a sinking in my own heart. Was it possible that Christopher was glad to have me gone? That he was not sorry to be free of my devotion, of my sacrifice? That there was in him some relaxation of the nerves, some sensation of release?

Brooding over my duty and my secret fear, I went one afternoon for a long ride. I came back as the sun went down behind Storm King, a quietly rustling hour, damp, and blue with haze. I came up from the stables and opened the front door. A figure stood on the far side of the hall, looking out a window, and my heart stopped with my feet. Luke? But when he turned at the sound of my entrance I saw that I was wrong, and almost immediately recognized a face that had long been familiar to me.

In a tone of astonishment I said, "It's Mr. Jamieson!"

"Uncle Jimmie," said he, "and you, of course, are Maggie Eustace." He kissed first my hand, then my cheek. He was neat and lithe of figure, his hair showed one snowy *mèche* to match his small mustache. He was very well but casually dressed in English tweeds. "I'd know you anywhere from Luke's description, Maggie. Come in and pour my tea for me. It's ready in that nice room with the glass doors that open on the eastern terrace—the nicest room in the house, to my way of thinking. And don't change your clothes. You look charming."

"Does Aunt Kinny know that—that you ——"

"That I'm here? But naturally. I went to her at once."

"It didn't—I mean—so suddenly ——"

"Shock her? Not in the least. Kinny is not very shockable and, after all, we are still man and wife."

This was a fact I had almost allowed myself to forget and it so startled me that I was silenced. We went to tea and I poured carefully to his specifications.

"This is very nice," he said. "Well, my dear ——" Here he set down his cup and leaned toward me. I was beginning, in spite of my long prejudice, to feel his charm. Jimmie smiled delightfully and then spoke gravely. "Do you know what Kinny said to me?"

I shook my head.

"She put out that little right hand of hers and smiled up at me and said, 'I knew you'd be coming home, Jimmie.'" His voice broke. He stood up, moved away, came back, taking out his handkerchief to blow his nose. "She loves me, Maggie. Ah, yes, the poor darling. She's always loved me."

I fought my own tears and my anger and my contempt for Jimmie Jamieson. My hand shook so the spoon rattled against my cup.

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

WHENEVER I gaze in awe at the Declaration of Independence (under glass) I wonder what it would look like if education in those days had not considered legible and fine handwriting one of the earmarks of a finished man.

For six weeks in the summer there should be a law against mentioning school to any child.

"Who is it has the sweetest smile, works for you, hears your prayers, puts you to bed at night ——" began the kindergarten teacher, but got no further. One five-year-old already had the answer—"Our baby-sitter."

Women, like ruffled curtains, should be tied at the middle.

Bewildered husband: "I can't understand it. My wife comes in from the grocery, goes to the freezer and brings out bread, meat, vegetables, juice, doughnuts. Then, opening the sack of groceries, she puts bread, meat, vegetables, juice, doughnuts into the freezer."

"He *may* arrive tomorrow," answered a mother, about her son's expected return home, "depending upon whether we sent him just enough money or too much."

A mother was lamenting the fact that one child of hers was being dominated by an older one. Then a happy-faced, middle-aged mother spoke up: "That's the way it was in our family: the oldest ones always beat up the youngest. Your *real* problem is that you stopped having children!"

The three *p*'s of parenthood: precept, practice, patience.

Fame: being able to say "No comment."

Two parents spanking the same child is not co-operation.

Saturday-night supper: Review of Reviews.

"He's the kind of fellow, mother, who shakes a letter from home before he reads it."

Whenever a boy realizes that education is here to stay, he begins to get one.

The fatter the girl, the slimmer her matrimonial chances.

"Squash is one vegetable," insists my husband, "which, whatever you do to it, still tastes like warmed-up face cream."

When we "save" for our children we must also remember that childhood needs its gold as well as middle life.

The youngest asks, "Do you know of any way to make arithmetic go in one ear and never come out?"

At the moment, I can think of nothing more enchanting than a child learning to read.



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"She needs me to take care of her," went on this surprising revenant. "I received a doleful account of her affairs. Yes; I have seen Latterly and Hobbs. Now I'm in charge, my dear. High time, you're saying—let's not go into that, shall we? But of her generous allowance to me I've been able to save considerable. I knew that one of these days Kinny would need help. Now this"—he gestured largely—"can be very profitably and suitably rejected. There's a delightful small gatehouse—not so small either! We'll sell this elephantine absurdity and Kinny and I will move to the little gatehouse in its orchard and its pretty garden. I can go to market like a *rentier* with a big basket on my arm and bargain with the grocer and the butcher and the candlestick maker. I shall enjoy that. And, Maggie, I will make amends. Ah, yes, believe me, I will make amends." He added with sudden violence, "Damn Luke!"

"Why do you say that, Uncle Jimmie?"

"Because this was to be his job. I pointed that out to him when he dropped in on me so unexpectedly in Paris four—five—how many years ago? Charming boy. Charming. But no heart. No heart at all. He has failed Kinny. He's on his own, they tell me, and making money hand over fist. Well, you are here, Maggie, at any rate. Where is your husband? Christopher Dane. Luke was in love with you, Maggie. He told me so. I was in favor of that arrangement, liked what I heard of you. What happened? Why . . . Christopher?"

"It's a long and complicated story. And speaking of Christopher, Uncle Jimmie, I am wondering now that you are here and Aunt Kinny seems to have accepted your—your reappearance without any difficulty, if I may not be free to go back to my husband. I could always run up. In fact, I *would* run up very often."

Jimmie considered this over his fitted finger tips. "Naturally," he said. "Quite right. In fact, inevitable. I want to meet your husband. I'd like Chris. We'd get on."

I could say nothing to this. Chris had always very heartily shared my dislike and contempt for Jimmie Jamieson. I felt the color move into my face and heard Jimmie laugh astutely.

"Oh, yes, my dear," said Jimmie, "we would. Just as you and I shall get on, Maggie. I assure you that, indeed, we shall."

When I told Christopher over the telephone the news of Jimmie's arrival, his voice made guarded inquiry. "Maggie, tell me. Honestly. You want to come home?"

"How can you doubt it?"

"Then," said he, "come quickly. I need you. I'll have everything ready." All at once his voice cleared to strong gladness. "Thank God, darling! It's been so long."

When I let myself into the apartment, which had never seemed so small, I found indeed that it had been swept and garnished for my return. Decked with flowers. But in the midst of all the festive fragrance, Christopher in his shirt sleeves knelt over an open suitcase on the floor. He sprang up. His kiss, his arms had none of the usual steadiness, the controlled serenity. There was a new hunger, an unusual tremor.

"Look, darling"—he handed me a yellow paper—"that's what came an hour ago."

It was a telegram signed by Ruth's lover and sent collect from Mexico City. "Your mother desperately ill. If you wish to see her again come at once."

I sat down abruptly on the nearest chair. "But, Chris, you can't go—now!"

"I must."

"How soon?"

He shot a look at the clock. "I'll have to be quick to make it. I've made my reservation. It's quite a trip, you know."

"Chris, take me with you."

I was twisting my wedding ring round and round with cold and frightened fingers, looking at him the while with all the greed for rescue of which my eyes were capable.

His face first flushed, then darkened. "How I wish I could. But I know nothing about the situation down there. I've no idea how Cardre"—he flicked at the telegram—"will behave. I'll be back at the earliest moment possible—no matter what happens. I'm hoping for better news when I arrive."

After I had put him on his train I came back, forlorn, to my empty, pathetically decorated home. The next day I telephoned Hawk's Rest, and went back to Aunt Kinny. I could not stay alone with my empty-crowded heart in that empty place. Nor was I entirely at ease in my own mind as to the Hawk's Rest situation.

But Jimmie was justified in his prophecy where he and I were concerned. "You and I shall get on, Maggie. I assure you that, indeed, we shall." He was right. Indeed we did.

One of the few charges I would bring against the wisdom of advancing years is its increasing inability to cherish strong dislikes. There is something quite heartening about a genuine well-justified hatred, a so-called righteous indignation. My hatred for Jimmie had always been to me a subconscious dissipation, part, of course, of my love for Aunt Kinny and my championship of her; but, during these soft autumnal days when I rode with Jimmie—he was a splendid horseman—or swam with him—he was pleasantly tanned, and almost young in his swim suit—I began to revise my cherished version of his history. In the first place, I discovered that Jimmie was proud.

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That seemed especially remarkable because of his long and willing dependence on the liberality of an injured wife. But now I learned—for he was very frank about himself—that during the years of their marriage together he had been smothered by her benevolence.

"I simply was not allowed to do anything. There was to be no question of my lifting a finger to earn my living. Oh, I know you're laughing ironically up your sleeve, Marguerite" (which had become his name for me), "but, believe me, it's vastly easier to take a monthly check—half of which I dutifully put away for the giver's future benefit—from an absent patroness than to live in the perpetual enervating sunshine of her bounty. Probably you can't understand any of this ——"

"One part of it I can, I think," I said. "That part about the perpetual sunshine. I took up nursing to—to get away from it. But I've often been ashamed."

He reined his horse closer so that, riding along a narrow lane, we almost touched. "So have I been ashamed. Very often. But I've managed to come to terms with my own humiliation. . . . Then there was something else," he went on, half a mile of jogging silence later. "I couldn't quite *take* her attitude about—well, maybe you know the story. You seem to be pretty much in Kinny's confidence."

"I do know at least a part of it."

"Kinny's attitude toward my unfortunate . . . infidelity."

I knew that I flushed and so kept my face turned from him.

"Actually," he cried with genuine indignation, "the woman I adored, Cornelia Jamieson, my wife, wanted to throw me away, to marry me off to a girl as light, as unimportant in every sense of the word, as . . . tumbleweed."

That brought me to look at him with all my eyes. "Luke's mother? But Aunt Kinny speaks of her ——"

"She would. Martha was meat for Kinny's mercy. She held poor Kinny in the hollow of her hand. Martha did not seriously love me. Not even with a physical passion. She was not, as a matter of sad fact, strong enough for passion. We were, both of us, halfhearted in our relationship. Nature, you might say, caught us off guard. Took an unfair advantage of us. Martha was very pretty and wanted, I suppose, a male captive. And I ——" He looked at me now through a fitted monocle and I imagined that it stood for a sort of shield for the shame his cynicism would not admit. "Kinny had let herself go physically—to an extent ——"

"That's what she thinks you felt."

"Oh, I did. Of course I did. I tell you I adored the woman and her body meant something holy to me. Its beauty and its seemliness. To watch a lovely creation deliberately, through an uncontrollable appetite, destroy itself! There was an insult in that carelessness. Physical beauty meant so much to me. It still does, but I have learned to see the other, the one that shines through our weakness, our appetites, even through our sins. But—I'm making you very unhappy. I know that to you she is perfection."

"I feel—oh, Uncle Jimmie, I am shocked and sort of mixed up about everything. And then—there is Luke."

"Yes. Yes, of course. I felt very different when he came walking in on me in Paris. Mind you, I didn't want to be shipped off to Paris in the first place. I wasn't having a nervous breakdown, and though I was pretty well cut up by Kinny's attitude and my own sense of sin, I'd rather have stayed around and tried to talk her over. But no—I must 'go away and straighten myself out.' Where was I? Oh, yes, *Luke*. I'd been able to keep him pretty well off my mind until then, but when you are faced with a real live flesh-and-blood son—phew! It gave me a jolt, let me tell you. When he comes back from Germany ——"

"Is that where he is now?"

"Yes. You didn't know? Tell me, if you care to, Marguerite, have you and Luke quarreled?"

"A thousand times. It's all we ever do."

He said nothing but gave me an odd sidelong look like one of Luke's own and started up his horse, taking a great fallen log lightly. Lady followed and we galloped for a mile or so above the fallen leaves and beneath the jester-coated branches.

Indoors we played chess and backgammon and checkers beside Aunt Kinny's couch, and after not so many days, with the help of her cane, she came to sit and even to play with us. She was, however, not quite the old Aunt Kinny. She was too ready to let fall the reins from her small energetic hands. And, although I think she was quainter and more serene than ever, the changes hurt me terribly.

Jimmie's assumption of full authority was very gracefully accomplished. He consulted with her as well as with her advisers; he won her consent to his power of attorney almost without her realizing its significance. He was her legal husband, which made all these alterations very much easier.

The letters I received from Christopher in quick succession were exclamatory fragments of frustration, impatience and dismay. He had found Ruth very ill indeed of some mysterious fever and had no confidence in the doctor who had taken her case. "Cardre," Chris wrote tersely, "is no help." He still hoped, indeed was obliged, to leave as soon as he possibly could, even if it meant another trip.

His next letter announced that he thought Ruth would be reasonably safe very soon. Her affairs were in a mess, but even with that to straighten out "it won't be long. Darling, I'll wire you—I feel as if I'd been away a hundred years."

This put me in the mood of farewell to Hawk's Rest. My strange sad-happy return to Paradise would soon be over and I would be caught up again—and even more completely—in the routine of my stranger married life. I went about as a child goes at the end of his vacation, looking at all the lovely and beloved things, the places and the views, the precious, friendly objects. For I by no means shared Jimmie's condemnation of Hawk's Rest. It was for me no atrocity, but a place of fairy-story splendor, and I loved every gold and satin inch of it. And what about the stables and the gardens, and the greenhouses? The tennis court, and oh, our swimming pool? Would Jimmie retain some right in that? Summer without the Hawk's Rest swimming pool ——

The thought sent me in a hurry to pick up the short-skirted taffeta suit which had replaced the bloomered and bestockinged costume of my teens, and to run down the terraces. Jimmie had gone to the city and it was the hour of Aunt Kinny's siesta.

The warm afternoon sun lay deliciously across the tiled borders of the pool into whose clarity the trees threw down their towering gold. I swam long and dreamily, letting myself drift back into the nothingness, the divine limbo of childhood. I was bodiless and mindless—and heartless, too, until I looked up at the sound of a step and saw Luke Jamieson. He was in business clothes, but carried over his arm one of our great bath towels and his dark jersey swim suit. The sun blazed on his hair.

He came to where I sat on the coping, greeted me with rather formal politeness and excused himself immediately to be ready for a dip. There were no mockery and no passion in his eyes and voice, which were impersonal, preoccupied and grave. But the touch of his hand had scattered my quicksilver blood and I was angry. I told my body to get up and dress itself and go to the house. Luke might then, if he cared to, follow me. It was not at all necessary for me to wait here for him. I had seen him swimming times enough and to spare. And I stayed where I was. I waited, being simply unable to do any other thing.

He came out and dove half a dozen times, swam rapidly about before pulling himself up, sleek and fair, to sit beside me. I had really forgotten what a beautiful creature this was; more so than ever before, I thought. He was stronger, broader and deeper in chest and shoulder, but with the old slimness of hips and waist. He never tanned and his skin had its usual statue whiteness, but there was hot color in his mouth, his cheeks, his eyes and hair.

"You've seen Aunt Kinny, Luke?"

Even more deeply the red deepened in his fair skin. "No. I met with one of her dragons, Doctor Stewart. He was just leaving but delayed long enough to breathe fire into my face."

"What do you mean?"

"He 'advised me strongly' not to see mom. I think that Latterly, Hobbs *et al.* have been working on him. To them, you know, Mops, I am *anathema*. They can't forgive me for getting out of the mess so much more cleverly than they could. But to come back to Stewart. He was most emphatic. It seems that to see me might set back her recovery. The theory is that she is suffering from delayed shock, brought on by the financial disaster—as if mom cared for that! Anyway, it wasn't as much of a disaster as it might have been. And by Selena's death and Austin Fine's."

"But, Luke ——"

"I know what you're going to say—that to see the people she loves is meat and drink and wine to mom. But apparently in the

(Continued on Page 104)

BUY-LINES • • by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE



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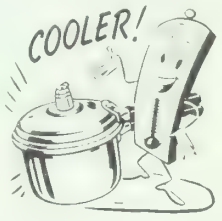
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(Continued from Page 102)

opinion of our devoted medico I am not meat or drink or wine, but . . . deadly poison. Oh, I may come back in a month or two—perhaps!" He shrugged and sat up. "Who am I to go contrary to a physician's orders? No, I'll be getting out. But—she *is* better, isn't she?"

"Very much. She must not know that you have been here. That would hurt her—not to see you at all."

"You have the general idea. I'm to go away as though I had never been . . . and no funny business. Just time for a swim—and for you, Maggie."

He jerked his eyes from the pool to my face and I spoke quickly, "What were you doing in Germany? Jimmie Jamieson tells me you went over there. Did you know that Jimmie had come back?"

"Yes. In fact, I sent for him." So Luke had been the source of Jimmie's information as to Aunt Kinny's affairs. He hurried on as though he did not want to talk about Jimmie. "I went over on business. I had an interesting and profitable trip. But look here, Maggie, I don't want to spend my time discussing Germany. Tell me what you think of Jimmie."

"I like him."

"And that surprises you."

"Very much. 'There are more things in heaven and earth ——'"

"Speaking of things in heaven, Mops, where is your husband?"

"He's in Mexico. He'll soon be back." I spoke as though he were about to come down from the house, and indeed I was half wishing that he might appear up there at the top of the steps against the blue. I spoke a trifle breathlessly, telling Luke the story of Ruth's illness, and as I spoke he seemed to be studying me rather than listening. I felt defenseless, transparent and endangered. I started to rise.

"Don't run away from me."

That brought me back as it would have brought a little girl—to show I wasn't afraid of him, not I!

"There is an ocean—of time and happenings—between us, Mopsie. Don't you ever want to make a bridge?"

"I don't think that I do."

"What froze your heart?" he said.

We were speaking lower and lower and there was a loud silence before each speech. I looked down and saw how a breeze above the roof of the bathhouse was moving those golden towers: the reflected tall trees, the sky, the clouds that ran. They made me afraid as though I sat at the very edge of space. To look up at the sky, that is our habit; to look down into it evokes a fear. Luke was close to me—I could not look at him: that was more dangerous than height or depth. *So dear, so dear, so near, so near*—was that what my absurd pulses drummed?

Luke went on with the same low persistence. "I've thought so much about you, Mopsie. And wondered whether you and Christopher were as happy as you both deserve to be."

My tight throat achieved a note of sardonic laughter.

"You see, my child," he went on, undisturbed, "I appreciate your worth, something you didn't suspect of me, did you?"

"No. I didn't think you gave us that much of your attention."

"Really? You're not very bright, Mrs. Dane."

"You've told me that before. Quite often." I laughed again, this time unhappily, and one of my fatal impulses spoke for me. "Well, you were right in lots of ways about me, Luke. Perhaps you knew me better than I knew myself."

I did not mean to confess my failure as a wife. I meant nothing. My tongue, as too often before and since, had merely spoken for me, to relieve an inner sudden pressure of unhappiness or of suspense. But it was, I am sure, not any words I said. It was the voice of my heart, whose language he had always understood.

His hand moved to my arm. I did not stir. Everything in my body rushed to that spot, exultant. He stood up and drew me with to my feet. Our lips came together as had come before. Inevitably. He lifted with a sure unsuspected strength, crad me in his arms. Even as he moved rapidl kissed me on my closed eyes and on parted lips. Branches brushed my shou and we were within the golden shado the linden tree.

Luke was speaking, fast-breathing, tri phant. His words sang in my heart lil language I had once known and loved half forgotten. "Don't you know . darling—don't you understand? I love You love me. How can you be a woman w out my love ——" It was my own h speaking to me.

Where, then, was Margaret Eustac Huckleberry Lane? And what was she living thirst, a being dissolved and o whelmed with ecstasy. . . .

When Luke left, I lay face down kis the ground, gathering its pale sere gra into my exultant fingers. Thanking Yes, in my disloyalty, my treason, the sh of my broken vows, I lay there thanking

That night I wrote to Christopher. T was upon me a great irrational fear of return, of my having to see him befor knew what I was—what I had done. H are some of the things I said—for I wrot coherently in the breathless fashion of speech, its confusion justified only by ruthless honesty:

"I love you very much. . . . I want yo believe this even while you are reading w I have to write to you. . . . You must come back to me as to a loyal wife. . . . Pe always say 'It was too strong for me' I've always despised them. Now I des myself, for I believe in loyalty, in keeping promises and in self-control. . . . This dreadful letter but I must write it bec our marriage has been the most beau and good time of my life and I wish wit my soul I'd been fitter for it and worth your love. I'm not. I never will be. For y own sake you must not come back to m

There may have been more. I can't rem ber. But this surely was enough.

To mail this, I walked down to the vil post office. I stamped the letter and drop it with a cold, slow heart into the box mar "Outgoing Mail" and then it was gone was on its way and Chris would have to ceive it and read it and take its poison his heart.

I wanted to die. I crept back up the l leaf-rustling path to Hawk's Rest.

Christopher's answer came. I could believe that anything so dreadful could h pen to me even if I had invited it. But th the sickening thing lay on my break napkin and I knew that my lips must white because they tasted cold, and I li my coffee cup with a hand that jumped.

I was alone in the dining room, but st could not bring myself to open that envel I took it out to the terrace. Then I walke the far end of the house, stood for a mi gathering my courage, and opened it.

"My dearest girl." I groped my way chair and let myself down blindly into it. is my fault. I knew that our marriage co not be complete and I should not have lowed you to enter into it. But I was temp like the people you despise, beyond strength. I hoped it would come out right. Don't make yourself too misera my lamb" (he had got that name for from Aunt Kinny); "such misadventu have befallen men and women before us, know. You can quite easily get a divorc that is what you want. You should go t good lawyer. Ernest Carr is an excellent r and a good friend. You'll find him in New York telephone book. Ruth seems to safe, but it was a struggle and her boy fri was no help. Your Christopher." So cold practical, so painless. I felt dazed unt turned the signed page and found the w uneven, almost illegible postscript. "I Maggie, Maggie, it is a beautiful marri and worth saving. I'll never be your jaile your judge. I love you, I want you. Do thing for me, just one. Don't move too f This may be a mistake. Think, my darl

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think a hundred times—and pray a hundred times. I'm praying now."

I called it "thinking," but I am not sure that I know what manner of process genuine thinking is. I brooded over a gamut of emotions, memories, imagined futures. And I read and reread Christopher's letter, especially his postscript. The hours went by in a very passion of thought. And I did pray. At last by my own poor strength I came to a decision and wrote again to Christopher:

"I've done what you asked me to do. I've thought and prayed, Chris, dear, and you are right. Our marriage is worth saving. I think if we are patient and wise—if you can help me to be so—we can make a splendid life of it together. I want to be your wife, Christopher. So much I want to be your wife."

It was a short and clumsy letter, expressing nothing of my vigils and my hours of anguished doubt and self-distrust, nothing of my sure conclusion. But it was written and I was much happier—if you can call it happiness to be almost at peace. Only I dreaded the sight of Luke and watched from my window with anguished suspense for his return. But he did not come and I felt that every day without him added to my security and confirmed my difficult ease.

When Christopher's answer to my second letter came it startled me by bearing the New York postmark. He was back! But he had not wired to me, nor tried to get me on the telephone!

I took the letter up the steep path to my arbor and spread out its sheets on the rustic table, holding them down against a cool autumnal wind.

"*My dearest Maggie:* Your letter reached me just before I left. It was like you and it made me ashamed. That damned postscript to what began by being an attempt at decency!

"Now, listen to me, Margaret Eustace, for this one who's writing to you now is, I dare to hope, something like a man. No. I won't let you practice a lifelong 'patience' or a 'wisdom' of which we are both, being human beings of considerable emotional capacity, quite incapable.

"It's hard to be honest if you're in love. I don't know why, but it is so. When I wrote 'this may be a mistake,' I knew better. In my fool heart I knew that our marriage, not your struggle to escape, was the sin. Mine more than yours because I took you with both eyes wide open when you ran to me almost out of your head with shock and pain.

"So now we'll have to begin again, you and I, Maggie. I can never reproach you. In doing what you did you were, in a certain sense, being more true to yourself and even to me than when you tried to be my wife. It has to be a divorce. I'm sorry for that, but we both will have to pay something for that mistake. I'll make it as easy for you as I can. Go to Carr as I suggested. Take his advice. And don't shed one of those outsized tears of yours on my account. There's something happy about doing the square thing after all. I knew—I've known for months—that you were not my wife with all your heart. And you are a very wholehearted person, Maggie. Poor little thing, you tried so hard. Forgive me, lamb. I have let go, but in no grasping sense, I'm still yours.

"CHRISTOPHER.

"There's one thing I will ask you to do for me: don't fight this decision or argue with me against it. If you fight it you will hurt me. It is final."

It was almost dark and very cold when I rose stiffly from my chair. Aunt Kinny was coming into the arbor. I was startled and alarmed—she had not, since her illness, moved so far afoot. She wore a long cape, and a scarf around her head, and as she came close she put a wrap around my shoulders.

"Maggie, my pet. You must be frozen." Then, as I gathered up my papers and thrust them out of her sight, she said softly, "Chris wrote to me." And with that, I was again in her dear arms.

"It's not his fault," I sobbed, for I knew what Chris would write, "it's mine."

"Why must it be anyone's fault?" she asked. "These things happen in spite of what we will or don't will sometimes," soothed Aunt Kinny, busily patting my shoulder. "Whose *fault* would it be, for instance, if a comet should strike into the earth?"

I laughed a little. "Rather a large comparison, isn't it, for this trouble between Chris and me?"

"What has size to do with it? They tell me that an atom contains power enough, if we knew how to explode it, to destroy our universe. And an atom is much smaller than you or Christopher. Maybe they'll discover that what we call emotion is the final basic element of life—literally 'what makes the world go round.' Certainly, Maggie, the absence of a solvent emotion must mean the falling apart of the two halves of a relationship."

I lifted my head to look at her. "Why didn't you and Uncle Jimmie ——"

"Oh, that is a very different matter. He and I—we aren't like you and Chris. Jimmie has very little capacity for emotion and, as you can see for yourself now, no desire for what you would consider 'freedom.'"

"But you?"

She sat there, patting. "I?" She laughed briefly. "Why, Maggie, I am one of the women who wait." Aunt Kinny stood up to return to the house. "There was always a lot to do. Here is a practical definition for happiness: 'Have something you want to do tomorrow.' And then, you see, I knew that one of these days he would come back." And she stood gazing along the river toward a distance which was not visible to me.

I murmured wistfully, "But my Chris—he'll never come back. And he is . . . wonderful."

"Wonder," said Aunt Kinny quaintly, "never made a marriage." Then she sighed. "I'm sorry. You two were sweet. Too sweet, perhaps. Oh, Maggie, lamb, nothing is quite so difficult as to pick oneself up and start to walk again after a hard fall."

"Alone," I agreed dismally. "Alone."

"Yes," said she, "alone. That's what we all are from first to last—alone. And if we don't learn to enjoy *ourselves*, even to love ourselves as we are told equally to love our neighbors, we never can learn to live or to love cheerfully at all. Poor Christopher. That's something he has learned. And long ago."

I AGREED meekly. "He has had to, hasn't he? I meant to make that up to him."

"And it's one of the burdens to find out that we can't 'make up' to other people. We can't *make* anyone happy. Not really. Not unless we make ourselves happy too. I'm not asking you for the whys and wherefores, Maggie. Bless you both. For one thing I am truly thankful—I am not going to lose either of you. That's a great selfish satisfaction." And from that moment on she asked me not one single question, only set about helping me through my ordeal in every way she could.

Folksong

By Nancy Young

I gave my love a scrubbed pine floor,
A sap-stained tree beside a door,
A courage that was not found poor.
(Oh, softly rock, my cradle rock.)

I gave my love the gentle rain
That patters on the window pane;
I gave it, thinking not of gain.
(Oh, softly rock, my cradle rock.)

I gave my love; my love to me
Gave this—my still security,
My quietness, and all I see
Is mine. (Oh rock, my cradle rock.)

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Fortunately for me, there was that year a great deal to do at Hawk's Rest. I was really needed. Jimmie had succeeded in getting his price for the Washington Square house and expected to be equally successful with the Newport "cottage." He told me confidentially that on the income derived from the sale of these two properties it would be possible for Aunt Kinny to live almost as luxuriously as ever in the Hudson River house.

By that time, however, they were both interested in the reconstruction and improvement of the gatehouse, which Jimmie had christened "Mon Repos"—a Riviera version of Hawk's Rest with Jimmie's pronoun substituted for the name of the predatory bird.

Mary and Martin would be "staying on" and there would be a waitress and a maid besides. Hortense would never leave her beloved madame. A wing was being added for their accommodation.

"Kinny must have one little greenhouse," Jimmie decided, "and a good vegetable garden. We'll move and reconstruct a part of the stables for our garage, a small apartment above it for Joseph and his grandson."

I said, "Le Petit Trianon," and he blushed.

"No reason for us to be uncomfortable in the twilight of our lives."

I laughed at that. Jimmie was so decidedly a creature of high bustling noon, and Aunt Kinny of the morning.

"What," Jimmie asked me one day in December when I was helping him to decorate Hawk's Rest's "last" Christmas tree, "what has become of Luke? Won't Kinny and you want him here for our Noël?"

"Luke has gone to South America," I answered. I had had a brief note from him to that effect.

Jimmie looked down from a stepladder. "There's something about this Luke situation," he said, "that puzzles me. He doesn't write to his mom. Surely Doctor Stewart would not have forbidden that! And, do you know, Marguerite"—he descended a step to speak more confidentially—"Kinny has never mentioned him."

I was startled. Being myself more than willing to avoid the subject, I had not noticed her own reticence.

"And what's more strange, she is not in the least interested when I mention him. Polite! Kinny is never rude or ungracious—but her manner is as though he were merely some acquaintance of my own."

"Perhaps she feels that you ——" I was embarrassed and returned to the hanging of gaudy bells on the spiced springy branches of our tree.

"Ah, yes. That is a possibility," Jimmie admitted. "I must reassure her as to that."

He never told me the effect of his reassurance, and in fact he did not mention Luke again.

I was glad for this odd conspiracy of silence. I could not or I would not allow myself to think of Luke. That area of my mind or heart—which is, of course, merely a fanciful term for one part of the brain—was numb and I was afraid of its return to sensation. The misery of my divorce, the false and shameful fashion in which it had to be obtained, had the effect upon me of an illness.

I HAD planned my future. After Jimmie and Aunt Kinny had settled themselves I would go back to nursing. I worried more about Christopher's future than about my own. Richard Dane had agreed to give Ruth her divorce and to everyone's astonishment she did not then marry her lover, but a far more substantial citizen, a German of considerable apparent means and a firm character who would, I thought, probably be able to control her gentle vagaries. I was really fond of Dick and had taken pride in his reform and in my own management of that small apartment in New York.

There I went to collect my belongings and there, for the first time since his departure for Mexico, I found myself with Christopher—alone. I was on my knees going over the miscellaneous contents of a valise when the door opened, closed, and I looked up. My husband!

He was so utterly unchanged, standing there, ruddy and wide-shouldered, his blue eyes smiling. I was so glad to see him. Before I knew it I was weeping in his arms.

"Oh, Chris. Dear, darling Chris. This is all so . . . horrible!"

He laughed.

We sat together on the sofa. He held my hand. We talked, together: breathlessly on my part; on his, slowly and with visible effort. And even with those genuine tears on my face, even with my remorse and regret and overwhelming tenderness, I knew—and shrank within my soul to know—that I was glad to the very marrow of my bones that I was not his wife. The intricate workings of a heart, even so simple, so one-dimensioned as my own, are enough to bewilder a Creator.

"NOW look here, Maggie," said Chris, lighting a cigarette, "you are not to worry about me or to cry over me. I'm doing very well indeed, thank you, and I hate to destroy your illusions about your importance, but Dick and I are making a very good thing of our life together. He's a lot better since that treatment and I see no reason why you can't drop in on us for lunch or a cup of tea whenever you are in town. Let's behave like normal human beings, shall we?"

"Chris," I faltered, "it hurts. I mean, you're glad, aren't you? To be rid of me?"

He stood up, moved about, sat down by me again. "How like a woman—and if that's old stuff it's only because it is so darn inevitable. How like Dog-in-the-manger Maggie. Yes. I am glad to be rid of you." But I saw a flash of anguish in his face! "You weren't an altogether successful wife," he told me.

I cringed from him and bent my head to my knees for shame. He then fell to his own and took my hands, putting them to his cheek, his mouth.

We said to each other not one other word. After a silent while of pain and understanding and forgiveness, he stood up and went away. He left me to finish my sad task. But for all my sadness I could now bring to it a lighter spirit. I had lost my husband, the best husband in the world, but I dared to hope that I had not altogether lost my Christopher.

The old clock, which had been brought down from the country when the river house was sold, ticked to my forlorn composure, *You're young. You're still—so young.*

Although silent about Luke, Aunt Kinny often spoke to me of Christopher, recalling memories of his childhood. "Hawk's Rest," said she one day not long after my meeting with Christopher, "has its ghosts." She was seated in her crimson throne with the sunshine in that tall draped window behind her. I sat beside her on an ottoman as richly crimson as her throne, my dark full dress a somber accent against the surrounding wealth of color, and busied myself with a piece of tapestry.

"Austin—Selena—and for me . . . Christopher," I mourned.

I felt Aunt Kinny's hand on my bent head and put up my own for an instant to pat it. "But you're still with me, lamb," she said and added wistfully, "I wish—would it have made any difference, perhaps?—that you and Christopher had had a child."

I spoke from my heart, which leaped suddenly to wounded life. "If I had had a child," I said, "it would not be Christopher's." I let fall my tapestry and bent my face to my hands.

Aunt Kinny's hand slowly withdrew itself from me and she sat still.

Behind me and above me I could feel her largeness and it seemed, in the dreadful continued silence, to grow and grow and fill my world. I dared not look up into the overwhelming brightness of gold and scarlet, of which her face and head and her body's softness would be part. For the first time in all my life since that day on Huckleberry Lane when she had been the witness of my crime and helped to mitigate its punishment, I was afraid to look into her face. For this, that I had cryptically confessed and which,

for certain, she, with her intuition, had clearly understood, was no childish folly. It was that to which God in heaven and man on the earth beneath had given the name of Sin. That woman, facing the stone-bearing group of her condemners, must so have hidden her face.

Then to my anguish came surcease, the tender touch of love upon my head. Aunt Kinny spoke simply, gravely, with a profound, sweet sadness.

"I am sorry," she said. "You would have been so happy, Maggie, to be true."

There is no punishment so shrewd as mercy's. I flung down my work, threw my arms about her and buried my head, as so often before, upon her lap, bursting into humanity's familiar passion. Of tears. For I had been judged and sentenced. I would, indeed, have been "so happy to be true."

There would be for me never again a crystal kind of happiness—the happiness in the eyes of children and that one can see sometimes in old innocent eyes.

Aunt Kinny soothed me, murmuring, "Life comes and goes. Life comes and goes," repeating the curious phrase rhythmically, until I was reminded again of Christopher's old clock, chop-chopping away our time from under our feet, and I thought with fresh tears that my kindly vision of looking up from my work at a beloved old husband would never now come true.

But I was better. Confession, judgment, mercy had worked their medicine upon me and my youth and health stood up again. I made myself again part of Hawk's Rest with all the intensity of last times.

But it seemed to me that wherever I went to walk or ride, to sit, or to sleep, it was to escape the thought of Luke.

I dared not mention him. His name came to my lips only with a sort of agony, and only when it was forced there by someone else. I was thankful beyond words that Aunt Kinny would not speak of him. But I knew that he was still in the world even if a thousand miles away, and that someday he would be back. Against that day I built up the walls of my soul.

He came, with his usual suddenness, in July. I stepped in one morning at the back door of the hall, sun glittering along the edges of my hair and pale sheer dress, a great Jack rose in my hand to show Aunt Kinny; and there, in the middle of the floor, stood Luke.

He was looking up the stairs as though trying to decide what to do next, until he saw me, when he came quickly, talking as he came. His rapid sentences could not disguise the look of painful and intense excitement that was upon him.

"This time," he said, "I've got past all the dragons, Mopsie—except you! How is she?"

"Very much better. Almost well."

"I was afraid you wouldn't be here." He looked about him slowly. "How queer it all seems! I mean, Hawk's Rest has to go and mom move down to the gatehouse and you—alone"—he jerked and hurried on as though he flinched from an obstacle—"and I . . . in a sort of exile. And Jimmie here." He moved about, stopped at the foot of the stairs. "I've got to see her, I suppose."

"Luke! It's what you came for, surely."

"You'll take me to her, won't you, Mopsie?"

"But why on earth should you feel like that about seeing her, Luke?"

He gave a long, strong shudder, standing very close to me. He answered almost in a whisper, "She'll be changed. They told me it was . . . a stroke. I didn't know that when I was here before. I can't bear to think of it. Of her. Like that. Illness—a sort of . . . deformity."

I laughed with a touch of scorn, remembering his hatred of any kind of illness or disfigurement. "You'll see nothing of that kind, Luke. She had a very light stroke and that

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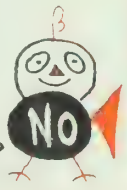
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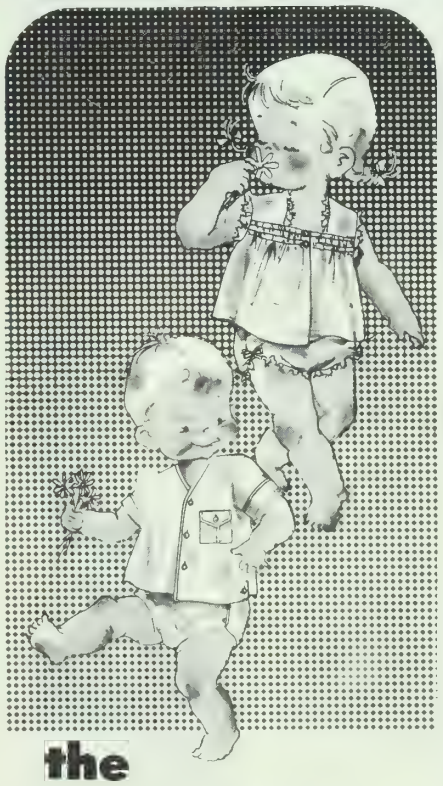
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- ¾ cup ketchup

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was months ago. Go up. She'll be awake now and on her couch. She's had her breakfast. Jimmie has gone down to Mon Repos."

"*Mon Dieu!* We have gone Riviera!"

"Oh yes. With a touch of irony."

"And Jimmie feels the need of *repos*. I can't envisage it somehow. What will his being here do to her?"

"He's the most devoted husband in the world. I believe he always intended to come back if she should ever need him. I had him all wrong, Luke. And so, in a different way, did you. I think I understand him better now. And her too. Go up to see her now."

He shook his head. "Not without you. You must go with me. Tell her I'm here."

I thought that might be a wise precaution and went on up the stairs, he at my heels, until we came to Aunt Kinny's door. I went in, leaving the door ajar.

"There's someone here to see you, darling."

AUNT KINNY lay propped up on her couch in a swath of morning sunlight with which, in fact, the whole large rosy room was gay. There were flowers on the table beside her and she was rearranging them. She had got back almost the full use of the hand affected, and her speech, though a little slower than before, was not otherwise changed. Her hair had been carefully brushed and arranged. There were only a few lines of white in its soft fairness. Beside her, near the bay window that looked out across the woods descending to the river and so up again to the blue hills on the far shore, two lovebirds in a cage were singing as though summer had brought to their prison some of its magic. It was a quaintly pretty picture and I thought, *Luke will adore this.*

She looked up at my announcement with a puzzled air. "Someone to see me? So early?"

"Well," said I, "it's a very familiar somebody."

Here Luke came quickly in and past me, to stand above her. He was smiling, the color had come back happily into his face. He stooped with a small tender sound to kiss her. But she put up a quick hand, and turned to me a wide, astonished, rather frightened look.

"Maggie dear, who is it? Please, I don't—I'm terribly sorry—but I don't remember this . . . young man."

Luke spoke hoarsely. "Mom!" His back was turned to me, but in a mirror I saw how scared and white his face had become and that mine matched it. His voice came broken, urgent. "Mom darling, it's me. Luke. It's Luke."

Her lips shaped his name silently as though it had never been framed by them before and, still smiling and with her eyebrows quizzically twisted, she looked up rather helplessly from the bent curly red head and I saw a growing fear in her eyes.

"Luke," I whispered, "better leave her now. She—she's getting tired."

He got up and fled the room.

I sat beside her and reassured her, controlling my own panic and distress. "Oh, it's of no importance, darling. It was stupid of me to bring him up here until I had told you all about him."

"Someone you know very well," she whispered with her hand against her eyes. "Someone I ought to recognize."

"No. No. Let's finish the flowers. Mary will be coming in to say good morning to you and to ask if my plans for the meals are worth considering. You two, you make *hash* of my beautiful menus."

"Will the young man—be staying here?"

"I—I don't think so, Aunt Kinny. I—I imagine he'll be going back to town."

There came a look of such intense relief into her poor pale bewildered face that I decided Luke must indeed go away at once. I brought her letters and the morning news and when Mary appeared I went to look for Luke.

But first to my own room to win back my composure and to master my alarm. I must make up my mind what should be done. Find Jimmie. Telephone the doctor. Was this a fresh access of illness or one of the hidden results of that earlier attack?

I had known one case where the patien had lost only one faculty, his ability to rea English. Not to speak it; he was entirely abl to do that. And he could read German an French and Latin, being something of linguist, but to read his own native tongu he had to go back to "Anne has a fan," tak ing lessons every day from someone who cam in to teach him. I imagined that something like that had happened to Aunt Kinny; o was it, rather, a psychic affliction like th protective deafness and blindness I ha heard of that came upon a soldier who ha been under fire?

But why should she wish to protect hersel from Luke? I longed for experienced advic and decided to consult with Jimmie and th doctor. But before that, until Jimmie cam home, I must find Luke.

It was a long and anxious search, indoors and out. No one had seen him. At last, coming around the corner of the house, I entered Selena's garden, and there on the turf he lay, head on his arms, crying as a beaten child cries, or a heartsick exile.

I went and sat beside him. I did not touch him nor did I speak. He gasped out, "Mopsie," and clutched a fold of my dress. The contact seemed to calm him, for very soon his head lifted a trifle to watch his own hands, which began to tear at the grass. He began to speak to me. "'Depart from me,'" said Luke, "'ye cursed ——'" Then, in spite of myself, I put my hand upon him.

"Don't, Luke. It is some phase of her illness. Aunt Kinny will never judge you. It wasn't that she meant to punish you for something."

"Ah, hasn't she?" he cried and in a queer tight voice he began to recite to me:

"'Thou shalt not steal.'

"'Thou shalt not kill.'

"'Thou shalt not commit adultery.'" There I removed my hand and knit it closely into the other.

"'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.'

"'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor ——'"

"Luke, you are mocking?"

"For God's sake, Mopsie, no."

"I *believe*. But I thought that you ——"

"How wrong you are," he said and flung up his head, turning upon me a face stripped by pain of its maturity. A boy's tormented face. "Nobody but a damned soul knows the reality of God."

I FELT that indeed I did not know this Luke. I went over his terrible arraignment of himself in which I was terribly included, and I seemed, in spite of a blindness which I willed upon my mind, then and later, to read a record that might have chilled my blood.

"*Thou shalt not steal.*" Was it possible—oh no, oh, no—that the securities on Orme's desk —— I put the picture from me.

"*Thou shalt not kill.*" Had Austin Fine deliberately taken the blame for that theft of Aunt Kinny's securities—for her sake, in payment of his long debt to her kindness; for Selena's sake—and helped the great wave to obliterate his heroic, intentionally ruined life?

"*Thou shalt not commit adultery.*"

"*Thou shalt not covet* ——"

"*Thou shalt not bear false witness.*" I felt a hand that unpinned from my shoulder poor Christopher's innocent violets and laid them down as on a grave. And I heard the sad regretful voice, "Don't ask me why I want you to take no more gifts ——"

I fell to shaking. Aunt Kinny's method was the easier one— a blotting out. "Depart from me"—but I could not say it.

Luke was murmuring, as though I were his alter ego, as though he could walk before me with a naked soul.

"If I had been her son ——" he said, and a great blaze of understanding came to me. He must have felt that. Often and keenly. His difference. His apartness. And, even before he knew his history, his shame. If he had been her son—then—he would never have hurt her. "If you had not stopped loving me——"

And—to punish him—I had married Christopher!

"But how start over? Can a man be born again—can a man enter into his mother's womb ——" He lifted his head from his hands and turned slowly to me. Then he got up to his feet.

Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, heart of my torn heart, he stood before me now as he had once stood between me and the light of an early morning and looked at me from under his strange brows. And he was withered as though fire burned close to his face between us.

He said loud now and clear, the voice of a gambler who puts down his ultimate coin, "Margaret Eustace, will you marry me?"

I heard the old clock, I heard Aunt Kinny's gentle voice, "Life comes and goes, life comes and goes," and ghosts went through the little garden silently. And I heard my voice that answered for me without any thought or pause. It answered "Yes."

At the gate of the little garden I said good-by to Luke. He made no further attempt to see Aunt Kinny. We told each other we would "wait." We hoped that her blindness would pass and that she would speak of him, ask for him, know him. But, though the doctors could find nothing wrong, and though her health and strength and cheerfulness fully returned, she did not, or she could not, or perhaps subconsciously she would not, remember Luke. Over and over again carefully I tested her. And so did Jimmie.

At last it was decided among us three that Luke and I would be married quietly. We thought that perhaps in a new guise, as Maggie's husband, he could be reborn in that welcoming heart and make his home there as if he had never had a home before. She would be protected from a too painful recognition and he could make a new way for himself toward her confidence.

I came into Aunt Kinny's room one October morning, dressed in a linen dress, a picture hat, a mesh veil, a pure white orchid on my shoulder, gloves and jacket on my arm. I hoped I didn't look too bridal; I hoped Aunt Kinny could not hear the intemperate motions of my heart.

"I'm going away for a little visit, darling. I'll be back soon." I kissed her.

"How sweet you smell, Maggie!"

"When I come back you'll welcome me to Mon Repos. That will be fun, exciting. And I'll have news for you."

"Good news?"

"Yes, darling."

"Happy?"

"Very happy, I hope."

"I like happiness." She sighed and lay back on her pillow. "It's so . . . important. I sometimes wish He had been named Happiness instead of Love." She looked into one of her far radiances. "But then, they're quite the same. You can't think of one without the other." She came back, ardent with both these mighty qualities. "Maggie," she said, "come here a moment."

I retraced the few steps I had made toward her door.

"I want to tell you something." She drew me down close and I felt her little patting hand. "I'm glad I picked you up, that day so long ago, in Huckleberry Lane."

I found my dim way out of the room and blindly down the wide, familiar stairs. Jimmie was waiting in the porch between tall golden columns, to take me to the city.

So I went out from Aunt Kinny's garden with Luke into his "outer darkness" where there would be war and weeping, anger and forgiveness, laughter and the gnashing of teeth.

After long years of that perilous exciting sojourn I still say to myself that I am glad I went. For I must believe that some of Aunt Kinny's radiance went with me, that I had caught up the lamp which, of a blind necessity for this one child of hers, she had laid down.

Was it not Aunt Kinny's love that spoke the "yes" to Luke—using my heart, my lips?

THE END



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1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons brown sugar

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NO PLACE FOR A DOG

(Continued from Page 42)

breakfast. Presently he heard her speak to the maid. The corners of his mouth twisted.

He mixed Hedy's breakfast in one of the few bowls left in the cupboard. She pretended not to know what he was doing, not to have the slightest idea. She pretended boredom. She overacted, and several times she looked up quickly to see how he was coming. He watched her through narrowed eyes.

"I'll tell you one thing," he said. "You were a lot more trouble than you were worth."

As he carried the bowl out onto the porch, the maid passed him on her way upstairs and spoke to him, but he didn't answer.

The wicker table was set for two. A bowl of prepared cereal was at his place. The toast on the plate was still hot. His mother sat opening letters and drinking coffee. Over her ruffled wrapper her face was plump and so pink and fresh that it made him a little sick—it looked as if it had just been peeled.

He turned his chair sidewise, away from his mother, toward where Hedy ate near his feet.

"Well, John," his mother said. There was an undercurrent of uneasiness in her comfortable voice. "Well, aren't you going to eat your cereal?"

He turned his head slowly, fixed his eyes on her as if she were the maid. "Did dad leave the car?" he said.

"Now, Johnny —"

"Did dad leave the car?"

"Yes, but he won't want you to take it. He's had it checked for the trip. You can take Hedy on the bus, or walk."

He reached for a slice of toast and for the marmalade. "Where are the keys?" he said.

"Never mind where the keys are. I've put them where they're safe."

She watched him slyly, waiting for him to speak. He looked under lowered lashes at the dog and kept his face blank. He could always ruffle his mother by ignoring her. The catch was that it was impossible to upset her violently. Nothing would be gained by upsetting her violently, of course, but the relief to his feelings.

AFTER a minute she set her coffee cup sharply down in its saucer. "I don't know what all this is going to come to! You're too young to drive, in the first place. You'll have an accident someday and end up a cripple, and then I suppose you'll blame me. I've never known a boy like you. You act as if your father and I were trying to poison you. Everything we do for you you take for granted. What do you ever do for me? I've given in to you too much. I've let you have your own way till you're spoiled and sulky and I can't do a thing with you. Your father tells me and tells me not to give in to you, but I'm too easygoing for my own good. Someday you'll remember, when it's too late. I suppose you're still sulking over Hedy. Why, I should think you'd see in the first place that the city's no place for a dog. She'll have such a good home with Glen. I've felt so sorry for her sometimes, caged up in town while you were at school. . . . Aren't you going to eat more breakfast than that?"

He stood up and tossed the crusts of his toast into his bowl of cereal. "Where are the keys?" he said.

Her pink, plump hands went up in a gesture of irritation. "All *right!* I put them in the top drawer of the buffet in the dining room. You can't miss them; everything else has been moved out. I suppose if anything happens you and your father will both blame me!"

HE followed Hedy back into the house and, quite gently, closed the door in the middle of the last thing his mother was saying. He found the keys. A few minutes later, Hedy sitting beside him, he backed down the tree-lined drive and turned the car toward Glen's place.

"There," he said. "You'll never come back here again."

There had been, unlikely as it seemed now, several hours when the foreknowledge of this day had really got his goat. That was a month ago. First there had been the four-day wrangle with his mother.

"Mother," he said one day, "I want you to talk dad into letting me come in the car with him. It won't hurt you to go alone and I'm not going to have Hedy locked in a baggage car for two days—or marooned with dad either."

Then she had said, as serenely as if nothing would happen, but with a sly lift of her eyes toward him, "Why, Johnny, daddy thinks you'd better find a good home for Hedy here, with one of the boys. We won't really have any place for a dog, you know."

Four days of warfare followed. School was still in session, but this had started on Thursday and it continued through the week end. He argued, he threatened, he insulted. Reluctantly, he pleaded. He succeeded in driving her into a state of jitters, then into the jittery boredom in which she usually granted his most preposterous demands. This time she only scolded at him or tried to bribe him, and fled from him.

By Sunday evening he realized that his mother was not going to intercede for him. In his inflamed state he went to his father.

All through the living room the lamplight aroused the gleam of wood and glass. His father sat sunk in the big armchair under the lamp to read the newspaper. His heavy face was formidable. A chill came over the boy's heart, but he was too angry to draw back.

"Dad, we've *got* to take Hedy," he said. "Mother says we can't, but we've *got* to."

"What?" said his father.

"Plenty of people keep dogs when they live in apartments," he said. "If this guy says no, maybe you could get another apartment. Or we could stay here. You're making enough ——" He broke off, and suddenly he knew that if you couldn't by making things uncomfortable for mother persuade her into a course of action, it meant that course of action was impossible. Instinctively he backed off.

"You get up to bed, and don't let me hear this kind of talk again," his father said.

It was the next two or three hours that remained dimly in John's mind, as filled with chagrin and anger and a sense of betrayal. By the next day it had stopped bothering him.

COULD YOU SAY IT WITTIER?

Edited by John Henry

In modern life someone has said the truthful woman is one who lies only about her age, weight and her husband's salary. —BUD NELSON
Lebanon, Ohio, Western Star.

President Hoover returned all his salary to the government. He set a precedent. Now we are all doing it.
—U. S. SENATOR FRANK CARLSON

A businessman is old enough to retire when he picks a secretary by her brains instead of her looks.
—A. W. PERRINE
in Siloam Springs, Ark. Herald and Democrat.

You can't be sure a public figure's telling the truth these days unless he has a guilty look.
—FRANKLIN P. JONES
in The Saturday Evening Post.

A sure source of happiness is the memory of the persons you didn't marry. —CUT BANK,
Montana, Lecturer.



"The children say, 'There goes grandma's Greyhound bus' "

—writes Mrs. M. O. McCoy of Columbus, Ohio

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As he drove toward the McKenzie place talked steadily to the dog. He had fallen the habit of doing that when no one else around, and some days Hedy seemed listen. Today he spoke with deliberate ly. The dog ignored him.

"Old Dog Tray," he said. "You'll miss just as long as it takes you to find out re they keep the dog biscuit."

He kept his eyes on the road, but he saw plainly. It was one of her days of ne extroversion. Every portion of the ing scene seemed to command her enasm. Her efforts to keep track of what going on ahead, behind, to the side ined, once or twice, the near passage of head through the windshield.

"Believe me," he said, "if I ever got a dog in, I'd pick one with brains." Derogatory sentences came into his mind without rt, rising from some shadowy part of his d, but carrying all the conviction of the y reasoned. He enjoyed feeling detached scornful. "And quit plowing around," said, without reaching out to stop her. ou want us to land in the ditch?"

As the car approached the McKenzie e her bounding accelerated and she set a triumphant yapping. This time he ced away from the road and at her.

"All right, stupid, don't worry. You'll get re," he said.

The McKenzie place was the first place on highway out of town. During school n actually had a shorter walk to the high-ool building than John had. It was too all and too incomplete to be considered a n by anyone but Mr. McKenzie. All the k could be done by him in his spare time, h a little help willingly but casually ren-ed by Glen. Mrs. McKenzie took care of house and the small flock of chickens.

When John turned in at the driveway, n was sitting on the front steps. A small er sat under one of the big trees in the d and played a game that involved the mn division of a big pile of pebbles into aller ones. John parked his car so that . McKenzie could get past into the garage en he came home. He got out and waited Hedy to follow him.

He said under his breath, "That's your trip with me."

Glen met him halfway. "Hi, Maxwell," said, smiling. "Hi, Hedy." He was tall l black-haired, with an ingenuous, cheer-face. He looked with admiration at Hedy, he neither called her to him nor tried to her. "Can you stay for the day?" he d. "Mom's inviting you for supper."

"I can stay," John said. He would rather nd a day here than any other place he ld think of, but he was always cooler n Glen.

HEY walked back to the front porch. dy hurried to the farther side of the large, ding lawn. She ran along the border of shes, sniffing the mold and the strange age. She had been here often before, but se bushes still excited her.

Little Edna dropped her game with the bles to call to the dog and be ignored. e scrambled to her feet, too little to have ch trouble with gravity, and, advancing h elaborate gentleness, called again.

The two boys sat on the steps and watched. e regal sullenness that Hedy radiated en she realized she was being pursued used John. It seemed typical of her and no other dog. Without thinking, he called Edna.

"You'd better let her alone," he said. he doesn't like kids."

"Edna, come here," Mrs. McKenzie said, m behind.

He stood up, startled and polite, and Glen e in imitation. Mrs. McKenzie stood be-d the screen door. She was slender and l handsome, and her blue house dress ked starched and cool. Hanging back at mother's side, the older little girl stared John with round, censorious eyes.

"I don't think Hedy would bite," John d quickly, "but I thought it might be er to wait." He hadn't thought anything e that.

"Absolutely," Mrs. McKenzie said. To Edna, who had come running up on the porch and stood expectant, in the attitude of one who is about to take off, and to Susan she said, "I want you children to let Hedy alone till she gets used to us." She seemed to think that settled it. Smiling, she said to John, "I've made a chocolate cake, but you can't have any for dinner unless you'll stay for supper too. Do you want to see it before you decide?"

She could certainly be awfully pleasant. Relieved by her manner, John wondered if she acted like this all the time or saved it for when people were around. He fell easily into the line he saved for her.

"No, Mrs. McKenzie, I couldn't trust myself with it," he said. "Furthermore, if you blackmail me like that, I'll probably invite myself to stay for the summer."

"I'd set you in charge of the chickens," she said. "That's settled, then."

WHEN Susan and her mother had gone from the door and the two boys sat down again, Edna walked over beside John and smiled at him.

"If I'm nice to Hedy, maybe she'll like me, Glenny says," she informed him.

"Look, sis," Glen said without rancor, "why don't you go somewhere and play something?"

"I will," she said. She said to John, "Will you make her come over here now?"

"Sis," Glen said, "you know what mother told you."

"I won't bother her," she said earnestly. "I just want to pat her *once!*"

John looked over at Hedy to avoid the child's confiding eyes. He saw how foolish and intent the dog looked as she pulled at a large branch that had fallen into the bushes. He could have annoyed Mrs. McKenzie by ordering Edna around like that, and now the dog, who had tricked him into it, ignored him. *She's not worth sticking your neck out for,* he thought. He set his teeth, furious with himself and with her.

"How about it?" Glen asked him. "I'll see to it that she doesn't pester her after that."

"Sure," John said. He tried to sound cordial because, after all, it wasn't Glen he was sore at. "Call her," he said.

"Heck, no."

"Why not?"

"Well, she's your dog till you go—and after that if you say so."

"Do you think I care? Call her."

With a quick glance at John, Glen complied. Hedy dropped the branch, raised her head and stared at the boys. Edna bounced up and down between them, then with an obvious effort held herself still. Glen whistled and the dog turned and ran toward them.

"You see?" John said. Hedy stopped at the foot of the steps and looked up at him. "She knows already. Her master's voice." He said it banteringly, but not ungenially. He wanted to banish any weird theories Glen might have.

"She wouldn't have come if you hadn't been here," Glen said.

"Nuts. You're talking like Terhune."

He had been thinking that himself—that she had come because he was with Glen—but when it was put into words he saw it for what it was, and he recoiled from it. Now he saw that he had spoken too quickly and too sharply. Without thinking about it, submitting to some inner guide, he chose the words that he felt were the right words to say next and, turning from Glen's too considerate silence, spoke to Edna.

"You go down and pat her on the head," he said. "She won't mind." Before he had finished speaking Edna was beside the dog, ecstatic, but loyal to her promise. She patted her once.

Hedy submitted with the air of one betrayed and looked away. But John was not softened.

"That's right," he said to the child. "She's going to like it here."

They started off about two o'clock, Glen and Hedy and John, to the creek. There was never anything to do there—it was too shal-



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DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays



low for swimming, and in addition covered with ominous light-green stuff—but it was a good place to go when you wanted to do nothing. Hedy, even in her overjubilant mood of today, seemed glad to sit on the bank and pant after racing all the way. The boys sat in the partial shade of the willow brush and threw pebbles into the green stuff and watched it veer away in particles.

They talked for hours, with long, contemplative pauses, about last term's teachers, about whether it was worth while to join the glee club just to get away from study hall, about the Army; at length and impiously, about girls. They did not refer to the future. They forgot how much of what they discussed was Glen's concern alone. This day became like all the other days at Glen's place, unaccountably pleasant, rewarding without accomplishment.

The spell broke when they stood up. It was a few minutes after five by John's watch. The day had taken on without their noticing it the menace of the countryside in late afternoon. The shadows had lengthened. The still-bright sunlight was sadder than twilight could have been. Glen fell awkwardly silent.

John, taking his last look at this pasture, felt a premonitory twinge of homesickness for the days he and Glen had spent here when there was nothing to do in town. He had not known before this minute that he had any particular attitude toward this place. He stood, embarrassed by the silence and a little dazed from sitting so long, till Hedy barked and ran a few yards up the path.

He was certain that he had not once forgotten that he was leaving her here, and yet the knowledge came to him with a fresh impact. She stopped and turned her head to look at them. She was impatient, imperious, triumphant, so completely sure that everything would be ordered according to her wishes. Slowly his depression gave way to irritation. He felt stronger for that.

They went uphill toward the McKenzie place. Hedy raced ahead, unbearably pleased with herself. Just to check her he whistled, then called sharply, but she ignored him. Glen looked up, then down again at the ground rising under his feet. His face was serious and downcast.

All right, John thought, addressing Glen in his mind, *what about those wonderful instincts they're supposed to have? She doesn't know anything's up. She doesn't know anything anyway, but you'd think she'd know that. The trouble with you is, you talk too much,* he thought, still to Glen. *"She's still your dog if you say so." Why should I say so? How would that change the facts?*

He was angry, not really at Glen but at the other boy's tacit acceptance of all the sentimental ideas that people tried to kid themselves with. In the silence he seemed to hear Glen argue fallaciously for Hedy's character. He heard Glen say again, "She wouldn't have come if you hadn't been here." He took a revengeful pleasure in listening to the stupid, crippled phrases he made up to attack his own position, then smashing them with his answers.

PLANNING A LATE VACATION?



Ask Mary Gordon —OF TWA

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Whatever your travel questions...

ASK MARY GORDON OF TWA

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns and Itemized Cost of Wardrobe on Page 92

Vogue Design No. 7616. Suit-dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Fabric..... $ 9.00 Zipper...30c
Cuffs ½ yd.....1.25 Thread...5c
6 buttons ..... 30c Binding..10c Total $11.75

Vogue Design No. 7536. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Fabric..... $10.77 Zipper...35c
Thread.....5c Binding..10c Total $12.02

Vogue Design No. 7590. Jacket; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Fabric..... $ 5.93
Lining.....2.43
Thread.....5c Total $ 8.91

Vogue Design No. 6756. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 42. 50c.
Fabric..... $ 3.20
Thread..... 5c
Buttons..... 25c Total $ 4.00

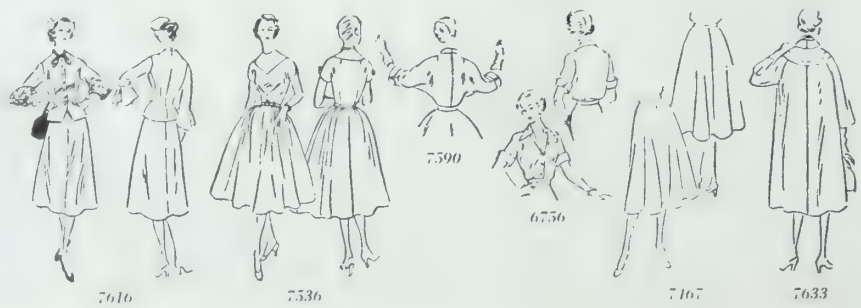
Vogue Design No. 7467. "Easy-to-Make" skirt, 24 to 36 waist measure. 40c.
Fabric..... $ 3.20
Zipper..... 30c
Binding..... 10c Total $ 4.00

Vogue Design No. 7467. "Easy-to-Make" skirt, 24 to 36 waist measure. 40c.
Fabric.....$ 7.90 Seam
Zipper..... 30c binding .10c
Thread ...5c Total $ 8.35

Vogue Design No. 7633. "Easy-to-Make" coat; Small (32-34), Medium (36-38), Large (40-42). 75c.
Fabric..... $29.81 Thread ..10c
Lining 3⅞ yds..7.47 Binding ..10c Total $38.23

Vogue Design No. 7708. Gloves.....40c
Fabric ½ yd. 75c
Thread .....5c Total $ 1.20

Sweater to buy ..... $ 5.95
Bag to buy ..... $ 5.00
Total cost of wardrobe $99.41



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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

t could tell you, he thought. *What's she ld for? Nothing. How long will it take her forget me? Two minutes. How long will it e me to forget her? I won't even have to.*

They reached the McKenzie place and mbed the fence. They passed Mr. Mcnzie, back from the office, in the tomato tch. He was in overalls, and he was weedg. He smiled at them without really noing them. They were nearly at the house hen Glen seemed to shake himself and me out of it.

I'VE got a bed fixed up for her in the rage," he said, almost cheerfully. It was e first time he had spoken voluntarily of s arrangements for Hedy's future. "It's ght against the basement, so it'll be warm there in winter. I've got a chain for the st couple of days, but after she gets used to here I won't keep it on her."

John stopped, startled. "What's wrong ith having her sleep in your room?" he manded.

"It'd be fine by me, but mother seemed think . . . you know, she'd leave footints on the blankets or start tearing things. e said she could come into the downstairs oms, but not into the bedrooms. You know w women are," Glen said. His face was easy and perplexed.

John remembered vividly the fight he had d with his mother over this same issue on e day Hedy had been brought home. He w the dog as she was that day, a puppy in strange house, vacillating between gaiety d a desolate longing for r mother. He had won e battle, of course; he membered his mother's evish acquiescence. It me not from pity for the g, but from boredom. It as her face he saw in lace of Mrs. McKenzie's. he words "Well, tell her go —" were on his ps.

He caught himself, and the moment he was bout to use for finding nother sentence changed his mind entirely nd said instead, mildly, "Sure, I know how omen are."

"You're not sore?"

"Why should *I* be sore?"

They walked on to the house. He felt cold nd steady after his escape. The danger was ill there, and it was more than the danger f affronting Glen, but he could not have id what it was. It was in his mind, unated, unformed. He knew exactly how he ust act to be safe from it, and that was ough.

Hedy was already on the side porch, drinkg furiously from a bowl of water someone ad put there. *That's the second time I nearly ade a mess of things over you,* he thought as e passed her. *There's not going to be a third me.*

By the time supper was over it was almost ark. The boys went out on the porch where Iedy had been left to eat her meal. They histled, and after a moment she came out f the darkness and stood, her legs wide part, regarding them through willful yellow yes.

"It's sort of dark," Glen said. "Think we ould try putting her in the garage now?"

"Probably better," John said.

"I'm sorry about this garage deal," Glen aid. They had stepped off the porch, but he owered his voice as he said it.

"That's okay. It'll do her good not to ave her own way all the time," John said.

They came to the garage. Glen clicked on he light. The car stood nearly in the middle, ith perhaps six feet to spare on one side. teps led up to a door that opened, John emembered, into a hall that commanded the itchen and the stairs to the basement.

Glen shut the doors. Hedy slid about n excitement, sniffing the car, the things tacked along the walls of the garage. "Here's hat I fixed for her bed," Glen said, pushing ith his foot a neat pile of old blankets near he door.

John nodded and continued to look about him. He had not paid much attention to the garage before. Now it struck him as a depressing place. He looked at the pile of blankets and at the chain, attached to one of the beams, lying across it. He wanted to get this thing over with and get out of here.

"Do you think I need to chain her?" Glen was looking at him anxiously. "She won't like it."

"She'll have to grin and bear it, then," John said. He thought, *Well, if you're too chickenhearted to go through with this, I'm not.* He snapped his fingers and whistled. Hedy, examining a broken chair standing lonely in the corner, ignored him until he called her name. She came. Her eyes were suddenly distrustful. He reached down and grabbed her collar. "Okay," he said to Glen.

He remembered as he bent past the fender of the McKenzie car that the only other time he had restrained her by force was the time she got the idea of chasing cars, two summers ago. He drove that out of his mind and thought instead of the irritating way she had behaved today. But the thought did not come clearly; it was just a feeling of anger and resentment and a few disjointed phrases. The minute the chain clicked on the collar he let go and straightened, unthinkingly shaking his right hand as if he were trying to shake something off it.

She had never had on a chain before. She pulled at this one a moment, then in furious silence she began to struggle.

"She's going to hurt herself," Glen said.

"She'll stop when she gets tired of it," John said. "Let's go."

She lunged, fell back, lunged again. Each time as she threw her full weight against the chain it brought her to a standing position. She swayed there off balance, her eyes starting, until, turning partly, she fell. She turned her head and bit frantically at the chain and lunged again.

Suddenly Glen went over to her and reached for her collar. In her frenzy she snapped at him. He jerked back.

"Leave it on," John said. "When we turn off the light she'll have to stop that." The sight of her blind, berserk obstinacy angered him. It was a triumphant anger, because he felt that he had won a victory over something that had threatened him. Only he didn't want to hang around. "Come on," he said. "She'll have to live through it."

They turned off the light and went out, shutting the door after them. They heard her come swiftly to the doors and begin to claw at the crack. When they were on the side porch and could no longer hear her, John relaxed. He felt victorious, but tired. The episode was fading so fast from his mind that he found it hard to remember exactly what had happened. He had won a victory over something. He followed Glen into the house.

AT ten o'clock they came down from Glen's room and finished the remainder of the cake. They sauntered out into the living room. Mrs. McKenzie had put Edna and Susan to bed some time before. An open box of paper dolls lay neglected in a chair, and a composition doll with carved brown hair straddled the chair arm. The rest of the room was as neat as anything John had ever seen, comfortable, ordinary. Mr. McKenzie sat absorbed in a seed catalogue. Mrs. McKenzie rapidly darned socks.

"Leaving us, John?" she asked.

"I've got to go pretty soon," John said. He sat down by Glen on the sofa near the door, though there was no reason why he should not cut it short and go now. In spite of his late rising, he felt exhausted.

"Does your mother have everything packed, or will she have one of those last-minute rushes?" Mrs. McKenzie asked. She was just making conversation, but she had the sense not to ask questions she had already asked, and not, at least, to seem to forget what she was told. He sat up and leaned forward.

Communism to me is one-third practice and two-thirds explanation.

—WILL ROGERS

From Will Rogers: His Wife's Story, by Betty Rogers, used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.

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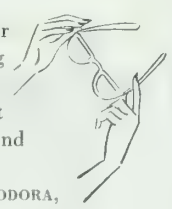
—*by Ruth Pearse*



Arms Program—Most women today make sure their legs are smoothly groomed, their nails smartly manicured, their hands and elbows creamed to softness. But, too often, when they raise their arms, the underarm skin shows up dry and red from using a too-harsh, astringent deodorant. (One out of two women have had this trouble, a nation-wide survey shows.)

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"Most of the heavy stuff is packed, and I guess the trunks. The movers come tomorrow, and I guess they'll help crate up the really heavy stuff, the beds and stuff. We'll spend the last night in a hotel, I guess, and then my mother and I will take the train and my father will go by car."

Without warning, Mr. McKenzie pulled himself away from his seed catalogue. "What sort of dog would you say that dog is?" he asked. Coming after his distracted silence, his bright joviality was as startling as if he had just popped out of a box.

"She is a springer," John said, putting a slight emphasis on the verb. He turned courteously toward Mr. McKenzie, and into his fatigue came the reviving, malicious thought that this man was a fool.

"A springer. Can she hunt?"

"She's afraid of guns."

"Well, there isn't much hunting around here, anyway. Have you trained her much? Can she play dead, or anything like that?"

"No, sir. She's not that kind of dog." He felt that he had gone too far and immediately he changed his tone. "I thought maybe I'd train her at first," he said, with an uneasy glance at Mrs. McKenzie, "but she didn't take to it. I don't know if she was too dumb or too bright."

"I think tricks are more for a small dog," Mrs. McKenzie said.

"Yeah," he said, pleased with her for that. "I think so too. Hedy's too big, and she's too—well, I wouldn't want to make a clown of her."

He stopped abruptly. The thing he had been fighting all day, returning, took him off guard so that he was forced to see what it was. By his own deepest beliefs he was a fool for having to fight it at all. He saw now that he hadn't won.

"Some dogs are more like people," Mrs. McKenzie said, after a minute. She sounded encouraging and conscious of fatuity, and her hands wavered over her darning.

"Yeah, I guess so," John said.

His life had held few sharp disillusionments, but every day it had presented him with evidence against the validity of this feeling that had tripped him up today. He looked at the floor and tried to force the confusion out of his mind.

She doesn't care, he thought. *She's gone to sleep by now.*

The silence drew out again till it seemed to bother even Mr. McKenzie. His smile took on a shade of anxiety. "Anyway, she certainly is a fine-*looking* dog," he said.

"I guess so," John said. He stood up and looked at the watch on his wrist. "I'll go back and take a look before I go, just to make sure everything is all right," he said.

Glen stood up, hesitated, and sat down again. John, his hand on the doorknob, turned to him.

"Come on, Glen," he said.

"Nope."

"Come *on*."

"You go down by yourself, Johnny," Mrs. McKenzie said. "It may help her get settled."

He looked at the three sitting in the yellow-lighted living room. He pulled himself straighter and shrugged. "Okay," he said. "Anything you say. I'll be back in a minute."

He had forgotten to turn on the porch light. He stumbled down the steps in the dark. Trying not to step on the narrow flower border, he kept his hand on the side of the house for reassurance. It did not reassure him.

She was still scratching at the door. Had she been there all these hours? He could not hear the sound of his own steps on the gravel, but as he came to the garage door her scratching became more violent and suddenly she whined. His knees went weak. He knelt beside the door and put his hand to the crack.

The pain inside him was not sudden, but well rooted and deliberate, as if it had been there right along, waiting for the anesthetic to wear off. He was unable to move or to speak. He knelt, and the dog's feverish breath was on his hand, and he listened to her unfamiliar whining.

At last he got up and went into the garage. In her joy she leaped up in the darkness, still whining, and licked his hands. He stood silent, held by the inertia of shock for another endless time. Again he knelt, and put his arms around her and buried his face in her coat.

Ahead of him was the breaking of his casual promise to look in again on Glen and his mother, but it no longer mattered what they guessed or knew. Ahead was the return to town, to the half-emptied house, to his empty room. Ahead were the night and the morning, and the gradual indifference of the future. But these were like things seen from the corner of the eye. All that was immediate was that the dog had spent the last three hours alone and terrified, and that in a minute she would be left, alone and terrified, for the night.

"You'll get used to it," he said.

Her tongue flapped over and over his face. Her delusion that everything was all right now was terrible.

"You'll *be* all right," he said. "In a day or two you'll be fine. They're right. It isn't much of a place for a dog."

He had the two places confused in his mind: that apartment in the distant state; the house a couple of miles off, bare-floored, bare-walled, emptied of the essentials. He wondered vaguely what it would be like to live there now.

He thought, but he could not say it aloud, *You'll forget.* He thought it with a kind of relief, for her. She had done enough for him by not forgetting, yet. She had saved him something—a memory, maybe, or a belief the only one of its kind—that he had nearly lost.

A SIZE 18 IN RED

(Continued from Page 87)

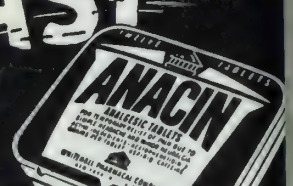
the most common reasons women give for everyday overeating. One of them may give you a clue to what is in back of your high-calorie ventures. Look over the categories, then consult the low-calorie eating plan.

You're like Wilma. Always tense and tired, you eat to soothe your jangled nerves or to give you "strength" to go on. Oddly enough, if you drive yourself too hard you are as apt to overeat and grow fat as your do-nothing sisters. Instead of three meals a day, you have six or seven! Little ones, to be sure, and purposely hasty in order to "finish all the piled-up work." But those quick pickup trips to the refrigerator, cake tin and candy box add up in extra calories.

You need a rest, not a repast. A well-planned day is as important for you as a well-planned diet. First of all, avoid tackling the multitude of jobs that frustrate you because you can't possibly finish them. Shy away from helter-skelter. Plan your work day *in advance*. Try to assign yourself short, sure goals you *know* you will be able to accomplish. Then finish each job before you start the next. Your daily schedule should allow time for three peaceful meals, an afternoon nap and several hours each evening for pleasant relaxation. Cut down on your work and your weight at the same time!

You feel lonesome and left out. Food gives you consolation and takes the place of companionship. You eat because the telephone doesn't ring, the beau doesn't materialize, the parties go on without you. But you know there is nothing jolly about being fat and forgotten. So cancel out those solace trips to the soda fountain. You can see they are only a trap for your troubles—not a solution.

Start a new-personality program for yourself based on the platform that *Calories Make Poor Company*. Beginning today, make a firm resolution never to eat alone between meals. Exercise for twenty minutes every day. While you are at it, give yourself a good beauty going-over. Is your hairdo as becom-

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as it could be? Your skin as clear? Your ture as erect? Your grooming as meticus as time and effort will allow? If you are ky enough to live near a reputable salon ich offers beauty courses, you might like join a class, and work your weight away h fellow fatties! A membership card to nearest Y.W.C.A. or women's athletic b can keep you active in the kind of orts that will help streamline your figure. gure out the beauty approach that will be best for you. Then *follow through.* Make honest effort to look good to yourself, and u will begin to look better to others too!

You eat because you are bored. A slice of e or a handful of cookies helps you pass the ne of day. Reach for a hobby—instead of a eet. Try to keep your thoughts, as well as ur hands, off extra food by freshening up ur days with new things to do. If you can t out of the house during the day, join ur political-party organization, the P.T.A., e Red Cross. You may prefer to donate ur services to the town hospital or library, to earn your own n money with a partne paying job. If u have to be at home d you eat because u feel "shut in," look r other ways to ocpy your time. How out a paint project r the porch furniture, w curtains for the aby's room? Get out e gardening tools—knitting needles. usiness girls can fill eir lonely evenings ith fun things to do. in a night class at a llege, or an amateur eatrical group. Who hows? You may be budding actress—rtist—singer! Keep usy and you won't ave time to be bored—nd bulging.

You would like to t moderately, but your ppetite makes unusuly high demands on ou. Don't fool yourlf! Here is a physiogical fact you may ish to memorize. It n't moderate eating ut *over*eating which imulates the appete. As your appetite creases, your body equires more food. As ou eat more food, you ake more fat. As you ake fat, you require dditional food to feed e fat itself! An ugly icture? Paint a new self-portrait by cutting own on your excuses and your excesses at e same time!

You know you are too heavy, but your husand insists he "likes you the way you are." hances are your mate isn't a medical man. isten to what our doctor tells us about contented" overweights in relation to ealth. Too much padding makes you a kelier candidate for high blood pressure, eart trouble, kidney disease, hardening of e arteries, embolism. Overeating lowers our resistance to colds and other infections, ith too many extra pounds making you a oor prospect for surgery and pregnancy as ell! Carrying extra weight around intensies back trouble, if your back is weak to bein with.

Even if you are fortunate enough to withtand these threats to your health, added eight takes its toll in time and money. Overeights move slowly. They have trouble ending over, reaching, struggling into and ut of chairs, and squeezing through narrow assageways.

Extra bulk lessens the amount of work hat can be accomplished each day; preents a mother from caring for her chilren as efficiently as she would like. Becoming clothes in large sizes are more difficult to find and costlier too.

If you shy away from these gruesome facts about fat, with the thought that they couldn't possibly apply to you, try this: Imagine yourself twenty pounds heavier than you are. Try to discover just what these extra pounds would do. Gather together twenty pounds' worth of blankets, pillows, old clothes, and so on. Now strap these things around you so that they pad your upper back and arms, abdomen, hips and thighs. Walk around a bit. Try to bend over and touch the floor. Start the dinner—or the dishes. Even if you don't follow through with this little telltale test, you are sure to get the idea that extra weight means extra trouble!

A Typical Day's Menu for Summer Slimmers

Breakfast

Sliced peaches *or* ¼ cantaloupe.

Ready-to-eat cereal, ½ cup (with skim milk and liquid sugar substitute), *or* 1 egg, boiled or poached.

Toast, 1 slice, moderately buttered.

Tea or coffee, plain, or with skim milk and sugar substitute.

Midmorning

Skim milk (8-ounce glass).

Luncheon

Whole fresh tomato stuffed with cottage cheese and chives *or* fresh fruit with cottage cheese, lemon juice.

Melba toast or plain crackers (2).

Prune whip *or* plain cake, 1 slice.

Iced tea or coffee, flavored as at breakfast, if desired.

Midafternoon

Bouillon or consommé (1 cup, clear).

Dinner

Tossed green salad (lemon, vinegar or tomato-juice dressing).

Lean meat, fish or fowl, 2 medium slices (see list below).

Hot vegetable, medium serving (see list below).

Plain custard *or* fresh fruit (see list below).

Tea or coffee, as at breakfast.

Before Bedtime

Skim milk or buttermilk (8-ounce glass).

Vary your diet meals by selecting from the following foods:

MEAT, FISH OR POULTRY

Roast beef, steak, lamb chops, chopped steak, veal, kidneys, liver, haddock, scrod, cod, halibut, flounder, sole, chicken, capon.

VEGETABLES

Asparagus, yellow squash, string beans, peas, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, carrots, young Lima beans, spinach, beet greens, celery, chard, okra, turnips, cabbage, potato (small).

FRUITS

Honeydew or cantaloupe (¼ slice per serving), apple, banana (small), tangerine, orange, pineapple (fresh), nectarine, plum, peach, raspberries, strawberries, grapefruit (½ per serving).

THE END

Against Fear

By Sara King Carleton

You will come back to me, come back again
As when, forlorn and crying at the gate,
I heard your rushing footsteps down the lane
And felt your comfort, warm, compassionate.
Never grown overwise nor tall nor strong,
And in your absence always incomplete,
Each day too empty and each night too long,
I follow my own shadow down a street,
Thinking each corner that I turn will be
The one where I will find you waiting there,
Smiling away my troubles instantly,
And all my heartaches easier to bear,
Once your arms reach and find me, once you know
I still am that lost child who loved you so!

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Utterly unlike ordinary hairdressings, lotion-like Suave *never* leaves an oily after-film. Because Suave, and only Suave, contains miracle CURTISOL, so light, so penetrating—just a few delicate drops conditions hair, makes it obey more softly than ever before! Gives hair shimmering glow. Prevents dryness, split ends, frizziness after a permanent; chases dandruff. Gives you "easy do" hair instantly, even after shampoo. That's why Suave is preferred 5 to 1 over all women's hairdressings.

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Big 'n' Better Hamburgers

GOOD TO LOOK AT...GRAND TO EAT!

Here's a meat-stretching recipe that always wins approval. It's colorful and flavorful . . . and so simple to prepare!

1 pound ground beef
1 small onion, minced
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup soft bread cubes
2 tablespoons shortening
1 can (1¼ cups) condensed tomato soup

Combine meat, onion, seasonings, egg and bread; mix well and shape into 4 patties. Cook until done in shortening in a skillet; place on a warm platter. Pour soup into skillet; stir to loosen browned bits of meat. When sauce is hot, pour over patties. Makes 4 servings.

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What a joy to find that your favorite soup, just as it comes from the can . . . double-rich, double-thick . . . is a perfect tomato cooking sauce!

Used as a soup, you always did love this savory purée of red ripe tomatoes, blended to velvet smoothness with fine table butter. It's equally outstanding as a pour-on sauce (seasoned to taste) and as a cooking ingredient. It gives you a flying start toward fine, easy-to-fix dishes.

Try it! Millions of women find it adds exciting, new taste and color to dishes . . . saves your precious time.

Yes . . . **CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP MAKES THE BEST TOMATO COOKING SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED!**

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By NIKA STANDEN

STUART



Veal Balls
Onions in Sour Cream
Baked Tomatoes
Fruit Salad

Want to give your morale a lift? Try savory veal balls, onions in sour crea

Someday when the monotony of life overcomes you, and you can't bear to put the same old food under the same old faces, try serving this new dish of savory veal balls. It's so good it will do a great deal to lift your morale, as well as that of your family, who, too, may be in need of a monotony breaker. Minced veal and salt pork are responsible for this welcome taste combination. The savory veal balls call for some sort of sauce. So onions in sour cream we'll have, and baked tomatoes to point up its flavor.

For dessert, a luscious, juicy salad of fresh fruits, dressed with honey and lemon juice. The composition is up to you, and it's easy to make fruit salad with the fruits you have at hand. The most important thing to remember is to contrast flavors; there should be both tart and sweet in a fruit salad. Such as the clean, invigorating sharpness of citrus fruit—oranges, grapefruit, tangerines—uniting happily with the sweet fleshiness of ripe peaches, pears, bananas, apricots. Then there should be texture contrast. That's where crisp bits of unpeeled apple come in, and celery, if you wish. Then the looks, the bright invitation of raspberries, blueberries, cherries or dark grapes. So take a look at what's going on at your fruit market, and create your own masterpiece.

Savory Veal Balls

Trim 1 pound boneless veal free of gristle and all matter that is not strictly meat. Do this well, or you'll have a hard time dur the next step, which is grinding the v fine—through the finest blade of your fo chopper. With it, grind ¼ pound salt po Mix veal and pork together. Take 4 o slices fresh white bread. Remove crus Crumble up the slices. Soak crumbs enough milk to cover. Then squeeze th dry and add to ground meats. Fry 2 n dium onions, finely chopped, in 2 tab spoons margarine until golden soft. Add meat-bread mixture and blend into a h monious mass. Season with ¾ teaspo salt, ½ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspo nutmeg. Blend some more and taste to that everything is really thoroughly mix together. Shape mixture into 1″ balls— larger ones, if you prefer. Coat each b lightly with flour. Sauté in 3 tablespoo bacon fat or shortening. When gold brown on all sides, place balls in greas shallow baking dish. Bake in a moderat hot oven (375° F.) for about 20 minut Makes 4 servings.

Onions in Sour Cream

Cook 1 pound small peeled white onions salt water until just tender, but no mo Drain well. Place onions in a baking d with a cover. Pour 1 cup sour cream o onions. Dust with a sprinkle of ma Cover. Bake in a moderate oven (350° for 15 minutes, or until well heated throu Serves 4.



Ham Asparagus Bundles
Buttered Noodles
Berry Shortcake

A gastronomical salute to summer—asparagus with ham, berry shortcak

Let us make the most of the blessings of summer, all the fresh vegetables and fruits, while they are in season. For me, the rites of spring and early summer spell as much asparagus and strawberries as possible. Later I welcome the early peas, the golden wax beans, the red ripe cherries and all the berry trib With these on my table, and the sun beamin I feel that everything is right with the worl

And in this mood, I offer you the not combination of asparagus with ham. Festi it is, the asparagus wrapped in delicio



Cheese is all a food should be. In cheese-onion pie, it's delectable.

ces of pink ham, and lapped by a cheese uce.
With it we shall serve noodles, generously ttered, for more sustenance. Golden, firm d tender each noodle, because it has been oked in plenty of boiling water, for a short ne only.
Raspberry shortcake for dessert if the awberry season has passed for you. Made, course, with a good biscuit dough and s and lots and lots of berries. And plenty cream oozing benevolently from your pret- st pitcher.

Asparagus With Ham

Start with 20 stalks of asparagus, fresh or frozen. Have your stalks of equal length. Cook only until tender, not soft, and drain them thoroughly. Have ready 4 slices of boiled ham. Roll 5 stalks of asparagus in each slice of ham. Secure with toothpicks. Place bundles in a greased shallow baking dish. Pour 1 cup cheese sauce over bundles. Sprinkle with bread crumbs if you wish. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 15–20 minutes, or until bubbly and golden brown. Serves 4.



Corn Bread
Chef's Salad
Fresh-Fruit Tapioca Pudding

o tempt children's appetites, add chicken and cheese strips to chef's salad.

Children are the world's most conservative ers. And what struggles to teach them to e new things! So, occasionally, it's a good ea to teach your children to like something re interesting than what they've had before, d serve a menu that has at least one dish of ir own creation. They will love being chef d the meal will also taste better to you than e everlasting hamburger or frankfurter and shed potatoes.
Begin with corn bread, an innocuous but easing dish good for hungry people. Follow with a chef's salad—the simplest variety th no fancy trimmings. It's one kids go for. e taste is cool and refreshing, and it can be sembled in the morning to wait in the re- gerator until everyone's ready. Of course ssing with French dressing comes at the last nute. The children compete for the honor.

For dessert, fruit tapioca pudding made with any fresh fruit according to directions on the package will be greeted with demand for encores. So make a double measure—fresh fruits come but once a year, remember.

Simple Chef's Salad

Take 2 cups well-drained cooked string beans, 1 cup peeled tomatoes cut into chunks, ½ cup chopped celery and 1 medium Bermuda onion cut into the thinnest of rings. Combine with 1 cup canned chicken meat (1 small can) cut into inch-long strips and 1 cup inch-long strips of Swiss cheese. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Place on shredded salad greens, such as lettuce, chicory or strips of romaine. Toss with ½ cup of your favorite French dressing. Serves 4.



Kidneys Creole
Fluffy Rice
Green Salad
Peach-Vanilla Pudding

Kidneys creole have even steak lovers passing plates for more.

Let us face it: people don't love kidneys the y they love steak. Which means, in view of economic and nutritive virtues of kidneys, t your folks will have to be persuaded. By u. To put backbone into your persuading, nk of your weekly food bill plus the fact that epicures, or fancy eaters, swoon over kidneys. In this spirit, I offer you kidneys creole, which persuaded my family to such an extent that even the little ones want more.
Rice is a natural mate to kidneys creole, to mop up the fine sauce. Fluffy rice it should



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give yourself a coffee-break

. . . and get what coffee gives to you!



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coffee always gives you a break!

MAKE IT BETTER! . . . Make it fresh, make it often! Use 1 standard coffee measure (2 level tablespoons) to each 6 oz. cup of fresh, cold water . . . keep your coffeemaker sparkling clean! *Never* boil or reheat coffee!

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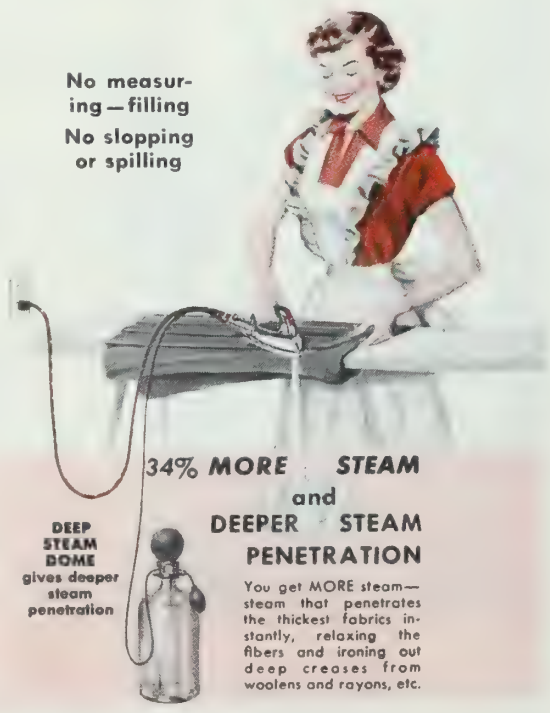
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be, so every so often fish out a kernel and taste. Even in this age of careful cooking directions, initiative pays. After all, you have to eat the rice, so why not make sure the directions coincide with your taste?

For hot-weather eating I think the kidneys should be followed by a cool green salad. One of impeccably crisp lettuce, tossed in your favorite French dressing with a handful of wafer-thin cucumber rounds. Have you ever tried mixing your salad dressing in the salad bowl, before the greens go in? You'll find that putting the salad on the dressing, rather than the other way round, makes for easier and more thorough tossing. Incidentally, the best French dressing is still made with 3 parts of salad oil to 1 of vinegar, salt, pepper and a pinch of mustard.

Follow up with a peach-vanilla pudding which is as easy as it is pleasing. Line the bottom of 4 sherbet glasses with sliced fresh ripe peaches. Fill glasses with packaged vanilla pudding, which should be cool, but not set. Chill. Before serving, sprinkle with chopped toasted almonds.

Kidneys Creole

Take 1 large beef kidney (about 1 pound), wash it, trim it free from fat and muscle, and cut it into very thin slices. Soak slices in cold water for ½ hour. Drain, dry kidney slices and dredge them with flour, taking care to coat each slice evenly. (Two hints: Dry the kidneys on paper towels. For dredging, spread kidneys on a big dinner plate, and use your flour sifter. This gets them coated evenly, but not too thickly.) Now, fry 2 medium onions, finely chopped, in ¼ cup chopped bacon (3 slices) or salt pork and 2 tablespoons butter. (The fat combination is for flavor.) When the onions are golden and tender, add 1 green pepper, finely chopped, and the kidneys. Cook until browned, stirring constantly. Transfer to a heavy saucepan. Add 1 cup tomato catchup, 1 cup hot water—and it must be hot—salt and pepper to taste, and, if you wish, 1 tablespoon minced parsley. The parsley, too, is for taste. Cover pan and simmer *slowly* for ½ hour. Before serving the kidneys, which will be tender if you simmered them slowly, and tough if you did not, add the juice of 1 lemon or 1 tablespoon vinegar. Serves 4.

• • •

Cheese-Onion Pie

Green Beans

Cantaloupe with Raspberries

Today I lift my lyre (or bang my typewriter if you must be that *accurate) in praise of cheese. It's all a food should be and here I go.*

Cheese tastes good. (What's the use of a food that doesn't?) Comes in a lot of varieties. (Like one's own moods.) Is nourishing and full of proteins, calcium and phosphorus. And it's economical.

So we start today with this delectable cheese-onion pie. You can eat it hot, or else cool rather than cold, meaning that it must not go in the refrigerator. With it, since they are plentiful now, green beans.

If you're planning on a hot cheese-onion pie, serve your beans piping hot, well seasoned with melted butter or margarine. If you're planning on a cool cheese-onion pie, cut the beans into strips lengthwise before cooking and have a green-bean salad with vinaigrette sauce. Which is nothing but a French dressing to w you've added 1 teaspoon each finely chop parsley and chives (for every ½ cu French dressing). If you have no chives, the green part of scallions instead, but the green part, or the onion flavor will b strong.

For dessert, fine ripe cantaloupe ch and filled with fresh sugared raspber Sounds like a novel idea, but the flavor well together.

Cheese-Onion Pie

Line a greased, 9″ glass pie plate wit crust made of 1¼ cups soda-cracker cru blended with ⅓ cup melted margar Slice sufficient onions to come up wit cups, but slice them *thin*. Fry these i tablespoons margarine until they are gol transparent and really cooked—but brown. If you don't get them soft now, never will. Place the fried onions on piecrust. Now make a custard with 1 scalded milk, into which you have slo stirred 2 slightly beaten eggs. Season w 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pep Add 1½ cups grated Cheddar cheese the custard. Stir. Pour mixture into c over onions. Bake in a slow oven (300° for 40 to 45 minutes, or until cake te inserted in mid of pie comes out cl Serves 4–6.

• • •

Flaked-Fish Favorite

New Potatoes

Buttered Spinac

Lemon Sherbet

One of the blessings count all too seldom is goodness of our fish. I fect fish we have in our waters, an end variety of it. Yet so m people shy away f eating fish often, tho it is healthy for old young, inexpensiv and good.

And most of us c cook fish. The secre good fish, like that good eggs, is to cook enough, and no m Which usually takes m less time than you th I think the best way of getting the amo of cooking right is to see for yourself test. If your fork pierces the fish easily, no trace of redness showing, your fish is d Especially with boiled fish, this is the su way, since so much depends on the rapidit the boiling of the water you're cooking it in the size of the fish you're boiling, on the riety.

Today's fish dish is one of the simpl and best. Good fish like ours needs no com cated sauces. It needs just a little care to c up wonderfully fresh and clean-tasting.

I make this flaked-fish favorite from usually. But any white fish will do, provi it's fresh. And with fish, the fixings should plain. A plain buttered vegetable, like sp ach, would make an agreeable companion your fish and new potatoes cooked in th skins. The dessert is ideal for summer.

Flaked-Fish Favorite

Boil 2 pounds cod or other white fish, be careful not to overcook it. Flake y fish into big flakes and keep it hot. N melt ¼ cup margarine in a frying pan. it, cook 1 tablespoon finely minced on to a golden color. Add 1 teaspoon fin minced parsley (easily done by snippin fine with your kitchen shears), the juic ½ lemon and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Add flaked fish next, and season with 1 spoon salt. Shake over a medium heat u thoroughly heated through. But take c not to break the fish flakes. Serve at o piping hot. Makes 4–6 servings. THE

TO NAG

Medieval households were usually infested with pests. Rats burrowed under floors and between walls, and squirrels nested in the thatch roofs. Between the squirrels and the rats, the noise of gnawing was a constant source of irritation. From an old Scandinavian term "to gnaw," Germans developed naggen. Eventually they applied it to any disturbance as annoying as household pests.

The chief nuisance men suffered was scolding wives. This type of naggen was so prevalent that a faultfinder was said to nag.

PUBLIC OFFICE IS A PUBLIC TRUST

(Continued from Page 43)

The JOURNAL editors, in this state- do not fail to appreciate the literally nds of public servants who work loy- id devotedly, often at lesser salaries hey might receive in private business, e of devotion to their country—work- ifortunately, who often must bear the s odium of their superiors' short- gs.

the shortcomings are there; the scan- e great; the public is indignant. Indig- ecause they believe government hon- ust be *higher* than average.

ie government should set a pattern of y, wisdom and strength for the whole y" is what the average citizen says elieves.

elect people to government to be our s. The reason we choose them—the eason we *can* choose them—is that we e their integrity and their common to be of high standard.

n in a democracy in which the people ach elected official—President, gover- ongressman—must make a thousand ns in areas where the average man t follow him. The public official has ac- facts which the average man can never and he must use them in the broadest st of our country, rather than in a per- or partisan, interest. Many of these ns must necessarily be made behind doors—after reading papers stamped secret"—areas in which the ordinary can never have detailed information—eed not have if the trusted leaders are y of the public's trust.

Whatever statements a candidate has made on "issues" prior to election—internationalist or isolationist, for or against Taft-Hartley, civil rights or no—many of the decisions most vital to the country's well-being will be good or bad decisions *solely on a basis of his personal integrity.*

Our President must appoint men to key posts. Has he chosen the best man for this office? Or only the best man for partisan advantage? Who is honest and firm enough to administer government moneys? How can these huge sums be most usefully spent for the good of all?

In these dangerous times we pray for wisdom in our leaders and it is our duty to choose the wisest men we can. No man can be all-wise; but it is within his power to be honest, and to require honesty in his associates. The standard must be that government morals be above the average morals, not below them. When our leaders fail in this, they fail the greatest public trust.

The only way to achieve honesty and integrity in government is for the voters relentlessly to insist upon it, and to mete out swift punishment to those who do not fulfill this obligation. Public life offers the temptations which great power and access to great sums of money will always provide. Only when we voters are aware of this, and raise a great clamor when our trust is betrayed, can we hope to have good government.

Let us *insist* on our hopes' being realized.

THE EDITORS

WHAT PEOPLE WANT IN A PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 43)

, so apparently does confidence in the ial goodness of our way of living. In for peace, prosperity and good govern- interviewers felt the people are ask- values beyond material benefits. They king the President to renew their faith future.

peace, one Middle Westerner's simple ent represents many others: "I hope xt President can make and keep peace. n with wisdom who will also pray can

financial pressure, a young housewife "I hope the next President can find way to check inflation and high taxes, can live the way we used to. On what akes, we can't save anything. We get all right, but I think of my child (now and how high taxes will have to be for nd am sorry! In my nd's work he can't ut notice the graft, and corruption. It's money. If it went it should, taxes be lower, and so, would be much bet- ."

ther in a modest hold, this young n's point of view is that of an ordinary , not a professional observer. Yet her orried sentences sum up the kind of ies, regrets and hopes—as well as the cal problems—which vast numbers of cans like her feel today (including those igher and lower on the income scale). RNAL interviewer reports clearly show nuch most of us in America value the ial comforts made possible by our ctive system. We both enjoy and de- on our bathtubs and radios, fast cars road highways, packaged foods and c labor savers. Yet our enjoyment is d by anxiety, for we worry about y.

rly every householder is disturbed by roblem of making ends meet, if not on vn account, then for the sake of his nd his children's future. And the diffi- is usually traced to rising living costs (especially for people in the lower and middle income brackets), to high taxes (especially among people in the upper middle and high income brackets), or, as in the case of the young wife quoted, to both.

In her suggestion that the tax burden could be relieved by economy, efficiency and honesty in government, she again voices the belief—and the hope—of millions of Americans.

Faith in government is the most important issue of all: "We're going to have to clean up the people in public office who have so much control. It worries me a lot—doesn't it you? It causes so much unrest among our people when they can't have confidence in our public leaders."

To have confidence in our public leaders, people must believe in their honesty. Graft and corruption in government, they feel, directly involve the individual citizen by increasing costs and, therefore, the tax burden.

Happy is the man who does all the good he talks of.

—PROVERB

Greater efficiency in government, they believe, would also operate to reduce costs. "Too much paper work"; "Overlapping bureaus"; and "Unnecessary jobs" are all cited as examples of the waste and incompetence which many people believe today characterize our government.

But pinched pocketbooks are not the only source of dissatisfaction. There is another, and perhaps deeper reason why faith in the character of government (as an institution and as individuals) is essential.

In the minds of the people, our government is more than the mechanism of administration; it is the tangible expression of democracy itself. "The country looks to government not only to promote the citizens' welfare, but also to uphold and typify American ideals." Many, many quotes across the country agree with this, obtained from a retired locomotive engineer, who sums up: "The government should set a pattern of honesty, wisdom and strength for the whole country."

THE END



This suede jacket from Dayton's Sun Fun Shop, Minneapolis, was made for flying. But it's almost as appropriate for zooming through a basketful of whiz-fast ironing . . . when you're helped by a Rid-Jid Ironing Table!

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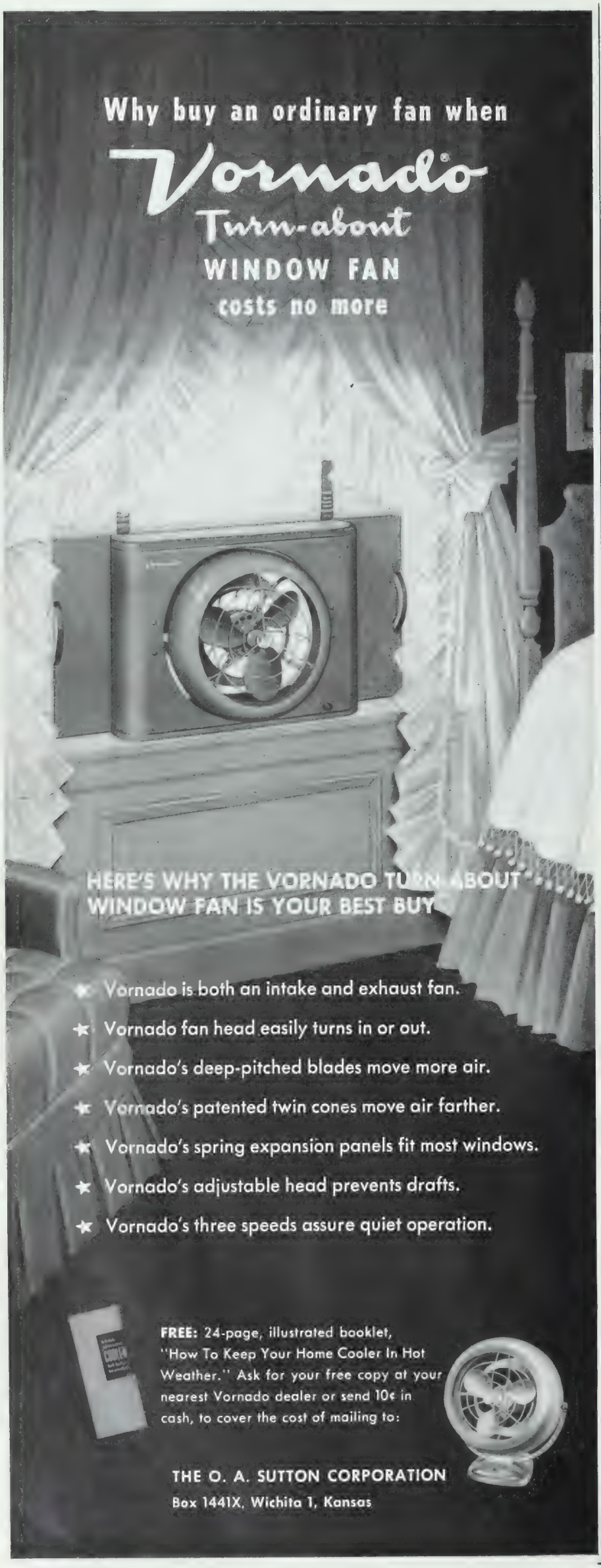
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Rid-Jid

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THE J. R. CLARK COMPANY

SPRING PARK, MINNESOTA



HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY

(Continued from Page 44)

Flowers everywhere and plenty of fishing too. Nobody cared what anybody did. It was a fine trip.

Hawaiian luau. One thing seems certain, there is plenty of feasting in the Islands. *Luau* means feast, and it's all as informal as a New England clambake. All you need for a centerpiece is fruits and flowers topped with the island pineapple and your tablecloth may be green leaves—ferns would be fine. So, if you have a big open porch or patio, you may call it a *lanai*, and you are all set. You may have many things or only a few, but have plenty of what you have or it won't be a *luau*.

Start with shrimp curry. Read the receipt, make it and serve it. You *may* stake your tent down in Hawaii. Or you may let the home folks in on it.

SHRIMP CURRY

To be forehanded, soak a piece of whole ginger or ginger root in cold water the night before your party. Put 2 cans shredded moist coconut through the food chopper and simmer in 3 cups water for 20 minutes. Strain through a cheesecloth. Save the liquid for the sauce. The coconut may be used another time in a cake. Clean 4 pounds fresh or frozen raw shrimp, removing shells and black veins.

In a skillet, melt ½ cup butter or margarine. Add 1 cup chopped onion and cook slowly until golden brown. Mix in ½ cup flour smoothly. Add 2 cups of the strained coconut liquid and 2 cups milk blended with 1 tablespoon curry powder; cook, stirring, until thickened. Add the raw shrimp, 2½ teaspoons salt. Slice and chop fine enough of the softened ginger root to make 1 teaspoon. Add to the curry and simmer ½ hour. Before serving, stir in 2 tablespoons lemon juice—more curry, too, if you like it hot.

Serve in a border of fluffy rice and garnish with sautéed bananas. Curry is always served with such accompaniments as chutney, chopped scallions or green onions, crumbled crisp bacon, chopped hard-cooked egg, shredded coconut, pickle relish, chopped peanuts and steamed raisins.

A banana is a banana is a banana. A banana on the stem is a deceitful thing. It grows upside down so it's an upside-down fruit with a show-off complex. So, here's a complexed banana making like an indifferent banana, and it is one of those complexes that run wild with shrimp curry.

SAUTÉED BANANAS

Select 4 all-yellow or slightly green-tip bananas and peel them. Cut lengthwise half, then cut crosswise in half. Sauté bananas slowly in 3 tablespoons butter margarine. Turn so they will brown on sides. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Serve with curried shrimp.

It's only a salad. Any simple salad greens, tomato sections and, of course, s of avocado mixed with French dressing typical of Hawaii as anywhere else. never can get out of step with a green sa

Ono-ono. Why *ono-ono* should mean licious when you mean yes-yes I hav fathomed yet. But, if you've taken Hawaiian holiday seriously, you've pineapples growing, you've sheared t and eaten them in a dozen different w You've got the pineapple habit, and y never reform. And, for a frozen delici there's nothing better than a pinea lemon sherbet served icy cold in a wa melon shell.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET

Beat 4 eggs until light with ⅛ teaspoon gradually adding ⅔ cup sugar and 1 white corn sirup. Add 4 cups milk, 1 No. can crushed pineapple, ⅔ cup lemon j and 2½ teaspoons grated lemon rind. well and pour into 3 refrigerator free trays. Freeze about 1 hour until frozen around the edge of the tray. Scrape in chilled bowl and beat with a spoon mushy. Pour back into trays and freeze firm. To serve, place spoons of sherbe chilled watermelon shell. Garnish with w melon balls. Makes 3 quarts.

To scallop the edge of your melon it to make a repeated scallop pattern first piece of blotter or cardboard, using th size on a scallop ruler. Outline it first ar the melon. Carve around it with a s knife and lift off top half of melon. S out balls and chill until serving time.

Home stretch. It's too hot for readin' writin' and 'rithmetic. (And that's a subject for anyone to go into regarding correspondent. Arithmetic, nor yet spelli algebra, is not my most distinguished ject.) So let's stick to geography and go eling. Just wade or swim in Hawaiian wa Cool off in the shade of strange trees. you sometime, here or there. In the m time, have fun the Hawaiian way. THE



"Don't call him to the phone—just ask him what he had for lunch."

"I sure married one smart shopper!"

IERE ARE FOUR GOOD REASONS MRS. WEBB BUYS FOOD IN CELLOPHANE



OU SEE WHAT YOU BUY. You pick bacon sliced as you ke it . . . choose well-trimmed meats, appetizing vege-bles, the right kind of cheese. No guesswork, no costly istakes when you buy food in Cellophane.



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Put that $100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo



Wildroot gleam girl, Rose Dent of Leaksville, North Carolina says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo keeps my hair soft, easy to manage, and to set."

Does your hair have that $100 gleam? Does it sparkle with highlights... does it have that alive look every girl wants? Sounds like you've discovered new Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans . . . cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid... more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both. It's a soapless shampoo plus soothing lanolin. Watch it foam into a quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Feel it leave your hair soft, silky, with just enough body to take a quick set... and to hold that set!

For a clean... deep-clean scalp... for softly gleaming, radiant hair... for *manageable* hair that never needs a special rinse... for a soft shampoo that *protects* your hair... try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!



Wildroot gleam girl, Tommie Hendler of Vancouver, B. C., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair gleam with highlights because this liquid cream gets it so sparkling clean."



Wildroot gleam girl, Barbara Ellen Myers of New York says, "I love the good smell of Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . 'n mother says it never leaves a dull film on my hair 'cause it rinses right out."



Wildroot gleam girl, Diane Cheryll of Omaha, Nebraska says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo rinses away like magic... gleams my hair without a special rinse ... leaves it radiantly alive."

How to win $100

Want to win $100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send a snapshot or photo (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture.

If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot ad, and Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York artist and art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send in your photo today. And keep that $100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!



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gleams as it cleans— cleans as it gleams

Three Sizes
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OME

JOURNAL

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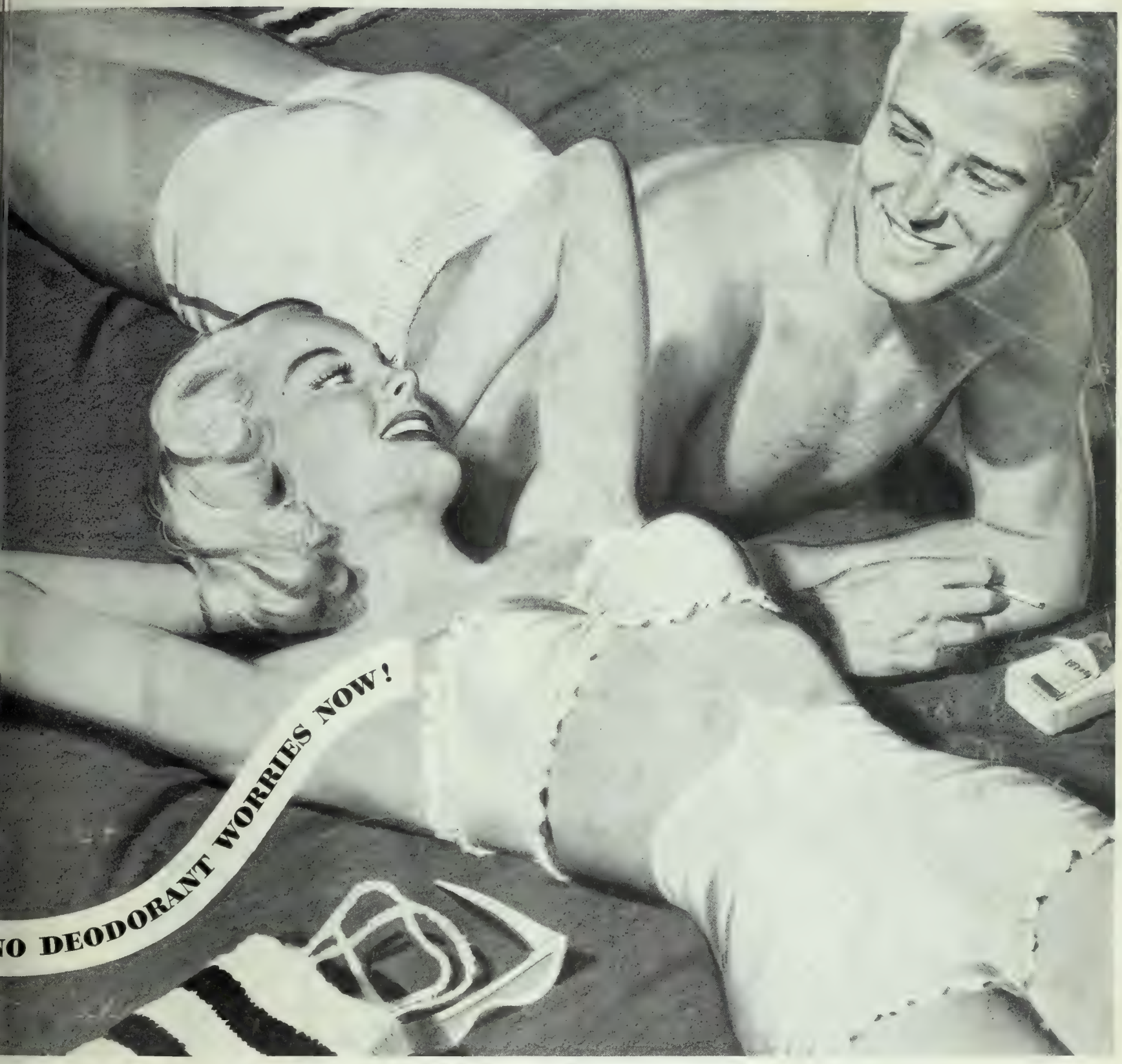
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Now contains amazing new ingredient M-3 to protect underarms against odor-causing bacteria

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

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MUM's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum is the *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Take your place in America's biggest job—defense! Join the women in the Services.

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IVANHOE from the company that gave you "QUO VADIS"... and only M-G-M could bring it so magnificently to the screen! Sir Walter Scott's story of romantic adventure comes to life enriched by Technicolor and with such great stars as ROBERT TAYLOR • ELIZABETH TAYLOR JOAN FONTAINE • GEORGE SANDERS EMLYN WILLIAMS





"THE MERRY WIDOW" is LANA TURNER—it could be none other—and FERNANDO LAMAS is her lover. A glorious entertainment aglow with the magic music of Franz Lehar and gorgeous color by *Technicolor.*



"BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE" brings you golden-voiced M LANZA in a new romantic musical sensation co-starring J WHITMORE and introducing DORETTA MORROW. *Technico*

VOL. LXIX NO. 8

Journal Contents

August 1952

Journalities



Marie Killilea

MARIE KILLILEA, author of ***She Lived a Miracle*** (Page 36), lives with her husband and four children (one adopted) in Rye, N. Y. To help her daughter Karen achieve her miraculous victory over cerebral palsy, Mrs. Killilea had to become a medical student, nurse, physical therapist—an expert on the subject. She and her husband helped organize the National Cerebral Palsy Association. Thanks to the tenacity of Karen and her mother, Irish eyes are smiling in the Killilea home and thousands who know cerebral palsy firsthand can take hope.



Nancy Hale

NANCY HALE'S ***One Good Dress*** appears on Page 26. Author of several novels and many short stories, she prefers to be dressed for a hike with her young son, Bill. This summer she is revising her first play, *The Best of Everything*, produced last May by the Virginia Players at the University of Virginia. Her husband is professor of English Literature there.

An illustrator's "spade work" would seem easy—merely to look at lovely women. But to do the illustrations for Edna Ferber's ***Giant*** (Page 38), JOE DEMERS takes hundreds of photographs of his models and discards dozens of preliminary sketches before producing a single finished drawing. The photo shows Joe DeMers at work—he has given up eating entirely to gaze at the movies' Jeanne Crain. He has an equally lovely wife and one seven-year-old daughter, Danielle.



Joe DeMers and Jeanne Crain

Book Condensation Complete in This Issue

She Lived a Miracle . . . *Marie Killilea* 36

Stories

One Good Dress . . . *Nancy Hale* 26
Bring a Girl . . . *Josephine Bentham* 28
Deliverance . . . *Rebecca West* 30
Giant (Third part of six) . . . *Edna Ferber* 38

Special Features

Out of This World . . . *Dorothy Thompson* 11
The Glitter and the Gold (Second part of four) . . . *Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan* 32
Political Pilgrim's Progress:
Women's Place in Politics . . . *Harold W. Dodds* 17
The Boys in the Back Room . . . 47
Neither Birds Nor Bees . . . *Charles Stryker Ingerman* 66
Self-Examination for Cancer of the Breast . . . 84
How America Lives: Child of Nature . . . *Ruth Shapley Matthews* 105

General Features

Our Readers Write Us . . . 1
Diary of Domesticity . . . *Gladys Taber* 14
Making Marriage Work . . . *Clifford R. Adams* 16
Who *Are* You? (The Sub-Deb) . . . *Edited by Jan Weyl* 19
Under-Cover Stuff . . . *Bernardine Kielty* 20
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town . . . 25
There's a Man in the House . . . *Harlan Miller* 46
Daydreaming Youngster? Don't Nag! . . . *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* 79
Ask Any Woman . . . *Marcelene Cox* 100
This is a Dripper . . . *Munro Leaf* 120

Fashion and Beauty

Black With Color . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 40
"I Lost 160 Pounds" . . . *Helen Fraley* 42
Time for Easy Sewing . . . *Nora O'Leary* 65

Food and Homemaking

A Cool Proposition . . . *Ann Batchelder* 18
Line a Day . . . *Ann Batchelder* 50
Conversation Piece . . . *Ruth Mills Teague* 72
Frozen Fresh . . . *Margaret Davidson* 126

Architecture

The Lindens . . . *Richard Pratt* 44

Poems

The Taste of Time . . . *Sally Blanding* 55
Song for Any Child . . . *Joan LaBombard* 63
The Tokens . . . *Norman R. Jaffray* 76
The Pickety Fence . . . *David McCord* 81
Small Songs . . . *Elizabeth McFarland* 86
Homecoming . . . *Marion Lineaweaver* 96
Communion Sunday . . . *Jean Freeman* 113
For Any Mary . . . *R. H. Grenville* 116
Straight Man . . . *Robert P. Tristram Coffin* 130

Cover Photograph by Wilhela Cushman

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STOPS BAD BREATH AND STOPS DECAY BEST!

Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath In 7 Out of 10 Cases That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

Stop! Look!

There's a Borden's Cream Cheese for every taste... every use!



So much better-tasting for snacks!

And no wonder! Borden's Cream Cheese is *actually fresher-tasting* cream cheese, and not only that, it has a smoother texture, too! Spread on crackers, salted rye, or bagels, you're set for the very best cream cheese eatin'!

Don't forget Borden's Cream Cheese when you're dreaming of an extra-good salad . . . or for those luscious cake frostings! You'll really notice what a difference Borden's fresher taste makes! Get it in the 3 oz. or the thrifty 8 oz. size.

A tightly sealed wrapper protects the original goodness and purity of the cheese until you open the package. No loose flaps allow air to reach the cheese.



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What's more convenient than Borden's Wej-Cuts to give you a surprising variety of sandwiches! And with Borden's you'll have fresher-tasting cream cheese sandwiches, too! Take your pick of these handy 6 oz. Wej-Cuts in Plain, Chive, Relish, Pineapple or Pimento cream cheese! They're blessings for summer lunches . . . perfect for picnics! ©The Borden Company

Tightly sealed wrapper guarantees its goodness!

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

Folks who know cheese say "Borden's, please!"

Our Readers Write us

So Who Always Gets the Last Word?

▶ *Last April we published a letter from a man who lamented women in politics, called them "two-legged pussy cats," and asked, "Who gets the mink coats?" Replies have been accumulating and we thought we'd better publish a few before spontaneous combustion destroys our files. ED.*

As for the mistakes women make, the greatest is producing more egotistical males like the writer of that letter.
EVELYN GREGORY
Logan, Utah

He is . . . obviously the least informed man in the U.S.A.
MRS. J. A. WAGNER
Duncansville, Pennsylvania

If the men in our government had to run this country with the economy expected of a wife managing the house, they wouldn't offer any lady a mink coat.
MRS. R. J. WILLIAMS
Noel, Missouri

He evidently never had a mother.
WALTER DOCKHAM
St. Johns, Michigan

Though I'm yet a child (14 years old) I realize that men do not wish to have women compete with them. Why this is so I can't say.
SUSAN LEDBETTER
Flint, Michigan

May I please remind his high and mightiness that no woman would buy another woman a mink coat! If it weren't for the long-tailed bewhiskered two-legged tomcats trying to get to the top of the ladder (to use his words), such deals would not happen. You, Editors! I'll bet you're jumping up and down with laughter. You knew somebody would blow a fuse on that one—and by all that's decent I have done it.
GUIULA MURTFELD
Niles, Michigan

Loved to Pieces

Yale, Michigan

My dear Journal: We have had a long life together. My father told me one day he had a new friend that I would love. It was you, dear JOURNAL. You were born. We have been together almost ever since.

When I married in the Far West you were with me, living in a dugout, a sod house. You were loved. Loved to pieces. Now we must part. I'm 82 and can't read any more—not even you. The world is a better place to live for your living in it. God bless each one of your staff.
Good-by,
EMMA B. MILLER

Unsmoke-filled Room

Traverse City, Michigan

Dear Editors: My political party welcomes women. It is easy to join the group on the precinct level. I, too, quietly worked on the outside for many years, waiting to be invited into the inner workings. Then one day our state representative asked why I never went to a county convention. I went. It didn't take long to be elected a delegate to the state convention.

The fun really begins at the state convention! A state convention is as much fun as a football game. You soon learn about the "smoke-filled" rooms and find they aren't as "smoke-filled" as reported. Men have livings to earn and can't spend as much time going from house to house getting out the vote as women can—and they know it. They have to be nice to us.

Politics is the door to good government. We'll never have good government if we merely stand back and criticize the other fellow. I'm proud to be labeled a "politician" and my husband is proud too. I can vouch for one "back room" at our state convention that wasn't "smoke-filled." It was democracy in action.
Sincerely,
LOIS SAMUELSON

Little Shaver

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: This is Mike. Recently he became the proud owner of his father's discarded shaving kit. He joins his dad in the daily rite of shaving. Recently, when he was told that his father had shaved the night before, he said, "Well *I* have to shave just the same." The result you see in the photos.
Sincerely yours,
PHOKION KARAS

(Continued on Page 6)


. . . Early start


. . . In a lather


. . . Careful of that nose


. . . I feel better

OF ALL THE KIDS WITH HOME-WASHED CLOTHES...

They wear the cleanest clothes in town

...*"Mom" swears by TIDE!*



They wear the cleanest clothes in town,
When they go off to school.
Mom says, "Use **Tide** for bright clean clothes—
That's washday's golden rule!"

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!



TIDE not only washes clothes cleaner—but whiter, too, in hardest water!

CLEANER CLOTHES! When you rinse out a Tide wash, you've got the *cleanest* wash in town . . . cleaner clothes than any other woman will get with *any* soap of *any* kind. And here's why—Tide not only gets out the ordinary dirt, but *removes dulling soap film*, as well!

WHITER, TOO! Yes, tests *prove* Tide gets clothes cleaner and *whiter* than any soap in *hardest* water. What's more, after just *one* Tide wash, soap-dulled colors actually come *brighter!* Millions of you women have proved these Tide miracles. You've seen the proof in your husband's cleaner, whiter shirts . . . in your own bright wash prints.

NEW MILDNESS FOR HANDS! Tide is *kind* to your hands—now milder than ever before. Get Tide today and hang the cleanest wash in town on *your* line!



ALWAYS BUY TWO...  ONE FOR LAUNDRY...  ONE FOR DISHES!

Your Savings on a Hardwick will pay the Grocer for months

EconoTrol Top Burners offer waterless cooking at its efficient best. Actually two burners in one. A fast-starting burner, then click—a small, pin-point flame for keep-boiling. Save money, save time, save food. The cost of a new HARDWICK is so reasonable that the saving will pay your grocer for months, and that's just the beginning of the saving.





Better Baking will reduce your food bill. Balanced-heat oven means smooth-textured cakes, evenly browned casseroles, properly cooked meat — no baking failures. No shifting or turning of pans, either, because everything bakes perfectly everywhere in the scientifically distributed heat.

EconoMatic gives you the luxury of automatic lighting for oven and top burners. The thrifty pin-point pilot is one-third the usual size. It means a cooler kitchen in hottest weather — plus savings the year 'round. Yet HARDWICK EconoMatic costs less to buy than many non-automatic ranges.



Gp Gas has got it!



Old Stove Round-up Time

Trade in your old gas range on a New HARDWICK during the OLD STOVE ROUND-UP

HARDWICK
GAS RANGES

A. G. A. Approved for Natural, Manufactured or LP Gases
No Matter What You Pay — You Can't Buy Better Cooking Performance

See your dealer, or your gas company, or write Dept. L-18

HARDWICK STOVE COMPANY • Cleveland, Tennessee

(Continued from Page 4)

What to Think While Washing Dishes

Bellingham, Washington

Dear Editors: I'm one of those people who write hundreds of letters to the editors, mentally, while ironing or washing dishes. Many years of reading the JOURNAL has convinced me it is by far the finest of its kind on the market. Though the fiction is good, it's the nonfiction that puts your publication in a class by itself. I think you have made a tremendous contribution to the mental and emotional "coming of age" of the average American housewife.

Three of your series of articles stand out in my mind—the series on Youth, that on Political Pilgrim's Progress, and your immensely popular How America Lives. I read How America Lives first, after leafing through the entire magazine. I believe each individual woman reading it, alone in her home—many, like me, over that fourth morning cup of coffee—feels a kinship, not only with the family of the month but with all other women reading it too.

Surely that is a first step in the right direction of individual and collective improvement.

Sincerely,
MRS. JAMES R. GOODRICH

Medical Milestone

New York City

Dear Editors: The little Pakistan girl in this picture is crying, but the prick of the needle may save her many tears in years to come. She is getting an injection of BCG. Her risk of getting tuberculosis is only one fifth as great as if she had not been vaccinated. She is one of 17,000,000 children who have been vaccinated in a world-wide campaign against tuberculosis, started six years ago by the Danish Red Cross and now being conducted by UNICIF and other health agencies.

UNATIONS



Ouch! That hurts in any language.

In times when international disagreements hog the headlines, it's pleasant to reflect that 23 nations were able to cooperate in an effort to save children's lives. At the last count over 37,000,000 children and young adults threatened with tuberculosis had been tested, and over 17,000,000 vaccinated. Millions who might have died of tuberculosis will survive.

Of course, BCG is not enough. But in every country the BCG campaign has spurred authorities on to greater effort against the plague which has been killing so many of their children. It stands as a medical milestone—the world's first united challenge to the menace of tuberculosis.

Sincerely yours,
LYDIA STRONG

The Others Screamed

Naples, New York

Dear Editors: Doctor Nicholson Eastman, in his recent article, The Middle Road in Obstetrics, states that if natural childbirth is pushed to the point of denying women the right to have drugs, we shall be back to the "wailing rooms" of old. This leads me to wonder what conditions were of old. Recently I had a baby following natural childbirth. It was a wonderful thrill.

While in the hospital, I spent five restless nights listening to the hysterical screams of women in labor. These women had been given the usual drugs and shots

(Continued on Page 8)



Crusty pans drive you crazy?



BRILLO soap pads— TWICE the SHINE in half the time!

A spunky metal-fiber Brillo pad *whisks* off crust. No soaking. No scrubbing. Square Brillo pads-with-soap outshine all cleansers tested!

Brillo has jeweler's polish. Shine-meter tests *prove* that Brillo actually gives aluminums *twice the shine in half the time!*

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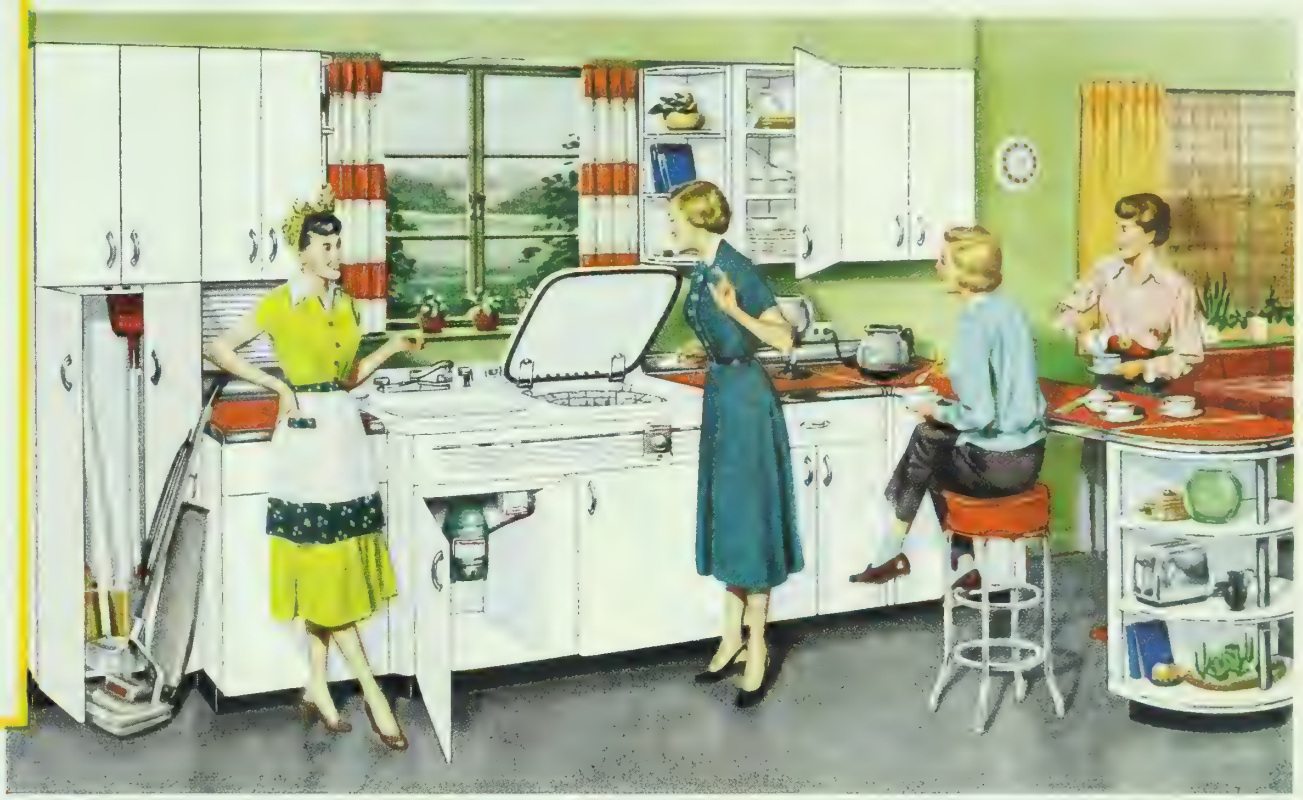
New improved Brillo lasts longer!



Check this timesaving, work-saving ideal against your present kitchen!



1. Sound-deadened steel construction; easy-gliding drawers, positive-closing doors.
2. Baked-on enamel finish—sparkles at the touch of a damp cloth.
3. One-piece, acid-resisting porcelain enameled steel sink top, no-splash bowl.
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5. Plenty of accessible storage space! Includes broom cabinet that's just like an extra closet, rolling-door cabinet for spices.
6. Half-Round Base What-Not — attractive Wall What-Nots—for added kitchen beauty.
7. Youngstown Kitchens Jet-Tower* Dishwasher really eliminates hand dishwashing!
8. Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer banishes garbage!



This all-steel kitchen features Youngstown Kitchens Electric Sink with Food Waste Disposer and Jet-Tower* Dishwasher.

COMPARE your present kitchen with this gleaming-white Youngstown Kitchen. Compare for beauty and convenience. You'll find everything you want in your dream kitchen is here!

Time savings that mean added hours of leisure for you! Work surfaces and storage space galore, placed just right to save you time and steps. Baked-on enamel finishes quickly wipe clean with a damp cloth. And your all-steel Youngstown Kitchen is built to last a housetime!

Work savings! Youngstown Kitchens Jet-Tower* Dishwasher really eliminates hand dishwashing. And Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer rids your home of garbage forever.

Your kitchen can reach this timesaving, work-saving ideal—no matter what its size or shape. Let your factory-trained Youngstown Kitchen dealer show you *your* dream kitchen in perfect miniature, show you how to save on installation, and how easy it is to finance. If building, specify a Youngstown Kitchen—you'll *save!*

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO

Youngstown Kitchens are sold throughout the World

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sink, 66" DeLuxe Twin. One of 14 luxury models. Two big bowls, two drainboards, handy rinse spray, swinging mixing-faucet. Sturdy steel with one-piece, acid-resisting porcelain-enameled steel top. Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer available at extra cost.



Youngstown Kitchens 48" Electric Sink combines full sink facilities with Jet-Tower* Dishwasher. Dishes are done in 9¾ minutes — washed, flushed and rinsed hygienically clean in water hotter than hands can stand. Hydro-Electric Control assures efficiency. Disposer and rinse spray available at extra cost.



New Rotary Corner Wall Cabinet and Rotary Corner Base Cabinet put otherwise-wasted corner space to work. Each has three rotating shelves that turn together at finger touch to bring articles within easy reach, that provide plenty of room for dishes, canned goods and countless other items.



Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer shreds away food waste *before* it can become stale garbage. Three ways best: nonstop feeding, double-action shredding, self-cleaning action. Fits all Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sinks, Electric Sinks, most other modern sinks.



Youngstown Kitchens

Call Western Union, Operator 25, and without charge get the name of a nearby dealer.

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Send 24-page planning and decorating idea book.
I enclose 10c for mailing. (No stamps, please.)

I plan to build ☐ I plan to remodel ☐
I am interested in: Kitchens ☐ Dishwashers ☐ Food Waste Disposers ☐

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Now! Revlon discovers an anti-perspirant gentle as a face cream

new AQUAMARINE LOTION DEODORANT



Never before such complete protection!

Gentle as a face cream yet doubly-effective! Here's the only truly modern anti-perspirant! Puts an end forever to messy "hit-and-run" sprays! Makes sticky cream deodorants as out-dated as last year's hat! Doubly-effective in checking odor and perspiration—yet so kind to your skin, thanks to skin-soothing Lanolite.

Try it today—you'll never go back to old-fashioned deodorants!
1.10*



Aquamarine Bath Powder
...Fluffy-light pale-blue powder scented with the famous Aquamarine fragrance. 2.50*
PLUS TAX



(Continued from Page 6)

and still they screamed. Apparently the drugs do little to conquer fear. Many women have told me they had no difficulty with their second baby because they knew what to expect.

Natural childbirth is a simple thing, so clear as to be overlooked by many "wonder drug" doctors of today. The pain killers, neatness of stitches and skill with the forceps are stressed instead of the naturalness of labor and birth. I believe proper mental education of the patient, by the doctor, is of primary importance in a normal pregnancy.

Sincerely,
SHIRLEY H. REED

She Tried Both Ways

Dallas, Texas

Dear Editors: Three cheers for Doctor Eastman's article, The Middle Road in Obstetrics. What the women of America need is more men with his balance.

Having just recently borne my third child, the experience is quite fresh on my mind. During early pregnancy I studied Dr. Grantly Read's book, Childbirth Without Fear, quite thoroughly. But never could I reconcile his theories with my two previous experiences. I had a long chat with my obstetrician—who incidentally is a middle-roader too. Due to circumstances beyond his control, this youngster came without benefit of analgesia. I assure you there was *no* fear and I had plenty of pain; however, up until the last hour I was quite comfortable. So I'm a firm middle-roader myself.

Your friend,
MRS. JOHN C. RADCLIFFE

Woman Power Preferred

Exeter, New Hampshire

Dear Editors: Having had my first child under anesthetic and the next three under my own power, I heartily agree that one's attitude toward the child is not affected by the method he arrives in the world. However, the "emotional experience" is no small thing. In fact, it is one of the biggest moments in a woman's life. That is why I cannot understand why so many doctors seem determined that we should be taught that it is something less than civilized for us to be conscious at that time. Never underestimate the power of that emotional experience!

Sincerely,
LOUISE B. RYAN

Dancing Grandparents

Scottsville, New York

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Ten years ago in June, 1942, our family was featured in How America Lives. We thought you would be interested in what we are now doing. At that time we had one grandchild. Now we have eleven—soon to be thirteen. Of our eight children, five are married.

We are still interested in dancing, having established a dance studio in Scottsville last June.

Two of our daughters are teaching for us—Gerianne, aged 16, is our ballet teacher. Janet, 21, is our tap teacher, a very accomplished dancer and teacher. She is married and has two lovely little girls, Debby and Dianne.

At our first recital of the Scottsville Studio in June my husband and I, at our age, 54 and 52 years, did a soft-shoe number and a ballroom dance. Our best wishes for the continued success of your grand magazine—and especially to you both.

Sincerely yours,
GERALDINE R. SEEFRIED

▶ *How many readers remember the decorative, dancing Seefrieds with their eight children?—ED.*

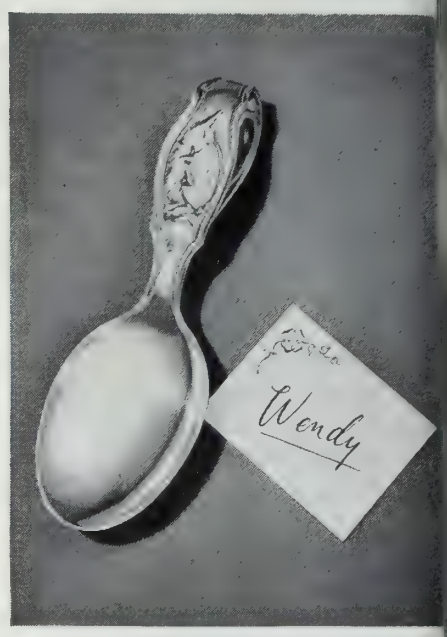
Approves Our Politics

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors: For many years I have read and enjoyed the JOURNAL, but this is the first time I have ever felt called upon to write and say so to you (or, for that matter, to any magazine). I have been so delighted with your series on politics that I felt I must express my deep approval. I myself unfortunately have little time to do more than vote, since I am simultaneously raising our one-year-old daughter, Rebecca, keeping house, and completing the laboratory work for a thesis for a Ph.D. in biochemistry.

Sincerely,
JOYCE K. NEWMAN

IT'S A FAMILY TRADITION



...the silver Baby spoon!



...the dependability of Johnson's Baby Products!



When you buy cotton tips... buy the dependable JOHNSON'S brand!





So much depends on you...

Sometimes one little improvement in personality, looks or grooming can alter a girl's entire life . . . make it a thing of joy and beauty. Take Mary, for example. Mary was a successful business woman . . . attractive and well dressed. But, somehow, she simply didn't click with men. More than all else, she wanted marriage. But, here she was, without a single prospect.

Then, quite by chance, she over-heard a conversation that revealed the truth about her. She lost no time in doing something about it! Today her good-looking husband thinks she's the sweetest girl in the world . . . and she is . . . *now!*

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Don't take chances with halitosis (bad breath). Don't offend needlessly. Your best friend in breath-control is Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* precaution that countless popular people rely on.

You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic *and bad breath is stopped.* Instantly! Delightfully! And for hours on end usually! Never, never omit it before any date. You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth.

Four Times Better Than Chlorophyll
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A nationally known, independent research laboratory reports: Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes . . . stopped bad breath up to six hours and more. That is, up to three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date.
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Ladies' Home
JOURNAL

Bruce Gould
Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors



A PENNSYLVANIA GLEN *by Albert W. Barker*

Out of This World

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

A JOURNEY from the west into Saudi Arabia is not only a journey in space. It is a journey in time. Space has been overcome by the airplane which can take one around the world in a few days. But within those days one can encompass centuries, for man does not change as rapidly as his means of communication.

I thought of this recently when an airplane took me from Dhahran in Saudi Arabia to Riyadh, the capital city of that fabulous country, in about three hours. In those three hours I passed from one century to another.

Dhahran is the administrative center of the Arabian-American Oil Company (Aramco), and although the bulk of its employees are Arab, Dhahran is a startlingly American town. Yet Riyadh, the capital of what is perhaps the world's richest kingdom, to which go exactly half the profits of the biggest American business outside the United States, is living, in the most important particulars, in medieval, even in Biblical, times.

Saudi Arabia is the last absolute monarchy among the great countries of the world. But when one says that, one is already making a false analogy in time and association. When a Westerner thinks of absolute monarchy he thinks in European terms, for instance of Louis XIV of France. But King Abdul-Aziz al-Faisal al-Saud, known to the world as Ibn Saud, dates, in many particulars, back to the Shepherd Kings of the Old Testament, who rose as tribal leaders by physical prowess, innate leadership, and shrewd political wisdom.

If his rule is absolute it is also, in an Arab sense, democratic. Class distinctions, as the West understands them, are unknown in Desert Arabia. Any tribesman may demand audience with the King, to discuss such seemingly trivial matters as the right of access to a water well. He and his sons may, and do, take to wife any maid who pleases them.

All the Arab world comes to the court at Riyadh, where there are no hotels (or hotel bills) and everyone arrives only by the King's consent and as the King's guest, staying in guest houses within or outside the palace walls. When I was there a delegation had arrived from Tunisia to plead their case against the French, and another from the tiny sultanate of Lahej to plead theirs against *(Continued on Page 66)*

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The great American "Hot Dog" — packed with eating pleasure and protein, too.

Meat as a Source of Protein, B Vitamins and Iron

ALL RATINGS BASED ON COOKED VALUES

KIND OF MEAT	COMPLETE PROTEIN	B VITAMINS THIAMINE (B_1)	B VITAMINS RIBOFLAVIN (B_2)	B VITAMINS NIACIN	FOOD IRON
PORK	Excellent	Excellent	Fair	Excellent	Excellent
BEEF	Excellent	Fair	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent
LAMB	Excellent	Fair	Good	Excellent	Excellent
VEAL	Excellent	Good	Good	Excellent	Excellent
VARIETY MEATS (LIVER, HEART, KIDNEY)	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent
SAUSAGE (PORK OR BEEF)	Excellent	Good	Good	Good	Excellent

B_{12} Meat is an outstanding source of this recently discovered important vitamin

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

Meat helps you in so many ways. The protein in it helps

- repair muscles, nerves and tissues, regenerate blood
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Modern reducing diets are based on meat. *Complete* protein is the reason why.

Meat (any kind of meat) is "a yardstick of protein foods."

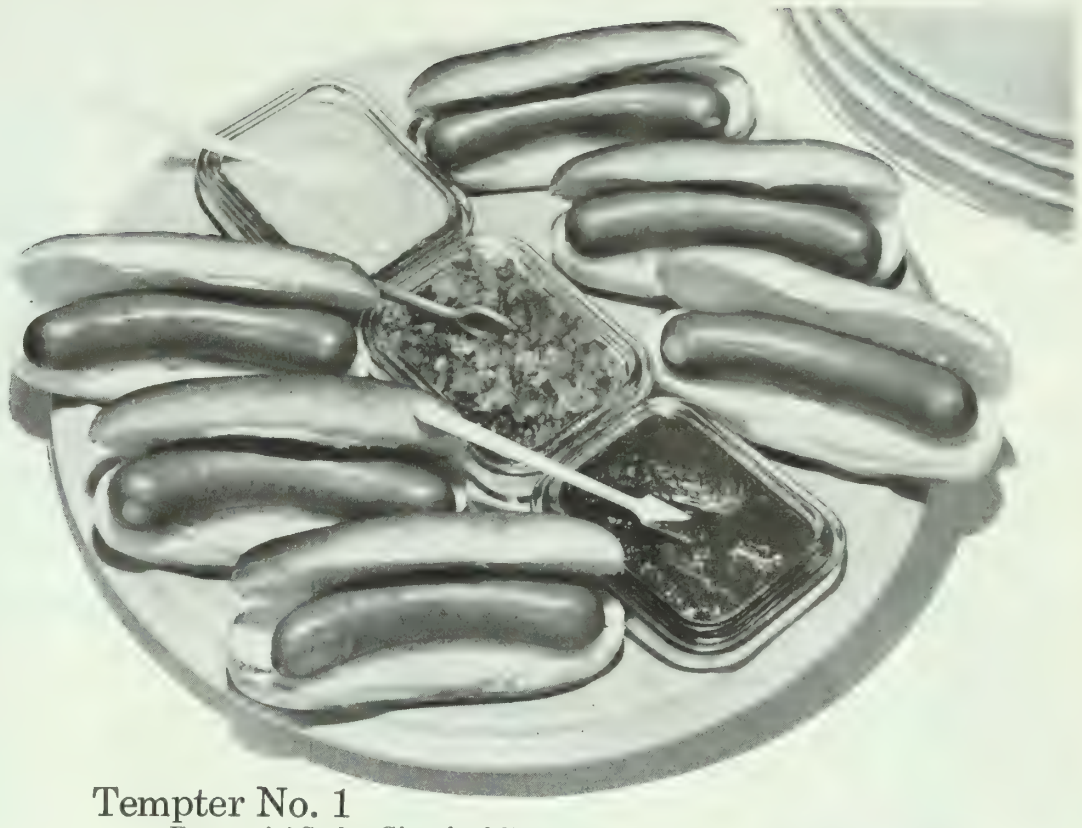
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Frankfurters continued:

7 tempting ways to fix Franks or Wieners

(whichever you call 'em at your house)

Since these all-meat "packages of protein" are so quick, so easy (and so thrifty), what could come in handier than several attractive new ways to serve them? Here they are! We hope they'll help you with your summer meal-planning problems and that your family will agree with the name we've given them all—tempters.



Tempter No. 1

Easy-eatin' Style. Give the folks their choice of several different relishes—piccalilli, chow-chow, minced onion, catsup and, of course, mustard.



Tempter No. 2—with Barbecue Sauce.

Cook ¼ cup chopped onion in a little hot fat, add ½ cup catsup, ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon each sugar and Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Simmer, covered, for 10 minutes, then add 1 pound frankfurters and simmer 15 minutes longer. Serve on cooked rice or in split buns.



Tempter No. 3—in Corn.

For a savory skillet meal, cook ¼ cup chopped onion and ½ cup chopped green pepper until tender in ¼ cup bacon drippings or butter. Add 3 cups fresh corn cut from cob, or canned whole kernel corn, drained. Add 1 pound split frankfurters, cover and cook slowly 25 minutes.



Tempter No. 4—in Hot Potato Salad.

Cut six medium sized pared boiled potatoes and six frankfurters into thin slices. Make dressing by lightly browning ¼ cup chopped onion and ¼ cup green pepper in bacon drippings. Add ½ cup each of water and vinegar (plus sugar, salt and pepper to suit taste). Add potatoes and wieners, stir carefully and heat, covered, for 10 minutes.



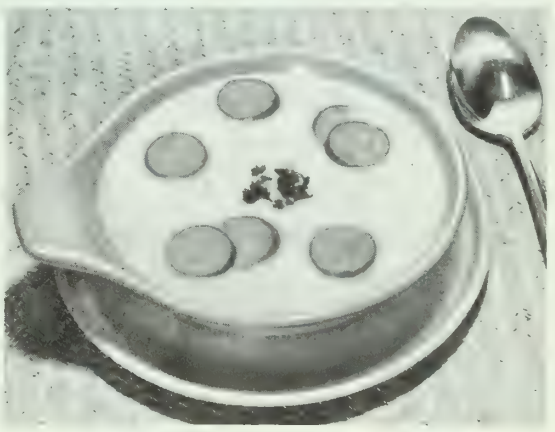
Tempter No. 5—with Sauerkraut.

In a large sauce pan lightly brown 1 sliced onion in bacon drippings. Add a large can of sauerkraut and a chopped tart apple. Simmer covered 15 minutes, add 1 cup water, one teaspoon caraway seed and 1 tablespoon sugar. Top with 4 medium potatoes cut in half; sprinkle potatoes with salt. Cook, covered, until potatoes are tender. When almost done, add 1 pound wieners.



Tempter No. 6—"Coney Island Quail."

Make lengthwise slits part way through franks. Spread openings with mustard and fill with fluffy mashed potatoes which have been well seasoned with minced onion, chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Bake for 15 minutes in moderate (375°) oven.



Tempter No. 7—in Soup.

A swell starter-offer for a summer cold-plate supper—penny-thick slices of frankfurter floating atop a bowlful of pea, bean, lentil or cream of celery soup. A fine way to use up those few leftover frankfurters, too . . . if there ever are any!

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Both these suits in a whole new range of exciting colors, in solids, checks or nubby Ruff-tex. Both in misses' and junior sizes. Right, also in young Proportioned Plus sizes. At one fine store in your city. For its name, write Handmacher-Vogel, Inc., Dept. L8, 533 Seventh Ave., New York.

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Submerging two paws in cool green water helps Daphne beat the summer heat, as the pond shimmers in the afternoon sun.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

As I pick the raspberries in the upper meadow, heat simmers down from the polished sky. The dazzling armor of the sun almost blinds me; George's corn grows by the berry patch, tall and taller. Everbearing berries are not so sweet, but they are fine to have. Tame strawberries are not so delicious as the minute wild ones, either, but they pick better.

My sister Jill can pick indefinitely, the sun is her best friend. I get breathless and find a nice tree at the edge of the woods where I can pop a few berries in my mouth and watch a blue dragonfly shimmering.

Nothing is much better than raspberry jam with toasted English muffins for breakfast. Now we are dieting again, I think it will be a hardy guest who spoons the dark red sweetness up while I watch hungrily.

In the course of time, I think I have tried all the diets ever invented. I work my way through like a grim traveler in the Alps.

Diet experts do not actually misrepresent the truth, but they come close to it. If you love to cook, as I do, and love to sit down to a delectable meal with everyone just as happy as a healthy clam, you are *not* going to *have fun* dieting, as they say.

I have a few tips for other "misfortunes," as a friend calls them. Eat the bitter fiber on the grapefruit too. It stays your hunger and has a certain something that is good for you. A piece of Cheddar cheese in the midafternoon is better than tea or bouillon, lasts longer. It's protein too; and if you do have a friend in this sorry business, it's protein. Drop a bouillon cube in when cooking vegetables—gives flavor and helps cut down the salt.

When you cannot face another salad dressed handsomely with lemon juice, mix cottage cheese with tomato juice and seasonings and use that.

Don't eat late. It is my undoing to put off dinner an hour for any reason. You get hungrier as time goes on, and a broiled hamburger is smaller and smaller. If we are going out to dinner, we have a glass of skim milk around six and that helps me refuse the gravy later on.

At a country auction the other day, I was impressed with the comfortable look of old furniture. So often when I go to visit friends with modern furniture, I cast wild glances around trying to pick a chair or sofa from which I can reasonably suppose I can rise again. Some of the modern furniture is fine and really functional, but some of it is just plain terrifying. For real sitting comfort, I'll take grandmother's old walnut armchair every time. Or a good wing-back that I can lean my head back in.

Old furniture takes more dusting, that is true. But a good chemically treated dustcloth makes light of it. When the thermometer is in the nineties, I try to do the dusting after sundown. I may miss a few spots, but by then it is cooler. When our dear cleaning woman moved away, Jill organized a plan. And it has really worked. Every day we do one added chore, figuring an extra half hour or a bit longer apiece. Today I washed the windows where velvet noses leave smudges as they peer out. Jill polished pewter. Tomorrow I wash one milk-glass cupboard and she does the muddy paw marks on the woodwork here and there. Then with once-a-week vacuuming, and so on, we are really quite trim.

I notice the hotter it is, the more I want the house spanking clean. It seems cooler and more restful.

At night, when the white moon shines on the water, we take a last dip, and try to be quiet about it, not to disturb the ones who really own the pond. We particularly don't want to make the trout nervous.

The moon lights the garden; I can hear the beans growing and know tomorrow we shall be freezing tons more. The peppers are coming along, satiny and green, Jill takes a look at an ear of corn, pulling the dark silk down. Even persons on a diet can hardly eat sweet corn with no butter and salt!

There is a peace about an August evening which only comes from a hot day first. It is mellow and gentle. A silvery mist floats in the meadow, a cooling breath comes from the woods. The stars are close enough to pick. Sister and Daphne and a couple of others run in the shadowy night hunting something. August is a very good month, says Sister.

THE END

Sing a Song of Summer

there's romance everywhere

says **WOOLWORTH'S**

Susan Smart



This season, your loveliness can prove the prelude to romantic picnics, moonlight sails and dancing under the stars. So be sure your beauty is fresh, radiant . . . an invitation to love. It's simple if you gather your beauty aids at Woolworth's. There you'll find everything you need, all so conveniently arranged . . . shopping is a delight! You can choose quickly or at leisure. And if you wish, you can ask the advice of the friendly Woolworth salesgirl.



LONG LIFE TO DAINTINESS! Discover ETIQUET, the safe, sure way to end underarm odor, check perspiration. *Safe* for normal skin . . . *sure* for all-day protection. Cream form **10c, 25c, 39c**; Spray form **43c**; Stick form **59c***



SMART OUTDOOR GIRLS love the way SUAVE helps your hair-do laugh at wind and weather! Made with miracle Curtisol, Suave keeps hair *softly* groomed all day and protects from sun's fading, drying rays. **50c, $1***



REFRESHMENT PLUS . . . a *clean mouth taste!* PEPSODENT with oral detergent (not a soap) gets teeth cleaner. Make your own test of Pepsodent, compare. Your clean mouth taste lasts *hours!* **10c, 27c, 47c, 63c**



WHY NOT BABY ALL OF YOU! Make every inch of you *feel young* with Pacquin's SILK 'N SATIN Lotion. Its lanolin-richness satinizes your skin... leaves it baby-soft and lovely in revealing warm-weather fashions. **25c, 49c***



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THERE'S MAGIC in the *right* shade of face powder! Choose the perfect one for *you* from LADY ESTHER'S lovely summer shades. You'll look prettier longer, for Lady Esther Powder clings for *hours.* **15c, 29c, 55c***



LOOK LOVELY CLOSE-UP with SOLITAIR Cake Make-Up to lend *natural*-looking beauty to your skin. Made with lanolin, Solitair smooths on easily... *conceals* tiny skin faults! Use it daily to be ready for romance. **30c, 60c***



MINER'S STICK COLOGNE

NEED A HOT WEATHER PICK-UP? Stroke on cooling MINER'S Stick Cologne. Inspired by French perfumes, it keeps you *lastingly* sweet. Carry your favorite fragrance in your purse. It's spill-proof! **25c, 49c†***



OUNCE OF PREVENTION . . . wherever you go, take a TEK 29c Toothbrush for after-meal brush-ups so vital to healthy teeth and sweet breath. Soft, medium or hard nylon bristles. Plastic travel case. **29c**



TO BE SUMMER SWEET, dust LANDER'S Flower-Fresh Talcs head to toe. Choose Spicy Apple Blossom, Sweet Pea or Lilacs and Roses in **12c** tins, or the latter in an economical **25c** tin.†* You'll love them all!



PERMANENT BEAUTY. End summer hair care. Give yourself a PROM Permanent. *So* easy! Use plastic curlers. Apply. Rinse 30 minutes later. Needs no neutralizer. Never fails! 3 Prom lotions for different hair types. **$1.50***



HAZEL BISHOP No-Smear LIPSTICK

GET IN THE SWIM! Try HAZEL BISHOP, the No-Smear Lipstick that stays on so perfectly you can even wear it swimming! And it won't eat off... bite off... kiss off. Choose from 8 of the smartest shades under the sun. **$1.10***

* Prices plus tax

†*Slightly higher in the West*

Many of these products available at Woolworth stores in Canada at slightly higher prices.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph. D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Before you say "*I want a divorce—at any price*" . . . be certain you know what that price includes.

Premarital Illusion

MANY a husband and wife, restless and discontented together, decide on a divorce with no knowledge of the difficulties involved in getting it, and with no realistic consideration of their probable status after the decree.

No matter what the provocation, no matter how intolerable the present situation seems, use your intelligence and your imagination to look into your future as a divorcee, before setting the machinery in motion. A sober analysis may dissuade you altogether, or at least induce you both to give your marriage one last wholehearted try. Here are some aspects to ponder:

• *The grounds for divorce.* At best, the process of getting a divorce is a sorry business; at worst, it involves collusion, bribery or even outright perjury. In advance, the prospect of making false accusations against your husband may not disturb you; but the actuality is likely to seem shameful—especially if your husband is also your children's father. And don't overlook the expense involved.

• *Custody of the children.* The weight of opinion and of precedent favors the mother's retaining custody of the children. Even though the father provides support, or takes the children for periodic visits, the continuing responsibility for their upbringing falls on the mother alone. For one parent to bring up children without the counsel and encouragement of the other is always a heavy burden; the load is immeasurably heavier if it follows the upheaval of a divorce.

• *Standard of living.* The amount of money which enabled you and your husband and children to live comfortably under one roof will not provide the same level of comfort in two establishments. Even though your husband pays a maintenance allowance for the children, it is unlikely to be enough to cover their requirements. Unless he is a wealthy man, or unless you have other means of support, your standard of living will drop.

• *Social status.* Despite modern tolerance, society imposes certain penalties on the divorced person. Because you will find it difficult to maintain some of the friendships formerly shared with your husband, your social circle will shrink. Some wives will regard you with suspicion simply because you are a divorcee. And no matter how well liked you are personally, as an extra woman you will be left out of parties you would attend if you were married. Trivial as these things may seem now, they can deepen your loneliness later on.

Are you sure you are willing to testify (perhaps falsely) against your husband? Will your disposition survive the strain of being solely responsible for the children's discipline? Can you be comfortable with considerably less money? Do you enjoy being the subject of gossip? Honest answers to such questions as these will help you decide whether a divorce would be worth what it would cost.

My Own Home

MANY a housewife, trying to stretch her budget as expenses mount, thinks her financial problems would be solved if only she had more money. But extra money sometimes causes more troubles than it cures, as this letter shows:

"After nine years, I'm beginning to think Dick married me with one eye on my money. Despite his $15,000 salary, he gives me only $40 a week to run the house (listed in his name) and cover personal expenses for myself and our two boys. I pay the rest out of the $9000 income I inherited from my parents. Except for the small sum he doles out to me, he spends, saves or invests his money as he chooses, yet constantly criticizes the way I handle mine. I fight back, and the quarrel is on. I thought the extra luxuries my money would buy would bring us extra happiness, but Dick takes the pleasure out of that, and everything else."

Though the wife's inheritance has aggravated this couple's difficulty, the real problem is one of attitude. Neither she nor Dick has ever learned to regard *all* their income as *both* their income. No amount of money can compensate for failure of husband and wife to agree on a financial plan which both accept as fair to both. But like every other couple, they can evolve such a plan, if they will accept and observe these principles:

• *All resources should be regarded as joint property.* Money management profoundly affects every aspect of family living: recreation and social life; housefurnishings, management and the house itself; the care of the children; provision for the future. In all these things every normal husband and wife expect to share fully. To do so they must also share the responsibility for financing the family program.

• *Whatever its source, "extra money" is part of the family income,* to be used for the benefit of the whole family. A mother tells her child he is selfish and stingy if he refuses to share a gift box of candy with brother or sister. Yet some wives are reluctant to share job earnings or an inheritance with their husbands, just as some husbands earmark bonus or overtime pay as private funds for their exclusive use. The emphasis in happy marriage and family life must be "we" and "ours," not "I" and "mine."

• *The budget should be jointly planned,* and should be adapted to the changing circumstances, wishes and capacities of the individuals involved. No single scheme fits every family; a plan which suited you last year may be unworkable today. If a wife is systematic and accustomed to detail and her husband is neither, she may take more than the usual responsibility for the family accounts. A wife who can't balance a checkbook or resist a charge account may prefer to operate on a regular cash allowance. The details of the financial arrangement are unimportant, so long as they are agreed upon in advance.

• *Savings, like spending, should be jointly agreed upon,* and should further common goals. The average couple can save about 10 per cent of their income, and even on a larger income it's rarely desirable to save more than a fifth. To save too much simply for the sake of saving is to overemphasize security at the expense of other values.

No plan will succeed unless it is undertaken in a spirit of co-operation and fairness; unless it encourages self-respect and implies mutual trust; unless it is a system of sharing rather than of separating. For the essence of marriage is sharing, whether it be of money or of self.

Are You Disliked?

Deep within all of us is a desire to be liked and respected by those who know us. But what we say and do has great bearing upon how others feel about us. Honest *yes* or *no* answers to these questions may help you see yourself as others see you.

Do you:

1. **Often borrow things from friends?**
2. **Usually speak frankly and to the point?**
3. **Tell your friends about your troubles?**
4. **Think your mind is much above average?**
5. **Suggest how others can improve themselves?**
6. **Ask questions about your neighbor's business?**
7. **Like to catch someone in an untruth?**

Are you:

1. **Easily tired or fatigued?**
2. **Extrasensitive or easily depressed?**
3. **Talkative and outspoken?**
4. **Cautious about making friends?**
5. **Skillful in winning an argument?**
6. **Adept in getting favors from others?**
7. **Constantly striving for perfection?**

All of these questions should be answered "No," since even one "Yes" can detract from your personality. If you are married, three wrong answers may explain why you and your husband are not more companionable.

Do You Agree?

My first husband and I were divorced three months after marriage. My second husband ran away with another woman. My third marriage of one year is unhappy. Why do some people have all the bad breaks?

Your husbands—or yourself? A counselor can help you tell which.



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Deliciously yours!

P.S. Hunt-for the best. See your grocer's ads and look in his store for the low price!

Copyright 1952, Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

Their wedding came out of the book!

All her life, Marianne Delacorte lived among story-book brides — her father being publisher of many famous romance magazines.

So when Bryce Lawrence Holland proposed, and wedding plans had to be made, lovely Marianne grew anxious. She knew her complexion would be beautifully radiant and soft, thanks to years of care with Woodbury Facial Soap. But would her own wedding go as smoothly as all the story-book weddings she'd read about?

No question about it! The editors of her father's magazines conspired to give Marianne and Bryce a wedding straight out of the book!



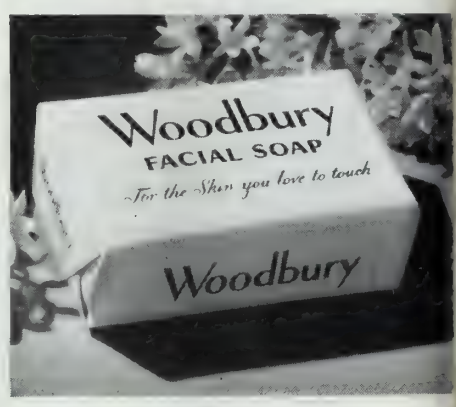
THE FASHION editors chose her gown of ecru silk taffeta. And Woodbury skin specialists assured her a beautiful bridal complexion. For they make Woodbury Facial Soap with a rich softening oil found in fine face creams.



THIS LOVELY WOODBURY BRIDE, Mrs. Bryce Lawrence Holland, was a story-book bride from her satin complexion to her satin pumps. She wore an antique Italian lace veil and carried a bouquet of freesia and lilies-of-the-valley.



HER CAKE was made by the cooking expert who edits the food sections. "But I'm my own expert on my complexion," says Marianne. "Nothing cleans my skin so thoroughly, so gently, as Woodbury Soap!"



DAILY FACIALS with Woodbury Soap can give your skin too, the benefit of Woodbury's precious beauty-cream ingredient. It's a softening oil, intended to help replace natural oils you wash away.



WHILE SOME SOAPS tend to dry your sensitive skin, Woodbury Facial Soap will smooth and soften it. Try Woodbury soon. And for silken skin from head to toe, use Woodbury's big Beauty-Bath Size, too.

Woodbury Facial Soap ... *with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient for "the skin you love to touch"*

WHO aR YOU?



Nancy is a confused girl. She nods enthusiastically on Friday night when Jim says Gene Kelly is a greater dancer than Fred Astaire, and then finds herself agreeing to just the *opposite* with Dick on Saturday. She gets a craze for roller skating, or long-distance swimming, or mystery novels—just because Sue does. At parties she alternates between trying to imitate Joan, a perennial life of the party because she's so gay and peppy, and Ann, who's just as quiet and reserved as Joan is friendly, but every bit as popular. Her friends all say, "Nancy's so *changeable*, you never know *what* she's going to be like."

Nancy has a good personality of her own, but it's *buried*. She's been so busy making herself into a carbon copy of other girls that she hasn't had time to develop her *own* personality, her *own* individuality. No one really knows her *because she doesn't know herself*.

If This Happens to You:

. . . . **See yourself:** Take a look at yourself in a full-length mirror and you're bound to see some things you wish you could *change:* your hairline, your height, your size-nine feet. Everyone has dreams like this—"the person I *could* be if only ——" But smart girls forget them fast and concentrate on the *real* facts: that there are some things which are yours for keeps no matter how much you'd like to change them—and that they're only as important as you make them. Get the advice of people you trust on using the right clothes and make-up to underplay whatever features you don't like. Then *forget* about them, and concentrate on developing your *personality*. Say to yourself, "Sure I've got a large nose, but I also have the nicest blue eyes in the crowd, and do the Charleston better than anyone here. If I forget about my nose, so will everyone else." This works—because it's *true*.

. . . . **Let yourself go:** If you're feeling gay and your quips are going over big with the crowd, fine. But if it's one of those nights when nothing you say seems particularly funny and you'd rather be off in a corner having a heart-to-heart talk with Jim, go right ahead. Never force yourself to be something you're *not*—even for one evening—because you won't fool anyone, and just as bad, *you* won't have a good time either. The world is a melting pot of many *different* personalities which balance and counterbalance each other: the comedian needs someone to laugh at his jokes, the serious soul enjoys being with a girl who's lighter and more flip, the ardent talker needs a person who will sit quietly and listen. And then some evenings the situation will be completely reversed: the quiet gal will have lots to say all of a sudden, and the talker will do the listening. Always try to do what seems *easiest* and *most natural* for you, and the crowd can't help but notice—and like—the *many* sides of your personality.

. . . . **Decide what you think:** If opinions come hard to you, and you either agree blindly with the majority, or squirm in your seat with *nothing* to say, have a good bull session with yourself. Take a piece of paper and figure out just what your ideas really *are* on art, baseball, the school elections—anything your crowd is talking about. And keep your mind at work whenever you know there will be a discussion later: during the school play, the band concert, the big game between State and Trent. If Sue's party is going to be loaded with jazz lovers, read up on jazz in the library, play the latest records downtown—and arrive at the party prepared to quiz the "experts." Never be afraid to say what you think—or to ask questions when you *don't* know something. By developing your own ideas, you're developing your individuality. And even if you're all wrong sometimes—and who isn't?—what fun for the fellow who convinces you!

. . . . **Find the right crowd:** Often the girls you liked best in grammar school aren't the girls you should be spending all your time with now, because your *interests* have changed. They're big activity women and sports enthusiasts. You'd rather talk about music. They rush off to the corner drugstore every afternoon after school. You'd rather go home, get your studying done, and have some time to play records. And yet you usually do what your *friends* do because you feel there's something wrong with you if you don't. Stop and think about it for a minute. There's nothing wrong with you. You're just another type of person, that's all. Don't give up these old friends completely, but do seek out fellows and girls you might have a great deal more in common with. Sit in on the pickup combo after orchestra rehearsals. Join school clubs which interest *you*. Date the fellows *you* like—regardless of whether they're in the "right crowd" or not. And as these new friendships deepen and grow, you won't have *any* trouble talking or having a good time. You'll be where you *belong*.

. . . . **Accept yourself:** If you consider yourself a dull tool and mumble your words because you're sure the crowd couldn't possibly care what you think, chances are they *will* think you're uninteresting—because *you* think so. If Helen compliments your new dress and you frown and answer, "But don't you think the color is too weak?" Helen will be bound to look at the dress with a more critical eye—*your* critical eye. On the other hand, if you *relax*, if you realize that no one is perfect or unique (not you—not even Mary, who just won a landslide vote as the most popular girl at the swimming club), *if you accept your good points as well as your bad*, then others will accept them too. You're your own best press agent, you know. Be a *fair* one!

When I was Sixteen

ACME



. . . "my interests revolved around one thing: music. I knew all the new songs by heart, could identify each name band, sight unseen, by the sound of its licks, and spent my spare time boning up on the history of the best-known jive musicians. My dream: to appear with a name band. Small wonder I soon turned up singing with bands, touring on one-night stands. It *still* seems a miracle to travel, sing and earn money—all at the same time." —Doris Day

ACME



. . . "I had a hopeless outlook on life because the two things I wanted—a college education and a career as an actor—seemed so far out of reach. My mother, however, insisted I go to college. When I entered I had one suit and sixteen cents, and I worked my way through. Then I won a scholarship to a New York drama school. But if anyone had told me at sixteen that both of my dreams would come true, I would have laughed him out of the room." —Kirk Douglas

Hello—and Good-by

Here's exciting news for September—a brand-new Sub-Deb Editor! Her name is Ruth Imler. She's not much older than you Sub-Debs are and has lots of fresh ideas to help you with your dating—and your problems. Ruth knows firsthand about fellows and their preferences, because she averages three big dates a week herself, has a long list of teen-age friends. When she isn't busy on dates, you're likely to find her at home, curled up on the sofa with a spy story in one hand and an orange Popsicle in the other. She never misses a Stewart Granger movie, likes square dancing on Saturday nights, long leisurely breakfasts with pancakes "and all the funnies" on Sunday mornings. She roots for the Giants, reads handwriting at parties, likes to make her own greeting cards and hopes—someday when she has more time—to learn how to "really" use a paintbrush and a camera. Best of all, Ruth likes and understands teen-agers.

As for me, I married my steady fellow *last* year—and *this* year we have a brand-new little daughter, Jill Crawford, who's keeping me very busy at home. Let's give a big welcome to Ruth Imler!

JAN WEYL CRAWFORD

WHO WOULDN'T like to be socially poised for every occasion, know just what to do when? Bone up on situations which may come your way with the brand-new Sub-Deb booklet, TO BE SMOOTH, by sending 10 cents to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, and asking for No. 2589.



Only one soap gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild . . . leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be *extra mild* too! Yes, so amazingly *mild* that its gentle lather is ideal for *all types* of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly . . . for the finest complexion care . . . for a fragrant invitation to romance!



Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

—Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!

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"I was so happy and excited when you gave me a whole nickel for my very own I must have thought I was putting them in the closet."

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

COME August and a vacation, you may think that that hotel room you reserved three months ago will be waiting for you. But you're wrong—if it's a city hotel. After you've read **A Bed for a Night. The Story of E. M. Statler and His Remarkable Hotels,** by ***Rufus Jarman,*** you'll know a thing or two. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a "reserved" room. What a hotel does is to promise to provide you with a certain type of room on a certain night. If the hotel doesn't make enough reservations, it is apt to be left with vacant rooms. If it accepts too many reservations, it "goes overboard"—that is, it has more guests with reservations than rooms available. And everybody knows what a situation in a lobby that can create!

When a Statler hotel "goes overboard," it usually gets rooms for the extra guests in another hotel in the city. That almost always works. But once the Statler was in a fix. It was the day that a blizzard struck Detroit. A crowd of guests with confirmed reservations arrived that night, but most of the guests already in, who had planned to leave, stayed on. The same condition prevailed in all the city's other hotels. Everybody was sitting tight. So the Detroit Statler found itself with 80 people who had reservations and no place to put them.

The story would not have found its way into the book if it hadn't a happy ending. Twenty-five miles from Detroit is the town of Mt. Clemens, with a group of summer hotels. What the Detroit manager did was to persuade the owner of one of those summer hotels to open up just for that one winter night. The owner got his wife and friends and relatives to strip covers off furniture, make beds and build fires, and two Greyhound buses, hired by long-distance telepho ing, brought in the 80 guests throu the thick of the blizzard. That's night we'd like to have been in o

The gift of polite double-talk is as va able to a hotel manager, says Mr. Jarma as absolute pitch to a musician.

•

Young marrieds will be interested **The Bride,** by ***Margaret H. Frey berg,*** a short novel covering the d after the first night in a young couple married life. The scene is a sailboat Long Island Sound at the start of t honeymoon. The lad is the son of university professor in the East; t girl, the daughter of a well-to-do bu nessman from the Middle West. T boy refers oftener than the girl likes "intellectuals," and the girl suffers, thinks, from a too conventional life.

•

Scollay Square, *by* ***Pearl Schi*** *is of far tougher fiber. Mothers who do n like to face the fact that their daughte very likely speak a different langua from theirs, and operate under a differe moral code, won't like it. Scollay Squa in case you don't know Boston, is sailo bars, movies, sex. It is Boston's lit Times Square. A girl from "good" fam who is trying to find freedom by way o job and an apartment of her own wande by chance down a street and into the squa Another girl, from a poor family living a foul-smelling tenement, wanders in far more knowingly—from another stre In time the two girls meet, and this is t story of the shake-up in their lives. It's n a first-rate novel. The end is altogether t neat. But the girls, we believe, are true life. And any novel which is a page of li whether ugly or frivolous or inspiring, irresistible to this reader.*

· the men who can't be bothered any of this girl stuff, we offer POON VENTURE, by *Gavin Max-* a man who after the London decided to get away from it all, ht a small island in the Hebrides, there made a business of the ing shark. The basking shark, in your man doesn't know, is the rd largest fish in the ocean, as big London bus, very valuable for the its liver, with a hide that can turn aling harpoon and a spirit that s it fighting for hours with a har- inside it. This—"The Saga of a Chase"—is the account of Max- s high adventures. That his busi- didn't succeed, and the shark e out on top, adds to the drama.

•

OLITICAL ETHICS AND THE ER, edited by ***Thomas A. Rousse,*** other practical book that will help et the political picture straight, and up what's wrong in politics. It's excellent reference book, and con- s, we hasten to add, five articles the JOURNAL. *"A vociferant candi- always seems to find it easier to ex- to thoughtful audiences why his ment should not be elected than why mself should be."* (An observation by ert Ryder, editor and paragrapher he Ohio State Journal, 1904-29.)

•

r a historical novel we recommend SINNER OF SAINT AMBROSE, ***Robert Raynolds,*** *a novel that ies you off on a mighty wave of strange rience. It is the period immediately eding the fall of Rome, a story of sex violence, of a dying empire and a g religion, of saints and emperors warriors.*

•

his month's thriller is ***W. R. nett's*** **VANITY ROW,** fast-action y of the underworld in a Midwest It's about Roy Hargis, tough police ain in the pay of the city boss. Not regulation detective story, though volves around a murder, but regu- n W. R. Burnett.

•

We suppose every woman who has married a good long time has moments of depression, as she ns up after her husband, when she s that she'd rather have the insur- e money." *Another Ryder gem, quoted in* THE THURBER ALBUM, *a fine collection of sixteen of James Thurber's pen portraits.*

•

Where to go on your vacation, if you're a hay-fever sufferer, can be a problem. HAY FEVER HOLIDAY (pamphlet of the Pollen Survey Committee of the American Academy of Allergy) gives a list with ratings. Here are some of the spots which are an excellent risk: Grand Canyon National Park, and North Rim, in Arizona; Mesa Verde National Park, and Rocky Mountain National Park, in Colorado; El Centro, Escondido, Los Angeles, Oakland, San Francisco and the Yosemite Valley, in California; Keene Valley and Blue Mt. Lake, in New York; and spots in Southern Florida, Maine, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, Oregon, Utah, Washington State and Wyoming.

Hay fever affects 2 to 3 per cent of the population of the United States! Yet no known case of hay fever has been reported among American Indians.... The propensity for hay fever may be present and the onset of symptoms delayed for years.... This, and more, in **YOUR HAY FEVER AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT,** *by* ***Harry Swartz, M.D.***

•

There's a new theory of the cause of mental diseases which to this ignorant layman sounds like sense. It puts the blame for the patient's condition on himself, instead of regarding him as a victim of circumstances over which he has no control. (This theory was aired at a conference of 24 psychologists on "Conditioned Neuroses" held under the auspices of the N. Y. Academy of Sciences.)

The neurotic's history, these psychologists say, is largely one of evasion and deception. He has learned to get around the conflicts between his desires and the social consequences of gratifying them, by duplicity and trickery. He must be made to see his neurosis as a product of real but well-protected immaturities. He must see that he has to grow up instead of having his fears and scruples scaled down. Instead of having the psychiatrist listen to his long defensive, evasive mulling over his own frustrations, the patient now must assume responsibility for his own recovery. That this requires considerable initiative on his part should be all to the good.



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"A lot of your trouble can just be written off to a nasty disposition."

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



MISS DIANE BULTINCK, charming young socialite and sailing enthusiast. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Bultinck says: "I like Herbert Tareyton for its cork tip, extra length and wonderfully mild tobacco."



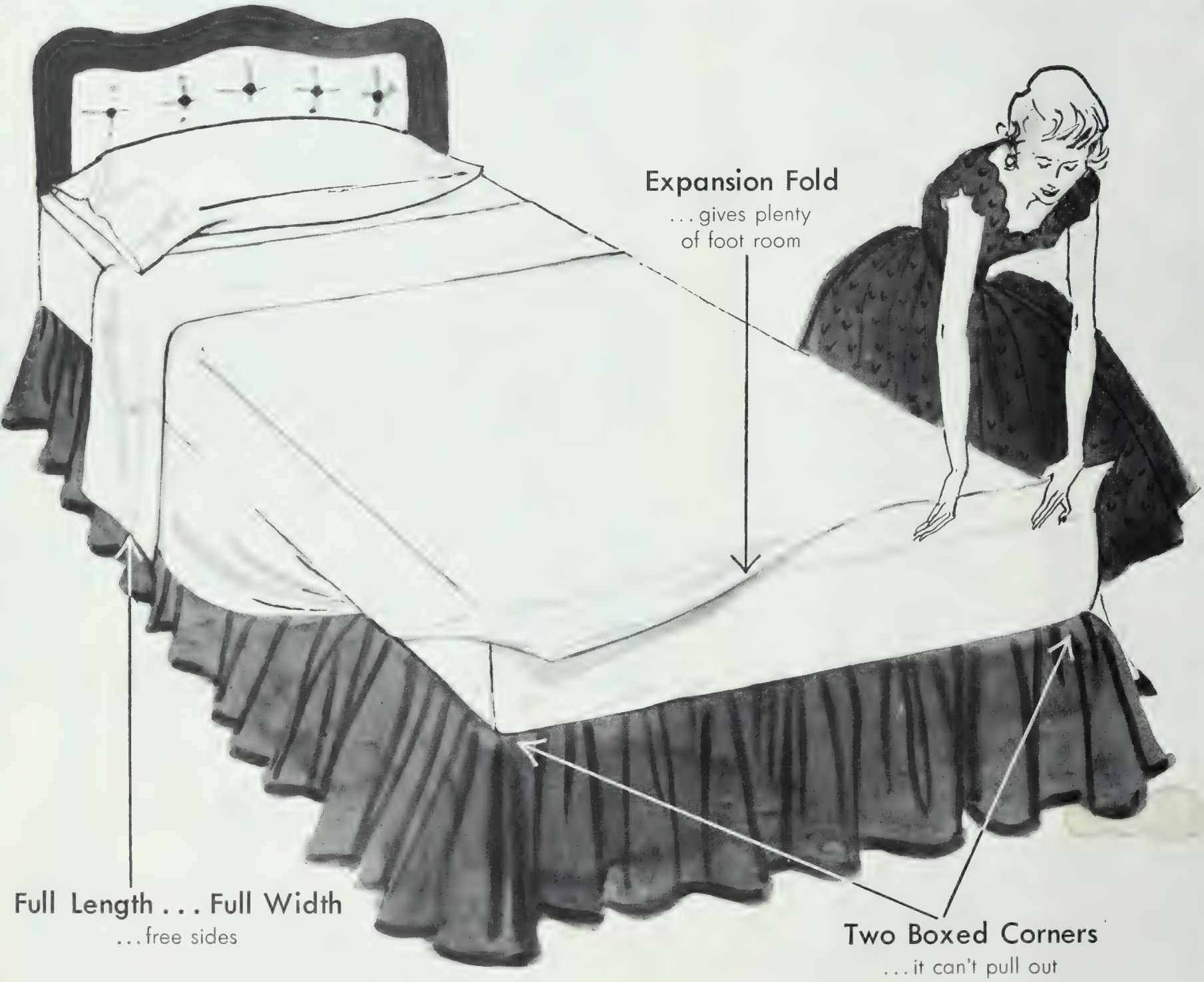
Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The Amer[illegible] Tobacco Company

NEWS! a TOP Contou

to match the



Only PACIFIC makes

Sheet
Pat. Pend.
famous BOTTOM Contour Sheet

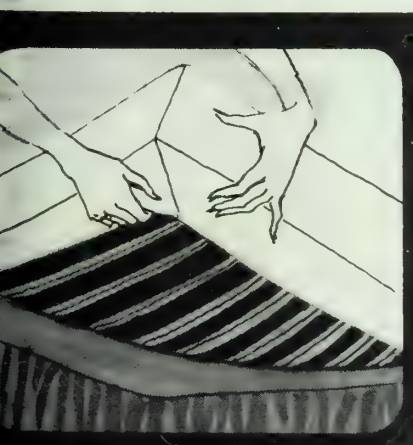




Two boxed corners, taped for extra strength, ease onto foot of mattress like a slip cover . . . hold the Top Contour Sheet firmly in place all night long. It can't pull out . . . can't creep up off your feet while you sleep. Sanforized for lasting fit.

Expansion fold lies flat when bed is made . . . then puffs up to give l-o-t-s of roomy kicking space for even an active sleeper. In the morning, a quick tug at the top hem straightens your sheet. You never need to re-tuck the Top Contour Sheet.

ow with <u>both</u> TOP and BOTTOM Contours you make your bed in 1/3 the time!









1. **BOTTOM Contour Sheet** has four boxed corners, shaped tuck-under, that hold sheet snug for the smoothest, most comfortable sleep of your life.

2. In the morning, your bottom sheet is still firmly anchored in place. No wrinkles, no rumpling, no re-tucking. When you get up, your bed is half-made.

3. **TOP Contour Sheet** stays securely held at the foot all night long. Doesn't need re-tucking. A quick tug at the top hem straightens the sheet.

4. Expansion fold drops flat for smooth bedmaking. Full length for ample turn-over . . . full width for tucked-in sides. A few seconds smoothes your sheets!

Contour Sheets* TOPS AND BOTTOMS

Get your Top and Bottom Contour Sheets today! Try them . . . love them! In combed percale or extra-strength muslin, both Sanforized* to fit perfectly after washing. Available for standard double and twin beds in the same price ranges as flat sheets. Sizes adjust to slight variations in mattress thickness. At your favorite store or write for folder and name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. 8-D, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Pacific Mills makes Contour Sheets and Pillowcases • Contour Crib-Fast* Sheets • Supersorb* Towels • Pacific Silver Cloth



Home late after shopping?

Don't let dinner-worry dim the glow of that new hat! Count on *quick*, quick Minute Rice to feed your family in style—and on time! It's pre-cooked . . . just bring to a boil and turn off the heat. Comes out perfect every time—each grain fluffy and full of flavor!

Served plain, Minute Rice is delicious—stretches leftovers into a real meal. Or you can whip up a new beauty like the all-American favorite shown below. Either way, you'll know why so many women are never without *quick*, *quick* Minute Rice!

Time to spare...thanks to Minute Rice!



Quick and Delicious!
Minute Rice gives you perfect rice every time! *Fluffy, long-grained, delicious!*

Quick and Handy!
Keep Minute Rice on hand always! Get the new *large economical Family Size!*

Quick and Easy!
No washing! No rinsing! No draining! No steaming! It's pre-cooked.



"Dinner delish"...done in 18 minutes

BACON'N EGG RICE

Here's an after-shopping fancy that looks like hours of fixing—done in jig-time thanks to MINUTE RICE.

Prepare 1⅓ cups (5-oz. package) pre-cooked Minute Rice as directed on package. Let stand 10 minutes. Add 5 slices cooked bacon, diced, and 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced. Melt 1 package (8 ounces) processed American cheese in double boiler. Add ½ cup milk and blend well. Place rice mixture on platter and top with cheese sauce. Perfect rice—a luscious feast—for a hungry-but-soon-made-happy family!

Another quickie—Curried Rice for four: Prepare 1⅓ cups Minute Rice as directed on package, adding ¾ teaspoon curry powder with the water and salt. Marvelous with lamb stew, roast pork, creamed eggs, or shrimp.

For perfect rice
the quick and easy way
*** pre-cooked

MINUTE BRAND RICE

A Product of General Foods

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN August, 1902, King Edward VII was crowned in Westminster Abbey, and parcel post was begun between the U.S.A. and Great Britain. Dan Sullivan wrote the lovely Irish song, You're Welcome as the Flowers in May. A society woman caused gasps and lifted eyebrows at Saratoga by riding astride a horse in skin-tight breeches, plus a concealing divided skirt.

In the August, 1902, JOURNAL, Editor Bok urges women to concentrate more upon their homes and children than upon outside interests and adds, "I never touch upon this phase of the modern life of women but little stones of malice are thrown at this magazine."

"Very few of the books required in my courses at Radcliffe College are printed for the blind," writes deaf-blind Helen Keller, "therefore I am obliged to have someone spell them with their fingers into my hand."

"A large crash rose with a little foliage is the fashionable flower to wear in the hair."

***How to give a lawn party:* "A minuet danced by young girls in shepherdess costumes, holding crooks topped with bunches of paper roses tied with ribbon, makes a pretty pageant."**

Good health for girls: "If you are obliged to be out in the hot sun, a bunch of damp leaves in your hat will prove a great protection."

"My husband gave up tobacco to provide the family with reading matter," writes a JOURNAL reader. "We now get three newspapers, a weekly, and twelve monthly magazines."

"A walking skirt should be 2" from the ground, a dress skirt should just escape the floor in front and dip 5" in the back."



Journal about Town



"It's not how old you are, but how you feel," says Joan Crawford, who, at forty-four, is still playing glamour-girl roles in the movies.

CHATTING the other day here with *Joan Crawford*, who had just finished a picture called Sudden Fear that you'll be seeing soon, we got to talking about how old a motion-picture actress can be and still play romantic roles. Joan said she'd had her 44th birthday in the spring, and that the lead she takes in Sudden Fear was romantic as well as dramatic, the kind of role still played by *Bette Davis*, 44, *Barbara Stanwyck*, 45, *Claudette Colbert*, 45, *Marlene Dietrich*, 47, and—most amazing of all—*Gloria Swanson*, 53. "Oh, it's not how old you are," said Joan, "it's how you feel."



Beatrice Gould (center) with Mrs. Terrault, Mrs. Chartier.

When ***Beatrice Gould*** recently took in the Flower Show of the Hopewell Valley Garden Club in New Jersey, she was touched by the display of devotion to the JOURNAL. Six of the magazine's regular features were made the subjects of a prize competition for arrangements and composition. Diary of Domesticity, Under-Cover Stuff, Fifty Years Ago, Conversation Piece, How America Lives, and There's a Man in the House provided some original and varied scenes. ***Mrs. Herbert W. Leinbach*** won in the last-named class with a composition of flowers and pipes, for a man's library. With Mrs. Gould here are ***Mrs. John F. Terrault,*** who won in the Under-Cover Stuff class with a composition set in a tureen (undercover stuff), and ***Mrs. Walter J. Chartier,*** who, with an arrangement for a buffet table, won in the class of Conversation Piece.

DI PIETRO



"There's a Man in the House."

Based on department-store records, the average woman goes on shopping expeditions three or four times a month, at which time she goes to at least two stores, spending approximately $4 in each.

The nation-wide trend toward evening shopping hours is the result of merchants' opinion that people buy more—sometimes as much as 25 per cent more—at night. . . . One survey conducted at the University of California indicates that superior girl students marry earlier than average ones. . . . In the past 10 years, the number of college students has increased by 78 per cent: 107.4 in boy students and 34.1 in girls.

Most good democrats would like, at some time, to live in a castle. Now, anyone with a dinner jacket, and a sizable roll of bills, who likes hunting and fishing, should see the particulars this season sent us by the owner of immense and ancient Invercauld Castle, in Scotland, practically next door to Balmoral, the royal family's summer place. The grouse moor is a mere 11,000 acres in the 300,000-acre estate. There are salmon in the Dee, trout in the lochs, and excellent ptarmigan shooting along the tops of Ben Avon and Ben a'Bhuird, not to mention snipe, blackcock, capercaillie, grouse and hare in various parts of the property. And it's only £120 a week, which, let's see, is—say $336. Costs money to live in a castle—except a castle in the air.

Evelyn McBride, *the girl on the cover, happened to be vacationing in Nassau while* ***Wilhela Cushman*** *was photographing summer fashion pages in Florida. She flew over to Palm Beach to pose in the big red hat practically as the plane was taking off to bring Wilhela back to New York. Yes—you've seen her before. She has been on our covers and in our fashion pages, when she was a New York model and a Hollywood starlet.*

Natives of Rhodesia Province in Central Africa love Western movies and cartoons.

Among the most fascinating items in the magazine's secret files are the uninhibited comments of our fiction editors and staff readers on the thousands of sponsored manuscripts they scrutinize every month. How many best-selling authors would give anything to get a look! Each ms. receives a minimum of three separate readings; some as many as twelve. Some get a chorus of yeses; others a dirge of noes; most collect a cluster of thumbnail essays, pungently expressing everything from delight to derision; all contributing to what the top deciders do—accept, or reject. *Mary Lea Page* showed us one little report the other day of which any author might well be proud. It said, "This is an absorbing and wonderful story—action, suspense, emotion, and a beautiful conclusion." The story's in this issue, as a matter of fact. The author? *Rebecca West*. Her story, Deliverance, is on Page 30.



Invercauld Castle, which offers salmon and trout fishing, and all kinds of shooting . . . all for only $336 a week.



One Good Dress

by Nancy Hale

THE train of events that was going to seem to Julie so relentless and like Juggernaut began in the most ordinary way when Aunt Dora Hitchins died over in Buckland County and left the contents of her savings account to her only surviving relatives, Julie Leland and her brother Dan. It was even a perfectly ordinary savings account. It contained four thousand dollars, a logical sum to represent the thrift of a teacher of sixth grade in the county school. It certainly was not a sum which might be expected to catapult an heir to it into any major change in way of life.

Julie, of course, took charge of the inheritance—she popped it straight into the Lelands' own savings account in Lynchville, the seat of the state university where Dan taught the Nineteenth Century Poets. Dan himself was hopeless about money and knew it—his pay check from the university was even made out to Julie, who kept house, paid the bills and, as Dan preferred, doled out pocket money to him for haircuts, a beer at the corner and taking Miss Elsie Lorimer out. Julie was a very sensible young woman about money; her talents were practical ones: she was an efficient housekeeper and an excellent cook. She was pretty, too, in a delicate, unaccented sort of way. If she had not been so shy, she would have been charming.

The Lelands' own savings account already contained a little over two thousand dollars. That made six thousand dollars, when Aunt Dora's money had been deposited. And there it would have stayed, growing slowly over the years, forming a backlog for emergencies and a padding for old age, if Dan had not said what he did at lunch that day.

He had met his class in the Romantic Poets that morning. Julie had been out marketing and shopping for linen in the January sales in downtown Lynchville. She had got home a little before Dan, in time to whip up a delicious little casserole of *(Continued on Page 75)*

look beautiful in it,
Julie suddenly thought,
prising herself.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILHELA MUSHMAN

A girl never knows—maybe the next man she meets will be the kind who notices . . .



Gwen beheld a gathering
of young men in dinner coats
and young women whose shoulders rose
bare and white above sheaths
of velvet and satin. And here *she* was,
all bundled up like some old woman
afraid of catching cold!



BRING A GIRL

by Josephine Bentham

Horrors! How many mistakes can a girl make in one evening?

THE Hastings family had moved from Lotus City to the town of Norrisville. They had traveled a hundred miles in order to effect this move, but the dispassionate observer might have felt they had made no move at all. The towns differed by scarcely a blade of grass. One was as zealous as the other in following a common American tradition, from the steeple on the modest white church to the corn flakes in the supermarket, from the Dalmatian snoozing before the firehouse to the chocolate malteds in the drugstore. A radio announcer could have brought his portable microphone to the main street of either town, and addressed the world in the same words. "This," he might rightfully have said, "is America."

But Gwen Hastings was not a dispassionate observer. From her point of view, her parents might as well have brought her to an uninhabited planet on the other side of the moon.

During the first interminable week in Norrisville, she had not been comforted by seventeen letters and three telephone calls from Lotus City. But she had not wanted to burden her parents with any sense of guilt. "The gang," she would report with a small, brave smile, "seem to be having themselves a time." Then she would put another disk on the phonograph, and stare into the dim and treasured past.

Toward the end of the week, however, her father came home with a nerve-shattering announcement. "Well, honey," he told her, "I've fixed it! I've hit on a way for you to meet some of the young people around here. You're all set."

Gwen's eyes flew open in wild alarm. "What," she cried, "have you *done?*"

Henry Hastings turned to grin at his wife. Then he fished a cigarette from a box on the table. "I put an ad in the paper," he said. "'Wonderful young maiden languishing away on the withered vine. Situation desperate. All applicants call at 791 Dinsmore Street, this city. Bring your lunch.'" *(Continued on Page 128)*

ILLUSTRATED BY

Madame Rémy was accustomed to facing danger. This new adventure, too, she would welcome.

Deliverance

by Rebecca West

ONE autumn evening a woman in her early forties walked along the platform of the Terminal Station in Rome and boarded a *wagon-lit* in the Paris Express. She sat down on the made-up bed in her compartment, took off her small, perfect, inconspicuous hat, and looked about her with an air of annoyance. It was a long time since she had traveled by rail, and she had been pushed to it against her will, because there had not been a seat free on any of the planes leaving Rome that day or the next. But this was the least of her worries, and she wasted no time on it, but set about arranging her passport and her tickets in order to have them ready when the *wagon-lit* attendant arrived. This required close scrutiny, for although she was a Frenchwoman named Madame Rémy, another impression was conveyed by her passport, her tickets and the labels on her luggage, and she had to remind herself what that impression was, for only a few hours before she had been yet a third person.

Such inconsistencies, however, never made her nervous. They were unlikely to be noticed because she herself was so unnoticeable. She was neither tall nor short, dark nor fair, handsome nor ugly. She left a pleasant impression on those she met in her quiet passage through the world, and then these people forgot her. She had no remarkable attributes except some which were without outward sign, such as a command of six languages and an unusually good memory.

When the door opened, Madame Rémy had not quite finished getting her papers out of a handbag which had more than the usual number of pockets *(Continued on Page 81)*



e simply stood there, staring at her.
She thought, "He is very young,"
and remained quite still,
fearing to do anything.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS



THE BYRON COLLECTION, MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Her Paris wedding gown was of white satin and Brussels lace, with train embroidered in silver and seed pearls. Mother had ordered it after Consuelo's first meeting with the Duke. Orchids from Blenheim arrived too late for wedding.

Glitter

Drawing of wedding party leaving St. Thomas' Church from a magazine of the time. Bridesmaids were chosen by Mrs. Vanderbilt from among her own friends.



Consuelo, with sister-in-law, Lady Norah Spencer-Churchill, returning from a wedding. Duke's sisters visited at Blenheim, but he seldom invited his mother.



The ...nd the Gold

...eighteen-year-old Duchess, with her diamond tiara, pearl dog collar, Paris gowns and sable coat, was deemed worthy to meet British royalty and her ...ed in-laws. Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan continues the story of her life as the Duchess of Marlborough.

Consuelo Vanderbilt, great-grandchild of the fabulous Commodore, was born to a life of ease and luxury which a princess might have envied. But she was also born to a mother who, as a leader of New York and Newport society, never doubted her own right to dominate every aspect of her only daughter's life. "I don't ask you to think; *I* do the thinking, you do as you are told." Throughout a girlhood of private governesses, yachting trips to Europe, annual visits to Paris—where Consuelo made her debut—the timid girl never dared question her mother's authority. But at eighteen she fell in love. Mrs. Vanderbilt was determined to select her daughter's husband, just as she had chosen her clothes and friends. She fixed upon the young Duke of Marlborough, cousin of Winston Churchill, as her choice for a son-in-law, little caring that his major interest was in the Vanderbilt millions. But Consuelo, emboldened by her secret plan to elope with the man she loved, for the first time in her life openly defied her mother.

By CONSUELO VANDERBILT BALSAN

II

MY mother had invited Marlborough to visit us in Newport in September. I had barely six weeks to make my plans and I was nervous and worried, not knowing when or where I could get in touch with the man to whom I considered myself engaged.

On reaching Newport my life became that of a prisoner, with my mother and my governess as wardens. I was never out of their sight. Friends called but were told I was not at home. Locked behind those high walls—the porter had orders not to let me out unaccompanied—I had no chance of getting any word to my fiancé.

Brought up to obey, I was helpless under my mother's total domination. Despairing of ever seeing him, I had succumbed to despondency, when at a ball we met. We had one short dance before my mother dragged me away, but it was enough to reassure me that his feelings toward me had not changed.

Driving home, my mother observed an ominous silence, but when we reached the house she told me to follow her to her room. Thinking it best no longer to dissemble, I told her that I meant to marry R., adding that I considered I had a right to choose my own husband. These words, the bravest I had ever uttered, brought down a frightful storm of protest. I suffered every searing reproach, heard

Copyright, 1952, by Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan



Mother led an early suffragette parade up Fifth Ave. "To one reared as I had been, it was horrible."



Dignity was expected of "Her Grace." Consuelo must be stately in manners, not youthfully exuberant.



The Duke, although six years older than Consuelo, impressed her as "very young."

The Duchess in 1900 when she and other American women equipped hospital ship, the Maine. Lady Randolph Churchill went to Africa with the ship to visit her son, Winston.



THE AMERICAN DUCHESS

The latest portrait of Consuelo, daughter of William K. Vanderbilt, who was married to the Duke of Marlborough, and by virtue of her beauty and tact has won a popularity in English society exceeded by none. Her husband has proven himself to be a steady-minded, self-respecting, and courageous young man

The grandeur of Blenheim is seen in this aerial photograph. Although princely in design, palace was uncomfortable home.



"Your first duty is to have a child, and it must be a son, because it would be intolerable to have that little upstart Winston Churchill become Duke."

every possible invective hurled at the man I loved. I was informed of his numerous flirtations, of his well-known love for a married woman, of his desire to marry an heiress. My mother even declared that he would have no children and that there was madness in his family. I had no answer to these accusations, but in my silence she must have read how obstinately I clung to my choice.

In a final appeal to my feelings she argued that her decision to select a husband for me was founded on considerations I was too young and inexperienced to appreciate. Though rent by so emotional a plea, I still maintained my right to lead the life I wished. It was perhaps my unexpected resistance, or the mere fact that no one had ever stood up to her, that made her say she would not hesitate to shoot a man who she considered would ruin my life.

We reached a stage where arguments were futile, and I left her feeling as if all my youth had been drained away. No one came near me, and the morning dragged on its interminable course. I could not seek counsel with R., for there was no telephone. I could not write, for the servants had orders to bring my letters to my mother; neither could I get past the porter at the gate.

The house was full of ominous rumors. I heard that my mother was ill and in her bed, that a doctor had been sent for; even my governess, usually so calm, was harassed. The suspense was becoming unbearable. There was no one I could consult; to appeal to my father, who was away at sea and who knew nothing of my mother's schemes, would, I knew, only involve him in a hopeless struggle against impossible odds and further stimulate my mother's rancor.

Later that day Mrs. Jay, who was my mother's intimate friend and was staying with us, came to talk to me. Condemning my behavior, she informed me that my mother had had a heart attack brought about by my callous indifference to her feelings. She confirmed my mother's intentions of never consenting to my plans for marriage, and her resolve to shoot R. should I decide to run away with him.

I asked her if I could see my mother and whether in her opinion she would ever relent. I still remember the terrible answer, "Your mother will never relent and I warn you there will be a catastrophe if you persist. The doctor has said that another scene may easily bring on a heart attack and he will not be

(Continued on Page 52)



For once Winston Churchill is overshadowed. On steps of Blenheim Palace in the Nineties, with his new American cousin. He was then next in line of succession to the dukedom.

"Dean Jones" room at Blenheim, in which Churchill was born. Modest suite was once assigned to the first Duke's private chaplain, whose ghost is still believed to haunt the palace.



Consuelo's portrait still hangs in state room at Bler heim. Her mother sent ornate cradle for first so present Duke. Edward VII (as Prince) was godfathe





"In all the years of defeated dreams
and vain searchings I had not cried—
but I cried now and the tears were warm and sweet.
. . . My little girl was walking!"

She lived a miracle

By MARIE KILLILEA



ARTHUR PACKARD

She swayed and then steadied. Her voice rose and shook as the full realization of what she had done swept over her. "Did you see me, did you see me?"

KAREN was born a few minutes before noon. She weighed under two pounds, and measured nine inches from the tip of her tiny head to her infinitesimal toes. She squalled immediately and energetically, in what may have been an indictment of the many dire prophecies concerning her survival.

I was wheeled back to my room. The early sun bounded off the cretonne curtains and put a frosty veneer on the maple chairs and bureau. The nurse helped me brush my hair and tie a ribbon around it.

I lay back, bathed in happiness. It was like a brittle shell, this happiness, and I felt that motion or sound might shatter it. My mind flitted from one thought to another and finally fastened on little Marie's striking resemblance to me and the wish that this little mite would look like her daddy.

"Girls should look like their fathers," I muttered sleepily. If she did she'd be lovely. Jimmy has a long face that is both strong and sweet, firm chin with a deep cleft, and eyes that are blue as a summer sky. We had been married six years and my heart still picked up tempo when I thought of Jimmy.

I heard a step and a gentle knock and I opened my eyes to see him hesitating at the door. He was carrying a huge box and I knew that Jimmy's pleasure could only find expression in four-foot gladioli of the more vivid hues.

He came over to me quickly, put the flowers on the foot of the bed and wrapped his arms around me.

"You're prettier than ever," he said and pulled a chair beside the bed. He took my hand and held it in both of his.

There was a knock and I called, "Come in."

It was Dr. John Gundy, our pediatrician.

"What do you think of our child? Is she as pretty as Marie?"

"Yes, yes," he answered, smiling. He sat down on the foot of the bed.

"Is that all you have to say?" I asked, laughing a little since his enthusiasms are more tempered than ours.

Jimmy got up, picked up the flowers, handed them to me. I took off the lid and there they were, all eighteen of them, a dozen blooms to the stalk, salmon, yellow and crimson.

"They're exquisite. You may kiss me again."

John took the box and put it on the bureau. He came back and stood leaning on the foot of the bed.

"While you were making yourself beautiful," he smiled, "Jimmy and I were talking. You must realize, Marie, she's not out of the woods yet. As I told Jimmy, we've been friends for a long time. I know the best policy for all of us is an honest evaluation of Karen's chances."

I had been right: it was a brittle shell—and sound had smashed it.

The room had grown very warm. I looked at Jimmy; he was watching John and he was pale. I suddenly remembered that he'd been pale when he came in.

John's voice was calm and soft. "I've already told Jimmy that no premature baby is considered a well baby and the chances for survival are pretty much determined by weight. Every ounce gained is a battle; a pound, a victorious campaign. At best, Karen has a twenty-to-forty-out-of-a-hundred chance for survival."

We talked for about an hour and then John got up to leave. In spite of everything, his honesty and air of natural confidence were reassuring.

After he left I turned to Jimmy. "Thank God for John. If anyone can pull her through he can. He'll work hard, we'll pray hard and one fine day she'll leave here fat and round."

"Of course," said Jimmy, and meant it.

I was impatient to "meet" my daughter, even if the meeting *(Continued on Page 85)*

Copyright, 1952, by Marie Killilea. This is a condensation of the book shortly to be published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., under the title of Karen.

our doctors told Karen's parents that she ver walk. When the twenty-fifth said therapy elp, but the cost would be prohibitive, the learned to give the therapy themselves.

"When friends brought us Shanty, we had a dog again. What we did not know was that Karen had acquired a guardian." He saw to it that other dogs—and people who didn't understand—stayed away.



TANA HOBAN



GIANT

BY EDNA FERBER

This is his real love, Leslie thought. *Reata and its past and its future are his life. You are just an incident . . . a figure in a pattern you don't even understand.* As Jordan Benedict's bride, Leslie was seeing for the first time the miles of desert glare which was Texas, the three million acres which was Bick's beloved Reata Ranch, and the great bare house which was to be home. Back in Virginia she had been the second of the three lovely Lynnton sisters. Leigh had become Lady Karfrey at twenty-three; Lacey at seventeen was still a tomboy. But their mother despaired of Leslie, who loved books better than boys. Then Bick Benedict came to buy Doctor Lynnton's beautiful filly, My Mistake—and stayed to win Leslie. Bick had been startled by the lavish gentle living, the universal courtesy at Doctor Lynnton's Virginia estate. But Leslie was even more amazed by Texas. Her clothes were wrong. The food was gray and tasteless. Bick was furious when she spoke warmly to the Mexican servants. And Bick's older sister, Luz, was to "run the house." Luz had already arranged a barbecue for the "girls," neighbors who must meet Bick's bride. Leslie wondered if she would meet the ranch girl Luz had wanted Bick to marry. To her parents Leslie wrote, "I love it. Texas is so different and wonderful. Luz is here with us and I know we're going to be friends." She began to cry.

III

SHE awoke to the most exquisite of morning smells—hot fresh coffee and baking bread. Piercing shafts of light stabbed the drawn window blinds. The wind again. The wind the wind hot and dry. Faraway shouts. The thud of horses' hoofs. And from somewhere below in the house the mumble of voices talking talking talking an endless flow of talk.

She glanced at the wedding-gift bedside clock, a charming bijou. It was six o'clock. Curiously enough she felt rested, refreshed. Bick was not beside her, he was not in the bathroom, he was nowhere to be seen or heard. In her slippers and robe she tiptoed into the hall. Then she remembered that this was her home, that she was mistress here. She ceased to tiptoe, her slipper heels clip-clapped on the stone floors like every Texan's. She called, very clearly, "Lupe! Petra!"

And there was Lupe the silent one and behind her Petra, the younger one, less somber and secret. Buenos días, señora. Buenos días, señora. Buenos días Petra buenos días Lupe *if this keeps on I'll be speaking Spanish in no time.* On the little tray in Petra's hand was the ubiquitous coffee. Leslie drank the brew sweet and black and hot, two of the little cups that were the size of after-dinner cups in Virginia.

"Mmm! Delicious!" she said.

The two nodded violently, their faces broke into smiles, they seemed *(Continued on Page 110)*

Copyright, 1952, by Edna Ferber

Bick leaned far off his horse
and kissed her hard on the mouth.
Instinctively she sensed
that Jett Rink's foot moved
to press the accelerator. . .

ILLUSTRATED BY

BLACK



LEOMBRUNO · BODI

Emerald-green hat and gloves with silk dress by Larry Aldrich.
HAT BY MR. JOHN



WITH

COLOR

The black dress you choose now strikes the keynote of a new season and will be worn for months to come. There are a dozen new slants on your new black dress. First of all—you wear it with color, in a hat, a bag, a flower, a necklace, a pair of gloves. The dress itself often incorporates the color in a cummerbund, a jacket or a jacket lining. Wool is combined with velveteen, taffeta with velvet, jersey with tweed, crepe with faille. Summer fullness slims down to moderate fullness and flare—forecasting narrower lines for fall. By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Terra cotta accenting cotton-and-rayon knitted poodle cloth, by Lotte, with velveteen cummerbund and long cotton gloves.
CARMEN SCHIAVONE



CARMEN SCHIAVONE

Red bag, red-trimmed shoes with jersey dress and tweed jacket, by Murray Neiman.
HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS



LEOMBRUNO • BODI

Ruby-red rose and velvet hat worn with black wool V-neck dress, Ann Fogarty.
HAT BY MR. JOHN



LEOMBRUNO • BODI

Necklace in sapphire blue and stole lined with blue taffeta add color to Ceil Chapman's beautiful silk-faille coat-dress.



CARMEN SCHIAVONE

von-and-acetate taffeta dress velvet jacket, by Ben Barrack.
ELIZABETH MARKS, BAG BY RICHARD KORET



Scarlet velveteen in a new bow-tied cardigan fashion worn over a black jersey dress, by Pat Warren. Suède bag by Michel.
LEOMBRUNO • BODI





A dime-store picture hubby used to carry in his billfold. Look at the arm—almost as big as most girls' legs. Bet he never showed *this* to the fellows!

"A picture of 'Fatso Fishing.' My sister snapped this when I wasn't looking. Hope nobody else was—they'd think the circus fat lady was on vacation. Weighed my heaviest—295 pounds."

Finally emerged from what she calls her "mountain of fat," this picture shows Helen Fraley as she looks today—bright-eyed, cheerful, *slim!* Her diet, planned by her doctor, ran approximately 1000 calories a day, gave plenty of nourishing food.

1000 calories a day melted 160 pounds away for good-looking, good-humored Helen Fraley. Her 4-star reducing program succeeded because she had—Sympathetic medical supervision—Will power—Faith and—The vision of a new way of life.

"I lost 160 pounds and—I am just

Beauty Editor
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BLAIR, NEBRASKA

DEAR Dawn Crowell Norman: Recently a teen-age girl I scarcely know stopped me on the street and exclaimed, "Jeepers, Mrs. Fraley, you look *sharp!*" That may not seem an exceptional compliment to the average housewife. But you see, I am far from being "average." For more than thirty of my thirty-seven years I had never heard a kind word spoken about my appearance.

In April, 1950, I weighed 295 pounds. I was about the most miserable person in the world. My terrible inferiority complex made me hate to step outside my own front door. Today I weigh 135 pounds, which is just about right for my height of 5′6″. I am sitting on top of the world as far as happiness and good health are concerned.

Under the watchful eye of our family doctor, I shed a total of 160 pounds by simple dieting and eating common, nourishing foods. *I never missed having three good meals a day.* I used to wear a Size 60 dress. Today I wear a 14 and it has to be taken in to fit correctly.

Have really caused quite a sensation here in my home town of 4000 friendly people. If I had a dime for every nice compliment I have received, I could buy the best outfit of clothes in any Nebraska store. But that is not the way it used to be! During those thirty-odd years I waddled through life as a fat gal, the neighborhood kids used to chant this song each time they saw me: "I don't want her, you can have her, she's too fat for me." Then there was the time I went to get the free

My Weight and Measurement Charts

	August 28, 1950	December 28, 1950	February 28, 1951	August 28, 1951	Total Loss in Pounds
Weight	282 lbs.	217 lbs.	188 lbs.	144 lbs.	138 lbs.
					Total Loss in Inches
Bust	60 inches	48 inches	43 inches	38 inches	22 inches
Waist	52	44	38	30	22
Hips	59	48	43	37	22
Upper arm	17	15	13	12	5
Forearm	12	10	10	9	3
Wrist	7	6½	6	6	1
Thigh	26	23	22	18	8
Calf	16	15	14	13	3
Ankle	10	9½	9	8½	1½
Neck	17	15	14	13½	3½

Shoe size from 8½ D to 7½ B
Ring size from 8 to 5



I'm not ashamed I lost 160 pounds—
only ashamed I didn't do it 20 years ago!

I used to eat a pound of butter each
week—now my husband and I eat
less than a pound a month—

the belt I wore on my first diet day
wraps around me twice today—

I have a wonderful husband—through
"thick and thin" he never once
chided me for being fat—

I could eat a dozen doughnuts in
a day—and I did!

Nowadays I tell my hostess,
"I'll drink your coffee, but I won't
Eat your cake—"

When I was tempted to weaken I
reminded myself of that old saying,
"He who puts off puts on."—

Beginning to Live"

TB chest X ray from the Red Cross mobile unit which came through our town. The technician was a nice fellow but told me he was sorry their machine wouldn't take an accurate picture of me because I was "too broad." Our local hairdresser remembers the day I got up after having my hair done and the chair came with me. And the lady who used to make my corsets still has this written in her diary: "Got my tape measure around Helen Fraley today, believe it or not! Now I think I can get her into my largest outsized garment."

I haven't been fat forever. There was a time when I was a slim, pretty girl. Chicken pox, measles, mumps—everything happened at once and I lost weight. When it was over, my parents decided to fatten me up. From that time on, I never stopped eating and gaining. By the time I was thirteen years old I weighed more than 200 pounds. I quit school in the eleventh grade because the kids made so much fun of me. Also, I was too big and clumsy to join in any of the sports or other school activities. Schoolwork itself wasn't hard for me.

I loved my parents. They never had much money, but they worked hard to make a happy home for their kids. Mother was proud of "setting a good table." I know in my heart that if my folks were alive today they would forgive me for saying I believe it was their fault I grew so fat and missed so much in life because of it. They used to kid me goodheartedly, but they never thought to consult a doctor about my abnormal appetite. Actually I was in perfect health then, as I am today. I just loved food. A corrective diet during my early childhood could have saved me years of misery and humiliation. I bear no resentment toward my folks; I only mention *(Continued on Page 69)*



"I've been fat since childhood. I must have been 10 or 12 here—the age my parents should have consulted a doctor about my weight."



"This was taken April 7, 1950. Wow! Look at the neck and chest—not to mention all those chins. But I kept on eating!"

The Lindens

You will find that the moving of rare old houses from poor sites to good, while costly, is fairly common practice, and in almost every case an act of mercy; for it either retrieves something irreplaceable from the doom of slow death or snatches it from the danger of immediate destruction. Take The Lindens here. A mansion of connoisseur quality, built in 1754, during the reign of George II, at Danvers in what was then, of course, the Crown Colony of Massachusetts, it was transported, if you please, not merely to a better part of town, but piece by piece, about twenty years ago, to Washington, D.C. And not a minute too soon. For it was on the point of being dismantled and dispersed. More: in all its long life it has never looked better, or been in better hands, or seemed more at home. —By Richard Pratt

Architectural Editor of the Journal

PRATT



A masterpiece of colonial carpentry, with its front siding grooved and then sanded to resemble stone masonry, like the façade of Mount Vernon, down the river, The Lindens now adds its distinction to that of its neighborhood in the nation's capital.



The great lower hall of The Lindens provides a really dramatic entrance, with its wonderfully colorful and romantically scenic wallpapers brought from France in the early 1800's, and with the extraordinary carving and scale of its famous stunning staircase.

What makes this the most important of the four immense and fully paneled second-floor bedrooms is the fabulous English crewelwork bed furnishings and curtains, from the time of Charles II, which are even older than the venerable house itself.



Pilastered and paneled from floor to ceiling, the immaculately reconstructed drawing room is furnished entirely in pieces of the mid-eighteenth century; the prize, perhaps, the noble American sofa, which with its fine form and heroic proportions holds its own amid an assembly of Queen Anne and Chippendale. Large teapot by Paul Revere.

Completely paneled from floor to ceiling like the rest of the house, the dining room, flooded with sunlight, is furnished for the most part in Hepplewhite, the table a three-part tripod type, the magnificent epergne one of the country's finest. The chairs are wonderful examples of eighteenth-century New York State craftsmanship and artistry.

EZRA STOLLER





There's a Man in the House

By HARLAN MILLER

At last we've all agreed on something around the bridge table: that all husbands have a whiff of both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in their make-up, and that women might as well face it. "In a way," said our town cynic, "it's a good thing, almost like having two husbands!"

★

"I maintain control over my wife's weight," brags Peter Comfort, turning on his lawn sprinkler so the neighborhood cherubs can run through it. "Whenever I see her curves rounding out I ask her if she can still wear the silver-coin belt I bought her in Peru."

★

We don't get much rain in August, and I must decide soon whether to buy several more rotary sprinklers or pave more of our lawn in terraces. . . . Alas, the modern young seem to have lost the glamour in spraying water from a hose.

★

The man next door is being quoted all over town for his latest attempt to break into the conversation. "Darling," he said testily to his wife, "please don't raise your voice when I interrupt you."

★

I've suggested in my offhand way that the wives in our little coterie read Morley's Human Being and Thunder on the Left to help 'em understand their husbands better. . . . But it's safer if the husbands read 'em first and underscore the right passages, or they'll pluck the gems about wives' secret bafflements, and read *those* aloud.

★

"What they really ought to teach a girl in college," murmurs Betty Comfort, puckering her lips as she sprays her roses, "is how to choose a husband as infallibly as the Navy selects skippers to command its big ships."

★

I'm able to report a minor tactical success: My Dream Girl doesn't object when I shift those troublesome pillows from the love seats so I can rest my head on the infrequent occasions when I lie down on the davenport. . . . But she moves 'em back within a matter of minutes, so guests who sit on the love seats can put 'em on the floor.

★

Some of our town's deep thinkers blame the cooler summers we've been having on the atom-bomb explosions. But we have a few skeptics who're inclined to think the weather's cooler because so many people have bought air coolers for their bedrooms.

★

My affluent neighbor around the corner confides that by the time he was able to remodel his kitchen into a shrine of almost unbearable beauty, in accordance with the American Dream, he'd reached a point where he and his wife ate half their meals at the club or in restaurants while traveling, or at home phoned for a delivery of fried chicken or chop suey.

Late on a summer night do you ever lie in the grass on your back and look up at a star until it becomes as big as a balloon floating a billion miles away? Why could we, as boys and girls, do that completely unconscious of ants, chiggers and mosquitoes?

★

"I didn't come out so badly on my daughter's wedding," confides a neighbor who swears he had to borrow money for it. "She's given us an extra waffle iron and a duplicate toaster from her wedding presents."



This summer I let my two boys talk me into camping out at least six nights on our motor trip west. After two nights of trying to sleep in the wide-open spaces, in a darkness supernaturally saturated with bears, mountain lions and coyotes, they consented to camp right behind a motel.

★

Here's a foolproof test to ascertain if you're antisocial: When the baby-sitter arrives and you're about to take off for a party, do you ever wish you could stay home and read and play the phonograph? Do you envy the baby-sitter? Then why not pay her to go to the party and stay home yourself? (Probably she'd be a greater success there, anyhow.)

I haven't conducted a survey, but I'd wager $10 that the smarter and more modern women in our town can "manage" their husbands better with a few kisses and a sense of humor than their more dramatic sisters can with tears and tantrums. Of course there isn't the same sense of triumph, maybe.

★

We've eaten nine of our fifty outdoor meals this summer, and I doubt we'll reach twenty-five. It still seems simpler to picnic in a park fourteen miles away than in our own back yard, within the magnetic field of pantry and refrigerator. I despair of convincing women and children that a sandwich and something to wash it down are the ideal picnic menu.

★

Architectural discovery: Families in houses with picture windows on 50' lots have far less privacy than people in big-town apartment cliffs. But our town's wittiest architect thinks if people valued privacy the 50' lot would never have been invented.

★

I envy my wife's knack for a lyrical outburst about water cress, when it takes at least hamburger and onions to make me poetic. Could she be trying to influence me in favor of water cress?

★

My latest gleaning from Junior's streamlined vocabulary: if a dance orchestra is really hot, it's cool.

★

Three of us fathers are repeating a canoe trip we took four years ago, in three canoes, each of us with one son, paddling downstream between snags. But this time if the boys get competitive and want to race we'll give 'em each both paddles.

★

One of our golfers who also reads the Bible predicts (in a locker-room session) that concubines may become fashionable again. "Wives are so busy with activities nowadays," he explains, "and there's a surplus of girls, and it's hard to get household help. Any other answer?"

★

. . . When your youngest sits on the back steps on a summer night and exclaims, "Daddy, it's a wonderful world!",

. . . And your red-haired daughter finally concedes that a red jacket goes well with her hair,

. . . Or Junior compliments you on both your necktie and your butch haircut,

. . . And your wife puts your socks, shirts, handkerchiefs and shorts in the right drawers and kisses you four times in one day,

. . . And your whole family separately voices solicitude for you and it's after Father's Day and Christmas is still months away,

. . . Then you decide against spending those six weeks in a cabin in the Canadian woods and decide it's time to repair the broken frame of your marriage license.



Women's Place in Politics

When they choose,

women can revolutionize politics.

By **HAROLD W. DODDS,** *President of Princeton University*

THOSE who remember the suffragette parades will recall that half the argument for "votes for women" was the improvement which feminine virtue would work in public affairs. The ensuing thirty years disappointed these high expectations. Despite conspicuous—and sometimes short-lived—exceptions, our big cities remain corrupt and contented. Crime and politics continue. Influence, big and little, is bought and sold in Washington as formerly. Even local rural government—closest to the people it serves—clings to old-style politics in which private interest so generally prevails over public good.

The most formidable of the ancient hindrances to good government, the indifference of voters to their civic obligations, continues to infect our democracy; and corruption has once again become a burning issue in many parts of the country.

While no one any longer denies the "right" of women to vote, as some did thirty years ago, it is not surprising that the average male has concluded that sex differences are not reflected in political behavior. From this he may go on to philosophize that, unlike housekeeping, politics is not women's business. The pity of it is that so many women seem to agree with the average male, for nothing could be farther from the truth. The fact is that many public problems are quite similar to housekeeping problems, and the housekeeper's viewpoint is essential to their solution.

In contrast to the average male, practical politicians—and politicians are practical—know from experience there is a woman's vote; and pay more than lip service to it. On some issues, such as foreign affairs apart from military service, women's viewpoint seems to agree with the men's. In other areas there is a consistent differential; and politicians, who survive by winning close elections, respect it.

The issues which concern women most are those which impinge most directly upon their vocation as homemakers. Undoubtedly their vote helps to account for the rapid spread of social legislation which characterized the 1930's.

Opinion polls indicate that on questions dealing with such matters as social welfare, education and public health, women are more liberal than men. They appear more sensitive to moral questions and less tied to the practical—at least as defined by the professional politician.

While women have supported government spending for social services and education, they know from their own economy that every dollar counts in whatever they do and they are not sympathetic to waste in the operation. Candidates who have faced local chapters of the League of Women Voters can testify to this. One learns that he had better know his stuff, for the claptrap and clichés which may satisfy a male audience serve him poorly when he faces a meeting of women. Many a campaign for an improved city charter owes much to the greater objectivity of women toward government as an operating proposition. Substantial credit for New Jersey's new and modern state constitution is due to the intelligent interest of women who approached it more as a problem of management than of partisan advantage.

If a man may venture a suggestion, it would be that women should proceed to define more clearly for themselves what they wish to accomplish and the areas in which they intend to concentrate their pressures. I further risk the opinion that many will be surprised at the power they can exert and the broad results they can achieve.

When it comes to the areas of political activity most susceptible to women's influence, I should place less emphasis on office holding than many writers do. While the number of women officeholders has increased somewhat during the last decade, particularly in respect to posts in the party organizations, public life as a full-time career continues in the main to be monopolized by the men.

It is easy to exaggerate the significance of this fact. There are natural reasons for it beyond the selfish reluctance of males to share the smoke-filled rooms with the opposite sex. To criticize women for lack of the same enthusiasm for political office that men display is a mistake. To do so ignores the obvious truth that large numbers of men go into politics to make a living or to get ahead in their business, rather than in response to an impulse to serve the public. A full-time public career is closed to the average woman if her days are occupied as homemaker and mother. Part-time service in state legislatures, city councils, boards of education, and similar offices, is possible; but often at greater sacrifice than a man would make who finds public office not devoid of vocational advantage.

Women's greatest contribution has been heretofore in the field of the formulation of issues and the building of opinion to be expressed through the ballot, rather than in the execution of policies through holding public office. Professional organizations of women and nonpartisan civic and parent-teacher associations, in which women have figured so largely, afford clear examples of effective political strength. Anyone who has had contact with the League of Women Voters from its earliest days until now will testify to the effectiveness of this sort of influence.

Without depreciating for a moment the vast possibilities open to a woman's civic interest in state and Federal elections and policies, local and municipal government is a real natural for the expression of her citizen interest and power.

Local government is essentially a housekeeping proposition, which may be one reason that men have not done better with it. Its services relate most directly to the environment of family life. It is in this area that feminine realism can most readily correct male indifference. The full potential springing from the instinct of women as homemakers, if it were applied to municipal affairs, would quickly work a revolution in both the morals and the business efficiency of city government.

But of equal significance is the assurance that the consequences of such a revolution would spread far beyond the locality; they would run directly to the quality of all segments of government, from the township to the national capital. What happens at Washington is merely a magnified reflex action of what goes on in our cities, counties and townships.

Our Government at Washington cannot rise above its source, which is the level of our local governments. It is at this level that the ultimate fate of the republic will be decided, for it is here that the quality of our citizenship is made. By attending to it, the woman's viewpoint will work to preserve our republic and establish the way of life we cherish.

It is the grim truth that democracy is engaged in mortal struggle for survival against insolent and contemptuous enemies. If we fail to govern our home localities well, popular government will collapse all along the line. If we succeed at home, we shall similarly succeed at Washington. THE END

The Boys in the Back Room

A real politician is as jealous of another's success with the voters as the bride who sees her husband at the theater with another woman.

•

On the wall: Votes, like plants, do not necessarily grow of their own accord—they must be cultivated.

•

The late William Allen White was being escorted around town by a youthful reporter at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia. The youngster spoke of the remarkable and rebellious rise of the Democrats. "Son," said the Sage of Emporia, "wait until you see how this newly victorious party changes into a party of big-city machines."

•

Voter's Notebook: No misfit in an elective office should be blamed for being there. It isn't his fault. He didn't elect himself. For every crackpot or incompetent noodlehead in Congress—either branch—there are from 10,000 to 50,000 crackpots, incompetent noodleheaded voters in his electorate who put him there. —STRICKLAND GILLILAN


Receipts
Tomato-and-Cucumber Aspic
Ham Rolls with Colestaw
Cold Salmon
with Cucumber Dressing
Antipasto
Sour-Cream Fruit Mold
Orange Refrigerator Cake
Peacharoon Pie



A cool proposition

by Ann Batchelder

You all probably are aware by this time that I take my vacation in my home state and read my home-town paper the year around. A weekly, with Editor's Chair and a whole page of "sports"—no prize fights, of course. Most of our fighting is conducted at town meetings, and so on—but the editorials and country correspondence are prominent in the make-up. And how I would like to own and edit a weekly!

Having more time than usual to spend on reading this sheet, I've found several items I thought would interest you. Or should. One of them is that there are more women in official and political elective (including the legislature) and appointive offices in my home state than in any other state in the republic. Not only that, but more women caught trout on May first of this year than ever before. In any state, in any stream, fly or bait, wade or bank, and all this takes place, and will continue to, in the little—but how big if it were ironed out—state of Vermont. I just wanted you to know that we are born Political Pilgrims up there.

(Continued on Page 124)

STUART FOWLER

LIVE A DAY

MARTHA McMILLAN ROBERTS



St. Luke's Church, Smithfield, Virginia. Designed in sixteenth-century Gothic by Joseph Bridger, and built in 1632, it is the oldest building of English construction in the U. S.

1 This will be my honey month. And don't imagine I'm in cahoots with any bee—the wretched little gadabouts. Pay strict attention, please. Add a little honey to a regulation French dressing, for a fruit salad.

2 I guess most everyone likes cinnamon toast. Try making it with honey, for a change, and for pure unadulterated deliciousness.

3 And—bananas baked in honey are extra special, *with* a piece of lemon rind and another of butter or margarine. Make your sauce and baste.

4 French toast is good even in North Pomfret, Vermont. Grate some Cheddar cheese into the milk and egg. Then fry as usual. Serve with grilled tomatoes.

5 *A peachy idea:* Sauté fresh peach halves in butter or margarine to which you have added a tablespoon of brown sugar. Serve around a slice of broiled ham.

6 When ice cream seems the only way out—and for me, one kind or another usually is—try sprinkling the vanilla variety with toasted coconut, and serve with butterscotch or chocolate sauce.

7 Needing a sandwich for that indoor or outdoor picnic? Crush an avocado with a fork. Add crumbled crisp bacon. That's all—but mighty good.

8 An acorn squash may be a squash, but the acorn tribe has its own ideas about that. Well, if you will, split the little pretenders and scoop out the seeds.

9 *Part 2.* Stand them up in a pan with a little hot water in it. Bake to a tender stage, well seasoned. Fill with creamed chipped beef. And that's that.

10 Take an angel cake, if you're lucky. Best cake ever made. That's *one* opinion, and I don't intend to make a point of it any time or any place. Cut the cake into little squares. Dip each square in melted chocolate, roll them in chopped walnuts, harden in the refrigerator. These are tops with ice cream.

11 Hot soup with a cold meal, that's the old rule. And pretty sound too. So, add ½ cup milk or cream and ½ cup clam juice to 1 can condensed clam chowder. This will give you such, and delicious too. Just to set things up, croutons or oyster crackers polish off the top of each cup.

12 A piece, as fancy as you like, of lemon or orange, or a black olive sitting nonchalantly spank in the middle of water cress, gives your garnish for fish or fowl a sort of Paisley-shawl effect, and that makes for a choice *décor*.

13 Small—really small—tomatoes, baked and discreetly hollowed out, each one stuffed with a hot little fish ball, are a guaranteed tomato surprise. Not overworked. Have the fish balls *fit*, if you can, better than a seventeen collar on a fourteen neck.

14 Just a hint of nutmeg added to a vanilla pudding mix gives it that subtle something that makes the difference.

15 Griddlecakes aren't meant to be shoved in the background because it's August. Listen to this: Put through a sieve or beat to a creamy stage 1 cup cottage cheese. Add 1 tablespoon melted butter, a pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon flour and 2 well-beaten eggs.

16 *Continued:* Now take your egg beater in hand and go to it. Use it with gusto and a whir. Bake batter on a hot griddle, griddlecake style, brown, turn, brown. Serve as dessert with jam or jelly, flat or rolled. I like mine sprinkled with powdered sugar, but do as you please. I'll let you.

17 Just one word about spaghetti, and a short one too. Add a tablespoon of garlic salt to each quart of water when you cook it. *If* you like garlic taste. *If* you like spaghetti.

18 Sometime when you are short of maple sirup for your waffles, put some jam or jelly to helping with your problem. And marmalade. Thought of that?

19 Lorenzo was a doughty lad, said he invented the sa*lad* (accent on the *ad* for rhyming reasons). A "Lorenzo" dressing is only 2 tablespoons minced water cress, 2 tablespoons chili sauce added to a French dressing. That's all. Good with vegetable and meat salads. It does well by grapefruit salad too. And try it as a cocktail sauce for shrimp.

20 The old baked-bean-and-rarebit favorite may step aside a moment while we cover thin slices of ham on toast with a red-hot and very cheesy rarebit. Serve with pickles.

21 You should know that prepared mustard has entered finishing school. It may now be had with seasonings of paprika, sage, curry or marjoram. Perfumed, or seasoned, as you like to call it. In jars, in sets, and they do a lot for a lot of things. You'll find.

22 Water cress to be used chopped should be prepared with a very sharp knife, and not in the chopping bowl. Be sure that all the stems are disposed of before beginning on the cutting. Cress is pretty nice sprinkled over a bowl of potato salad. Looks nice too.

23 For your canning and jelly-making activities, keep in mind that you may use cane or beet sugar with equally good results. Same thing goes for any form of cooking.

24 While tomatoes are to be had by the bushel, you may be tempted into "doing up" some yourself. It's a good idea to add some chopped green pepper to some of the jars.

25 For a delicious tomato conserve, I recommend this receipt. Cut 2 lemons into very thin slices. Remove the seeds, cover with cold water, and cook until the rind is very tender. Add 1 quart tomatoes, peeled and cut into pieces, of course, 1 pint diced peeled and cored tart apples, 1 cup canned crushed pineapple and 4 cups sugar. Cook until thick and clear. Pour into hot sterilized glasses. Cover at once with paraffin. Makes 6 glasses.

26 *From a very old cookbook:* "It is a great mistake for cooks to serve raw fruit to anyone, but the habit some have fallen into of letting *even small* children eat it is nothing less than pernicious. Cook it or let it alone." She must have referred to green apples.

27 Times change and we eat raw fruit ad lib. Just to encourage you, here's how in a dressing for the fruit-salad line. Take ¾ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup orange juice, about ½ teaspoon grated orange rind and 1 tablespoon powdered sugar. Beat well and chill.

28 Homemade soda-fountain special is achieved very easily, very cheer-bringing, by putting balls of vanilla ice cream in tall glasses of iced coffee. You won't need the sugar bowl. You may like it well beaten.

29 You might do worse than to add cooked Lima beans to a good cheese sauce and pour over fried noodles, and get something very nice indeed.

30 Also, you might add a mess of cooked green beans to a macaroni-and-cheese casserole, and cover with crisp crumbled bacon. Bacon is such a handy thing. Keep it handy.

31 *I love these long and lazy days,*
The smell of falling leaves, the haze
That rises over hill and dell,
And that's my choice and so farewell.

Bip Ann Batchelder

Every cool meal *needs a* warm heart!



"Hi, Mother, what do we eat . . .?"

You won't be hurried or harried if you just reach for bean with bacon soup . . . a real, full-meal soup. Youngsters love the bacon taste in it. What goes with it?

Bean with Bacon Soup
(filled with plump, munchy beans)
Buttered Toast and Jam . . . *crisp and crunchy*
Sugared Strawberries **Milk**

"Can't we eat outdoors?"

Indoors . . . outdoors . . . doesn't make any difference with soup so quick to prepare. Here's your easy-to-serve lunch.

Vegetable Soup
(14 different luscious vegetables)
Hot Dogs and Trimmings
Banana Oatmeal Cookies . . . and Milk

"Mind if I bring Joe for lunch?"

You wouldn't mind if he brought home a dozen friends. Cream of celery soup, with all the taste of garden celery, will be the main attraction.

Cream of Celery Soup
(cream-rich and scrumptious)
Egg and Pickle Salad
Fresh Cherry Sundae and Milk

Soup's ideal as that One Hot Dish with summer meals.

BY Anne Marshall

ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

UP GOES the temperature. The long lazy days are with us. And when it's so wonderful outdoors, who wants to be tied to the kitchen?

So, let's start thinking of quick-to-fix meals . . . meals centered around one hot dish, Soup. And as good companions for it, let's dream up crispy salads, new sandwiches and refreshing desserts.

Soup is the perfect mainstay of delightful summer meals. Hot soup sets off cool dishes . . . makes them even cooler by contrast . . . taste even better. Why, even wilting appetites perk up at its savory bouquet. Since soup takes only 4 minutes to prepare, you're in and out of the kitchen in practically no time. You can keep cool and cook well.

Besides, it's easy to vary summer menus with so many kinds of soup to spark your thinking. To help you plan . . . here are a few summer menus grownups and children will enjoy.

A clever cook keeps a full soup shelf.

A voice out of the past... Some messages never grow old—because the truths they express are enduring. One such message is reprinted here. It appeared 30 years ago this month as the first of the Metropolitan's health advertisements.

The Land of Unborn Babies

IN Maeterlinck's play—
"The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land—all mist blue—where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, fleecy clouds—not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a luxurious home—cannot find awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivalling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is so born—

the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation—the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation is *weak*, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies—

die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them. Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are counted failures—all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks—the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The call is being heard—

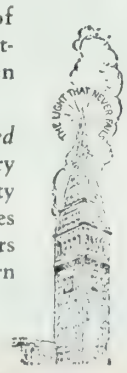
by the schools and colleges that are establishing classes in homemaking and motherhood; by public nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

By Congress that has passed the Mothers and Babies Act, under which health boards in every State will be called upon to give information to expectant mothers.

All this is merely a beginning—

The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation—healthy babies—each of whom must have its rightful heritage—An Even Chance—a healthy body.



The call will not be *answered* until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.

Babies of 1952 have a far better chance of growing up to be sturdy and healthy than did boys and girls who were born in 1922, the year in which "The Land of Unborn Babies" appeared.

In fact, the great gains that have been made in protecting child health—through diet, immunizations, and knowledge of infant growth and development—represent one of medicine's greatest triumphs.

Today, the infant mortality rate is, by all odds, the lowest in history. Equally heartening has been the drop in maternal mortality rates. At present the chances of an expectant mother surviving childbirth are better than 999 out of 1000! In these figures there is truly a story of human and social progress.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD

(Continued from Page 34)

responsible for the result. You can ask the doctor yourself if you do not believe me!"

Still under the strain of the painful scene with my mother, still seeing her frightening rage, it seemed to me that she might indeed easily suffer a stroke or a heart attack if further provoked. In utter misery I asked Mrs. Jay to let R. know I could not marry him.

How sad were those summer days of disgrace and unhappiness, my mother turned away from me, my father out of reach, my brothers engrossed in their personal pleasures—Willie cruising in his small boat, and Harold too young to concern himself with my problems. My friends who had wearied of being rebuffed no longer called, and with an ingrained reticence I kept my worries to myself.

How gratefully then I looked to Miss Harper for consolation and advice, how wisely she spoke of the future awaiting me in her country, of the opportunities for usefulness and social service I would find there, of the happiness a life lived for others can bring. And in such gentle appeals to my better nature she slowly swung me from contemplations of a purely personal nature to a higher idealism. Brought up to obey, I surrendered more easily to my mother's dictates than others nurtured in a gentler discipline might have done.

History records many marriages of convenience. Even in my day they were still in vogue in Europe, where the interests of the two contracting parties were considered to outweigh the wishes of the bride. So that what to many of my compatriots may appear an unwarranted prerogative was to my mother but a reasonable decision concerning my future.

Thus disciplined and prepared, I found with Marlborough's arrival a sudden change of scene. Determined to outdo all previous entertainments, my mother gave a ball described in contemporary newspapers as "the most beautiful fete ever seen in Newport." The favors for the cotillion, which she had selected herself in Paris, consisted of old French etchings, fans, mirrors, watch cases, and sashes of ribbons, all of the Louis XIV period. Lanterns which were a facsimile of Marble House and bagpipes which really squeaked added an amusing note. Each favor was marked with a medallion representing Marble House. "The young Duke of Marlborough," the papers continued, "stood by Mrs. Jay in the grand salon and viewed the pretty women with interest."

Once again launched into the gaieties of a season from which I had so recently been withdrawn, I went to dinners and balls escorted by Marlborough, chaperoned by my mother. In the harbor, on one of those sumptuous yachts millionaires then owned, John Jacob Astor and his beautiful wife, now Lady Ribblesdale, entertained us; a cruise with the Pembroke Joneses was declined as Marlborough claimed he was too bad a sailor. My father's yacht, the Valiant, was away in other waters; we did not meet until later in New York. And the man I longed to see had withdrawn from so gay a scene.

How leisurely were our pleasures! In the morning with my mother we drove to the Casino in a sociable, a carriage so named for the easy comfort it provided for conversation. Face to face on cushioned seats permitting one to lean back without the loss of dignity, we sat under an umbrellalike tent. Dressed in one of the elaborate batistes my mother had bought for me in Paris, with Marlborough opposite in flannels and the traditional sailor hat, we proceeded in state down Bellevue Avenue. And society rolled by in the elegant equipages one saw in those days when to be well turned out on wheels with a handsome pair of horses was as necessary to one's standard of luxury as a fine house.

At the Casino we met the *beau monde* and its belles: young Mrs. J. J. Astor; Miss Grace Wilson, later to marry my cousin Cornelius Vanderbilt; and the two lovely Blight girls, who during their seasons Paris impressed the Faubourg with t charm, distinction and gaiety their gener tion achieved. But to my mind the mo beautiful of all, with a classic perfection face and form, was Louise Morris, who late married to Henry Clews, bequeathed th beauty to her daughter the Duchess Argyll. How charming they were in the picture hats and organdies, so incompatib with comfort, but so becoming.

Returning to Marble House, perhaps for luncheon party, we would feel cheated of thrill without the sight of Mrs. Perry B mont, a *grande dame* of imperial mien, seate in her *demi-daumont* drawn by a pair of hig stepping hackneys ridden by a postilion. perhaps her son Oliver, a noted whip, wou bowl swiftly by on his coach, skillfully gui ing his blue-blooded leaders Rockingha and Hurlingham.

OLIVER BELMONT was a man of taste. H had at that time a unique stable of carria horses. In order to be closer to them he h built over his stables near Bellevue Aven an apartment where he lived with his bool and a collection of equestrian knights medieval armor. Below he housed his ca riages—a cabriolet, a curricle, a spid phaeton and various types of gigs and bu gies and breaks. These carriages were ma in France and were copies of the ones we a mire in the pictures of Carle Vernet and t drawings of Guys. They were beautiful turned out with the attention to detail M Belmont's knowledge ensured.

Sometimes he drove us to the polo fie where the young Waterbury boys were gi ing early proof of the dash and skill th later placed them in the team known as t Big Four, when with my cousin Harry Whi ney and that great back Devereux Milbu they won back the Westchester Cup fro England. The rivalry of international match had not as yet caused polo ponies to becon as valuable as jewels and the pace so furio as to be almost dangerous. We sat round t field in our carriages and strolled off to t at the end of a game.

It was in the comparative quiet of an ev ning at home that Marlborough proposed me in the Gothic Room, whose atmosphe was so propitious to sacrifice. There was need for sentiment. I was content with h pious hope that he would make me a goo husband and ran up to my mother wit word of our engagement. There was no tim for thought or for regrets.

The next day the news was out, and a fe days later Marlborough departed to s something of a country he even then a nounced he would never revisit. There was his sarcastic comments on all things Ame ican an arrogance that inclined me to vie his decision with approval.

When I broke the news of our engagemen to my brothers, Harold observed, "He only marrying you for your money," a with this last slap to my pride I burst in tears. It was obvious that they would ha preferred me to marry a compatriot, but u able to speak of the emotional turmoil I ha so recently experienced, I could not enlighte them. Indeed, an immense distance now se arated me from them, for I had grown yea older.

In October we returned to New York to new house my mother had taken since h divorce had become final. It was on Seventy second Street and has only recently been d molished.

November fifth was fixed for our weddin but it was changed to the sixth when Mar borough said that November fifth was Gu Fawkes Day and would not be suitable. could not understand why Guy Fawkes' a tempt to blow up Parliament almost thr centuries before should affect the date of o marriage, but this was only the first of series of, to me, snobbish prejudices inspire by a point of view opposed to my own.

Ordering my trousseau, always an exci ing event in a girl's life, proved of slight i

s, since I had very little to say about it, n other not troubling to consult the taste d aimed I did not possess.

he marriage settlements gave rise to con- rable discussion. An English solicitor had crossed the seas with the declared tion of "profiting the illustrious fam- he had been engaged to serve devoted a al talent to that end. Finally the settle- s were apportioned in equal shares at equest.

the wedding approached there came nts. My mother had forbidden me to ve any gifts from my Vanderbilt rela- and I felt hurt and pained when I was to return them without excuse or ks. My grandmother was the only lerbilt whom I was allowed to visit, and nly one invited to my wedding, but she rally refused to come to a ceremony which her entire family were to be ex- d. My eight bridesmaids had been se- d by my mother from amongst her ds for her own reasons, and some of were several years older than I. They Edith Morton, Evelyn Burden, Marie throp, Katherine Duer, Elsa Bronson, Goelet, Julia Jay and Daisy Post. They long dresses of white satin with blue es and their big picture hats were most ming. The arrival of my wedding dress ght the realization that my mother had red it while we were still in Paris, so had she been of the success of her plans. ine was the first international marriage had taken place for some time. It cre- great interest and every incident of my gement had been pub- d. Reporters called ssantly, anxious to re every particle of s, from the cost of my sseau to our future s. Since little news was n out, accounts were icated. I read to my efaction that my gar- had gold clasps studded diamonds, and won- d how I should live down such vulgarities. spent the morning of my wedding day in s and alone; no one came near me. A foot- had been posted at the door of my apart- t and not even my governess was ad- ed. Like an automaton I donned the ly lingerie with its real lace and the e silk stockings and shoes. My maid ed me into the beautiful dress, its tiers russels lace cascading over white satin. ad a high collar and long tight sleeves. court train, embroidered with seed ls and silver, fell from my shoulders in s of billowing whiteness. My maid fitted tulle veil to my head with a wreath of ge blossoms; it fell over my face to my es. A bouquet of orchids that was to come Blenheim did not arrive in time.

felt cold and numb as I went down to t my father and the bridesmaids who waiting for me. My mother had decreed my father should accompany me to the rch to give me away. After that he was to ppear. We were twenty minutes late, for eyes, swollen with the tears I had wept, ired copious sponging before I could face curious stares that always greet a bride. my mother, who had preceded us to the rch, the wait appeared interminable and wondered whether at the last moment plans would miscarry.

ERE were the usual crowds of curious t-seers on Fifth Avenue. When we hed St. Thomas's I saw an endless aisle clusters of white flowers, and at the r stood the Bishop of New York and the op of Long Island. So many eyes pried defenses, I was thankful for the veil that ered my face. As I followed my lovely esmaids I remembered to press my fa- 's arm gently to slow his step. Marlbor- h, with the best man, his cousin Ivor st, was waiting for us. The usual hymns ifying perfect love were sung, and when nced at my husband shyly I saw that his were fixed on space.

s we came out of the church the crowd ed toward us and women tried to snatch flowers from my bouquet. There were spas- modic cheers and less friendly sallies. At the luncheon which followed at our house the British Ambassador, Lord Pauncefote, made a charming speech to which Marlborough re- sponded fittingly. The best man toasted the bridesmaids, but the ushers—chosen from the ranks of those who had perhaps from similar notions aspired to be in Marlbor- ough's place—were not called upon to dem- onstrate their good will in speeches.

DRIVING away from my home, I looked back. My mother was at the window. She was hiding behind the curtain, but I saw that she was in tears. *And yet*, I thought, *she has attained the goal she set herself, she has experi- enced the satisfactions wealth can confer, she has ensconced me in the niche she so early assigned me, and she is now free to let ambition give way to a gentler passion.* I was happy to think that in her marriage to Oliver H. P. Belmont she would find happiness. I did not then know how short their married life would be.

There were no tunnels to Long Island and no parkways in 1895; Brooklyn Bridge alone spanned the East River. We took a ferry to Long Island City and then a special train to Oakdale.

Settled in an observation car, Marlbor- ough whiled away the journey reading con- gratulatory telegrams, handing them on to me with the proper gestures of deference or indifference the senders evoked. Thus I could gauge the importance of each person, and re- ceived my first lesson in class consciousness. Unfortunately, there was no silver platter on which to present Her Majesty Queen Victoria's missive, but it was read with due re- spect, and a sense of her in- timidating presence crept even into that distant rail- way car. It became clear that the Royal family and his own families, the Spen- cer-Churchills and the Hamiltons, were ready to accord me a gra- cious welcome, though tempered with the reserve marriage with a foreigner evoked. From the Churchills—more immediately concerned, since Blenheim was their home—came a jubilant note; but from the Hamil- tons there seemed to emanate a distinct warning that my person rather than my for- tune would be my claim to their good graces.

More helpful than all wis- dom is one draught of sim- ple human pity.
—GEORGE ELIOT

Added to these Royal and family congratu- lations were cables from political organiza- tions, from county dignitaries, from tenants, from employees and from a host of friends, all together bringing me a realization of the complex and ordered society I was to join. The messages expressed so much deference that they seemed to me both snobbish and ridiculous, for after all we were only two very young people.

My husband spoke of some two hundred families whose lineage and whose ramifica- tions, whose patronymics and whose titles I should have to learn. Then Blenheim and its tenants, its employees and its household servants would claim my attention. It was only later that I found that my personal re- actions toward what to me appeared absurd distinctions must be repressed and that I must not expect even a servant who stood high in the hierarchy to perform a task he considered beneath his dignity. On ringing the bell one day I was answered by the butler, but when I asked him to set a match to an already prepared fire he made me a dignified bow and leaving the room ob- served, "I will send the footman, Your Grace," to which I hastily replied, "Oh, don't trouble, I will do it myself."

Such pomp and ritual were considerations of prime importance in the country that was to be mine. To me, seated beside the man who now ruled my life, absorbed as he was in contemplation of the future at a moment when the present should mean so much, the outlook loomed somber.

It was a relief to reach the little station of Oakdale, but there was no carriage awaiting us and we found ourselves surrounded by a

(Continued on Page 55)

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(Continued from Page 53)

crowd. Rather than remain the objects
ir curious scrutiny, we sallied forth on
accompanied by members of the press
were overjoyed at the scoop this bit of
would represent in headlines next day:
e and Duchess Start Honeymoon on
"

was not long before the carriage found
d the gates of Idlehour closed behind
eing my old home brought a flood of
ories of happy days when my father
nother had been united and I had my
ers as companions. How different from
resent when alone I faced life with a
arative stranger. The house looked
ful with its blazing fire in the living
from which wide steps of polished oak
o the landing above. Here my mother's
had been prepared for me and my
next door for Marlborough. A sudden
ation of my complete innocence as-
l me, bringing with it fear. Like a de-
d child I longed for my family. The
lem created by the marriage of two ir-
ncilable characters is a psychological one
h deserves sympathy as well as under-
ding. In the hidden reaches where mem-
probes lie sorrows too deep to fathom.
ter the week's seclusion custom has im-
d even upon reluctant honeymooners, we
rned to New York, and spent an evening
ie fashionable horse show, where our box
mobbed by crowds and policemen had
nove them along. It was pleasant to
pe from the glare of publicity that was
sed upon our every act, and I left the
with few regrets.

nce Blenheim was being renovated, we
d not go there before March, and since
lborough, never having traveled, wished
e something of the world before settling
n, we embarked for the Mediterranean.
sing the Atlantic in those days was not
luxurious affair it is now. Ships were
h smaller and there were no beautifully
rated suites, no Ritz restaurant, no
ma and no radio. There being no ocean
s to Italy, we traveled on a small cargo
. The captain's suite, which he had
ed over to us, was gloomy and boasted
a minimum of comfort.

s a good sailor, I did not mind the long,
emely rough passage, but I was worried
t Marlborough. There was no doctor on
d; we were, I think, the only passengers,
the captain's ministrations did not help
Seasickness breeds a horrible pessimism
hich my husband fully indulged, and it
all the optimism I possessed to over-
e the depressing gloom of that voyage.
e left the ship at Gibraltar instead of
g on to the port in Italy we had aimed
since another sea voyage was not con-
ed advisable for him. A visit to Madrid,
le and Granada was arranged and we
intended to proceed by way of the
ch Riviera, Rome and Brindisi to our
tual destination, Egypt.

NTERS in Spain are apt to be cold and
. In Madrid icy winds made visits to
ly heated museums unpleasantly chilly.
galleries which contain so many master-
es—and also so many rows of inferior
ires—were at that time atrociously ar-
ed. My enthusiasm waned and, because
d overgrown my strength, I also felt ex-
ted.

e spent a pleasant evening with the Eng-
Ambassador, Sir Henry Drummond
f, who proved a charming and courteous
There I met Lord Rosebery, then leader
e Liberal Party in the House of Lords.
xceedingly brilliant man with a caustic
he had, in spite of a bourgeois appear-
an aristocratic arrogance rendered less
essive by the twinkle of his blue eyes
a kindly humorous smile. Realizing that
etter pass to the favor of the Dowager
ess of Marlborough could be found, I
ed myself lucky when he told me that he
ending her a good account of me.

hen Marlborough heard that Lord
bery was to be received in audience by
Regent of Spain, Queen Maria Christina,
shed also to be accorded this honor. The
gent etiquette of the Spanish court in-

timidated me as much as did the fear of Lord Rosebery's ridicule; nevertheless, when we met at the Palacio Real on the appointed day and were conducted through endless reception rooms, I managed to acquit myself with dignity and, on reaching the royal presence, to drop the three ceremonial curtsies Spanish custom required. The Queen Mother led a cloistered life, and my sympathy went out to the little King, Alfonso XIII, whom we saw in a gloomy palatial distance. No one then could foresee his tragic exile and his death in a foreign land. But for an Epicurean he was a remarkable stoic; later, when I met him in England, he told me that he had always considered death his close companion and that immunity from bombs had been a lucky chance.

From Spain we went by train to France. It was a complete and startling contrast to arrive at the little principality of Monaco in brilliant sunshine with the blue Mediterranean at our feet. My honeymoon had so far been a serious and depressing introduction to a life I had imagined would at least be gay, but now my spirits rose.

The Taste of Time

By Sally Blanding

Little boys who crush camphor leaves
Upon the tongue
Still speak coolly, clearly when
No longer young.

Little girls who nip nasturtiums
With sharp white teeth,
Later speak spicy little words
With sweetness beneath.

But the child who dares feast
On apples that are green,
Grows to speak wisdom with a wry smile:
This is foreseen.

We stopped at the fashionable Hotel de Paris, eating our meals amongst a lively crowd of beautiful women and elegant men, many of whom were acquaintances of my husband. When I asked him who they all were I was surprised by his evasive answers and still more startled when informed that I must not look at the women whose beauty I admired. It was only after repeated questioning that I learned that these were ladies of easy virtue whose beauty and charm had their price. It became increasingly complicated when I heard that I must not recognize the men who accompanied them, even though some of them had been my suitors a few months before.

In those days there were ladies of the demimonde who vied in beauty, in elegance, in wit and charm with the greatest ladies of the Faubourg. At the opera and at the races in their incomparable toilettes they were the cynosure of all eyes. The two outstanding beauties were La Belle Otero, a dark and passionate young woman with a strong blend of Greek and gypsy blood, who was always flamboyantly dressed to set off her magnificent figure; and lovely Liane de Pougy, who looked the *grande dame* she eventually became by her marriage to the Roumanian Prince Ghika.

There was rivalry between them, and they were proud of the precious stones that adorned them as visible signs of the eminence they had reached in their profession. Fortunes were spent and lost for them and bets were exchanged on the relative value of their jewels. It was not surprising, therefore, that Otero should challenge her rival by appearing at the Casino one night covered from head to foot with priceless jewels. It was a dazzling display, but in seeking to outdo her rival Otero had sacrificed good taste and had lent herself to ridicule. Excited conjectures about Pougy's rejoinder were promptly answered. The next evening, appearing in a simple white gown without a single jewel, she was followed by her maid gorgeously arrayed in jewels that far outshone Otero's.

In such extravagant ways was stressed the immense importance men attached to beauty, and it seemed to me then unfair that "*ces dames du demimonde*" should be permitted to enhance their beauty with cosmetics which were forbidden to "*la femme du monde.*" For the respectable woman; as she was called, had to observe a neutral role; her clothes as well as her make-up had to be discreet. To pass unnoticed was the dictum imposed by the good, if hypocritical, society of the day.

ANY extravagance of fashion was condemned as bad taste, and no well-bred woman could afford to look seductive, at least not in public. Lipstick and powder alone were considered fast, and any further embellishments would immediately have committed one to the world of the déclassée, that sad middle state where recognition is withheld both by the upper and the lower worlds. How different was this life from the prim monastic existence my mother had enforced.

I was further aghast at the importance food had suddenly assumed. "Considering," I was told, "that it is the only pleasure one can count on having three times a day every day of one's life, a well-ordered meal is of prime importance." We seemed to spend hours discussing the merit of a dish or the bouquet of a vintage. The maitre d'hôtel had become an important person to whom at meals most of my husband's conversation was addressed.

Without a doubt the demimonde was brilliant, seductive and gay, but the *beau monde* glittered no less enticingly. Dandies, roués, spendthrifts and scions of great European families were to be seen recklessly gambling away colossal fortunes. Even the United States of America, that Mrs. Grundy in so profligate a world, had its representative in a no less spectacular figure than the great James Gordon Bennett, millionaire owner of the New York Herald and its Continental mouthpiece, the Paris Herald, he who had sent H. M. Stanley to Central Africa to find Livingstone and had organized a Polar expedition as well. When I knew him he owned a villa at Beaulieu-sur-Mer and was a great friend of my mother. The trains used to rush through his garden, and Mr. Bennett invariably ran to his windows to watch them pass. I thought it unusual for one who had his yacht, the famous Lysistrata, anchored in the quiet bay at his feet to find so much to excite him in passing trains. But James Gordon Bennett was an eccentric and there were curious tales concerning his fancies.

In this international world it was perhaps the Russians who were the greatest gamblers, led by the Grand Dukes Alexis and Vladimir. It must have been a family failing, for the Grand Duchess Anastasia was later also to prefer the gaming tables of Monte Carlo to the stern and stuffy atmosphere of her German husband's court. In the 1920's, when my mother was her neighbor at Eze-sur-Mer, we used to watch the Grand Duchess during our rare visits to the Casino. Invariably she was recklessly throwing her last louis on the table—her semi-Oriental eyes glistening green as she watched it go. When after a particularly disastrous night she was found dead in bed, there were ominous rumors of too many sleeping pills. What a typical Russian she looked—lean, dark and sinister, but exquisite in satin and jewels. She wore her black hair tightly coiffed to her narrow head which she still held proudly, and her lips curled disdainfully. She was completely indifferent to anything but her personal wishes and desires.

From the infrequency with which anyone was presented to me, I concluded that my circle would be all too select. It was pleasant, therefore, to meet another young bride.



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English, blond and pretty, she was a self-assured young woman with a shrewd appraisal of social standards. Amazed at my unworldliness, she ripped the blinkers from my eyes. In the tarnished mirror of a crude materialism my values appeared absurd and I listened to her vitriolic gossip with mounting concern. Seeing with her eyes those I was to meet, gauging the enmity of certain of my husband's friends, the future loomed complex and difficult. Finally, emphasizing the need for fine clothes, for rich jewels and a lavish expenditure, she added, "With our money, our clothes, our jewels we will be the two successes of the coming London season, and all the women will be jealous of us."

Depressed and concerned, I left the sophisticated set we had found in Monte Carlo to proceed to Rome. Settled in the high bare rooms of the hotel for my first Christmas without family and friends, I felt strangely lonely and sad.

At the age of eighteen I was beginning to chafe at the impersonal role I had so far played in my own life—first a pawn in my mother's game and now, as my husband expressed it, "a link in the chain." To one not sufficiently impressed with the importance of insuring the survival of a particular family, the fact that our happiness as individuals was as nothing in this unbroken chain of succeeding generations was a corroding thought; for although I greatly desired children, I had not reached the stage of total abnegation regarding my personal happiness. Nevertheless, to produce the next link in the chain was, I knew, my most immediate duty.

From Rome we went to Naples, which I advise honeymooners to omit, since a visit to the buried towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum is bound to awaken discord. I, at least, found it a humiliating experience to be left outside the ruins while my husband went below with a guide to inspect the paintings and statues erected to the worship of Priapus, the god and giver of life.

At Brindisi we boarded a small steamer and after another rough journey reached Alexandria, then proceeded to Cairo and up the Nile. We returned to Cairo, then at Suez boarded a P. & O. steamer for Marseilles. In Paris we took an apartment in the Hotel Bristol on the Place Vendôme.

I was happy to be in Paris again, and while there completed the purchase of my trousseau. Since I had little experience in shopping, everything having always been bought for me by my mother, Marlborough took it upon himself to display the same hectoring rights she had previously exercised in the selection of my gowns. Unfortunately, his taste appeared to be dictated by a desire for magnificence rather than by any wish to enhance my looks. I remember particularly one evening dress of sea-blue satin with a long train, whose whole length was trimmed with white ostrich feathers. Another creation was a rich pink velvet with sables. Jean Worth himself directed the fittings of these beautiful dresses which he and my husband considered suitable, but which I would willingly have exchanged for the tulle and organdy girls of my age were wearing.

My father had generously told me to get whatever I wanted as a gift from him, but I was surprised by the excess of household and personal linens, clothes, furs and hats my husband was ordering. Marlborough's ideas about jewels were equally princely, and since there appeared to be no family heirlooms, jewels became a necessary addition to my trousseau. It was then the fashion to wear dog collars; mine was of pearls and had nineteen rows with high diamond clasps which rasped my neck. My mother had given me all the pearls she had received from my father. There were two fine rows which had once belonged to Catherine of Russia and to the Empress Eugénie, and also a *sautoir* which I could clasp round my waist. A diamond tiara capped with pear-shaped stones was my father's gift to me, and from Marlborough came a diamond belt. They were beautiful indeed, but jewels never gave me pleasure and my heavy tiara invariably produced a violent headache, my dog collar a chafed neck. Thus bejeweled and bedecked I was deemed worthy to meet English society. With the first days of spring we crossed the Channel.

London looked immense as the train slowly wound through endless dimly lit suburbs. They seemed drab to me, but the streets were clean and the little houses had gardens. There was a general air of homeliness. In those days there was little discontent—England was prosperous and only the intelligentsia ventured to discuss socialism. Feeling anxious and diffident at meeting so many strangers—strangers who were to become my family—I gazed anxiously at the station platform where a small group of people was waiting to welcome us. Lady Blandford, my mother-in-law, with her daughters Lilian and Norah, was there; Ivor Guest, the good-looking but supercilious cousin who had come to our wedding; Lady Sarah Wilson, an aunt; Lady Randolph Churchill with her son, young Winston Churchill, yet another cousin; and numerous friends.

I felt the scrutiny of many eyes and hoped that my hat was becoming and that my fur were fine enough to win their approval. They all talked at once in soft voices and strange accents which I knew I should have to imitate, and I felt thankful that I had no nasal twang. The sight of these strangers, Marlborough's family, brought the loneliness of my position sharply into focus. I realized that he would from now on be surrounded by friends and distractions that were foreign to me and that the precarious hold I had during our months alone secured in his life and affections might easily become endangered.

The family dinner that night disclosed the feud between the Churchill and the Hamilton clans. Lady Blandford, a Hamilton by birth, was a typical *grande dame* of the late Victorian era—Disraeli had made her the heroine of one of his novels. She had the narrow aristocratic face of the well bred, a thin slightly arched nose and small blue eyes that were kind and appraising. Her black hair was arranged in a profusion of curls and puffs which took so long to dress that once done they had to last the day. She had the high bust and tightly laced waist fashion imposed and was proud of her small feet and hands, boasting that no manicure had ever touched her nails. Her outlook was limited, for she had received an English girl's proverbially poor education, but she possessed shrewd powers of intuition and observation, and that she liked me I immediately realized.

Lady Sarah Wilson—a Churchill—was quite different. She told me to call her Sarah since she thought herself too young to be an aunt, and I felt an enmity I could not then account for. She seemed to me as hard as her polished appearance, and her prominent eyes, harsh voice and sarcastic laugh made me shudder. She disliked my mother-in-law "Bertha," as she called her, and plainly showed that she considered her a fool. To me she was kind in an arrogant manner that made me grit my teeth, for I had no intention of being patronized.

I was glad to turn to Winston, a young redheaded boy a few years older than I. He struck me as ardent and vital and seemed to have every intention of getting the most out of life, whether in sport, in love, in adventure or in politics. He was the next heir to the dukedom and I wondered how he and his mother, the American-born Lady Randolph Churchill, would regard me. *At any rate,* I thought, *they will be pleased to notice that there is as yet no sign of an heir.*

Lady Randolph was a beautiful woman with a vital gaiety that made her the life and soul of any party. She was still, in middle age, the mistress of many hearts, and the Prince of Wales was known to delight in her company. Her gray eyes sparkled with the joy of living and when, as was often the case, her anecdotes were risqué it was in her eyes as well as in her words that one could read the implication. She was an accomplished pianist, an intelligent and well-informed reader and an enthusiastic advocate of any

ty. Her constant friendship and loyalty
o be precious to me in adversity.
ing this welcoming dinner the con-
ion veered to America, and Lady
dford made a number of startling re-
s, revealing that she thought we all
on plantations with Negro slaves and
here were red Indians ready to scalp
t round the corner. She was greatly
ved to think that having once been in
she should not have been allowed to
America, and complained that she had
en able to attend our wedding because
n refused to pay her passage over. Then
tittered and also regretted that she
not been present. "But," she added,
press did not spare us one detail," and
that the word "vulgar" had been
ed but not its implications.
e next day, a dull raw morning of early
h, was dedicated to family visits. The
of these ordeals was my presentation
e Dowager Duchess of Marlborough,
usband's grandmother, a daughter of
ourth Marquess of Londonderry. The
ess was seated in an armchair in the
ing room of her
e at the corner
osvenor Square
e she had lived
her widow-
. Dressed in
ning with a
lace cap on her
and an ear
pet in her hand,
bestowed a wel-
ng kiss in the
ner of a deposed
reign greeting
uccessor. After
mbarrassing in-
ion of my per-
she informed
hat Lord Rose-
had reported
rably on me af-
our meeting in
rid. She ex-
ed great inter-
n our plans and
e searching in-
es concerning
manner of life
tended to live,
ng, she said, to
Blenheim re-
d to its former
es and the pres-
f the family up-
I felt that this
lecture was
ded to show me how it behooved me
ehave. Then fixing her cold gray eyes
me, she continued, "Your first duty is
ave a child and it must be a son, be-
e it would be intolerable to have that
upstart Winston become duke. Are you
e family way?"
eling utterly crushed by my negligence
ot having insured Winston's eclipse and
essed by the responsibilities she had
ed upon me, I was glad to take my
. We then went on to Hampden House,
esidence of the Duke of Abercorn, who
head of the Hamilton family and my
and's uncle.

s house had all the charm and beauty
eorgian paneling with spacious rooms
gave on to a little garden enclosed in
walls. The Duke, a small fragile man,
seated near the fire; he had embroidered
ers on his feet, and a velvet smoking
et, for he was convalescing from some
r ailment. He insisted upon removing
coat, which was of green velvet entirely
with Russian sables.
What a wonderful coat, what priceless
" he exclaimed. "I must send for my
s to compare them." Whereupon he
the bell and had his valet bring his
To his deep concern it did not equal
!
here followed a great deal of family
e-tattle and finally, as we got up to go,
ooked me up and down and, with an
sed twinkle in his eyes, said, "I see the future Churchills will be both tall and good-looking."

Both sides of the family were evidently equally concerned with the immediate necessity of an heir to the dukedom, and were infecting me with their anxiety.

OUR next visit was to the Marchioness of Lansdowne, an aunt Marlborough greatly preferred to his mother. At that time Lord Lansdowne was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Lord Salisbury's government. Lady Lansdowne was very like my mother-in-law in appearance except that she was better looking. They were both gay and loved to gossip, and giggled at the slightest provocation. She had not forgotten the pomp and circumstance that had surrounded her during the years she had been Vicereine of India. To Marlborough she showed affection and the mild flirtatiousness of the Victorian *grande dame*.

I gathered from her conversation that an English lady was hedged round with what seemed to me to be boring restrictions. It appeared that one should not walk alone in Piccadilly or Bond Street, nor sit in Hyde Park unless accompanied; that one should not be seen in a hansom cab, and that one should always travel in a reserved compartment; that it was better to occupy a box than a stall at the theater, and that to visit a music hall was out of the question.

One must further be very careful not to be compromised, and at a ball one should not dance more than twice with the same man. One must learn to take one's place in the social hierarchy, and if one had the good fortune to belong to two prominent families one must learn all their ramifications. I found that being a duchess at nineteen would put me into a much older set and that a measure of decorum beyond my years would be expected of me.

Indeed, my first contact with society in England brought with it a realization that it was fundamentally a hierarchical society in which the differences in rank were outstandingly important. Society was definitely divided into castes. Arrogance was apparent in the relationships between superiors and those of lesser degree and was so firmly inculcated that even servants observed it in their treatment of one another. It is so much a part of English consciousness that a Labour Government has not dared to abolish the House of Lords, nor has it been able to find a better principle on which to establish a second chamber. A title still evokes particular relish and "Your Grace" is at times pronounced with almost reverent unction. I still recall with mirth an occasion when a clergyman before luncheon one day addressed my husband thus: "May I say grace, Your Grace?"

How fortunate that the day we left for Blenheim was cold, since Marlborough had decided that I must wear my sable coat. Blenheim is only sixty-five miles from London and can easily be reached by car in less than two hours; but in those days there were no automobiles and we went by train to Oxford, where a special engine took us the seven short miles to Woodstock. The little station was festive and beflagged; a red carpet had been laid on the platform and the mayor in his scarlet robes, accompanied by members of the corporation, greeted us in a wel-

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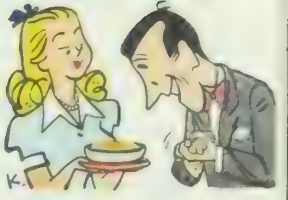
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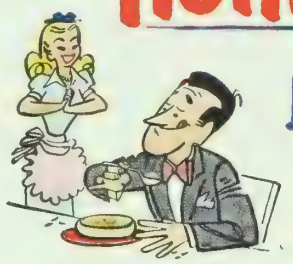
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coming speech. Triumphal arches had been erected, school children were waving flags, the whole countryside had turned out to greet us, and I felt deeply touched by the warmth of their welcome. At last we reached the house, but here again ceremonies awaited us. Tenant farmers, employees and household servants were ranged in groups, and each had prepared a welcoming speech and a bouquet which had to be presented in the customary manner and fittingly responded to.

As I stood on the steps listening to the various speeches I realized that my life would be very strenuous if I was to live up to all that was expected of me. My arms were full of bouquets, the fur coat felt heavier and heavier, the big hat was being blown about by the winds, and I suddenly felt distraught with a wild desire to be alone. My maid was waiting for me, a tea gown of satin and lace laid out, a hot bath ready, and I dressed for the ritual of dinner such as Marlborough, the chef and the butler had decreed it to be.

How I learned to dread and hate these dinners, how ominous and wearisome they loomed at the end of a long day. They were served with all the accustomed ceremony, but once a course had been passed the servants retired to the hall; the door was closed and only a ring of the bell placed before Marlborough summoned them. He had a way of piling food on his plate; the next move was to push the plate away, together with knives, forks, spoons and glasses—all this in considered gestures which took a long time—then he backed his chair away from the table, crossed one leg over the other and endlessly twirled the ring on his little finger. While accomplishing these gestures he was absorbed in thought and quite oblivious of any reactions I might have. After a quarter of an hour he would suddenly return to earth—or perhaps I should say to food—and begin to eat very slowly, usually complaining that the food was cold! And how could it be otherwise? As a rule neither of us spoke a word. I took to knitting in desperation and the butler read detective stories in the hall.

My first duty concerned my household. Taking them in domestic status, first came the butler, or house steward. He was addressed as Mr. So-and-so by the other servants, and his chief concern was to keep everyone, including himself, in his place. His rule in the men's department was absolute—only the two electricians, who at that time were treated with the respect due to men of science, were his equals. The groom of the chambers ranked next. One of his duties was to keep the numerous writing tables supplied with paper, pens and ink, an expensive item, as I was to find when we had guests who preferred to correspond on our writing paper. They must often have departed with reams, for I remember receiving a letter headed Blenheim Palace from a guest who had long left us. He had evidently forgotten to whom he was writing.

MARLBOROUGH'S valet shared the prestige tails and striped trousers conferred. Such a costume was considered necessary to uphold the standard of elegance of the steward's room, where the valets and maids had their meals, strictly seated according to the rank given their masters upstairs. I remember Jacques Balsan on one of his visits to us telling me that he had had to lend his valet a discarded dinner jacket to wear, since his blue serge had been looked down upon by the other valets present.

On the distaff side, the housekeeper ruled. I felt sorry for her, for she had only six housemaids, which was an inadequate staff to keep so colossal a house in order. The difficulty was further accentuated by Marlborough's fastidiousness. I shall not easily forget the day when our worthy and competent housekeeper came to me in a state of flurry and indignation.

"His Grace," she said, pulling herself erect and speaking slowly and distinctly, "has accused one of my housemaids of stealing."

"Oh, come, Mrs. R.," I said, "surely you have misunderstood him."

"Not at all," she said. "His Grace says that on the table in the second window of the Green Drawing Room a small china box is missing—in fact, he says it has been missing for several days and that I have not even noticed that it is no longer there."

The housemaid supposedly responsible was sent for and, crying, she said she wished to leave as she had never before been accused of stealing. When at last I managed to soothe them both I went to see Marlborough, who laughingly informed me that he had himself hidden the box to see if they would notice that it was no longer there.

The housemaids lived in the Housemaids' Heights up in a tower where there was no running water, but since housemaids had so lived for nearly two centuries I was not allowed to improve their lot. There were, further, five laundresses and a stillroom maid, who cooked the breakfasts and the cakes and scones for our teas. The stillroom looked onto the Italian garden, as did the china room, which, with its enchanting walls festooned with lovely china, was one of my favorite resorts.

A French chef presided over a staff of four. Frequent rows between him and the housekeeper ensued over the intricacies of breakfast trays, since meat dishes were provided by the kitchen, and the kitchen and stillroom were separated by yards and yards of damp, unheated passages so that the food was often cold.

Later, when there was a nursery, a fourth estate came into being. This was ruled over by the head nurse. She was perhaps the most typical example of snobbishness, and when my second son was born she refused to hand over the "Marquess" to the second nurse, as by rights she should have done, claiming that he was still a baby. It was to her humiliating to push the perambulator which contained the younger son, in spite of the fact that Ivor was a lovely child who was frequently held up by admiring ladies. The dourness Nanny showed was fortunately not extended to my sons or to me. On my frequent visits to the nursery she greeted me with a pleasant smile, and I felt welcomed to those lovely hours I spent romping with my babies.

Still another important person in the household was my maid. She was with me twenty years and died in my service. My mother-in-law had chosen her for me. Jeanne, the French maid who had accompanied me on my honeymoon, was not considered suitable by my husband, who wrote to his mother to have one already used to English ways awaiting me. Mindful of my youth, Lady Blandford selected a staid and elderly person completely devoid of joy. She was the old maid personified and, disliking men in general and my husband in particular, she made me the object of a loyal but somewhat hectoring devotion. She hated the week-end parties which, as time went by and I lived alone, were the relaxation I most enjoyed after a busy week. I was with fear and trembling that I would announce that we were spending Sunday at Esher or Taplow or Hackwood. She hated them all, for she knew that she would share a room with other maids. At times I would argue with her and say, "You have five quiet days in the week; don't grudge me my two gay ones." With an unanswerable logic she would answer, "You always have your room to yourself!"

THESE visits had for her other drawbacks and the fight for the bathroom became a painful subject which, though recurrent, was best ignored. English country houses contained few bathrooms and they were usually installed in some inconvenient place at the end of a passage. It therefore became a strategic war of movement among the various maids to secure the bathroom for their ladies. Sometimes, coming up to dress for dinner, I would see a queue of them waiting for possession of the bathroom.

There was one distressing evening when coming up late after a game of bridge I was greeted angrily by my maid with, "Twice have I prepared your bath tonight and twice has it been stolen from me."

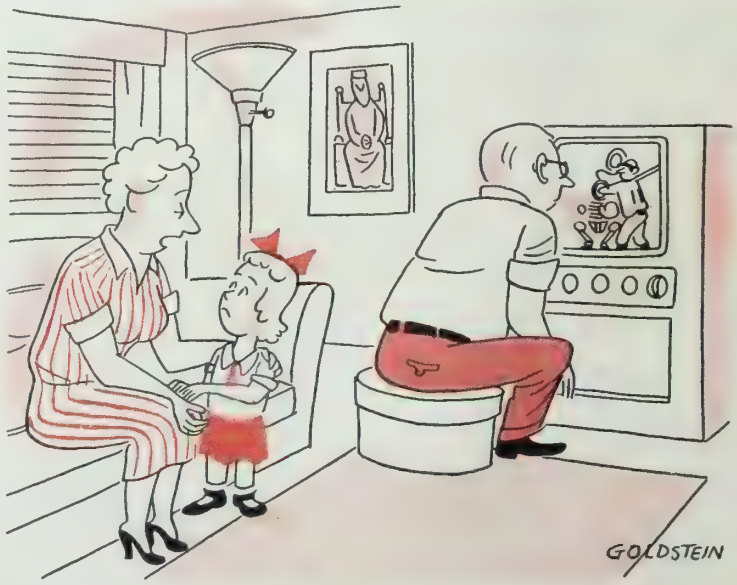
"Never mind," I answered, "I'll do without one," but she refused to be mollified.

Between the various departmental heads there were frequent difficulties which it became my business to adjust. I sometimes wished at first that my nineteen years had provided me with a greater experience.

Our own rooms, which faced east, were being redecorated, so we spent the first three months in a cold and cheerless apartment looking north. They were ugly, depressing rooms, devoid of the beauty and comforts my own home had provided. When eventually we moved into the apartment usually occupied by the Duke and Duchess I found it equally uncongenial. It is strange that in so great a house there should not be one really livable room. We slept in small rooms with high ceilings; we dined in dark rooms with high ceilings; we dressed in closets without ventilation; we sat in long galleries or painted saloons. Had they been finely proportioned or beautifully decorated, I would not so greatly have minded sacrificing comfort to elegance.

My bedroom had a very high ceiling and a deep frieze on which golden cupids held flowered garlands. The room was comparatively small, and just at the foot of my bed on the opposite wall there was a marble

(Continued on Page 60)



"Don't worry, dear. We'll get him back after the World Series."

Your own 1-Minute Wesson Dressing

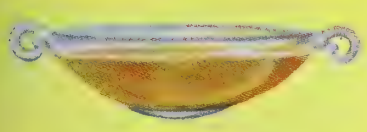
TASTES BEST... COSTS LESS

3 flavor changes — No bought-dressing monotony

Here is cool as a cucumber salad

Vary it with these tasty dressings

What a joy to see how you can vary your own homemade Wesson Oil Dressing! Each taste-thrilling variation adds fresh enjoyment to your salads. In all the world there's no oil milder, more gracious to green salad flavors than Wesson. So don't make lovely salads taste monotonous with "bought dressing." Especially since delicious homemade Wesson dressing actually costs less.



1-MINUTE WESSON FRENCH DRESSING

Made with Wesson! Your secret for delicate, delicious dressing

	To make ½ cup	*To make 2 cups*
Salt	½ teaspoon	2 teaspoons
Sugar	¼ teaspoon	1 teaspoon
Pepper	⅛ teaspoon	½ teaspoon
Paprika	⅛ teaspoon	½ teaspoon
Wesson Oil	⅓ cup	1½ cups
Vinegar	2 tablespoons	½ cup

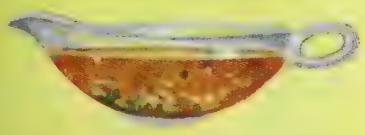
Shake up in covered jar. Shake again before serving.



BLUE CHEESE DRESSING: To ½ *cup* Wesson French Dressing (above) add ¾ *teaspoon salt, an extra dash of pepper,* and 2 *tablespoons crumbled Blue Cheese.*



WHITE AND GOLD DRESSING: To ½ *cup* Wesson French Dressing, add 1 drop *Tabasco,* 1 *finely chopped hard-cooked egg.*



MIXED GARDEN DRESSING: To ½ *cup* Wesson French Dressing, add 1 *teaspoon celery seed,* 2 *teaspoons finely chopped onion* and 2 *tablespoons minced green pepper.*

COOL AS A CUCUMBER SALAD

2 cucumbers, sliced *thin*
6 large radishes, sliced thin
Boston lettuce, chicory, watercress
Radish roses

Soak and chill cucumber slices ½ hour in strong salt solution (1 tsp. salt to 1 cup water); then drain very well. Arrange salad greens. Center with cucumber. Decorate with radish slices and roses. Toss with Wesson 1-Minute Dressing or one of the above variations.





Here's your "meal maker" . . .

STIR-N-ROLL CHILI OR STEW CASSEROLE

(From the Betty Crocker Staff of General Mills)

Perfect companion to your gay Wesson Salad. Quick to fix when you use Wesson Oil as *liquid shortening.* No fuss, no bother. Wesson pours to measure, stirs right in.

Make meat pie or chili filling (or use canned beef stew or chili). Place hot filling in 2 qt. casserole. Keep warm while preparing crust. Preheat oven to 450°.

Sift together:

1½ cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested"® Enriched flour
***2 teaspoons double-action baking powder**
***½ teaspoon salt**

Cut in:

¾ cup cold leftover mashed potatoes

Pour into a measuring cup:
(but don't stir together)

⅓ cup WESSON OIL
and **¼ cup milk**

Then pour into flour mixture. Stir lightly until mixed.

Roll out between 2 waxed papers to fit casserole top. (Topping will be quite thick.) Peel off top paper. Place, paper-side-up, over filling. Peel off paper. (Don't flute rim ...keep crust inside casserole, or edge will burn.) Make wide slits with knife for steam to escape. Bake 20 *to* 25 *minutes* in *hot oven* (450°).



Topping Variations: Mix into dough 2 tbsp. chopped green onion, parsley *or* pimiento.

*If you use Self-Rising Flour omit baking powder and salt.



When leaving an upper berth, should you—

☐ *Dress completely* ☐ *Wear a robe* ☐ *Ring a bell*

A treed kitten—that's how you feel! To save your neck, you can't get down *unless* you ring the bell that fetches the porter (with a ladder). It's okay to dress in the ladies' room. So you can wear your robe down the aisle, without feeling self-conscious. In *any* situation—at certain times, Kotex keeps you *self-assured*. Those *flat pressed ends* banish telltale outlines. And for extra comfort, there's your new Kotex belt, made with soft-stretch elastic. Non-twisting. Non-curling. Washable; dries pronto!

Are you in the know?



Should this summer's barefoot belle consider—

☐ *Snakes* ☐ *A pedicure* ☐ *Poison ivy*

Whether beachcombing, or dabbling in a babbling brook—your tootsies are showing! They'd better be well pedicured. Cut toenails short; straight across. Use lacquer to match your paw-paint, and pul-lease—repair chipped polish! Belles on their toes don't risk embarrassment. And they meet "*calendar*" needs with Kotex, for that *safety center* gives extra protection. Try *all 3* absorbencies; see which suits you best.



If your Romeo's green-eyed, what to do?

☐ *Stick to your knitting* ☐ *Keep him guessing*

Your dreamboat's the jealous type? Making with the roving eye won't cure him. If you'd avoid feuds, date the sad lad solo; and stick to your knitting . . . no flirty business. Be kind to *yourself*, too, on days when comfort means a lot. Get the softness Kotex gives: it *holds its shape*, because this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins



Have you tried Delsey? Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.) Won't you try Delsey, next time?

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(Continued from Page 58)

mantelpiece that looked to me like a tomb. On its flat surface I read the words "Dust Ashes Nothing." This bleak inscription in large black letters greeted my waking, and I wondered why Marlborough when redecorating the rooms should have left this morbid sentiment, a survival of his father's philosophy, in so prominent a place.

My happiest times were daily rides with our estate agent, an accomplished horseman. We used to gallop across country to our outlying farms where I met Marlborough's tenants. They were fine men, good farmers and loyal friends, and some had lived on the estate for over fifty years. Their sons enlisted in the County Yeomanry in which Marlborough was an officer. The Buckinghamshire & Oxfordshire Light Infantry, as this voluntary yeomanry corps was called, used to train in our High Park, and the three weeks they spent there under canvas were a gay time with dinners and dances and sports. I remember an exciting paper chase which I won on a bay mare.

Visits to county neighbors were less pleasant than those I paid to tenant farmers. The informality of horseback was not to be thought of. Instead I had to drive in an old landau—sometimes accompanied by my sisters-in-law, more often alone—the long miles that separated the various estates. Etiquette dictated a visit of at least twenty minutes. This was usually prolonged to an hour or more as our neighbors invariably wished to show me their houses and give me tea; besides, the coachman had told me that the horses required a rest before the eight miles home and I realized that he wanted to gossip about me as well.

There is always a certain jealousy of what is considered the most important family or the finest estate in a county. It was apparent that the older families whose roots were embedded in Oxfordshire regarded the Churchills, who moved there in the eighteenth century, rather as the Pilgrim Fathers looked upon later arrivals in America. Perhaps also to impress me, they stressed their ancient lineage, seeming to imply that lives lived in a long-ago past conferred a greater dignity on those lived in the present.

My duties also consisted in visits to the poor, whose courtesy I found congenial. In almshouses founded and endowed by Caroline, Duchess of Marlborough, there were old ladies whose complaints had to be heard and whose infirmities had to be cared for, and there were the blind to be read to. There was one gentle, patient old lady whom I loved. She used to look forward to my visits because she could understand every word I read to her, while sometimes with others she could neither hear nor follow and was too polite to tell them so. I grew to know the Gospel of St. John by heart because it was her favorite. Dear Mrs. Prattley—when I looked at her lovely peaceful face, the thin hands folded in her lap, the black shawl crossed neatly on her chest, the bowed head, the closed sightless eyes, the lips repeating the words of St. John after me, I felt the peace of God descending into that humble home and I was happy to go there for the strength it gave me.

It was the custom at Blenheim to place a basket of tins on the side table in the dining room and here the butler left the remains of our luncheon. It was my duty to cram this food into the tins, which we then carried down to the poorest in the various villages where Marlborough owned property. It had been the habit to mix meat and vegetables and sweets in a horrible jumble in the same tin. In spite of being considered impertinent for not conforming to precedent, I sorted the various viands into different tins, to the surprise and delight of the recipients.

Our days during those first months were busy but uneventful. Marlborough spent a good deal of time away in London and I was left with his two unmarried sisters to keep me company. The mornings began with prayers in the chapel at nine-thirty, af which breakfast was served. If one ov slept it was a great scramble to be ready a I often had to run across the house to t chapel fastening the last hook or butto and ramming on a hat. At the toll of t bell housemaids would drop their duste footmen their trays, housemen their pai carpenters their ladders, electricians th tools, kitchenmaids their pans, laundrymai their linen and rush to reach the chapel time. Heads of departments had alrea taken their seats in the pews allotted the The curate in his surplice read the praye and a lesson, and after the short service accompanied him to the door and he to me of any sick or poor who needed my pe sonal attention. On Sunday afternoon had evensong and hymns, which I cho and the school children came up to sing. Sunday mornings we attended service Woodstock.

These few months of my first Engli spring spent quietly at Blenheim proved introduction to the serious side of life England. I came to realize that when Ma borough spoke of a link in the chain meant that there were certain standards th must be maintained, whatever the cost, what was a generation but such a link; a to him it was inconceivable that he, giv the greatness of his position, should fail uphold the tradition of his class. The En lish countryside was still rural; the farme and laborers loyal to their landlord, t standard of living possible for those who needs were elementary. It was not for n with my more democratic ideals, to ups the precarious balance. should have to adopt t role expected of me by n marriage and fulfill its ob gations as conscientious as possible. It was wi these good resolutions th I left Blenheim early May to go to London f my first season. I mig almost say to my coming out, for there h been little gaiety in my previous life, a that sporadic, without sequence and witho results—a few balls in Paris, London a New York, with no time for friendships even understanding.

Every day is a messenger of God.

—RUSSIAN PROVERB

The Marlborough family had no Lond residence, since Marlborough House h reverted to the crown and was occupied the Prince and Princess of Wales. We took tiny house in South Audley Street for t months of May, June and July. Those w knew the London of 1896 and 1897 will rec with something of a heartache the brillia succession of festivities that marked t season. There were seasons in Europe capitals—the Paris season, the Vienna se son, the St. Petersburg season—but n where was there anything to equal the su tained brilliance of the London season. me it appeared as a pageant in which bea tiful women and distinguished men pe formed a stately ritual.

The foreign Embassies were houses of i portance. The Ambassadors then were ar tocrats and diplomats of the old school. Th belonged to a world which was Europe and aloof. One met them at Marlborou House rather than at Buckingham Pala for the Queen lived at Windsor in the secl sion of her widowhood and Marlborou House had become the real seat of the cou One saw not only Ambassadors and state men but the gay social set the Prince a Princess delighted to entertain.

In those days fashionable society was be seen in Hyde Park, where in the mornin we rode Thoroughbred hacks and looked o best in classic riding habits, and where aga in the evening, elaborately bedecked ruffles and lace, we drove slowly back a forth in stately barouches. At a given ho we lined up near Grosvenor Gate to see t Princess of Wales pass, lovely and gracio as she bowed to right and left. Few peo had barouches, however, for it was diffic to find a pair of seventeen-hand horses, a I regretted the day Marlborough decid

(Continued on Page 63)

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lets you feel as *free* as this...

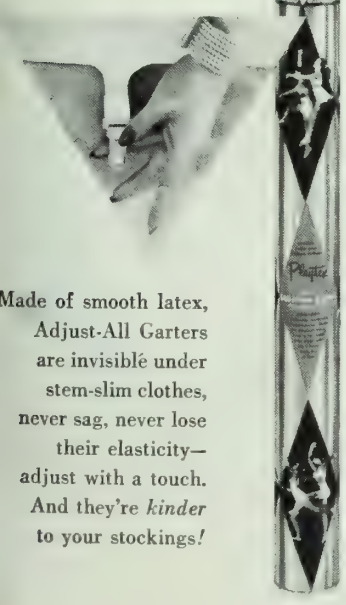


and look as SLIM as this...

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"Your figure comes back in focus this fall with the fitted waist and the slimly accented hipline. So, whether you're dressing for campus, career, or crowded social life, a Playtex Girdle is a must!" The fabulous Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle keeps you slim as fashion's slenderest whim, free as an autumn leaf! Of smoothest latex, lined with cloud-soft fabric, it hasn't a seam, stitch or bone. And—see—it's completely invisible, washes, dries in a flash!

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ow! *Playtex Fab-Lined anty Girdles have the ew Adjust-All Garters!*



Made of smooth latex, Adjust-All Garters are invisible under stem-slim clothes, never sag, never lose their elasticity—adjust with a touch. And they're *kinder* to your stockings!

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Fabric-Next-to-Your-Skin

With New *Adjust-All Garters

International Latex Corp'n.... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover, Del. ©1952 Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada

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New creamy-soft make-up

covers so lightly

Looks so naturally lovely

Feels like your very own skin

Your Pan-Stik* Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of "made-up" look. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, *natural* loveliness.



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as she looks when away from the studio.

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Dress by Ann Fogarty

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1 Max Factor's Pan-Stik is creamy make-up in new convenient stick form. No puff, no sponge, can't spill or leak into your purse.

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2 Swivel up Pan-Stik just as you do your lipstick. Apply light strokes to nose, forehead, chin and cheeks. No messy fingernail deposits, as with ordinary cream make-up. No dripping as with liquid.



3 Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik gently over your face. Notice how smoothly it blends, how perfectly it covers. And how fresh and naturally lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-u

(Continued from Page 60)

t have one. The *calèche* sprung on
gs had a swinging motion; the coach-
rched high in front obstructed one's
d when one wished to alight one had
t for the footman to open the door and
n the steps. Circulation in the London
was rendered dangerous, for the
with true patrician pride, objected to
g as plebeian as an omnibus. When-
ssible I surreptitiously took a han-
d went shopping.
borough, who liked doing things in
and manner, had ordered himself a
d when going for a drive in this beau-
ttle mail phaeton he sometimes in-
ne to accompany him. There was a
ver the seat and behind it a platform
ich stood a diminutive groom, or
as he was called. To drive in such
e one naturally wore one's best
s, and Marlborough had a gray swallow-
jacket and a high gray hat.
rimson state coach had also been
d. This was a resplendent affair, with
achman in a beautiful livery of crim-
oth with silver braid on which were
ed the double-headed eagles of the
Roman Empire, of which Marlborough
prince. The coachman wore a white
der his hat and had white plush knee
es and silk stockings and a fine red
ith capes. On the platform behind the
stood two powdered footmen similarly
d. One evening on our way to dinner
f them ignominiously fell off. Knocks
d us called our attention to the fact
something had gone wrong, and when
ach drew up the remaining footman got
to explain that the other had lost his
e at a sudden turn. Fortunately the
uent arrived at a run, none the worse
e mishap which, although it annoyed
usband, was to me but a cause for
ement.

this magnificent equipage I went with
nother-in-law to Buckingham Palace,
I was to be presented at an afternoon
on known as a Drawing Room. The
e and Princess of Wales stood deputy
ueen Victoria, who had withdrawn
such mundane and tedious duties. The
ss of Wales—Queen Alexandra, as she
became—was, as everyone knows, a
iful woman. Like the Empress Eugénie,
ad sloping shoulders, and her breasts
rms seemed specially fashioned for a
us display of glittering jewels. When
ntered the ballroom at Buckingham
e, her hand lightly resting on King
rd's, she always seemed to me the
nification of grace and dignity.
n still feel the little thrill of excitement
ll of the drums and the national anthem
me as the royal procession entered the
om. The great officers of state were
he Earl of Lathom, the Lord Chamber-
and the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord
rd. They were both over six feet in
and, being exceptionally handsome
in their court uniforms looked mag-
nt as with their staves of office held
them they walked in backward facing
ing and Queen. I did not realize until
y Lord Pembroke how difficult it is to
a straight line when walking backward
execute a turn in unison without ever
g to right or to left. I could never take
es from the lovely Queen as she ap-
hed the dais and bowed proudly and
ith such grace first to the *Corps Dip-
que* on the left, then to the peeresses
e right of the throne, and finally to the
bled company. She was most often
d in white with the blue ribbon of the
r. On her head glittered a tiara; pearls
iamonds cascaded from neck to waist.
ovely oval of her face, accentuated by
t-up coiffure, the faint smile, the little
nt nose were so perfect one could not
dreamed of a fairer Queen.

my presentation, my wedding dress
een cut low and with the court train
d bridal and festive. Around my waist
the diamond belt my husband had
me, and on my head a diamond tiara;
were also pearls in profusion. When my train was taken from my arm and spread, I realized the ordeal had begun. In front of me through the door I saw on my left a long row of Royal personages to whom I should have to curtsy. Sensing that there was a natural curiosity concerning the debut of the American bride, I was anxious to acquit myself with dignity, since it was no easy task to perform so many curtsies gracefully.

I was glad, therefore, when Lady Blandford assured me that I had carried it off in the manner born, adding, "I must tell you no one would take you for an American."

Always susceptible to criticism of my compatriots, I said rather hastily, "I suppose you mean that as a compliment, but what would you think if I said you were not at all like an Englishwoman?"

"Oh, that is quite different," she answered airily.

"Different to you, but not to me," I countered laughingly; but my mother-in-law realized there were certain reflections concerning Americans I would not tolerate.

That first London season was a hectic time. We dined out nearly every night and there were always parties, often several, in the evening. Indeed, one had to exercise discretion in one's acceptances in order to survive the three months' season which ended with the ball at Holland House, the Earl of Ilchester's house in Kensington. That ball was always an event to look forward to, for there was a huge and lovely garden where couples could roam at will. Whether it was the moonlight or the end of the season and the dispersal of London society for the summer, no one knew; but it is certain that many marriages were settled at the Holland House balls, and the dimly lit gardens were more popular than the ballroom.

In those days we danced quadrilles with an occasional polka and the intoxicating Strauss and *Waldteufel* waltzes played by Viennese orchestras. We took a frantic amount of exercise whirling around until too giddy to continue, for reversing, for some unknown reason, was tabooed in Royal circles.

These varied activities in London, to me novel and interesting—but also somewhat of an effort, since I was always meeting strangers who had to be identified and classified—were followed by immense house parties at Blenheim for the week ends. Thanks to my mother-in-law, I was able to unravel the relationships of the families I was beginning to know. I found her anecdotes at times more amusing than helpful. Once, for instance, when I consulted her about the best cheese to serve with port wine, she told me of a dinner party at which she had had small bits of soap placed amongst real pieces of cheese. With tears of laughter still rolling down her cheeks she said, "Poor Mr. Hope was too polite to spit his out, so he swallowed the soap and was violently sick, and I fancy he never forgave me!" She was very fond of practical jokes—an inkpot tied over a door had at one time dropped its contents on my father-in-law's head as he opened it. There were other such exploits which, however, I was never tempted to follow in dealings with my husband.

THERE were always from twenty-five to thirty guests at our week-end parties and they were all considerably older than myself, since it was judged advisable to invite members of the family and people of importance for our debut as hosts and for my introduction to English society. Although I delighted in the companionship of brilliant men and agreeable women, the sustained effort of a perpetual round of entertaining was considerable. Marlborough had given me the supervision together with the financing of everything pertaining to the house, while reserving the administration of the estate for himself. Unfortunately he was more inclined to criticize than to instruct and I had to trust to observation to ensure the continuity established by past generations of Englishwomen.

We would return to Blenheim Saturday mornings and our guests would follow in the late afternoon. By then I was inclined to resent the amount of trouble their impending visits would give me; for my round of the thirty guest rooms, accompanied by the housekeeper, was apt to reveal some overlooked contingency too late to be repaired; a talk with the chef more often disclosed an underling's minor delinquency; orders to the butler invariably revealed a spiteful desire to undermine the chef. Menus had to be approved and rooms allotted to the various guests. I had, moreover, spent hours placing my guests for the three ceremonial meals they would partake with us, for the rules of precedence were then strictly adhered to, not only in seating arrangements but also for the procession in to dinner. Since it was then considered ill-bred not to answer all letters oneself, I had no secretary. There was therefore a considerable amount of purely mechanical work to be done—dealing with correspondence, answering invitations, writing the dinner cards and other instructions which appear necessary to ensure the smooth progression of social amenities—which took up a great deal of my time.

It was, I think, at my first big party that I carefully listed in their order of precedence the four earls who were to be our guests, and I believed I had given to each the status due to him. It was therefore a considerable surprise when one of them informed me that on the second evening I had not given him precedence over Lord B. as I should have.

As our guests arrived, on fine days I would receive them in the Italian garden where tea tables had been laid, and we would ramble through the pleasure grounds until time to dress for dinner. In the sumptuous splendor of the state bedrooms, where the walls were draped with beautiful tapestries depicting battles of the Great Duke, it was strangely incongruous to see a washstand with its pitcher and basin prominently displayed against the heroic form of a dying horse or a fallen combatant. The round bathtub placed before the fire, with its accompanying impedimenta of hot- and cold-water jugs, soap and sponge bowls, towels and mats, always made me shudder as I ushered in my guests. It was not only their ugly intimacy that offended me. It was also the lack of bathrooms, which troubled my American sense of comfort and awakened stricken feelings toward my housemaids, whose business it was to prepare something like thirty baths a day. But owing to my husband's dislike of innovations, it was not until my son succeeded to the dukedom that sufficient bathrooms were built.

(To be Continued)

Song for Any Child

By Joan LaBombard

Though you sleep in eiderdown,
Rub your elbow on a stone:
  You need granite too.
If the lilac stars your sight,
Dig its root for damp and rot:
  Out of mold it grew.

When the moonlight's at your throat,
Build a grate and see it's caught
  In an iron cage.
Though the peach is amber-sweet
It will not intoxicate
  Mouths that bite on sage.

I could wish the world might spin
From your wrist as on a chain,
  Swinging for your joy.
Yet a chain unlinks in rust
And your wrist is delicate
  For a heavy toy.

Biggest little star in Hollywood



Film stars wouldn't dream of going before the camera without flawless make-up, as applied with 'Q-Tips'. Smooth sticks with soft cotton secured at both ends, they're Hollywood's favorite beauty aid.



EYES

To remove mascara, to blend eye shadow, to brush brows . . . reach for a 'Q-Tips'.

LIPS...CHEEKS

Use 'Q-Tips' to apply cosmetics and to remove smudges and smears.





NAILS

For polish removing and cuticle care, you can't beat 'Q-Tips'.

'Q-Tips' are the neat way to apply bleaches, lotions, hair tints. See all the helpful beauty hints in the 'Q-Tips' cosmetic package. Every well-dressed dressing table needs 'Q-Tips'! At cosmetic counters in drug and department stores.



The Swab that does a BEAUTY JOB

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LORETTA YOUNG, star of the forthcoming "MAGIC LADY"—A Universal-International Picture.



LORETTA YOUNG . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Young uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful ha

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Loretta Young says . . . "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Loretta Young, will notice a glorious difference in your hair, after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean.

Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the world's most beautiful hair"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STARS use LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO for GLAMOROUS HAIR

Time for easy sewing



Gray Orlon-and-worsted jersey cut all in one piece (only side seams). Shirring with elasticized thread shapes the neck and waistline, fits sleeves. Journal Pattern 2591, 35c.

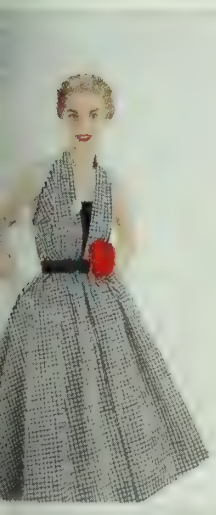
Did you ever dream that you could make a dress in three hours, from the time you cut the fabric to the time you walked out the door in it? All these designs can be made in a matter of hours; the dramatic effect depends on your choice of fabric and color. We love the idea of things that can be worn frontward and backward . . . right or wrong side. They add to the combinations and color schemes you can make from just a few pieces. Jersey is a wonderful "quick to make" fabric; it drapes like a dream and lends itself to shirring with elastic thread. Felt is a natural because it needs little, if any, finishing. Remember that a waist cincher worn under any of these designs enables you to pull in your belt at least another notch! If time is *not* an element, but ease of sewing is . . . then these ideas are for you too. By Nora O'Leary

Pattern Editor of the Journal

ELIZABETH CRONER



Felt and gingham bound with braid, in reversible wrap-around skirt (wraps front or back). 2595, 30c.





Reversible jersey top to wear frontward or backward. Takes a yard of each color. 2593, 25c. The skirt has elastic waistband. 2594, 30c.



Double-duty checked taffeta (could be a winter cotton) halter dress. Wear with your own sweater or for evening with a little black velvet basque. About four yards around bottom, cut in only four pieces. 2592, 35c.



Simplest black jersey with shaped shirred waistline. 2596, 35c. Tiny shrug jacket trimmed with jet. 2597, 25c.

These are Journal patterns suitable for sizes only to and including Size 16. Order by numbers given above and send money to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Pa.

Other views on Page 68

What are these women doing that is so New... so Smart... so Wonderful?



They're using Helene Curtis Spray Net—the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place, looking *naturally* lovely. That's right—*naturally* lovely!

it's the most exciting thing that's happened to hair!

You're in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that "varnished" look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking *naturally* lovely, even in wet or windy weather. It's colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!



Helene Curtis spray net

"the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place"

Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!

- After combing, to keep hair "just so"
- To control wispy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid "damp-day droop"
- To avoid "wind-blown wildness"
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

There's only one SPRAY NET! It's made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty

OUT OF THIS WORLD

(Continued from Page 11)

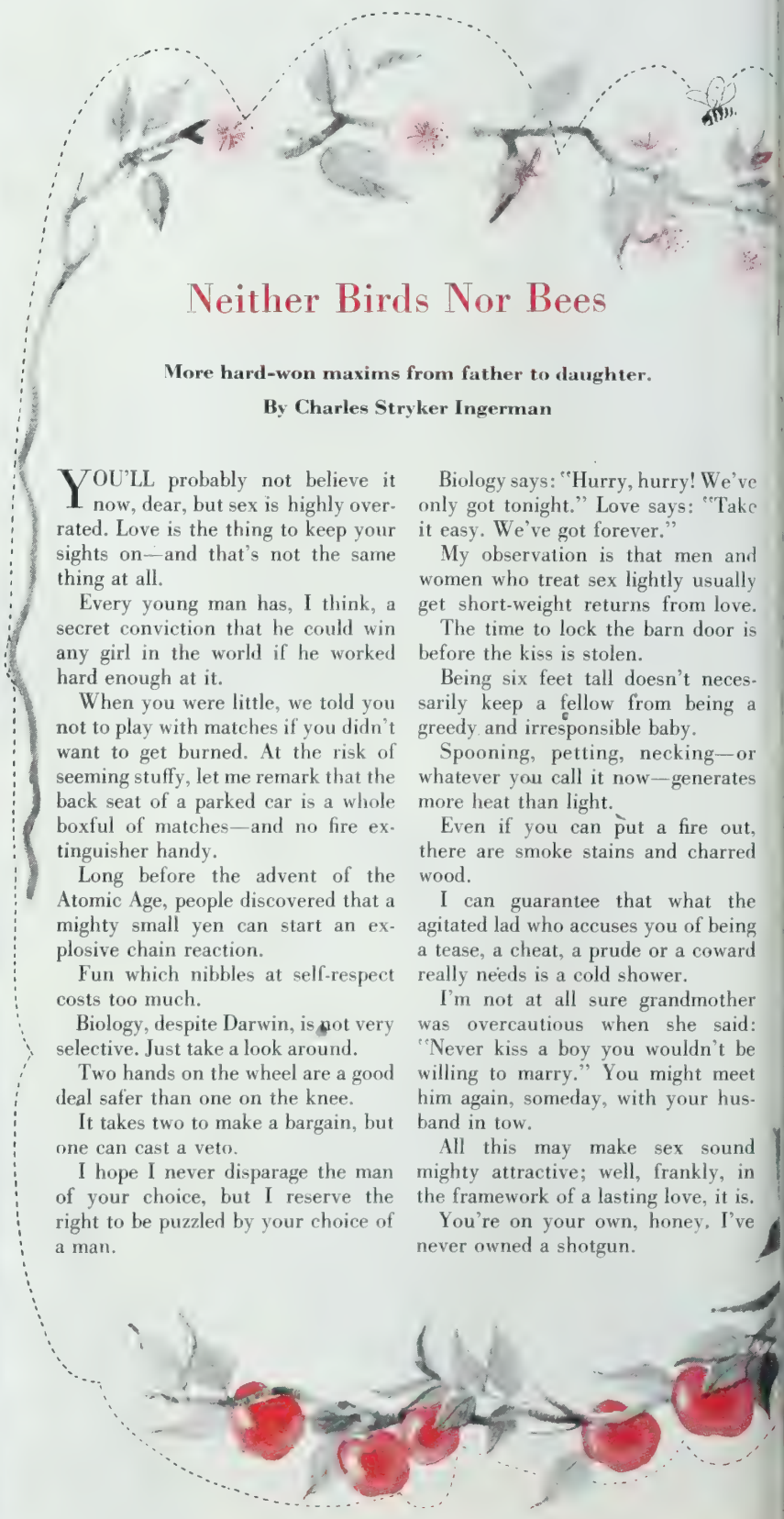
the British. But the Lord of the Desert, though a member of the Arab League, is, himself, something of an isolationist. Though he is strongly pro-American and strongly committed to collective security under American leadership, he holds himself rather aloof from the affairs of other Arab states.

In all the Arab states except Saudi Arabia many women have had higher education; they are in all the professions; and the harem, in the greater Arab cities, has become practically obsolete.

Not so in Desert Arabia where as in the days of King Solomon men of substance, whether in money or in herds of sheep and camels, have the Moslem limit of four wives contemporaneously and often many concubines, and count their wealth in the beauty of their daughters and the multiplicity of their sons.

Riyadh is a city of palaces, where palace building seems to be the chief industry, for every time a king's son marries he is presented with a palace. Despite electric lights, air conditioning and modern plumbing, t palaces date in basic construction from most ancient times. The material of the r roundings is the earth of the desert and is the chief building material—mud b molded of sand, straw and water, and b in the blazing desert sun. Bricks are n in the shape of large loaves of bread, houses are built with the rounded tops ward, all the surface being smoothly tered, then, with more mud. Columns sculptured capitals are made of the s material, and the exteriors are decorated bas-reliefs in formal pattern, topped high crenelations around the flat roofs w are, themselves, important rooms. Fo summer the Arab world sleeps on its r under the stars which nowhere else seer near or appear so bright, the hut dwelle straw mats, the palace dweller on gorge carpets and cushions.

Inside these storied palaces the walls plastered and washed with white or l colors. Often the windows are without g



Neither Birds Nor Bees

More hard-won maxims from father to daughter.

By Charles Stryker Ingerman

YOU'LL probably not believe it now, dear, but sex is highly overrated. Love is the thing to keep your sights on—and that's not the same thing at all.

Every young man has, I think, a secret conviction that he could win any girl in the world if he worked hard enough at it.

When you were little, we told you not to play with matches if you didn't want to get burned. At the risk of seeming stuffy, let me remark that the back seat of a parked car is a whole boxful of matches—and no fire extinguisher handy.

Long before the advent of the Atomic Age, people discovered that a mighty small yen can start an explosive chain reaction.

Fun which nibbles at self-respect costs too much.

Biology, despite Darwin, is not very selective. Just take a look around.

Two hands on the wheel are a good deal safer than one on the knee.

It takes two to make a bargain, but one can cast a veto.

I hope I never disparage the man of your choice, but I reserve the right to be puzzled by your choice of a man.

Biology says: "Hurry, hurry! We've only got tonight." Love says: "Take it easy. We've got forever."

My observation is that men and women who treat sex lightly usually get short-weight returns from love.

The time to lock the barn door is before the kiss is stolen.

Being six feet tall doesn't necessarily keep a fellow from being a greedy and irresponsible baby.

Spooning, petting, necking—or whatever you call it now—generates more heat than light.

Even if you can put a fire out, there are smoke stains and charred wood.

I can guarantee that what the agitated lad who accuses you of being a tease, a cheat, a prude or a coward really needs is a cold shower.

I'm not at all sure grandmother was overcautious when she said: "Never kiss a boy you wouldn't be willing to marry." You might meet him again, someday, with your husband in tow.

All this may make sex sound mighty attractive; well, frankly, in the framework of a lasting love, it is.

You're on your own, honey. I've never owned a shotgun.

Back-to-School Beauty Hints

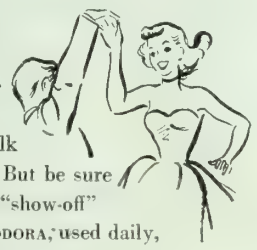
(Mothers please note, too)

—by Ruth Pearse



ater Sweeties—
a wardrobe of the
plain 'n fancy sweaters,
e well-dressed for dates
ity, any hour, any day. But
ters *can* be irritating, if you use
odorant that leaves the skin raw and
tive. That's why it's smart to use
RA, the "beauty cream" deodorant.

RA is gentle and pure as your
cream, contains *none* of those
g acid salts which may irritate skin
harm fabrics. A recent four-week
mong more than a hundred women,
rvised by a leading skin specialist,
ed *not one single case of underarm*
irritation from using YODORA, *even*
applied immediately after shaving!



cing Dolls—
-off shoulder
es click at folk
rmal dances. But be sure
underarm is "show-off"
nd lovely. YODORA, used daily,
nly stops perspiration odor
ively, it also softens, smooths and
ifies the skin. Massage your feet,
ith YODORA, to help keep them
and untired through an evening
ncing.



or Teens—
use too-heavy
up on sensitive ado-
t skin; nor a too-
deodorant. Use YODORA.
ted by the American Medical
iation Committee on Cosmetics.
recent study among readers
eading women's magazine,
ut of two women reported they
ffered underarm skin irritation
using too-harsh deodorants.
need never happen to *you* if you
now, and keep on, using YODORA,
eauty cream" deodorant.
or jars, 10¢, 35¢, 60¢



esson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

merely grilled in intricate designs and curtained against sandstorms. They all follow a similar plan, all rooms opening off pillared galleries around a great central courtyard open to the sky. These galleries are surrounded by fairly high balustrades pierced with cut-out designs, and often these piercings are painted inside with blue, pink and light green washes.

To the street, Riyadh's palaces present an austere, almost barracklike façade, the tawny color of the desert itself, and in Riyadh most of them are built around a huge square as large as a big parade ground and as barren. For water in most of Arabia is more precious than oil or gold, and in some parts a garden (if it is possible at all) more costly than the most splendid palace of stone. Drinking water may be brought hundreds of miles by pipe line, and sometimes, as in the city of Riyadh, the deepest wells produce only brackish water, useless even for irrigation of plants.

The insides of these palaces are in startling contrast to their exteriors, all in the earth tone of the surrounding desert. Here may be all lightness and color, and this is especially true of the harem quarters. There are always palaces within palaces, and among the princely or the rich there is no such thing as a common harem. Each wife has her own quarters—or, indeed, her own palace—where she lives with her own children, companions, servants and slaves.

For slavery still exists in parts of the Arab world and in Saudi Arabia. Many slaves are black, for until the '80's of the last century there were regular slave caravans into Egypt from the Sudan whose southern and Negro peoples were sold to Arab traders by their native chiefs. Only when the British went into the Sudan did they put a stop to this. The trade today seems to be wholly within the Arab world, when a sheik or merchant will exchange a slave, perhaps inherited from his fathers, with a friend, or sell him or her. The slave's status is not below that of any other servant; indeed, it is higher, for the slave is on more intimate terms with the family he serves. A slave can be freed at his own request, though as far as I could learn few wish it. For the rich Arab is prodigal with all around him, and in the Arab world prodigality is considered a virtue, not a vice. A feminine slave may (and often does) become a legitimate wife; and wife or concubine, her children are all considered legitimate. Ambitious and impecunious fathers sometimes place their sons and daughters in great households for a consideration, hoping that they may, as slaves, rise rather than fall in the world.

THE home of a harem wife in a princely household is luxurious. The two I have seen had European furniture, upholstered in velvet or metal-threaded damask, their floors covered to the baseboard with great Persian rugs, often laid one over another. In a harem salon, as in all Arab reception rooms, chairs and divans are ranged all around the walls, never in groups, and small tables are carried and set before them. Arab ladies of such households wear floor-length gowns of colored silks, often printed or painted, and their veils of sequin-spangled tulle are pushed back from little hoods fitted over their hair, under wide bandeaux of parti-colored sequins—rose, pale green, turquoise and gold. Sometimes these veils make trains behind them three yards long. Arabs love jewels and shower them upon their wives, sweethearts and daughters, whose arms from wrist to elbow may be covered with diamonds, rubies and emeralds, their hands glittering with enormous and priceless stones, their throats collared in the glistening pearls of Bahrein.

THESE harem women, despite their remoteness from all life outside, are immensely poised. (Poise is, in general, an Arab characteristic, and no Arab ever seems surprised at anything.) So, if they find the entrance of a Western woman, hatless and in a short print dress, an odd apparition, they will show it by no sign, though the children—little boys in ankle-length shirts of white silk, with round satin and embroidered skullcaps on their heads, and little girls in long dresses and diaphanous veils pushed back from their faces—may run away squealing or giggling after one dark glance.

Some palaces near Riyadh have gardens—the truly fabulous gardens of the Arabian Nights. All Arabian gardens are arranged like rooms, separated from one another by green walls of trees with interwoven branches or of masonry covered thick with vines. In each of them is usually a pool or fountain, rioting beds of flowers, including all the annuals we know at home, flowering trees, and fruit trees—figs and almonds, apricots and persimmons. Today these Oriental gardens are lighted with colored electric bulbs, cunningly disposed among the trees, or even hung like chandeliers. One princely palace, or series of related palaces, which houses nearly 1000 people, burns 900 kilowatts of electricity per day and consumes 50,000 gallons of water per day, most of it in the gardens. For in the desert world unbearably hot days yield to cool nights and those who can afford to do so live at night and out-of-doors.

In a rainless country these gardens are furnished, not with wicker or glass and iron but with sofas, armchairs and chaise longues, gorgeously upholstered, and often priceless rugs are spread upon the grass. When I dined in the harem section of the garden of a great palace a table was laid with a white cloth, and with all the food—dished up in Limoges china—set upon it at once, as is customary throughout the Arab world: rice, cooked with candied orange peel, raisins and slivered almonds; fish in a strange piquant sauce; whole roasted infant lambs; okra and eggplant in meat sauces; salads of cucumbers and the small, almost acidless tomatoes of the area; fritters of sweetbreads and calves' brains; chicken fried in oil; shortbreads of butter, flour and ground almonds; ices flavored with pistachio or apricot; thin-skinned, honey-sweet oranges and tiny bananas; minted tea and bitter coffee flavored with

COULD YOU SAY IT WITTIER?

Edited by John Henry

If the average person were to give a commensurate kicking to the one responsible for most of his troubles, he couldn't sit down for a week.

—BUD NELSON,
in Lebanon, Ohio, Star

If Patrick Henry thought taxation without representation was bad, he should see it with representation.

—ROBERT B. LYON,
Kiron, Iowa, News

The Rev. Loyal M. Thompson, of the First Methodist Church of Kewanee, Illinois, commented, after performing his 1000th wedding ceremony: "Years ago I solemnized one marriage that must be sublimely successful. In 1925 a bridegroom promised to pay the wedding fee as soon as his honeymoon was over. So far as I know, that honeymoon never has ended."

—CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

Most of us don't find any use for the advice of our parents until we have families of our own. —EMIL BERGER,
Wall Street Journal

"They say he married her because her uncle left her a million dollars. But he claims he would have married her no matter who had left it to her."

—Overheard on Dalton, Georgia, street



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cardamon seeds, but no wine, for all forms of alcohol are forbidden the Moslem man or woman. But Coca-Cola! The entire Arab world drinks it, and also chews gum! (The West has also brought alcoholic drinks into the Arab world, especially the world of the more mundane cities, with very bad results.)

A harem consists of more than the wives, sisters, children and unmarried daughters of the princely master, though these may number scores. Palaces have midwives, governesses, physicians, chemists, secretaries, and these, or their wives, are part of the feminine entourage. They are often "Western" Arabs, with a knowledge of English or French, who wear European dress. With them one can talk candidly of harem life, to which they themselves belong only by virtue of the positions they have taken. Many of the harem ladies are beautiful. Most Arab women have extraordinarily fine large eyes, set off with heavy applications of eye shadow. But the life they lead tends to make them fat very young, though this is not considered ugly by Arab men. There seems to be little or no jealousy among harem wives when one meets them together, as I did at the garden dinner. According to the tradition and religion of this patriarchal society, each wife must be treated exactly like every other, and each has an equal amount of time with her husband. Men, being human, must have favorites, and any Moslem man can put away a wife of whom he is tired, though not without the remuneration settled upon in the marriage contract. And no Moslem can divorce his children.

But the oldest and least comely wife is often, I was told, the real favorite, the mother of many children, or even of few, who is wise in her days, and has become a counselor and companion to her husband. This is not an unknown role for a woman. King Ibn Saud, for instance, trusted no counselor more than his elder sister Nura, who lived to a high age and regularly accompanied her brother on visits of state, although, of course, she never appeared among men. And Moslem sons are taught greatly to cherish and respect their mothers, who, in this patriarchal society, are called by the name of their eldest son: "Mother of Faisal," "Mother of Abdullah," and so on.

But although wealthy harem women have been poets—in a civilization which rank the poet very high—and although they have been the unseen counselors of princes and kings, they are the exception. The lady of the harem is idle. She sleeps, bathes, dresses, fondles and plays with her children more than brings them up, nibbles at sweets, goes heavily veiled, in a motorcar, and gossips continually with all the women around her about the myriad goings on in the life of the palace. She is without the slightest envy of the women of the West, instinctively knowing, perhaps, that freedom, which equals responsibility, is a burden as well as a blessing and is always insecure. (But how sweet the burden, I thought; how blessed an insecurity!)

How long will all the phases of that ancient life last, now that modern industry and technology have struck Desert Arabia, as with dynamic, revolutionary impact? Will, fostered by the discovery of fabulous natural wealth, will inexorable change be for better or ill?

I think for both. There will be no successor in spirit to the great Lord of the Desert, whom vast sudden wealth has neither corrupted nor tamed. Only once has he left Arabia—on the famous visit to Churchill and Roosevelt, during the war. But his sons and grandsons know Cairo, Paris and even New York and California. They are without the great, even grand, lack of sophistication of the old King. No successor can, I think, live with the absolutism of the man who created Saudi Arabia. And everything will affect and change, as it has already, in more superficial ways, affected and changed the life of the Desert leaders.

But I am glad, being modern and therefore curious, to have made that journey back into centuries of time. THE

OTHER VIEWS OF JOURNAL PATTERNS ON PAGE 6



Left: Orlon-and-worsted jersey cut all in one piece (only side seams), 2591, 35c. Right: Reversible wrap-around skirt (wraps front or back), 2595, 30c.

Double-duty halter dress—checke taffeta or winter cotton. About 4 yard around loweredge, cut in 4 pieces. 259 35c. Wear over sweater or camisole



Reversible jersey top, takes only square yard in each color, 2593, 25c. Wrap-around skirt has unpressed pleats, elastic waistband, 2594, 30c.

Simplest black jersey with shaped shirred waistline, 2596, 35c. Tiny jersey shrug jacket is trimmed with jet, fringe or lace, 2597, 25c

These are Journal patterns suitable only for sizes to and including Size 16. Order by numbers and send money to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Pa

"I LOST 160 POUNDS"

(Continued from Page 43)

m to point out the tragedy that can be sed by parents' overlooking young obesity. You see, I never really had a "childhood." ever went to dances (what fellow would to wield 200 pounds around a dance or?). I was never invited to mixed-com- ny parties. I never had a real date until I t my grand husband. I was someone to be ghed at or pitied, but never "included." I l enough girl friends. I used to listen to ir conversations about such-and-such a ty, this dance or that boy. I was too ud to let them think I was envious. But en I was alone, I would sob my heart out. You'd think after I quit school I would re got a job to help out my folks. But I s too fat to work. Be a salesgirl? I couldn't eeze in the narrow space behind the count- Work in an office? My appearance, as l as my limited education, kept me from ng a "desirable" employee. Wait on ta- s? I was too clumsy. I tried, but I couldn't a job. So I stayed home and helped out re, and went on feeling lonely and sorry myself. To ease the pain, I ate.

Well, along came my husband-to-be. He s raised in this town too. For some lovely, raculous reason Sam fell in love and mar- l me, fat as I was. (In all due modesty I st say I have a nice skin, even white teeth l a good sense of humor.) My wedding ss, like the rest of my clothes, was pur- sed mail-order. No res in our vicinity car- l a Size 60. But my desmaids looked pretty l we had a nice church dding.

At last I had "got my n," a nice, new home l all the domestic duties l pleasantries that went h both. That should ve been incentive for to change my eating oits and turn myself into gal my husband could proud of. Why didn't Everyone asks me that. t I don't have trouble wering. I had been vy for as long as I could remember, and h year automatically put on a "few" more nds. *I loved to eat.* I just didn't have enough se to do anything about it. My husband d food too. (He's big, but not fat.) So I was ny element!

A typical breakfast for us used to go some- ng like this: 6 waffles apiece, loaded with ter and rich sirup, fried hamburger (we 't like bacon), fruit, 3 or 4 cups of coffee h plenty of sugar and cream. Between als (while Sam was at work) my "snacks" d to include such things as 3 slices of ad, butter and jam (while I prepared ner!), or midafternoon wedges of pie cake, or a couple of sweet rolls and fee.

What made it worse is that my husband er *seemed* to mind my being fat. But I as- e you he is really proud of me now! After ad lost about 150 pounds he insisted I send pshots to his sisters and brothers to show m his "new wife." I had a hard time con- cing some of them Sam hadn't traded me for a new streamlined model.

We have been married over thirteen years l I have never had a single sick day. Being heavy, I was as clumsy as a cow. Fell down e and put my hand through a window. at cost pa three bucks. Another time I fell wn and dislocated my kneecap. That cost other three bucks. So you see, outside of lling down" I had very little cause to sult a doctor.

Here is my "blessing in disguise." In gust, 1950, I squeezed a pimple on my nt cheek. (Probably a result of eating so ch sweet stuff.) Anyhow, I got a severe ection. It scared me into going to see the ctor. That was on a Saturday morning. gave me a double shot of penicillin and d me to be back at 9 A.M. the following Monday for another shot. Well, I felt mighty low all week end, even wished I were dead. Every time I sat down at my vanity dresser and looked in the mirror I *hated* myself. Such a mess! It was that week end *I finally made up my mind I was going to reduce.* I asked my husband if he cared if I spoke to the doctor about prescribing a reducing diet for me. Sam said "No" but that he "knew" I'd never stick to it.

When I went back to the doctor on Monday I asked if he could help me. He was interested and said, "Helen, you really should diet for your health's sake." (I had only thought of dieting in terms of improving my appearance.) He gave me a complete physical examination. Then he examined the texture of my hair, skin and fingernails. When he was through he said, "I don't think you have a thyroid condition. This is probably a result of a lifetime of overeating."

How right he was. I set my goal to lose 100 pounds in the next year and asked the doctor if he thought that was possible. He said, "Yes, and you will *still* be overweight." His charts show that on August 28, 1950, I weighed 282 pounds. Exactly one year later, to the day, I weighed 144 pounds. That's a loss of 100 pounds *plus* a 38-pound bonus! In April, 1950, I weighed 295 pounds and today my weight is down to 135.

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands. —FITZOSBORNE

My doctor gave me a diet menu to follow. In addition, he gave me a list of all the common foods and their calorie values. Another list told the foods I was to *avoid.* I was not to exceed 1000 calories a day. (Actually, I averaged around 900. On holidays I went off the diet wagon—ate something of everything, but not at my old speed.) To help me get started, the doctor prescribed some appetite-deterrent pills. I was to take two a day—one before lunchtime, another before dinner. However, by the end of three months I was able to follow my diet under the steam of my own will power. I was delighted—it saved me the cost of the pills: ten cents a day!

(Editors' note: Mrs. Fraley's appetite-deterrent prescription contained a drug sometimes used in medically supervised diets. Following is a statement from the New York Academy of Medicine concerning such preparations: *"It is not safe for the lay person to use preparations containing dextro-amphetamine sulfate or related compounds except under the supervision of a physician. Such preparations should not be dispensed without a doctor's prescription. They might have ill effects in patients with heart disease, hypertension or kidney disease; overdosage may have serious effects. There are no rules by which a lay person may sufficiently safeguard himself in the use of dextro-amphetamine sulfate or related compounds. They should not be used except under supervision of a physician. Often the physician has to change the dosage and frequently has to discontinue the use of the drugs."*)

While I was on my diet I went to my doctor every two weeks for over five months, and about once a month thereafter until my year was up. On each visit he weighed me, checked my pulse and blood pressure, which he often referred to as "textbook perfect." For ten months I kept a written record of everything I ate. My doctor studied this each time I visited him to make sure I was getting the proper variety of foods. He did not find it necessary to give me vitamins in any form. But he kept a close watch on this, telling me to report any tired or weak spells I might feel, bleeding of the gums or other unusual symptoms. But I felt marvelous. Peppy and rarin' to go! Before I started dieting I was constantly tired. Now I never lie down during

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*Slightly higher in some areas

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IF IT'S BORDEN'S—IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

the day. I get up at 5:45 every morning and don't go to bed until 10 P.M. or later.

Although my diet sheet said "Some exercises must go with this diet daily," I didn't do any strenuous exercises. But I am very active. Do all my own housework, washing and ironing. I sometimes iron for other people, too, for a little extra money. We have a big yard and I do all the lawn work. Don't mind pushing the lawn mower this summer because I don't have all that "excess baggage" to carry around!

It was not until I lost 50 pounds that my doctor patted me on the back and said, "I am confident you will reach your goal now. But I'll tell you that at first I doubted that you would stick to the diet." He is very proud of me because I am a healthy, happy example of what can be done, if one really *wants* to reduce. I will always say: The very first step in reducing is to *make up your mind you want to reduce*. Next, *set a goal for yourself*—and half the battle is won. For me, it was as simple as that! I give my doctor a lot of credit too. He was interested and *kind*. I believe most physicians see in the fat man or woman a patient entitled to all the sympathetic professional care accorded the diabetic or arthritic person. I believe prayer helps too. Many a time I asked God to give me courage and will power. I also thanked Him for what I did accomplish.

I have a dear neighbor who was my best morale booster. She was interested in my diet and my progress from the first day. She has even given me a couple of her nice dresses and said, "I never dreamed the day would come when you would weigh less than I do, but I'm sure happy for you."

I have one sister, twelve years older than I. I didn't tell her about my "project" until after I'd lost over 100 pounds. I want you to read a quote from her letter after I told her about it.

March 6, 1951
"Your news of losing 107 pounds is about the biggest thrill of my lifetime. I can hardly wait to see you—but in the meantime send me some snapshots."

September 14, 1951
(after I'd sent her several snaps)
"Thanks so much, darling, for the pictures. I have looked at them every day since I received them and still can't believe it is really you. It's a miracle all right, but one of your own production. You look grand, Helen. I am so proud of you and at the same time rather envious, although I shouldn't be, as I could do the same thing if I'd get my will power to work."

This is part of a letter from my husband's sister Ruth, in Seattle:

"Helen, I want to thank you for the snapshots. I can't believe it. You said you caused a sensation in Blair. Well, you should have heard them around here! Helen, I just can't get over how nice you look. Why, you're even smaller than I am now."

I consider my sweet husband and myself an average American couple—we were never blessed with children, but we have a grand life together. Own our own home, it's cute and comfortable. Last summer we built on a bathroom, which is our pride and joy. My husband works for an equipment company which manufactures farm machinery. Sam makes around $2900 a year (before deductions). With the high cost of living we aren't saving much, but we enjoy life and live comfortably.

You know, after I emerged from that "mountain of fat" I find I'm a fairly attractive woman. Have naturally curly hair. It is prematurely gray, but friends tell me it's becoming with my youthful face. Always did take care of my hair, teeth and fingernails. I like good cosmetics and a moderate amount of jewelry, but it always seemed so futile to "doll up" and then have to crawl into a heavy "strait jacket" corset and a Size 60 dress. Believe me, I don't ever intend to get into that category again! What I have achieved is worth a thousand times more than the effort it took to attain it.

A very happy *ex*-fat lady,
HELEN FRALEY

A Week of Low-Calorie Menus Taken From Helen Fraley's Diet

MONDAY

	Calories
Breakfast	
1 small glass orange juice	
⅔ cup puffed wheat	
½ cup skim milk	
2 cups black coffee	
Lunch	
2 hard-cooked eggs	
½ cup spinach	
1 slice rye bread and butter	
1 small fresh peach	
Dinner	
1 large serving lean broiled steak (beef)	
½ cup green beans	
1 sliced tomato	
Thin slice plain angel-food cake	
Tea or coffee	
Total for day, 1034	

TUESDAY

Breakfast	
1 poached egg	
1 slice toast and butter	
2 cups black coffee	
Lunch	
1 medium hamburger patty	
½ cup coleslaw and green pepper	
2 tablespoons cottage cheese	
1 small fresh peach	
Tea or coffee	
Dinner	
1 serving lean boiled beef	
3 small boiled carrots	
1 cup boiled cabbage	
1 slice rye bread	
1 glass skim milk	
Total for day, 838	

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast	
1 small glass grapefruit juice	
½ cup corn flakes	
½ cup skim milk	
2 cups black coffee	
Lunch	
2 cups vegetable soup (homemade)	
2 soda crackers	
1 sliced banana and milk	
1 cup tea	
Dinner	
2 slices lean roast beef (pressure-cooked)	
4 boiled onions and ½ pat butter	
½ cup cabbage slaw	
½ cup fruited gelatin (water-packed fruit cocktail)	
Coffee or tea	
Total for day, 909	

THURSDAY

Breakfast	
1 poached egg	
1 slice buttered toast	
2 cups coffee	
Lunch	
Oyster stew (6 oysters, 50; 1 cup skim milk, 88; ½ pat butter, 25)	
3 soda crackers	
½ dill pickle	
1 cup tea	
Dinner	
2 slices veal tenderloin	
1 large combination salad (lettuce, tomato, celery and green pepper; no-calorie dressing)	
½ cup stewed fresh asparagus	

Small cup custard (no sugar) 100
1 cup coffee 425

total for day, 848

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

¼ cup quick oatmeal 100
½ cup skim milk 44
2 cups coffee 144

LUNCH

½ cup spinach 20
1 sliced hard-cooked egg 75
Celery-and-apple salad 50
3 apricot halves (water pack) 50
195

DINNER

2 large pieces broiled perch (frozen) . 250
½ cup string beans 30
1 slice whole-wheat bread and butter . 100
¼ cup cottage cheese 65
½ broiled grapefruit 100
545

Evening snack—large apple 100

total for day, 984

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

1 small glass orange juice 60
⅔ cup puffed rice 50
½ cup skim milk 44
2 cups coffee 154

LUNCH

2 frankfurters (steamed) 200
½ cup sauerkraut 50
1 sliced tomato 30
1 slice rye bread 75
1 cup coffee 355

DINNER

Large serving beef liver 200
2 small boiled onions 75
Salad (lettuce and tomato) 30
½ cup spinach 20
1 apricot halves 50
1 glass skim milk 88
463

total for day, 972

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST (late)

½ large grapefruit 100
1 slice buttered toast 100
200

DINNER (about 3 P.M.)

2 large pieces stewed chicken 150
1 small potato (mashed) 100
2 tablespoons white-kernel corn . . . 60
Salad (lettuce, celery and tomato) . . 50
1 hard roll and butter 125
½ cup fruited gelatin 100
2 cups coffee 585

8-O'CLOCK SNACK

Small serving of plain chow mein . . . 200
2 cups of tea 200

total for day, 985

Diet Notes

Used as little salt as possible. Substituted saccharin for sugar in tea, coffee, cereals and on grapefruit, which I cut and prepared the night before.

My low-calorie salad dressing: 2½ grains saccharin dissolved in 2 tablespoons cider vinegar. Add 4 tablespoons mineral oil and ½ teaspoon paprika. Very tasty!

Used dry skim milk for cooking (we can't buy skim milk in stores here).

Bought water-packed fruits in small cans—Queene Anne cherries, peaches, pears, apricots and fruit cocktail; they are delicious and low in calories because they don't have all that thick (fattening) sirup.

Made quite a lot of homemade soup (celery, carrots, onions and cabbage plus a bouillon cube or 3 or 4 small balls of ground beef).

I used a pressure cooker and often fixed the cheaper cuts of meat—oxtails with vegetables, beef heart, and so on. Love to cook and make my meals attractive to the eye as well as the palate.

I ate nothing between meals for the entire year, other than black coffee. Nowadays, at parties, I accept a small serving of refreshments—but no second or third helpings any more!

My maintenance diet runs between 1500 and 2000 calories a day, and is high in protein. For instance, I buy all the meat our budget will allow, eat an egg a day. I use homogenized milk now, and have added a daily potato for either lunch or dinner. We eat lots of green salads and always buy fresh vegetables to cook when they are in season. Occasionally I have a sweet roll for Sunday breakfast, or ice cream or plain cake for dessert. But for the most part, fruit is my only "sweet." Actually I do not consider my maintenance diet the least bit of a "sacrifice," because along with losing all that weight I also lost that terribly abnormal *desire* for quantities of food.

One last anecdote! My husband lost 30 pounds while I dieted and has never felt better in his life! He, too, has tempered his eating habits—and is mighty proud of his waistline! THE END



"I get that delicious effect by rubbing each dish with a piece of meat."



STUART

A tempting outdoor meal: paper-thin steak chips on hot biscuits, crisp water-cress-and-tomato salad, angel cherry-cream pie.

CONVERSATION PIECE

For quick and easy serving, prepare all but the main dish in advance.

THE success of an outdoor-cooking party depends first, of course, on good food, but running a close second is ease and quickness of preparation. No matter how much we love to cook in our own kitchens, it isn't fun for us or our guests if an elaborate drawn-out ritual is necessary to produce a good meal in the open. One solution is to have everything but the main dish—the meat—prepared in advance, and to see that this main dish requires the minimum of effort. Now to get down to cases, here's a menu.

For an appetizer, a highly seasoned sardine-and-pickle spread with rye crackers or Norwegian flat bread to eat it with. The meat will be steak chips with herb sauce, one of the most delicious concoctions I know and by far the quickest to *(Continued on Page 74)*

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE



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(Continued from Page 72)

prepare. The steaks are almost paper-thin slices of beef cut from top round or eye of round, cooked in butter or margarine barely long enough to become hot, and the sauce is made in the same skillet with chopped chives, parsley, mushrooms, and so on. I like them best served on extra-large hot split baking-powder biscuits with the sauce poured over them. This combination is really something. For another hot dish we will have Spanish corn, which combines green pepper, pimiento, onion and bacon with the corn. It can be baked in a casserole in your kitchen range and be brought hot to the scene of festivities. With a tossed salad of water cress, lettuce and tomatoes, the main course will be complete—and I've made myself so hungry that I'm going to use exactly this menu for dinner tonight.

This is a hearty but not at all a heavy meal, so we can let ourselves go and have a real dessert—angel cherry-cream pie. The pie shell is baked meringue, the filling is vanilla nut pudding and the top is pie cherries with a cherry glaze. Nifty-looking and *so* good. But if you want a more simple dessert that is both pretty and delicious, substitute peaches with cherry glaze.

We'll plan for six.

SARDINE-AND-PICKLE SPREAD

Open a 3¾-ounce can boneless skinless sardines, drain off oil and mash to a pulp. Cream together 4 ounces cream cheese and ½ cup sour cream. Add 5 tablespoons finely chopped sweet pickle, 3 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Tabasco (or more if you like things very hot), 1 teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 2 tablespoons catchup and the sardines. Mix thoroughly. Add salt to taste and more of other seasonings if needed. With a silver knife work mixture into a thin flat mold and sprinkle generously with paprika.

STEAK CHIPS WITH HERB SAUCE

Call your butcher ahead of time and ask him to have an eye of the round or a piece of top round thoroughly chilled. This is important, because the meat will slice much better if it is very cold. For the actual slicing—at least the first time—you had better be on hand, because he won't believe you know what you're talking about when you say you want it almost paper-thin. Ask him to set the slicer control for very thin slices and after each slice comes off to lay it on a square of parchment or wax paper and cover it with another square of paper so that the slices will not stick together. Two pounds of meat will make from 36 to 40 slices, and you should allow at least 6 slices for each person. (Since each serving is two or three chips to a biscuit with gravy, this provides seconds for all.)

Finely chop ¾ cup parsley, ⅔ cup chives and 2 teaspoons fresh sweet basil if you can get it. Open 2 small cans mushroom pieces and leave them in their juice. To 1 cup hot water add 2 envelopes beef bouillon powder, or 2 bouillon cubes.

Now we are ready for Operation Cooking, which I advise doing in two shifts. When the fire has burned down to a bed of coals, put ¼ pound butter or margarine in a *large* skillet, and as soon as the fat sizzles begin laying in the steak chips. Use only half for the first cooking. Each one should be flat, so you can't do too many at one time. Cook them a few seconds on one side, turn them over and cook a few seconds on other side. They shouldn't brown—just get heated through. Transfer to very hot shallow casserole and keep warm until all have been cooked. When this is done put ⅛ pound butter or margarine in skillet, add half the parsley, chives, basil, mushrooms and bouillon and as soon as it bubbles the sauce is done. Pour sauce over steaks and serve at once. Another method is to serve plates individually. Let each person open a hot biscuit on his plate, put 3 steak chips over the biscuit and spoon on the sauce. When second helpings are in order repeat the cooking routine. It's so quick and done that no one will mind the short delay.

BAKING-POWDER BISCUITS

Sift together 4 cups flour, 7 teaspoons baking powder and 2 teaspoons salt. Add ½ cup shortening and work until consistency of coarse corn meal. Add 1 cup milk and ½ cup cream, all at one time, and blend. Turn out on floured board, rub rolling pin with flour and roll to about ½" thick. Now to the cutting. We want these biscuits to be extra large and my largest biscuit cutter isn't big enough, so I use an empty No. 2-size tin can which makes a perfect cutter. Brush tops of biscuits with a little beaten egg and milk and bake in a hot—400° F.—oven until nicely browned—about 15 to 18 minutes. The biscuits can be made in advance and stored in refrigerator until baking time.

SPANISH CORN

Frozen or canned corn can be used, but at this time of year with fresh corn plentiful why not use it? Cut corn from cobs, being careful not to cut too deeply, and scrape cobs to get all the good juice and pulp. You



"Are the eggs in the refrigerator?"

ieed enough almost to fill a 2-quart 'ole. It will take about 8 good-sized ears rn. Chop 2 medium green peppers, 2 ım onions and 3 drained canned pi- os fairly coarse. Cut ¼ pound bacon cubes and fry over low heat until it y begins to brown. Add peppers, onions pimientos and cook 3 or 4 minutes. with the corn, add enough top milk to en it and season to taste with salt and er. Put it in a greased casserole and covered, in a hot—400° F.—oven for half an hour. It's impossible to say ly how much milk should be used, be- corn varies in juiciness. Half a cup d be enough, but if the corn becomes during cooking add a little more. The can be prepared for the oven in advance.

MIXED SALAD

mple salad of water cress, lettuce and toes will be perfect with this meal, and nk the dressing should be plain French ing with no fancy touches added. The tangy taste of water cress is so de- s, and whether you use home-grown othouse, let the water cress dominate salad.

ANGEL CHERRY-CREAM PIE

recipe is divided into three parts: the ngue shell, the custard filling and the y glaze.

eringue Shell. Separate 4 eggs that have at room temperature several hours, dd a pinch of salt to the whites. Meas- teaspoon vinegar, 1½ teaspoons vanilla 1½ teaspoons water into a cup. Sift her 1⅓ cups fine sugar and ¼ teaspoon g powder. Beat egg whites until stiff, iquids at one time and, continuing to add sugar 1 teaspoon at a time. Beat antly and continue to beat 2 minutes all sugar has been added. If you use an ic beater, keep it at a high speed all the and scrape sides of bowl with a rubber la and toss meringue toward the beat- Grease a large glass pie plate, put in the ngue and shape it with a spatula so that ks like a pie shell with a thick bottom a wide high rim. If you haven't tried you'll be surprised at how easy it is to the meringue couldn't be more manage- Do not let the edge extend beyond the f the pie plate, because it will expand g baking. Bake in a low—275° F.— one hour. Turn off oven and let it stand osed oven 15 minutes, then take it out ol.

stard Filling. Beat 4 egg yolks until yellow; add ⅓ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon nd 3 tablespoons cornstarch and beat blended. Scald 2 cups milk and 2 spoons butter or margarine and stir this the egg yolks. Cook in top of double r over a small amount of boiling water thick, stirring constantly. This is a very job, and as soon as the mixture is thick stop cooking or the eggs will curdle. Add ¾ to 1 cup English-walnut meats, broken into small pieces, and 1½ teaspoons vanilla. When both the filling and shell are cool, whip 1 cup heavy cream, fold it into the filling and spoon filling into shell.

Cherry Glaze. Pit 2 cups fresh pie cherries, add ⅔ cup water, cook for a few minutes and strain. Or open a No. 2 can pie cherries, packed in water, and strain. There should be ¾ cup juice. Blend 1 tablespoon and 1 teaspoon cornstarch with juice and add ⅓ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly, until thick and boiling. Arrange cherries evenly on top of pie, and when glaze has cooled a little spoon it over them. Do this carefully so that each cherry is well coated with the glaze. The meringue shell can be made a day in advance, but add the filling and cherry glaze the day it is to be used.

If you decide on peaches with cherry glaze, here's how. Peel raw peaches and slice, or drain juice from canned peaches and leave them in halves. Make cherry glaze, using only 1 teaspoon cornstarch, put peaches in a large bowl and cover with cherries and glaze.

Service. The production and serving of this meal is easy on the hostess *if* wise and detailed planning has preceded it. I have used this menu a number of times and perhaps it would be helpful if I described the routine that goes on here, assuming you might want to follow it. The day before, make sardine spread and wash salad greens. In the morning of the party day, make your meringue shell, unless you did it yesterday. While it is baking and cooling there will be time for most of the other cooking jobs involved. Prepare the Spanish-corn casserole, stir up biscuit dough—you can use a mix if you want to save time—cut biscuits and store on cooky sheet in refrigerator, and make filling and cherry glaze for pie. When pie shell is cool, fill it, and now you're free of the kitchen so far as the party is concerned until late in the afternoon. An hour or so before guests arrive make your final arrangements. On one tray put all the dishes, silver and linen to be used. On another, large enough to hold the salad bowl, put salt, pepper mill and cruets of vinegar and oil. On a third tray, large enough to hold the pie, put dessert plates and forks. Rub salad bowl with garlic, fill it with lettuce, water cress and sections of tomatoes and store in refrigerator. Line a large cooky sheet with wax paper and arrange half of the steak chips at each end. They will have to overlap, so when you separate them leave them on the squares of paper. In the center set four small dishes, two containing the mushrooms and juice and two filled with half of the herbs. Also on the cooky sheet have the cup of bouillon and ¾ pound butter or margarine. This will look pretty and be manageable for the cooking stint. Now you're right as rain. Goodness—what a word to use when we're talking about cooking outdoors!

ONE GOOD DRESS

(Continued from Page 27)

atoes, anchovies and hard-boiled eggs h she had waiting for him, together with ad and a loaf of hot French bread.

ey sat at the round table in the sunny window of their little house, which was convenient walking distance from the ersity. Dan sighed as he began to eat his n, and straightened his shoulders to get rick out of his back which came from his of hunching over intensely in lectur- He looked rather like a Romantic Poet elf: dark, slight and fine-drawn; his face wry and sensitive.

lie began as usual to tell of her morning, casual, relaxed way. They were friends, brother and sister: they complemented other in an unusual way. Julie being so ved and practical, Dan so full of enthu- n and fantasy. Each supplied to their age something the other lacked, and respected each other's qualities.

Oh," she said, "as I was passing Falk- I saw the most beautiful dress. It was really a work of art. A dress to wear to grand balls—such wonderful lines! Really, a dress like that can be quite as thrilling as a piece of music."

Dan said, "Why don't you get it?"

She stared at him as if he had gone slightly mad. "Me? A dress from Falkner's? Why, it must cost over a hundred dollars. Even two hundred. And what on earth would I do with a ball dress?"

He said, "I think you ought to get it, if it seemed so beautiful to you. I think you owe it to yourself. You never get anything really lovely for yourself. Just buy it, as you might buy a picture. Maybe a ball will turn up, if you do."

"But, Dan! Falkner's is the most expensive shop in town! People like us don't buy clothes from Falkner's."

"Don't forget," he said, "you've got four thousand dollars you hadn't counted on. Julie, buy it! This may be the one time in your life when you can afford to buy a really

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good dress. Do it. You may never see anything that appeals to you so much again."

"But, Dan. If I'm going to buy a really good dress with Aunt Dora's money, it ought at least to be something I need—a tweed suit, perhaps, or a black dress that will last me a long time. Not a ball dress!"

"I'm not talking about buying what you need. I'm talking about your seizing the chance to buy something you really love. Suppose you never do wear it? You've done something you really wanted to do. You won't have said no to every impulse you ever had."

"It sounds fantastic to me," she said.

But after Dan had gone back, to his class in the Late Nineteenth Century, she could not get the bright gay idea out of her head. Suppose it was unreasonable. Impractical. Extravagant. For perhaps the only time in her life she had some extra money, and she had seen something that looked really beautiful to her. Temptation plucked at her. At half past three she decided she might as well go down and at least see how much the lovely dress cost.

She went.

Falkner's was gray-carpeted, hushed, French in *décor*, and they told her that the dress in the Howland Street window cost two hundred and ten dollars. Somehow the very price seemed to challenge her; it would have been easier to turn away from one hundred and ten.

"I'd like to try it on," she said.

In the paneled fitting room the dress fell gracefully down over Julie's slender figure. It really was a work of art; what was it that they could put into a dress that cost two hundred dollars that defied translation into thirty-nine-fifty? Its décolletage clung exquisitely to the lines of Julie's back; its starched folds stood out divinely to the floor. It was, in its own terms, perfect.

I look beautiful in it, Julie suddenly thought, surprising herself.

But she could not miss the difference. From pretty, delicate, a bit unnoticeable, she had become beautiful, delicate and enchanting-looking. Even so modest and shy a girl as Julie was forced to recognize it. It was surely a true work of art that could effect a transformation like that. And all for a mere two hundred dollars.

"I will take it with me," she said to the unctuous saleslady.

"Madam has made a perfect choice for her type," the woman said, as she unhooked the tiny hooks from their hand-embroidered loops. "Madam will be a great success in this gown."

I didn't even know I had a type, Julie thought, amused, as the woman took the great froth of tulle away. Then she thought, with horror, *But I don't want to be a great success! I hate parties! Don't worry,* she told herself as she climbed back into her serviceable gray flannel suit, *I'll never actually wear it anywhere.*

AT the moment this was a consoling thought, but when she got home she was overwhelmed by a dark cloud of realization of what she had done.

"Of all the idiotic mental aberrations!" she burst out to Dan when he came home from his late-afternoon conferences with students. "I bought it! Two hundred dollars down the drain! I must have been out of my mind!"

"But you love it, don't you?" he said, grinning. "Let's see how you look in it."

So she put it on again. She came down the little staircase in it, feeling half uplifted by her own aura, as she had felt in the shop, and half perfectly ridiculous.

"You're a dream," Dan said, and his face was all delight and enthusiasm. "Now, that was a really good investment."

"But what am I to *do* with it?" she cried. "Put it on every evening or something? It's a complete white elephant. It's a wicked waste."

"It's not any such thing," he said. "It's something really beautiful, that you love and wanted, and which you now possess. How could anything be a better way to spend money?"

"You're so impractical," she wailed, but he just grinned. Julie went upstairs again and with infinite care replaced the tissue paper in all the folds of that exquisite creation for which she had no use on earth.

But fate moves in an inscrutable and inexorable way, and cause and effect are beyond the rationalizations of mortals.

It was not more than three days later that Dan came home for lunch and said, "They've actually got Giles Blair of Harvard to give the Dean-Bertram lectures. It's a fluke. Harris, whom they'd got to give them, has apparently got tuberculosis and has to go to a sanitarium. Too bad, but he's an ass and hasn't got anything to say I'd go two blocks to hear. Now, Blair—he is the absolute top in his field. A big man. It's a miracle he was willing to come."

"Isn't that nice," Julie said, cutting the bread at table on her mother's old round breadboard, with "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread" carved on its rim.

"He'll be here for the three days. They're putting him up at the Campus Club. There'll be all sorts of doings for him, of course."

"I suppose so," sighed the girl who hated parties.

The Tokens

By Norman R. Jaffray

Before our vows were spoken,
  What pleasure, love, I took
In giving you some token—
  A rose, a kiss, a book.

And in the selfsame measure,
  You, too, when we would court,
Would offer me with pleasure
  A trifle of some sort.

And marriage brought no ending:
  We make exchanges still—
A fuse, a sock for mending,
  A bulb, a household bill.

"The president is giving a big reception and dance for him after the first lecture," Dan went on. "You can wear the ball dress."

"What!" Julie cried. "Me? I won't. I can't. I hate parties. You know that. I shall be ill."

"You've got the perfect dress for it, haven't you?" Dan said imperturbably.

And of course she had. As she contemplated the relentless interlocking of circumstances Julie felt quite faint: she had a ball dress and now she was invited to a ball. Two and two made four. It had the ring of doom about it.

Stretching before her she seemed to see a long, terrible vista of balls she would have to go to simply because she owned a ball dress. The fact that there were almost no balls for the faculty of the state university paled into unreality beside that awful feeling of having got herself into a trap. She had been seduced into buying the dress and, it seemed, retribution would take the form of this unforeseen corollary: if you owned a good dress, you had to wear it, even if it meant going to parties when you hated parties.

"Why did I ever buy that wretched dress?" she cried out loud to herself, washing dishes furiously.

But the ball dress, instead of retaliating for her unkind words, performed its calm and enchanting miracle once more as, trembling, Julie put it on the evening of the first Dean-Bertram lecture. It arranged itself about her body, clung, fell away, tapered, flared into the pattern of perfection and once more, even in her acute premonitory shyness, Julie could only say, looking into the old cheval glass in her bedroom, "I look beautiful."

It is impossible for even a shy woman to know she looks beautiful without also appearing beautiful to others. As the auditorium filled its last seats for the first night of the big event of the college year, friends leaned across and whispered to Julie, "But you look marvelous!" Part of the miracle of a perfect dress is that it does not claim praise for itself, as do cheaper sartorial efforts, but like the perfect partner, gives all praise and glory to the woman. The dress was simply part of Julie's beauty. Furthermore, at that point she was sitting down, and her cloak covered the lower part of the dress. They didn't know the half of it.

THE president of the university spoke briefly, outlining the history of the Dean-Bertram lectures. He said that tonight we have a very famous man from a very famous university to add one more star to the galaxy of the Dean-Bertram tradition, and that I need add no more to this audience in introducing Mr. Giles Blair, Tremont Professor of English Literature at Harvard University. The president sat down and in the burst of applause a tall, fair, quite young man came forward to the lectern.

After the lecture the audience, dressed for this gala night in its best evening dresses, its black ties and in the three suits of tails possessed by the faculty, streamed across the floodlighted campus to the president's house at the far end, where the lights shone out hospitably from the columned portico and, within, there was the gleam of white-coated waiters carrying trays of champagne, and the scraping of violins tuning for the dance.

The president and his wife and the guest of honor stood in the small reception room and the line formed and stretched far out across the big hall. This was a far bigger social night for the state university than most Dean-Bertram first nights, because of the luster of the evening's speaker and the fame of his university. What Paris is to the soul-starved French colonial, Harvard is to the faculty members of the university at Lynchville.

Poor Julie moved slowly along in the receiving line with Dan behind her. She felt most mixed up. Part of her was her old self, shy and withdrawn at the presence of so many people, so much chatter and music—and part of her was somebody brand-new, somebody wearing a divine dress, who felt and knew that she was perfectly beautiful. This person enjoyed the fact that people were turning and craning their necks to look at her, that old friends were frankly staring, all because of the magic of a really good dress. This person was having the time of her life. But Julie had not made up her mind which of these two she really was.

Finally she reached the president, who gave her quite a glad eye before transferring her hand to his wife's, who, with a professional mechanism known to handshakers, passed her on to the guest of honor, Mr. Blair.

"How do you do?" said Julie shyly.

"How do *you* do?" replied Mr. Blair. He seemed to be unwilling to let go of her hand, and then embarrassed because he had not already done so. "Do you live here?" he inquired idiotically.

"Yes," Julie said. "This is my brother."

Mr. Blair apparently knew Dan. They spoke for a moment. Then Julie and Dan drifted off toward the ballroom.

"You see?" Dan remarked. "He was positively hanging onto me. All because of your dress."

"That doesn't make sense," Julie said. But she knew what he meant, deep inside, and was thrilled. Dan put his arm around her and they danced off.

But this was not to be, for Julie, one of the dances of the past at which Dan's friends dutifully danced with Dan's sister. Almost at once the men began to cut in—some of them almost total strangers. Dan made off in Miss Elsie Lorimer's direction.

It was all very exciting and new. Julie felt she ought to restrain herself—that she would become inflated with the many little compliments that began to be dropped in her ear. *It's just this dress,* she told herself. B knew that was not all. It was what th had done to her that made the differe

It is amazing how quickly even woman can accustom herself to being It is as if belledom ran in women's When one of Julie's partners stepped at the tap on his shoulder and she look to see Giles Blair, she was not surpris had sort of expected it.

He continued to cut back on the me cut in on him. He kept coming. Julie it quite easy to talk to this tall, smilin who was, after all, a denizen of the glit purlieus of Harvard, a famous man world—someone who was accustom ball dresses like Julie's.

After a while he took her out int conservatory. They sat in rented gilt under a rubber tree and Giles Blair "Will you have lunch with me tomorr

"I can't," she said. "I mean, I'd lo but ——"

"You *would* love to? Then do."

"But you're all dated up," she expla "You're the visiting lion. They've got days filled up tight for the whole time y here."

"Won't you be there?"

"I never go to parties," she said, sir

"You're so right!" he exclaimed shan't go either. I shall tell them I'm t you out instead."

"Oh, you can't do that!" Julie "That would be awful!"

A vision of the scandal it would cr Lynchville's biggest celebrity in years ning out on all the carefully prepared tivities to be given by Lynchville's respected pillars, all because of that Leland woman, rose brilliant and rut before her mind's eye. She saw terribl quels—even Dan fired.

"Well, then, you must come to the ties," Giles said. "You really must. I go otherwise."

"But I'm not asked to all of them," said. "And I declined the other ones. I came to this one because it was offici can't!"

"I shall see that you are asked. I shal that you are reinvited," he said. "I shall that I won't come to anything unless are going to be there."

"Oh, *please* don't do that!" she implo so piteously that he looked down at her the smile quite gone from his face.

"All right, I won't," he said gently. " I think it would be all right if I asked you come to the things because I enjo talking to you so much tonight—d you?"

"Yes," she said, her relief so great it was not until she was in the car, on way home from the dance with Dan, t the enormity of what she was in for br over her. She burst into tears.

"I'll be damned," Dan said, looking her as he drove. "Gets to be the belle of ball, gets the lion to give her a big rush, all the woman can think of to do is wee

"YOU don't understand," she said, sn ing. "Tonight was all because of my beautiful . . . dress. I *can't* go to all th parties I said I'd go to. I wouldn't be person I was tonight, it would be all dif ent, I'd just be nobody again. I haven't anything to wear!" she wailed, beginning cry again.

"Don't be so simple," Dan protest "That's the easiest thing to fix. Just go do to Falkner's in the morning and buy thin stupid."

"It's wicked, wicked waste of mone she said, but she had stopped crying.

"Didn't look like a waste to me, tonigh Dan observed.

It was all strangely like a sort of intoxi tion. As Julie dressed next morning, she f like an alcoholic who, having taken th first, fatal drink, cannot stop. The ball go was the first, fatal drink. Now she was bou downtown to buy on and on, drunkenly, s felt. Where would it all end? She would ha all these clothes and, having them, wo have to wear them to parties. It was like

(Continued on Page 78)



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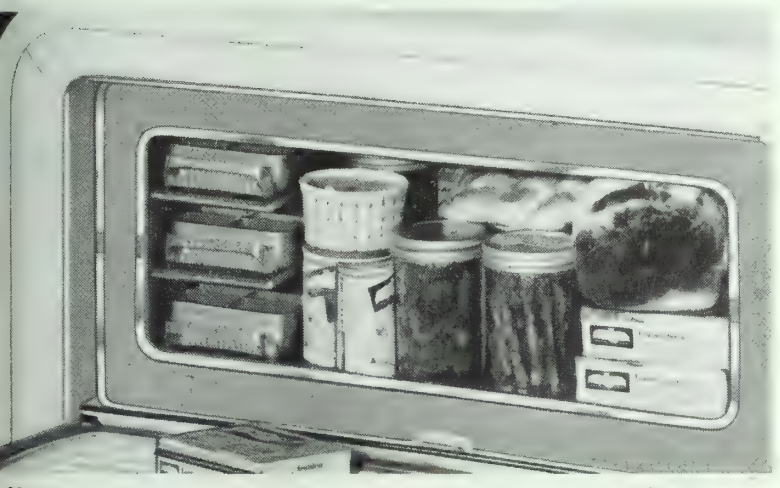
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(Continued from Page 76)

treadmill she would never be able to get off. Just because she had bought one beautiful dress, her whole life was changing into something against her nature: she still didn't want to spend a life of going to parties. Would she have to go to parties, just because she owned clothes for them?

At that moment the front doorbell rang, and Julie was handed a square white box by a florist's boy. Her heart went *thump*. She opened the box and found a spray of tiny scarlet orchids. The card said, "You promised to come. Giles Blair."

But Julie had already accepted earlier that morning when Mrs. Watson, the giver of today's big luncheon party, had telephoned and said, "Julie, dear, you've made a conquest. Mr. Blair asked me to beg you to change your plans so that you can come to lunch today after all. Won't you?" And when Julie had said yes, Mrs. Watson plunged on, "Where *did* you get that lovely dress you wore last night?"

Now Julie sat down on the bottom step of the little staircase, with the orchids in her hands, and tried to talk sense to herself.

Look, she said to herself, *don't get all starry-eyed. This is the way men behave at places like Harvard—sending orchids and all. It doesn't mean a thing. It's just being polite, sort of. He'll be polite to me while he's here, maybe, and that will be all. I must relax. I must be sensible. I must sort the laundry first, at least.*

But far from sorting the laundry, she dashed upstairs, grabbed her purse and made off for downtown Lynchville, in utter disregard of her own admonitions, with her heart beating in complicated syncopations.

This time it was a taupe wool suit that she tried on at Falkner's—very simple, but with that ineffable rightness, that way of clinging here and flaring away there, which she had already learned was the mark of good clothes. This one cost one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

"Madam will be interested in the little hat which accompanies the little suit," said the saleslady. And madam was. The hat was tiny, made of taupe straw to prophesy spring, and cost forty dollars.

Julie was filled with an agreeable sense of sin, like a little girl who has stolen the jam and is glad she did.

"I will wear the suit out," she announced.

"Yes, madam. But before madam dresses, I should like to show her the dearest little import which has just come in. Nothing at all—just a little print. For the cocktail hour."

Julie made rapid calculations in her head. She had, to date, spent four hundred and twenty-five dollars. She looked at the sum, in her mind's eye, squinting at it, and then, like a gambler shooting the works, she said, "I'd like to see it." For after all, there would be cocktail parties today and tomorrow too.

THE dear little import was black crepe de Chine printed in pink and mauve Japanese flowers, and it turned out that this costume, too, had a little hat which was an indispensable part of its chic. The hat was large, of black straw with a velvet bow and streamers, like a child's hat. But it was not the price of a child's hat. It cost fifty dollars. And the little import—that little nothing at all—cost a hundred and forty.

"That is only a total of six hundred and fifteen dollars," Julie explained to herself as she put on lipstick in front of the dressing-room mirror before going out into the world again. "And that is the absolute total. This covers everything—luncheons, cocktails, evenings. I don't need any more. Ever."

So saying, she took a final look at herself full length in the little taupe suit and the little taupe hat with the scarlet orchids pinned to the suit's lapel. All was enchanting. All fitted like a dream, clung, fell away. *I look beautiful*, Julie said to herself spontaneously. And then she departed for Mrs. Watson's luncheon party.

Which was followed by Mrs. Gresham's cocktail party for Giles Blair, and by the second evening's lecture, for which nobody dressed and Julie wore the little print she had worn to the president's dinner before the lecture; and next day was followed by the dean of men's luncheon at the country club, and by the Hackmyers' huge cocktail party, and by the Parsons' dinner party which once more was black tie, and by the third and final lecture, and by the small dance given by the Campus Club for its distinguished guest.

In between Julie had also been driving in a borrowed car with Mr. Blair, gone to the movies with him, received two more boxes of flowers from him, and sat in a great many alcoves with him. By this time she was not only drunk but dazed too.

AT half past eleven on the third and final night of the Dean-Bertram lectures she was sitting in yet one more alcove, in the Campus Club, with, of course, Giles Blair. She was in the ball dress which had started the whole inexorable train of events. She looked even more beautiful than at the president's ball, perhaps because she was getting used to feeling beautiful.

"When are you going to come to visit my mother in Cambridge?" asked Giles, who had not taken his eyes off her for three days except to steer food to his lips.

"I don't know," she said. "I'd like to."

I'd like to but I'm afraid to, she thought inwardly. *I thought he was only beauing me around for these three days, but he really, really —— But if I go to Cambridge, what shall I wear? I haven't enough clothes to go to all those fashionable parties. . . . Boston too. . . . Oh, dear, how can I spend any more money?*

But she was not really worried. How could she worry when this delightful man was smiling so intently into her eyes, when he was leaning toward her with such obvious devotion, when her own heart had taken to doing the most peculiar little tap dances when she looked at him? How could she worry about a little thing like money? In her state of mind six hundred and fifteen dollars was a mere bagatelle. If there had been any babies to take milk out of the mouths of to buy whatever was necessary, Julie would have taken it.

"Soon," he urged. "Next week? Mother will write to you as soon as I get home. I wouldn't *go* home, if it wasn't for all those wretched students," said the Tremont Professor of English Literature callously.

She only smiled.

"There's just one thing," he said, looking anxious. "You mustn't expect too much. We live very simply. I mean, you are such a glamour girl, you look so like something out of the pages of one of those shiny magazines—I'm afraid in our life you wouldn't really have much use for all those lovely clothes. We never go to parties—that was the first bond I felt with you. But my mother doesn't even buy a dress from one year's end to the next. I mean—that is ——"

And as Giles pulled himself together to propose, Julie's heart gave a funny little shiver and relaxed.

Women think of all sorts of things while men are getting braced to propose to them. What went on in Julie's mind was something like this:

I'll be darned. So I won't need any more clothes after all. He thinks I've always dressed like this. Shall I explain to him—later—the long, complicated train of events which led to my having the right clothes just in time for his visit to Lynchville? The absolutely inexorable sequence of circumstances that started from my buying the ball gown?

No, she thought, *it's too complicated ever to be explained. And it would be better not to explain it*, she added to herself with a rush of sudden age-old wisdom; *let him think I always dressed this way.*

By this time Mr. Blair had got himself organized to the point of beginning on those time-honored words:

"Julie, there's something I want to ask you. I know we've only known each other a very short time, but ——"

—— *And the clothes will come in just right for a trousseau*, Julie thought hastily in concluding her private meditations. and folded her hands to listen with the proper surprise and consideration to what Giles had to say.

THE END

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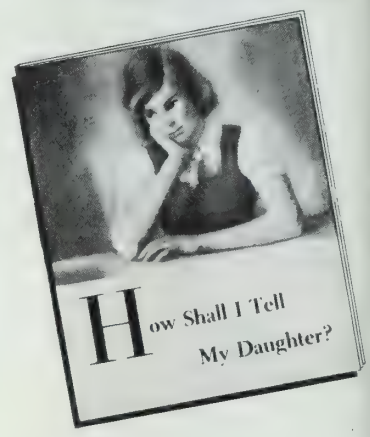


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SOL LIBSOHN

All growing children daydream, but too much dreaming may be a sign of physical weakness—or dangerous emotional tension.

Daydreaming Youngster? Don't Nag!

By DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

THERE'S something wrong with Jimmy," a mother said to me a few eks ago. "He drags around the house, or pes in his room. I can't get him to snap t of it. When I ask him what he's think- about all those hours he sits in his m, he says 'Nothing.' I'm afraid he's ping something from me."

Eleven-year-old Jimmy, it turned out, s in excellent physical health, was doing ll enough in school and belonged to a genial "gang." He declared that noth- was troubling him, and he seemed to an it. After I had satisfied myself on se points, I was ready to advise Jimmy's ther.

'Let him mope," I said. "He'll get over

And Jimmy will. Many normal children through periods of comparative inac- ity and apathy, alternating with periods of intensive busyness and outgoingness. Some daydreaming is to be expected, particularly during the preadolescent stage Jimmy is just entering—ages eleven to thirteen, when the average child is beginning to cut home ties and envisions himself for the first time as an individual in the big world.

The chances are that Jimmy's answer to his mother's question, "What are you thinking about?" is the precise truth. The mind needs rest, just as the body does. Either Jimmy's mind is a blank, as he says, or his thoughts and visions are so vague that he can't formulate them.

Episodes of daydreaming, when a child is functioning satisfactorily in other ways, should be ignored. Questioning him about his thoughts or urging him to "snap out of it," as Jimmy's mother was doing, is a mistake. It won't do any good, because the child isn't being consciously inattentive or perverse. And nagging may create resentment and irritation between parents and child.

Jimmy's daydreaming was obviously of the natural, ordinary, garden variety which will take care of itself, given time. But there are cases of child daydreaming that I would not dismiss so lightly. If teachers complain that inattention at school is interfering with learning, for example, or if the child "just sits" at home after school, day after day, without entering into any games or companionships with other children, it is time to ask the family doctor for help and advice.

The first thing to be investigated in a case of this kind is the possibility that the child is suffering from some physical ailment. Poor hearing or vision, for example, often results in inattention at school and the shunning of normal social activity. Anemia is another condition that is likely to result in lack of energy, causing the child to retreat into his private, inner world. A few low-grade infections, such as

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 79)

dulant fever and mononucleosis, may have e same effect before other symptoms ap- ar.

In the majority of cases, however, the ld who withdraws into a daytime dream rld does so for emotional rather than ysical reasons. The child who feels inse- re or inadequate in the family, or in his ool or play life, finds satisfaction and nfort in retiring into fantasy. Here he is umphant over the parents, teachers, play- tes and events that cause him trouble in l life. As this type of withdrawal becomes bitual, the child loses contact with the rld around him, and turns inward more d more. Unless these tendencies are ticed and controlled, such children are ely to grow up as maladjusted, emotionally stable individuals unable to cope with the oblems that come their way in adult life, rhaps requiring mental treatment.

As in the case of physical illness, the first p to be taken with the daydreaming, ex- sively withdrawn child—who is actually emotionally—is to observe his behavior efully in an effort to get at the cause of e trouble. Here the parents' own honesty d insight may be helpful. Is the daydream- youngster jealous of a younger brother or ter, who appears to be getting the lion's share of parental love and attention? Do mother and father leave home several nights a week, relegating care of the child to a non-understanding servant or a succession of baby-sitters? Do the parents quarrel in the child's presence or hearing? I have known many cases in which these and like situations were found to be the threat which was causing the child to retreat into daydreams in which he had the love and appreciation he yearned for. Once they realize how harmful this may be, most parents can adjust their own lives, and if necessary the whole family relationship, to provide the threatened child with the security and devotion he craves.

In some cases, of course, it may be the world outside the home, at least in part, that is responsible for the child's retreat. Billy was a bright, healthy and apparently self-possessed youngster about Jimmy's age. His mother was worried—and rightfully so—because he seemed increasingly to divorce himself from normal childhood routines. Study by the physician in this case indicated that the youngster feared competitive sports and games, which were emphasized in his particular junior high and community. In an unthinking effort to "bring him out of himself," his parents and teachers were trying to force him to participate in games at which he did not excel and which he did not enjoy. This effort only made matters worse, causing the youngster to think the games were more important than games really are, and that there was something wrong with him because he was different from the other boys.

Once we understood the situation, the answer was easily found. Instead of pushing him into sports, his parents encouraged Billy's own reigning interest, which happened to be nature study. With the teachers' help, they found other children who shared it. Thus Billy came to understand that the things *he* liked to do were as important as the football and basketball for which he had no taste. In a few months' time his self-confidence was restored—and his daydreaming and moodiness diminished and finally vanished altogether.

Daydreaming in itself, however, is nothing to get excited about. We adults refresh ourselves occasionally by indulging in fantasy. The child who is happy and well loved will never withdraw inwardly to a point that threatens normal emotional development. If a youngster daydreams to the extent that his appetite, school performance and friendships are interfered with, don't nag him, but don't ignore him either. Find out what his trouble is and, with loving attention and understanding, and with the doctor's aid, help him to overcome it.

DELIVERANCE

(Continued from Page 30)

d flaps in it, and some very intricate fasten- s. Without raising her head, she asked the endant to wait a moment, in her excellent lian, which, just for verisimilitude, had a ght Florentine accent. Then, as he did not swer, she looked up sharply. She had only ne to remark that he was wearing not the iform of a *wagon-lit* attendant but a dark y suit with a checked blue muffler, and t his pale face was shining with sweat. en the door banged between them. She l not follow him, because she was as highly ciplined as any soldier, and she knew that r first concern must be with the tiny ball paper which he had dropped in her lap.

When she had unrolled it she read a type- itten message: "A man is traveling on this in under orders to kill you." She rolled it again and went into the corridor and od there, looking out at the crowds on the lit platform. It would have been unwise to ve the train. A clever man with a knife, e calculated, could do his work among the adows and get away quite easily. Several nes she had to step back into her compart- nt, to get out of the way of passengers o were coming aboard, and at these, if ey were male, she looked with some inter- . She was standing thus, looking up with noncommittal glance, neither too blank r too keenly interested, at a tall man in a eed overcoat and wondering if he were so l as to be specially memorable, and there- e ineligible as an assassin, when she heard outs from the platform.

The tall man came to a halt, and she ushed past him and stood beside him, look- g out through the wide corridor window at cene still as a painted picture. Everybody s motionless, even the porters with their ggage barrows, while four men made their y back to the platform gates, at a quiet d steady pace, two in front, and two be- nd who were walking backward. Their es were darkened by masks, and all held volvers which they pointed at the crowd. ne man beside Madame Rémy made a ndalized and bluff noise which told her at he was not an assassin, and at that oment the train began to move. He went his way to his compartment and left adame Rémy standing alone at the win- w, waiting to see what had happened at e end of the platform. But she saw nothing usual till the train was leaving the station hind it and sliding out into the open eve- ng. Then her eye was caught by the last n pillar that held up the platform roof. A an was embracing it as if it were a beloved oman to whom he was bidding farewell. is suit was dark gray; and as he slid to the ground and toppled over and fell face upward, it could be seen that he was wearing a checked blue muffler.

Madame Rémy went back to her compartment and said a prayer for his soul. She looked at her hands with some distaste, because they were shaking, and took the little ball of paper out of her bag and read the message again. This was not because she feared she had forgotten it, or thought she had overlooked any of its implications, but because it interested her as a technician to see if there were any distinguishing marks in the type faces which recalled any typed letters that she had received before. Then she thought of all the things it would be sensible to do, such as ringing for the attendant and showing him the message, out in the corridor, in front of some open door, in the hearing of some other passenger, preferably a woman, and she decided to do none of them.

She said aloud, "I am a lucky woman." Leaning back her head against the cushions, she repeated, "How very lucky I am."

There had seemed no way out of the wretchedness that was all around her. She was under no illusion as to the reason why the doctor she had consulted in Rome concerning a slight but persistent symptom had begged her to go into hospital for an X-ray examination the next day, and had urged her, when he found she was resolved to go back to Paris, not to let one day pass after she got there without seeking a surgeon. The thing was in her father's family, and she was familiar with its method of approach.

She was, moreover, in financial difficulties to which there could be no end. She had loved her dead husband very much, so much that she felt that she could deny nothing to the child of his first marriage. But Madeleine was sullen and unaffectionate, had early insisted on marrying a worthless young man and had three children already and might have more; and her only remarkable characteristic was a capacity for getting into debt without having anything to show for it in purchased goods. Madame Rémy really did not see how she could meet this last crop of bills without selling either the few jewels remaining to her, which were those she wore so constantly, except when she was on duty, that they seemed part of her body, or her little house in Passy, where she had spent all her married life. In either case it would be a joyless sacrifice, for Madeleine had nothing of her father in her.

Also, it was evident to Madame Rémy that her long-standing friendship with Claude was over. Just before she left Paris she had heard again the rumor that he was going to marry the Armenian heiress, and his denial had left her in no doubt that they were going to part before very long, perhaps even without tenderness. That would take from the last five years of her life the value which she had believed made them remarkable. She had always thought that she had taken up her peculiar work because she and a distinguished member of the French Foreign Office had fallen in love with each other, and that had made it a romantic adventure. But now she suspected that a member of the French Foreign Office had had a love affair with her because she had an aptitude for a certain peculiar kind of work; and though she recognized that even if this were so, Claude had formed some real affection for her, and that she owed him gratitude for much charming companionship, she knew that she would never be able to look back on their relations without a sense of humiliation. Even her work, in which she had hoped to find her main interest as her life went on, would now be darkened in her mind by association with a long pretense, and her own gullibility. There was nothing at the end of

The Pickety Fence

By David McCord

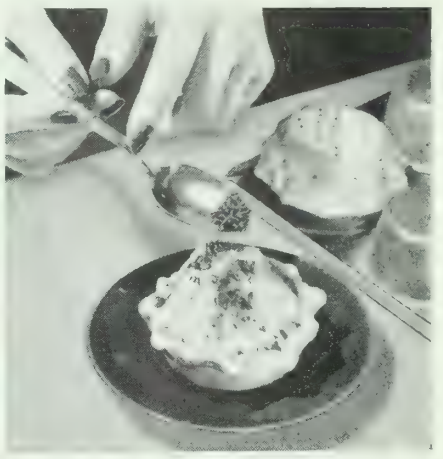
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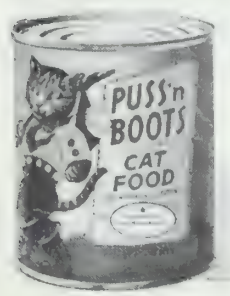
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her journey except several sorts of pain, so if the journey had no end there was no reason for grief.

When she had worked it out to her final satisfaction she found that the *wagon-lit* attendant was standing in front of her, asking for her tickets and passport. She gave them to him slowly, feeling a certain sense of luxury, because his presence meant her last hope of life, and she was not taking it. They wished each other good night, and then she called him back, because it had occurred to her that it would be hardly fair if he had to go without his tip in the morning just because she was dead. Agents were trained never to make themselves memorable by giving more or less than the standard tip, and she acted according to habit, but regretted it, for surely the occasion called for a little lavishness. As she explained to him that she was giving him the tip in case they were rushed at the other end, she noted his casual air. He was evidently to be the second last man she was to see, not the last.

Once she was alone, she burned the message in her washbasin, and pulled up the window blind so that she could look at the bright villages and the dark countryside that raced by. She thought of the smell of anesthetics that hangs about the vestibules of clinics; and she thought of the last time she had met Madame Couthier in the Champs Élysées and how Madame Couthier had looked through her as if they had never been at school together, and how it had turned out that Madeleine had run up a huge bill with young Couthier, who was finding it hard to make his way as an interior decorator. She thought of an evening, just before she had heard the rumor about the Armenian heiress, when Claude had driven her back from dinner at Ville-d'Avray, and she had rested her head against his shoulder for a minute when the road was dark, and had kissed his sleeve. Claude and she were the same age, yet she felt hot with shame when she remembered this, as if she had been an old woman doting on a boy.

She pulled down the blind, and began to make very careful preparations for the night. Her large case was on the rack, and she did not care to ring for the attendant and ask him to move it for her, lest somebody else should come in his stead and the attack be precipitated before she was ready for it. But she was obliged to get it down, because she had packed in it her best nightgown, which was made of pleated white chiffon. For a reason she had never understood she had always liked to carry it with her when she went on a specially dangerous enterprise; and now she saw that it had been a sensible thing to do. It was very pleasant to put it on after she had undressed and washed very carefully, rubbing herself down with toilet water, as she could not have a bath. After she had made up her face again and recoiffed her hair, she lay down between the sheets. Then it occurred to her that she had not unpacked her bedroom slippers, and she made a move to get out of bed before she realized that she need not take the trouble.

She turned out the big light in the compartment ceiling, and left on only the little reading lamp at the head of her bed. She had not locked the door. Her careful toilette had made her tired; and indeed she had been working very hard for some days, preparing all the papers that were now safe in her embassy. She thought of Madeleine and Claude, and bleakly realized that she had no desire to see either of them ever again. She tried to remember something pleasant, and found that for that she had to go back to the days when her husband was alive. It had been delightful when he came back in the evenings from his office, particularly at this very time of year, in the autumn, when he brought her sweet-smelling bouquets of bronze and gold chrysanthemums, and after tea they did not light the lamps, and sat with the firelight playing on the Japanese gilt wallpaper. It had been delightful, too, when they went for holidays in Switzerland and skied in winter and climbed in summer, and he always was astounded and pleased by her courage. But dear Louis was not at the end of her journey. There was nothing waiting for her there but Madeleine and Claude, and the smell that hangs about the vestibules of clinics.

The train slowed down at a station. There were cries, lurchings and trampings in the corridors, long periods of silence and immobility, a thin blast on a trumpet; and the train jerked forward again. That happened a second time, and a third. But still the man who was traveling under orders did not come to carry them out.

Madame Remy turned out the reading lamp and prayed to the darkness that he might hurry; and then for a little, retreating again from the thought of Madeleine and Claude to the memory of her husband, she passed into something nearly a dream. But she was fully awake as soon as someone tried the lock of the door with a wire. It was as if a bucket had been emptied over her, a bucket filled, not with water but with fear. There was not a part of her which was not drenched with terror. She disliked this emotion, which she had never felt before except in a slight degree, just as much as added to the zest of an enterprise. To escape from this shuddering abasement she reminded herself that she wanted to die, she had chosen to die, and she sat up and cried, *"Entrez! Entrate!"*

The door swung open, and softly closed again. There followed a silence, and, feeling fear coming on her again, she switched on the light. It was a relief to her that the man who was standing with his back to the door did not wear the uniform of a *wagon-lit* attendant, and that he was the sort of person who would be selected for such a mission. He was young and lean and spectacled, and wore a soft hat crushed down over his brows and a loose greatcoat with the collar turned up, in a way that she tenderly noted as amateurish. It would be very hard for him to get away from the scene of a crime without arousing suspicion. There was also a sign that he was the man for whom she was waiting, in the woodenness of his features and his posture. He knew quite well that what he was doing was wrong, and to persuade himself that it was right, he had had to stop the natural flow of not only his thoughts and feelings but his muscles.

Yet he made no move to commit the violent act for which this rigidity had been a preparation. Simply he stood there, staring at her. She thought, *Poor child, he is very young*, and remained quite still, fearing to do anything which might turn him from his resolution. But he went on staring at her. *Is he never going to do it?* she asked herself, wondering at the same time whether it was a cord or a knife that he was fingering in the pocket of his greatcoat. It occurred to her that with such a slow-moving assailant she had still a very good chance of making a fight for her life and saving it. But then there came to her the look of surgical instruments on a tray, the whine that came into Madeleine's voice when she spoke of the inevitability of debt, and the fluency, which now recalled to her a conjurer's patter, of Claude's love-making; and she was conscious of the immense distance that divided her from the only real happiness she had ever known. She flung open her arms in invitation to the assassin, smiling at him to assure him that she felt no ill will against him, that all she asked of him was to do his work quickly.

Suddenly he stepped backward, and she found herself looking at the door with a stare as fixed as his own. She had made an absurd mistake. This was simply a fellow passenger who had mistaken the number of his compartment, and all the signs she had read in his appearance were fictions of her own mind, excited by the typewritten message. It was a disappointment, but she did not allow it to depress her. When she thought of the man in the dark gray suit with the checked blue muffler, sliding down the pillar and turning over as he reached the ground, it was as a child might think of an adult who had made it a promise. She contemplated in sorrow and wonder the fact that a stranger had given up his life because he wished her well, and switched out the light and again said a prayer for him into the darkness. Then, although she had no reason to suppose that

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*Mrs. J. D., Baltimore, Md.





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n who was traveling under orders come sooner or later to carry them grew drowsy.

at, not stay awake even to be assas-?" she muttered to her pillow, and ., and was swallowed up by sleep, ep, such as had often come on her at of a long day on the mountains.

next morning a spectacled young man, a soft hat and a loose greatcoat, who de his way back to Rome while the ne up, stood in a hotel room and gave pointing report to his superior.

id, "Madame Rémy was not on the t was all a mistake. There was one who answered to the description, went into her compartment, but I he was quite a different sort of per-e was not at all haggard and worn; she looked much younger than the gave me, and she was very animated. ough we know that if Ferrero found e Rémy on the train he must have her, this woman was not at all ed. She had left her door unlocked, en she saw me she showed no fear at eed," he said gloomily, "she was evi-a loose woman. Though she was in face was painted, and her hair was as if she were going to a ball, and it lly quite extraordinary—she even d out her arms and smiled at me. I he asserted, blushing faintly, "that cared to stay in her compartment I ave received quite a warm welcome."

superior expressed an unfavorable regarding the morals of all bour-omen, but had his doubts, and made inquiries. As a result the spectacled man was doomed not to realize what hat time his dearest ambition, for he er given another chance to commit cal assassination. He regretted this ss than he would have owned. Even anding in the golden sunshine of a morning, he was not really disturbed the night had been so innocent.

at moment Madame Rémy was sit-the restaurant car of the Paris Ex-ting breakfast. She could have had it to her in her compartment, but she a desire to have it where the windows der and she could see more of the side. Her first pot of coffee had been that she had ordered a second, and spreading the butter on a roll, smil-tle, because it seemed so absurd that ch a night she should have awakened herself suddenly freed from the dness that had hung about her for so ertainly she had lost none of her troubles; but they no longer appalled her. There came to mind the names of several among her friends who had survived serious operations. As for Madeleine's debts, if nobody paid them it might help the poor silly child to grow up; and the wisest thing, even the loyalest thing, for her stepmother to do was to keep the jewels and the house that Louis Rémy had given her and leave them intact to Madeleine's children. It might well be true that she could no longer support the desperate nature of her present work, but there was no need for her days to be idle, for the great dressmaker, Mariol, had always had a liking for her and had more than once offered her a post in his business. And there was no need for her to think of Claude. If she wanted to think of someone who was not there any more, she could remember Louis.

Some other names occurred to her: the names of people who had not survived operations. But they cast no darkness on her mind; she was conscious only of a certain grandeur, and they went from her. For all her interest was given to looking out the window at what she was seeing again only because of some inexplicable carelessness on the part of those who were usually careful.

Now the train was running toward the mountains, and was passing through a valley in the foothills. There were cliffs, steel-gray where the sun caught them, dark blue in the shadow, rising to heights patterned with the first snows, glistening sugar-white under the sharp blue sky. At the foot of the cliffs a line of poplars, golden with autumn, marked the course of a broad and shallow river racing over gray shingle; and between the river and the railway track was a field where a few corn shocks, like dried, gesticulating men, were still standing among some trailing morning mists. Across this field, through the mists, an old man in a dark blue shirt and light blue trousers was leading a red cart, drawn by two oxen the color of the coffee and milk in her cup. Deliberately the two beasts trod, so slowly that they seemed to sleep between paces, so dutifully that if they were dreaming it must be of industry. There was nothing very beautiful in the scene, yet it was wonderful, and it existed, it would go on being there when she was far away.

As the train met the mountains and passed into a tunnel, she closed her eyes so that she could go on seeing the cliffs and the snow and the poplars, the man and his cart and his oxen. Amazed by what the world looked like when one had thought it lost and had found it again, she sat quite still, in a trance of contentment, while the train carried her on to the end of her journey. THE END



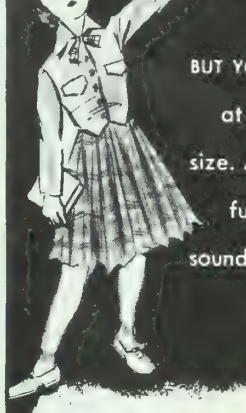
"Lester hasn't called yet."

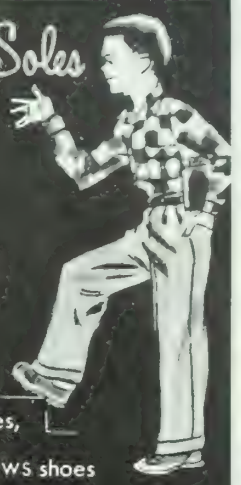
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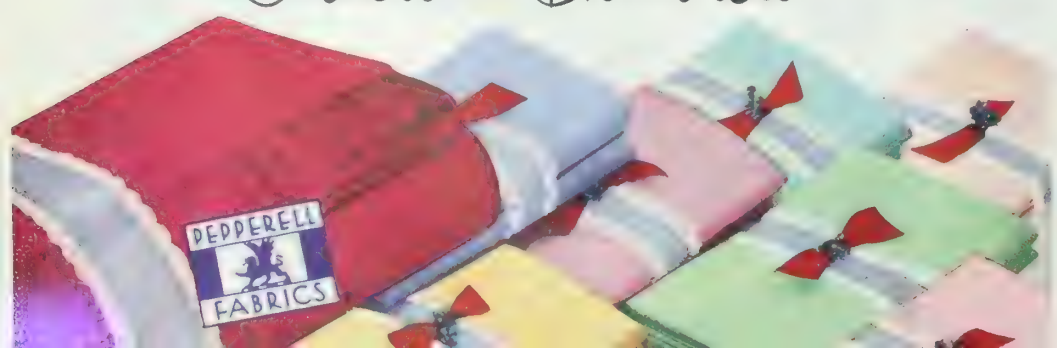
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Self-examination for cancer of the brea

Every woman has in her own hands the strongest defense known today against a dreaded ne



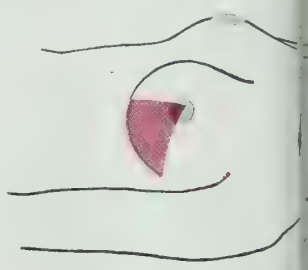
For examination, breast is thought of in three sections. Less than 20 per cent of breast cancers occur in the *inner half*, pictured here.

UNLESS it happens to us, we le other way. Our mothers wou the word "cancer." Women to learned to say it, and now—if th "look away"—women have in ne hands the most powerful weapon no combating breast cancer.

Cancer of the breast is the mos type (more than 25 per cent) of al women. Approximately three out fiv have it today die of the disease.

These are the statistics which we the power to change. Cancer of br seldom gives pain or produces any symptoms in its early stages, when ea can be effective. But the breast is an external organ which can be seen and Regular self-examination by women whose breasts present *no* symptoms o the only known method for reducing the high mortality rate.

The self-examination is easy to learn, takes only a few minutes' time. After a little practice, women who have become familiar with the individual structures in their breasts quickly note even a small new growth—often more quickly than their physicians could. The examination should be made monthly—ideally, immediately following the end of the menstrual period. Temporary changes occur in the breasts during the period, so that examination then may be unsatisfactory. After the menopause, monthly examinations should be continued, for breast cancer occurs more often between the ages of 40 and 70 than at earlier periods.



Outer half of breast is su into two quadrants. From cent of all breast cancer within the *lower, outer*

Of course not every lump that occurs in the breasts is a cancer. The ma nonmalignant. If you detect a lump of any size, however, you should con physician, at once. Delay can be serious.

In the first step of a self-examination, sit before a mirror, with your bac and your arms at your sides. Examine your breasts carefully in the mirror for s in size and shape, especially noting any puckering or dimpling of the skin or r of the nipple. Now raise your arms over your head and again study your brea mirror, looking for the same signs as b addition, watch for any sign of fixati breast tissue to the chest wall as you m arms and shoulders. The relative po the breasts on the chest wall should be to see that one has not become more p or enlarged than the other.



Tissue of the *upper, outer quadrant* needs special attention; 47 per cent of breast cancers occur here, 22 per cent in nipple area.

For the second half of the examin on your back on a bed. Place a flat folded towel under the shoulder on t side as the breast you will examine t weight of the breast tissue will then evenly distributed over supporting ch

Now, with your arm at your side, p opposite hand over the breast to be ex With the sensitive flats of your fingers, gently press the breast tissues against t wall, beginning with the outer half of the breast. You should pay special atte the upper, outer quadrant, where the tissues are thickest, and where the most occur. After you have systematically examined the outer half of the breast, ra arm above your head and examine the inner half of the breast thoroughly, begi the breastbone. Then the padding is changed over and placed beneath the oth der. Investigate the second breast in exactly the same manner, first with the that side down, then raised over your head.

This technique has no value if you allow the habit to lapse after a few re inspections. X-ray machines and skilled medical minds are secondary forces with the most powerful weapon in your own hands—are the front line of def

*From Self-Examination of the Female Breast, copyright, 1951, by The Cancer Bulletin.

SHE LIVED A MIRACLE

(Continued from Page 37)

l be through a window. When she was lays old, the meeting took place.
ad made up very carefully, brushed my nd tied it back with a Kelly-green rib- o match my robe. Gingerly I slid off the nd, leaning heavily on the nurse, eased lf into a wheel chair. This was several before science had advanced to the nt procedure of sending mamma on a the day after the baby is born.
e nurse was sweet and just a little us. She propelled me out of the room down the hall to the nursery. The door n the middle and the walls on either facing the corridor, were plate glass. It a cheerful room of many windows, and norning sun shone brightly on the soft w walls. The babies' baskets were in four-tiered rows, each row four baskets Just under the window where I stood three oblong metal-and-glass boxes a confusing profusion of dials and tubes. e were the incubators.
y daughter was covered from chin to toe ton. The first glance was a rude shock; as so tiny. *How could anything so minute ve?* I wondered as I watched the still form. *Why, she's smaller than any of e's dolls.*
ripped the ledge under the window and d to catch the smallest movement of hing. After a little I was sure I saw one hen I considered her from an aesthetic of view. I believe she was the most site morsel of humanity ever fashioned. I yearned to touch her, to hold her.
nust have stood a long time when I to feel faint. Reluctantly I slid my away from her and sank back into the The nurse wheeled me back to my helped me into bed.
ree days later I was discharged. Before I spent a long time at the window, rizing the baby features to take home me.
my and I had relished this home- g with our first baby, Marie. He had d her into the house not as easily as he s a football, but a little stiffly and not e proudly.
at first time I came home, two and one ears before, I felt as though I'd been for a long time. The house looked ge and at the same time warmly fa- . The elaborate bassinet was in place e our bed. Mountains of diapers were on the bureau. In the bathroom, tins ottles of talc and baby oil had replaced y's shaving things and my boxes and s and jars. There was confusion in the , there was a baby in the house, and it onderful.
s time Marie was waiting for us. As we around the bend we could see her and r on the lawn. Neither had ever looked od to me.

the car stopped, Marie broke loose her nana's restraining grasp and raced et us. Abruptly she halted and stared . Not at my face, but at my hanging and arms. We had explained to her ns ago that when the baby came it be her baby to care for and that we do only those things beyond her size trength. I knew that Jimmy, in an pt to ward off disappointment, had lly explained that I couldn't bring the home with me. I watched her stare at ndleless arms.
here's my baby?" she demanded.
addy explained to you," Jimmy said, moved ahead of me, "that the baby ot strong enough to come home right "
ummy promised."
my put his hand on her shoulder but lled away, a pathetic, tiny figure of ointment and disillusionment.
tarted to speak, but she demanded, y can't she get strong here?"
xplained that Karen needed doctors urses to help her get strong—that we n't do it at home.

Just then mother came out of the house, whence she had retreated in the face of Marie's hurt.

"I think mummy should sit down," she said. "Let's help her into the house."

Marie turned and walked with us, but without any gesture of helpfulness. Mother and I went into the nursery, and Jimmy and little Marie stayed in the living room. Beside Marie's bed was the refurbished bassinet.

From the living room came the soothing flow of Jimmy's voice, kind, compassionate and patient.

SUSAN, the doll, was lying on Marie's bed in that position of abandon peculiar to well-used dolls. I picked her up and brought her with me to the living room.

"Honey, I think Susan's lonesome and a little hungry. Isn't it time for you to feed her?"

"You feed her, mummy," said Marie dispiritedly.

I went over to the couch and inched in between Jimmy and Marie. Jimmy put his arm around me and Marie squeezed against my side. We three were together in a new closeness. A closeness brought about by hurt and longing, for a member of our family that none of us had even touched.

The previous daily routine was revised.

I would hurry with the housework so that I could be at the hospital for the afternoon visiting hours from two to three. Marie was too young to take along so a kindly neighbor would stay with her until my return.

We established a staff of rotating "sitters" for the evening so Jimmy and I could go together and "visit" Karen from seven to eight. As we came up to the nursery window we always held hands and Jimmy would usually say, "She looks much bigger and brighter tonight," or "Look at her smile."

We'd look and look and look. At the slightest motions of arms or legs Jimmy would exclaim, "She's strong!"

"That she is!"

Karen's first trip was from the nursery to Pediatrics, in another wing. When the transfer was completed Doctor John turned to Jimmy and me and smiled and left us beside our baby. We both worked hard that we should not weep and then—oh wondrous act!—we touched her.

"So very, very soft," said Jimmy, as he ran the tip of his index finger lightly across her hand; and then with great excitement, "Hey, honey, she has fingernails."

Karen held her own and gained, ounce by ounce. Her weight was now seven pounds. She was seven months old.

The second Saturday in March, John was with Karen when Jimmy and I arrived for our afternoon call. "I think it is safe now for us to anticipate Karen's discharge," he said.

I sat down quickly.

"If she holds her rate of gain," John continued, "she may be ready to go home in about a month."

March was a long month that year. The first weeks of April moved sluggishly, too, and then, one brittle Sunday morning, Jimmy and Marie and I were standing in awe before the violet bed. (Violets always make me think of babies and I was regretting the lost, sweet months of Karen's infancy.) Doctor John drove up in his car. Marie ran to him and, hand in hand, they walked over to us. One look at him and there was no need for him to say, "This is a happy errand. Karen is eight months, weighs eight pounds, and you can bring her home."

Jimmy and I didn't sleep much that night. Minds and hearts were much too full of tomorrow's errand. I don't think we'd dozed more than an hour when there was a tap on the door. I opened my eyes—it was still dark. "Come in," I called questioningly, thinking I had fancied the knock. Marie bounded into the room and up on the bed.

"It's time to go for Karen. She won't like to wait. I don't. Her crib looks pretty. Did



Gets all dirt fast ... but

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TWO HANDY PACKAGES: CLEANSER AND CAKE... USE THEM BOTH

THE ONE FAST CLEANSER THAT "hasn't scratched yet!"

BON AMI

you buy milk? Can I feed her? Can I dress her? I've learned to pin, you know." She stopped to breathe and clambered astride Jimmy's chest. He was grinning.

"You look foolishly happy," I told him.

"Look in your mirror, ma," he replied and got up.

We arrived at the hospital only ten minutes ahead of the appointed hour. Mother and Marie waited on the lawn and we went into the office to "check out." When Karen was dressed the nurse held her out to Jimmy to carry. In spite of the number of blankets, she was still a tiny bundle. She pursed her lips and made a few little sounds and her eyes sparkled as she glanced brightly from one to another.

Marie and I took care of Karen in delightful partnership. Her diet was the same as it had been in the hospital, but she began to grow very fat. It must have been the extra love that went into the formula. She was beautiful. A towhead, gray-green eyes, heavy long black lashes, fair-complexioned. She had a devastating smile.

Shortly after her home-coming, Doctor John left to join the Tenth (Mountain) Division. We found another pediatrician of excellent reputation and took Karen for fortnightly checkups.

When she was about nine months old, we accepted her rotundity and began to watch for development as we had seen it in Marie. I noticed, first, that Karen did not kick off her blankets; and then that no matter what position I left her in, she was in the same position when I returned to her. She made no attempt to play with the bright-colored objects hung on the bars of the crib.

I spoke to the doctor, who said it would take Karen a while to catch up because of her prematurity, that there was no timetable for a baby's development, they all did things at a different time and Marie's development could not be a yardstick for Karen. "She's slow," the doctor said. "Just give her time."

It was hard not to make comparisons, so we put Marie's baby book away. But no parent can erase from his mind the budding of his child's mind and body. As the days passed there didn't seem to be any budding with Karen.

I don't know when fear crept in and became a permanent lodger. Perhaps it was during that most sacred ritual—the queen's bath. She laughed heartily in her tub, but her feet and legs didn't churn the water into delightful tides. They moved, but slightly, and seemed somewhat stiff. Her hands seemed stiff, too, and she never grabbed for the soap or any of the gay aquatic creatures that floated on the quiet water.

Perhaps it was during her meals when I watched and waited for her hands to close over the bottle, or grab the spoon, shoving them away when they were full and pulling them back when they were empty. With Marie it seemed to us that, as she had been born with large brown eyes, so had she been born with a large sense of contrariness. Not so this second. People referred to her as well-behaved. On these occasions fear spread like a swift stream to every part of my body, for a baby Karen's age does not "behave"; it just "is."

Now, on occasion, when the phone rings, I am instantly propelled back nine years. At least once during the day Jimmy would call and say, "Hello, sweetheart, how's Karen?"

"Fine," I'd say, in what I hoped was a bright voice.

"How's Marie?"

And I'd recite Marie's activities at great length, postponing as long as possible the next question.

"What did Karen do today?"

"Well," I'd reply, "she ate a good breakfast, had a nice bath and is enjoying her leisure," and then I'd get set, for I knew what came next.

"That's nice, but what did she *do?*"

There was only one answer: "She didn't *do* anything, but just wait until tomorrow. Give her time." But the tomorrows didn't change my answer.

We continued our fortnightly visits to the doctor, each time asking about all the things we felt she should be doing and wasn't, and each time receiving the same admonition, "Don't worry—she's just slow—give her time."

Our certainty that something was wrong, and the uncertainty as to what it could be, gradually took possession of the hours of the night as well as of the day.

On a dark, hot morning, I rose to feed Karen. Jimmy went to heat her bottle. As he handed me the bottle, he stated deliberately, "I'm not going to the office this morning."

I looked up in surprise.

"I'm going to call the doctor and make an appointment. We're going to get an answer on Karen—today."

"All right," I said. "We can't go on like this." I held Karen rather more tightly than before. She was just a year old and I had had her home just four months.

Small Songs

By Elizabeth McFarland

I

There's beauty in the streets, but oh,
The blind are everywhere,
For you and I walked seven blocks
And halfway through the square
Yet hardly anyone we passed
Seemed struck to see you there!

II

Daisies and buttons and dandelion wings
And hearts with an arrow shot through,
And milkweed angels and sunflower seeds
And smoke from a cottage flue,
And postage stamps stuck upside down
And children who look at you,
All openly speak their message of love—
As I must never do.

The doctor was waiting for us, and before he had reached his chair Jimmy started. "Doctor, I feel we have been remiss in not telling you of the deep, disturbing effect on our whole family which has been produced by our fear and uncertainty. Marie and I agree that we can face anything but . . . not knowing." He sat down and lit a cigarette, never taking his eyes from the doctor's face.

"Doctor," I said, "you must believe that we can adjust to any fact, but we cannot go on living with a shadow. We cannot fight a shadow."

He looked at us both intently and seemed to be taking our measure both as individuals and as a team. He was a big man and his chair creaked as he leaned forward and flattened his broad hands on the desk with a motion of finality. "Karen has spastic paralysis, or, more properly speaking, cerebral palsy."

Jimmy and I turned to each other with a blank look.

"What does it mean?" Jimmy asked.

The doctor was studying the design on his letter opener. "I had no training in spasticity or cerebral palsy in medical school, nor during my internship," he said slowly. "In fact, in all that time I saw only two cases."

"What were you told about it?" Jimmy broke in.

The doctor spoke even more slowly. "I was told there was nothing we could do about it. I was told that a cerebral-palsied child would never sit up, use his hands or walk. I was also told that there was no mentality."

Jimmy's face was gray. I thought of the day when I had asked John about her mentality and he had answered quickly and convincingly, "You've a Phi Beta Kappa, whether you know it or not. You'll have to brush up to keep up."

"Of course, this was some years ago," the doctor was saying. "There may have been some progress in the field since then."

"What shall we do?" Jimmy was having difficulty with his articulation and his voice was dry.

"I would suggest you see a specialist."

"Who?"

"I don't know," he said gently, "but I'll see what I can find out."

I had a very important question. "What's the life expectancy for cerebral-palsied, doctor?"

"The same as yours and mine."

Any decision is subject to appeal. Looking back on the days following the doctor's verdict, I know that Jimmy and I strove for an honest evaluation of our situation. We took our first faltering steps toward objectivity.

The decision on Karen's mentality was, of course, first in our thoughts. Doctor John, who had unusual training, experience and ability, had said that her intelligence was above normal; her eyes were bright, alert, eloquent, intelligent as Marie's. We felt the decision must be reversed. We felt that somewhere there must be someone to whom we could appeal.

"How do we know where to start?" I asked.

"Well," said Jimmy, "she's a baby—so we'll go to the best pediatrician we can find. If the answer isn't in pediatrics, maybe it's in orthopedics, or even neurology. *Someone* must have the answer."

Our pediatrician recommended that we start with a neurologist and referred us to a doctor who was chief of staff at a hospital about a hundred miles from Rye. Mother came to stay with Marie and we left home with some hope.

Karen was a good traveler and after a three-hour trip we drew up before a veritable monolith. We were both pretty nervous and exchanged smiles, intended to be reassuring.

The hospital smell to which we had grown so accustomed met us at the door. We were instructed to proceed to the third floor. We were greeted by a harassed-looking young lady in a gray-and-red print dress.

"Whom do you wish to see?" she inquired.

"Doctor A," I replied.

She wrote it down. She sat. We sat. Then without a word to us she rose and left the room. About a half hour later, a dazzlingly large, white-clad figure entered and asked doubtfully, "Will you follow me?"

We traversed some fifty yards of corridor, turned through a door to the right into a delightfully appointed office. A sweet-looking, red-haired young woman sat behind a desk. She smiled at us, beckoned us to chairs.

"Good morning," she said, as if it was and she was glad. Jimmy and I sat down. Karen squirmed and cried a little. The young woman came around the desk and stood over the baby. "She's lovely," she said warmly. "I'm going to take what is called a case history. I am Doctor X, one of Doctor A's assistants."

The doctor asked many questions and she was both considerate and kind. We were with her about an hour. At the end of that time she said:

"I know you are anxious to see Doctor A. If you will go down the hall to Doctor Y's office he will want to ask you a few questions first and then he will take you to Doctor A."

We did only about fifteen yards of corridor this time. There were more than a few questions, and most of them we had just finished answering for Doctor X. Jimmy was lighting one cigarette from another and I was shifting Karen back and forth as first one arm and then the other went to sleep.

At long last the doctor said, "I think you are ready to see Doctor A now."

We walked into an examining room with two nurses in attendance. I laid the ba on the examining table.

"Undress her, please, mother," sai I did so. Jimmy stood back, shifting h uneasily.

It was cool in the office, and when stripped Karen I asked for a blanket. handed a sheet with which I covered

After ten minutes, the door was o by Doctor Y, who stepped inside an turned expectantly. Slowly and majest a man entered and walked to the Doctor Y took his place beside the comer, then, turning to us, said, "T Doctor A."

Doctor A didn't even glance at u lifted the sheet from Karen. One o nurses glided over quickly and relieve of it. Doctor A, stooping, ran his index across Karen's abdomen—from right s center, from left side to center. He hel his hand and there materialized a rubber hammer. He tapped her knee then her elbows.

He turned to me for the first time said, "Mother ——"

"My name is Mrs. Killilea," I broke

"Eh, yes. Well, mother, I shall be ho there is nothing anyone can do for child."

I looked at Jimmy. His right fist grinding into his left. He was staring ha the doctor's profile.

I felt a strong desire to grab the do arms and beg for one word of hope o couragement. What I said was, "Surely, tor, you have some suggestion for us."

"Yes, I have. I suggest you take o good-size insurance policy so that she always be provided for. Then take your to an institution and leave her and f you ever had her."

Two and a half years went by. We traveled clear across the country and Canada. We'd been to clinics, hospitals had seen twenty-three top doctors. shackled ourselves to debt for years to c And for what? For an attic full of wort equipment ordered by a few who lacke integrity to say, "I don't know."

Karen was now three and a half. She c sit up a little, if packed well with pillow a tilted chair. She was beginning to hol her head and had acquired a kind of loco tion. When we placed her on her stom she would cross her arms and hitch he along with her elbows. She moved about inches an hour, but she was moving. She learning to reach and grab, slowly and surely, and as often as not losing the ob of her effort. Jimmy developed a gag which was delivered nightly as he step through the front door. "How many pick today?" He would then record in a l black book. Or, "Did she make a first d today?" (A first down was two inche four tries.)

Karen spoke more often and had incre her vocabulary quite a bit. True, she was behind other three-and-a-half-year-olds, it was progress.

One Sunday afternoon we sought re from tension by taking a walk along beach. We walked slowly across the sand. I turned to Jimmy. "Darling, we can't our discouragement make us lose sight of indisputable fact that Karen is intellig No matter what anyone says—we h proof."

"But, honey, there's nothing left for u do." His voice was flat and he trudged al with his hands in his pockets, head be

"I've heard of a wonderful doctor S——."

He interrupted me: "That's quite a t Suppose he charges us two hundred and fi dollars like the first guy we saw?"

In addition to our major problems, fin cial worries were making an old man of husband, who was still in his twenties. all needed clothes, the house was in d need of repairs, our Ford had long since come erratic and asthmatic and we had travel by bus and train except on short ha

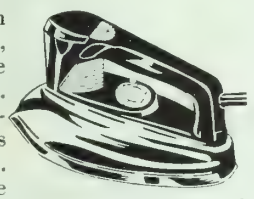
(Continued on Page 88)

BUY-LINES • • by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE



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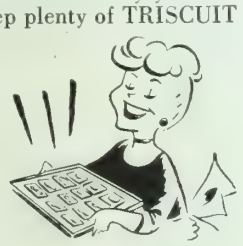
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t's more fun than cooking outdoors the backyard, the woods, or at the beach . . . at the weather's warm and wonderful? I love it . . . especially since I learned a quick-easy way to clean up afterwards. You see, I just turn over a big part of the task to S.O.S. . . . for of all the cleansers under the sun (or moon!) I find it handiest. In fact, I call S.O.S. the MAGIC Scouring Pads . . . because they're a combination of sturdy, interwoven fibres with soap right in the pad. Truly, they clean off soot and crusted like magic . . . make light work of cleaning up y things you use to cook outdoors . . . such as: **ecue Grills Meat Skewers Long Handled s Pots Pans Grill Spits Warming Plates e Pots Knives Forks Spoons.**



ne more reminder . . . you'll appreciate the grand f S.O.S. indoors, too. So use it everywhere that urns on, leaves a ring or forms a stubborn crust u'll find it saves you time and work . . . leaves a very time.

ies just happen in summer . . . for friends ntly drop in unexpectedly and suddenly you're a ! That's why I always keep plenty of TRISCUIT ded Whole Wheat Wafers . . . because they're so usly different. they give y "air" to even the plain- reshments. And the rea- this . . . TRISCUIT s have a just-right-for- ing texture and hearty, whole wheat taste that's heavenly. And they're salted to a "T" . . . then -toasted to crispy perfection. There're so many you can serve TRISCUIT Wafers, too . . . just come from the package or "crowned" with your e spread. Here's mine:



up spreading blue cheese combined with 1 tsp. ed onion.

on't save TRISCUIT Wafers just for parties . . . family will love them for both meals and snacks. on't accept something else supposed to be just-as- either . . . look for the big red NABISCO Seal package before you buy.

fretting your pretty head . . . dishes have to be expensive or elaborate to be delicious. leftovers, for instance . . . I find they become ibbon winners when "dressed up" with a luscious, gravy. And that's the kind you can make *every* vith KITCHEN BOUQUET . . . for it's absolutely e-proof . . . always rewards with an *extra-rich, brown, extra-delicious* gravy! And here's another



thing I like about KITCHEN BOUQUET . . . it never adds any artificial flavor . . . simply brings out the true natural goodness of meat or fowl. That's because it's a unique blend of 14 choice vegetables, herbs and spices . . . with no artificial ingredients that might smother natural flavors. Easy to see why KITCHEN BOUQUET has been the favorite gravy secret of good cooks for over 75 years . . . and why I'm sure you'll like it, too. The cost? Amazingly little . . . so remember KITCHEN BOUQUET for thrifty, delicious meals.

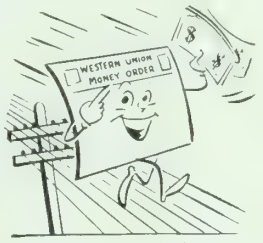
Here's a real opportunity . . . your chance to get a copy of "*BORDEN'S Book of Magic Recipes*" absolutely **FREE.** And they are magic, too . . . magic-quick, magic-easy and a real miracle of taste-enticing goodness. This Baked Peach Custard is an example . . . for it's pretty enough for a party, but so delicious and economical you'll want to serve it every day! Just:



Combine 2/3 cup (½ can) BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and 2 cups hot water. Gradually add 3 slightly beaten eggs, stirring constantly. Stir in ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. vanilla. Place 9 well-drained peach halves (fresh or canned) in individual custard cups. Pour milk over peaches. Sprinkle top with nutmeg. Place in pan filled with hot water to depth of custard. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) 1 hour or until knife inserted near center comes out clean. Chill.

Remember . . . this is just one of 70 Magic Recipes in BORDEN'S wonderful FREE booklet. You'll want to try them all and serve them often . . . so be sure to check OFFER #2 on coupon.

How much money do you need when you take a trip? I never know . . . so I frequently run out of funds. But that never worries me at all, and needn't embarrass you . . . thanks to WESTERN UNION. Just wire your family and in "no" time you'll have the cash via a WESTERN UNION Telegraphic Money Order . . . the safest, surest way in the world to get money in a hurry. And to keep your plans running on schedule do as I do . . . wire for travel and hotel reservations and ask for confirmation by Telegram. Furthermore, whenever you visit friends, it's a nice gesture to wire your hostess the time of your arrival and then send a "bread and butter" Telegram after you leave . . . for it's such a thoughtful, gracious thing to do. The cost is so reasonable, too . . . because now there are new liberal word allowances with a substantial tax reduction. And do get this:



FREE Booklet . . . "*The Western Union Telegrammar.*" Contains a monthly reminder calendar *plus* suggested sentiments for all occasions . . . so check OFFER #3 on coupon.

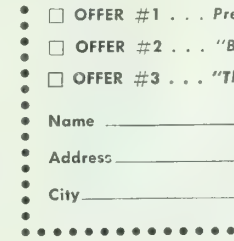
You can't get much joy out of life if you're suffering from a painful corn. So for quick and comforting relief, let me urge you again to try new BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters. They're the ones that contain *Phenylium*, the new Wonder Drug that helps push out corns from *underneath*. Just listen to how it works: *Phenylium* travels down through your corn right to its base. Quickly! There it helps new *live* tissue cells to grow. In a short time, these new cells push up even a stubborn corn . . . so you can just lift it out. And think of this . . . in tests, *Phenylium* went to work ⅓ faster and worked far more surely than old-style remedies. But why go on . . . I suggest you try new BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters and prove it to yourself. Just remember one thing . . . *only* BLUE-JAY Corn and Callus Plasters have *Phenylium* (pronounced Fen-ill-ee-um), the new Wonder Drug that gets under your corn and helps ease it out. At drug counters everywhere.



Make tomorrow's dream come true today . . . by getting those beautiful LADY PEPPERELL Sheets you've always wanted. And now's the time to do it . . . while you can save money at the August White Sale prices. That's what I'm doing . . . for it's the most fabulous investment in luxury a practical dreamer like me (and you!) could make. But you already know that . . . because the fine quality, exquisite texture and long "life" of LADY PEPPERELL Sheets have made them a favorite in all the nicest homes. I'm getting a good supply of every kind . . . and so should you. This means both LADY PEPPERELL Fine Combed Percales and LADY PEPPERELL Super-fine Muslins . . . in the regular as well as the wonderful new Snug Fit Sheets. Snug Fit Sheets are the biggest boon to bed-making ever discovered . . . and they're "*Sanforized*" for lasting fit! But turn to page 84 . . . *see* why I say shop for *your* LADY PEPPERELL Sheets in white *and* colors while the money-saving White Sales are on.



There are certain problems you must face if you're a woman . . . you know what I mean without further explanation. But even so, it isn't necessary to check the calendar before accepting invitations or planning a vacation . . . for if you depend on the modern TAMPAX method of monthly sanitary protection, most of these problems vanish into thin air. That's because TAMPAX is worn *internally* and absorbs *internally* . . . keeps your "secret" in the scantiest swim suit and play shorts, snuggest slacks and sheerest frocks. Just think of it . . . no more hot, uncomfortable external pads, pins, belts or "obvious" bulges . . . no more chafing or odor. You're free as a breeze to do what you please . . . even bathe and shower with utmost daintiness. What's more, TAMPAX is the invention of a doctor . . . made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed into handy applicators. Insertion is easy, changing quick and disposal no trouble at all. Comes in 3 absorbency sizes, too . . . at drug stores and notion counters.



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(Continued from Page 86)

"At least we now know what cerebral palsy is," I said.

"Yes," he said in mimicking recital, "it is an injury to the brain, affecting muscles. Brain cells, once dead, do not regenerate. They may regenerate in appearance, but never in function." Jimmy chanted in a fair imitation of Doctor No. 12. "And how can we be sure he knows what he's talking about?"

"Well, I hear that this doctor in S—— is tops and I was told if we had gone to him first we'd have saved ourselves all our searching. They say he knows all there is to know about it."

"We can't quit now, can we, sweetheart? As long as there is a chance left we must grab it."

"That's the way I feel."

We stopped and stood listening to the water.

"Let's go home and write for an appointment," he said, and added cautiously, "Maybe this will be the turning point."

Two weeks later we received a letter making our appointment. My spirits had been rising steadily and Jimmy was more optimistic than he had been for many months.

S—— was an overnight trip. We arrived tired, hopeful, yet fearful. This doctor's office was pretty much like a lot of others, except he didn't keep us waiting. He was short and round, dignified but not pompous. He took us immediately into the examining room, and without waiting to be told we promptly began to undress Karen. She started to cry and continued crying all through the examination.

While the doctor was using lights, hammer, and so on, Jimmy briefed him on our travels. "We understand, doctor, that you have the answer," he concluded.

The doctor didn't answer, but went on with his examination. When he was finished, he called his nurse, asked her to dress the baby and said to us, "Come back to my office with me."

I was afraid of the hope that was mounting in my heart. We sat down and he perched on the edge of his desk.

"Mr. Killilea," he began, "you said you had been told that I had the answer to your problem."

"We heard it from a number of people," I broke in.

He turned and looked directly at me. "In China, they have the answer." The doctor removed his glasses and put them carefully on the desk beside him. "In China," he went on, "they take such children up on top of a mountain and leave them."

At two o'clock in the morning, exactly one week after our return from S——, I was awakened by a sharp cry. Jimmy was lying rigidly on his back. His face was gray and covered with sweat. It was apparent that something was very wrong. I grabbed the phone and called the doctor.

He arrived in less than ten minutes, and ten minutes after that Jimmy was bundled into an ambulance. He had a ruptured appendix. He was operated on immediately.

I DOUBT if I have ever prayed with such fervor as I did that night. I remember explaining to God that if I had a choice, I'd rather have Jimmy than both the youngsters. They were a most precious part of my life, but Jimmy *was* my life. "Please, please take care of him, not only for me but for the children. Dear Lord, if anything happens to Jimmy, what will become of Karen?"

A week after Jimmy's operation, I was sitting beside his hospital bed reading the evening paper. I had finished the first section and had just finished the sports page in the second.

"Anything else?" he asked rather petulantly. (Jimmy is without doubt the best husband in the world, and without doubt the worst patient. It takes me weeks to recuperate from any of his illnesses.) I turned the pages, but halted suddenly at a brief paragraph. I read silently, "Doctor B, cerebral-palsy specialist, will be at the clinic in the Medical Center Friday, from one to five."

Today was Thursday. I looked at my watch—it was five minutes to nine. Providence intervened in the person of a Gray Lady who put her head in the door and said, "Visiting hours are over."

My good-night kiss was rather brief and I left Jimmy looking sulky and injured. I hurried out to the switchboard and asked the girl to call a friend of mine who was a resident. He came down shortly and I said:

"Bill, will you get the Medical Directory out of the library and help me look up the background on someone?"

"Now?" His puzzlement increased.

"Yes, please. Right away."

"O.K." He returned with the book and we took it into the waiting room. Doctor B had a wonderful background. Bill was impressed and this impressed me.

"Thanks a million, Bill. Don't mention this to Jimmy," I said quickly and left him staring at the page.

"Doctor, I believe you're our last hope. I feel that if you say our case is hopeless, we must accept the verdict. But I also feel that if you saw Karen you would not say so."

"But ——"

I interrupted him and went on: "If you'll tell me what time your train gets into Penn Station, I'll get a redcap to take Karen into the baggage room. If you'll just look at her for five minutes, that's all I ask."

"But ——"

Again I interrupted, "Oh, doctor, please, please. Just to tell me—shall we keep on looking, or is it hopeless? Is it as they say?"

There was a long pause. "Very well, Mrs. Killilea. Bring her to the clinic tomorrow and we'll see if we can't fit her in."

"Oh, thank you doctor, thank you ——"

"No need for thanks. I'll see you tomorrow then. Good night."

"Good night and God bless you."

I didn't want anyone to know about this trip, since, with the exception of our mothers', there was a pretty general opinion that we had carried this "searching" business a bit too far. "You must learn to accept and stop fighting this thing," was the usual advice.

My thoughts were in a tumult. I had never taken such a trip without Jimmy. The physical aspects of the journey were not frightening, but rather the ordeal of facing a verdict without his moral support

Several days before, it had snowed, then melted and then frozen. Today it was sleeting and the radio had been suggesting that no one should travel unless it was absolutely necessary. Every time I heard the sober announcement, I thought there was no trip more necessary than mine. I prayed a lot during that ride. The nearer I came to the hospital, the more apprehensive I became.

This clinic, like so many we had waited in, was crowded with children of all ages. Some stiff like Karen, some with exaggerated constant movements, some with facial grimaces, some who drooled, others staggering around with unbalanced gait, and many in wheel chairs. They all had some type of cerebral palsy.

Finally our turn came. I was asked to take Karen into one of many little curtain alcoves in which there were an examining table and one small white-enameled stand. Immediately a man entered. He was tall and slender and I thought he looked tired. As he came over I extended my hand. "I am Mrs. Killilea and this is Karen." I watched him closely to detect any slight change of expression. There was none that I could see. "I can't thank you enough for seeing her."

"I'm happy to meet you," he said as he supported Karen on the edge of the table. He glanced over at me and smi started unlacing her shoe. I stepped and went into Karen's stripping "Tell me all about her," he invited

I'd given so many "histories" th grown adept at knowing just what sidered important and I recited concl started examining Karen as I was and when I finished asked a number tions. Most of them were questio not been asked before. I was so nerv not very articulate, but he gave th sion of finding my answers satisfac

He took a long, long time with hi nation. When he was through, he h dress her.

"Well, doctor, what's your ver heard myself stress the "your." K smiling and he was smiling back at

"Mrs. Killilea," he began quietly fidently, "Karen is a fine healthy c needs help and a great deal of it. M is—that she can be taught to sit up her hands. And Karen is going to addition, there is no question tha mentally very alert. Normal I.Q. or

In all the years of defeated drea vain searching I had not cried—but now, and the tears were warm an because they were tears of happines

As soon as Jimmy was well enou three of us set out for the South. N moon ever paralleled this trip in th confidence of a bright future. We we to find out how to teach Karen to sit her hands, walk. This journey was contrast to others we had made. W have looked "different" somehow, instead of the usual quick glance or averted head or the bemused stare passers-by nodded, grinned or s friendly and happy "Hello." We w tranced by people's responsiveness a cussed it during the three-hour ride

The next day we arrived at Doc office fifteen minutes early. Ours w first appointment.

The doctor took Karen from me a her on the table. "How's my kitten?

She smiled sweetly and said, "'Lo

He re-examined her, talking to while, telling us what he was doing an

"First of all," he said, "it's a mi idea that all cerebral palsy is from b can happen to any one at any time. any injury to the brain which affe control of the muscles or joints. It can result of a congenital malformation, childhood illness measles, whooping encephalitis, anoxia, a blow on the prolonged high fever or a stroke."

"I thought if you weren't born w you'd never have it," I said in amaz

"That's a mistake most people m don't know how many veterans have

"Why do some children have exce tion, and Karen not enough?"

"There are five types with different festations: spastic, athetoid, ataxia, r and tremor." He explained the variou and went on to say that for years the tion, regardless of type, had been erron referred to as Little's Disease or s paralysis. "This is bad," he declared cause the treatment for each type is ent. To have proper treatment, you have proper diagnosis.

"Here's a simile I've used before." Do went on. "The normal child is born wi physical equivalent of a high-school e tion. Our cerebral-palsied children are without it. Just as we have to educa normal child academically, so we ha educate the cerebral-palsy child physi If we were to place a normal child desert island, at the proper time he crawl and then walk. He would deve language from what he heard—the lan of the birds and animals. He would how to reach and grasp and place, and feed himself, because he was born wit physical education necessary to do things. The cerebral-palsy child is no must be taught and he can be taught.

"The earlier treatment is started, th ter, for a number of reasons. First, we s

(Continued on Page 90)

A PRAYER FOR UNFORGIVENESS

If anyone should say, "Are we mistaken, then, in thinking that love is the law of life? That God is love?" the answer is that we are not mistaken; we are only confused. Love is not a sentiment, a mere indulgence, a tender softness towards all things, good or evil. Genuine love, creative love, is the most demanding thing in the world. It will not relax its standards—will not because it cannot. If it did so, it would degrade itself and thereby become something less than love.

What would the love of God be if our prejudices, our selfishness, our indolence, our callousness were all condoned? In a world where some feast while others starve, where race dominates race, where human brotherhood is daily proclaimed and hourly betrayed, what would the law of love be if it did not demand an end to evil, of gross injustice, of arrogance, of selfishness? How can God love the needy and oppressed and indulge the greedy and oppressive? No, the love of God is not the indulgence of a mother to a corrupt and wayward child. The love of God is the most exacting thing in the universe. It can excuse nothing that falls below its standard; it can indulge nothing that sinks below its claim. Let us have done with hypocrisy. God's love is not and never will be the mere reflection of our self-indulgence, the littleness of human hearts writ large. God's love is the most unyielding thing in the world; if it were otherwise, it would not be God's love. There is no forgiveness anywhere for what conscience cries out against. There cannot be. God cannot forgive until we have erased the cause of guilt—until, in the light of honest day, we can forgive ourselves.

—A. POWELL DAVIES, D.D.:
The Faith of an Unrepentant Liberal

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(Continued from Page 88)

be teaching the child at an early age when she has the motivation for speech and movement which Nature provides at the time when the child should normally be learning these things. If treatment is started early the minimal C.P. or the child with slight involvement can be corrected in time so that the layman would never know that there was anything amiss.

"The purpose of treatment is not only corrective but serves to prevent deformities. If we start early stretching a tight hamstring—the muscle up the back of the leg—it will not resist bone growth. If we do not, as the bone grows the muscle gets tighter and tighter and we end up with a permanently bent knee."

"How can we teach Karen?" I asked.

"Karen needs physiotherapy to learn to walk; occupational therapy to learn self-help, like feeding and washing and dressing herself and writing. She should have a minimum of each of the treatments at least three times a week. The therapy trains some other part of the brain to do the work of the damaged area—that is, sending out messages."

I quickly computed the fantastic sums we had spent in the past four years and rather hesitantly I said, "But doctor, isn't that frightfully expensive?"

"Yes, it is. It costs a minimum of five dollars a treatment."

From Jimmy a long-drawn-out "Oh-h-h-h."

"Well, you don't have to worry about the cost," the doctor said, "because so far as I know there are no therapists where you live."

"Tell us where there are schools or institutions of the right kind where we can send Karen to learn," I said.

He answered, "There are a few throughout the country, but the minimum cost is two hundred and fifty dollars a month and the average waiting list is many years long."

"How are these children going to learn so they can lead useful happy lives?"

He said, "I wish I knew. Today, only one out of one hundred is receiving necessary treatment and education. And every fifty-three minutes another C.P. is born, to say nothing of the tens of thousands who acquire the condition later in life."

He leaned over and picked up a fresh cigarette and lit it. Here at long last we had found a solution—and at the moment of finding it, it was snatched away. Jimmy slapped both his hands sharply on the desk and jumped to his feet.

His voice was raw. "We haven't spent all this time finding the answer to forfeit it. There must be something, some way ——" Suddenly he glanced at me and then faced the doctor. "Doctor, why can't *we* learn, why can't we learn to do therapy ourselves?" he asked.

Doctor B came over to sit on the edge of the desk. "You can," he answered.

JIMMY'S face was alight with hope. "I'll take a leave of absence. We'll come here to live for as long as necessary."

I broke in. "Will you help us, doctor? Will you teach us?"

"I will be happy to." He snuffed out his cigarette. "It is far from the ideal arrangement, but it can be done and I'm sure you two can do it. Come back and stay and we will show you how to do therapy and the equipment you will need."

The first week end after our return, we held a family conclave. We analyzed the situation in relation to each of us. It was not something that affected just Karen. Each of us had emotional attitudes that needed adjusting, but there were some general rules that applied to all.

1. Karen was a child with a physical handicap, but we must not allow this to make us lose sight of the fact that she was a child, first, with all the needs and desires of all children.

2. Many folk with agile limbs are handicapped in the true sense, by a phony set of values, faulty character, and so on.

3. Karen should have compassion—but pity, never.

4. There must never be overprotection. Any fears we have must be conquered or concealed. Fear would undermine and destroy.

5. Our efforts were toward this goal: that Karen would one day be a self-respecting, self-supporting member of society.

To this end we would in the future refer to Karen, not as being *afflicted* with cerebral palsy but as being *affected* by cerebral palsy.

CHRISTMAS, 1943, had indeed brought "glad tidings of great joy." Mother had given the children a canary and Karen whistled with its song. We also bought her a turtle, for here was something alive that couldn't move quickly beyond her reach. Just as we were growing accustomed to these two additions to the family, the Balfes presented her with one of their beautiful Angora kittens. Family and friends appreciated the necessity of bringing action and companionship to her, since she could not yet pursue them.

The kitten grew up and left to seek the company of other cats. Our cocker grew old and retired to sleep away her remaining days under the kitchen stove. Replacements were needed, so Jimmy and I bought a beautiful chinchilla rabbit that was *enceinte* at the time of her purchase.

Marie named her "Babbit," which name was, she explained, a combination of Bunny and Rabbit. Babbit may have appreciated Karen's need, for her contribution was the most generous yet, and she added twelve little "babbits" to the household. To a considerable extent, the pets were Karen's "socialization," and to fill their role had to be in the house during the day. This necessitated "housebreaking." It required considerable courage to undertake this chore. I had never before attempted such a task with a rabbit, but surprisingly it was accomplished in a few weeks.

There is no time like the pleasant. —OLIVER HERFORD

We'd lay Karen on a pad in her play pen, and put six or eight of the bunny family in with her, placing a low board on the outside so that they couldn't escape. Marie would wheel the remaining four or six in her doll carriage and everyone was happy. So many things that were done because of Karen's needs were so very good for Marie.

Over the years we found compassion and understanding the rule rather than the exception.

For example: Karen needed a special chair, with a slanting back, so she would not slide out. Jimmy asked a neighbor of ours, who is a builder, to make it for her. He showed him a picture and Jim Dempsey came over and took Karen's measurements. The chair in the picture was strictly utilitarian, but the chair Jim delivered, less than a week later, was a thing of beauty.

The first of the month came and we received no bill, so one evening Jimmy stopped over. Some of our bills had to wait, but Jim had four little ones and we felt he should have priority. When Jimmy returned he said:

"Honey, I want to tell you exactly what Jim said when I asked about his bill. It makes up for that so-and-so in Georgia." Almost reverently he repeated Jim's words: "God has given me four healthy, normal youngsters and two good, strong hands. Don't you think the least I can do is to use my hands for Karen?"

For the most part we found children were careful and kind. When spring came, and it was safe, we took Karen from the play pen and placed her on the ground.

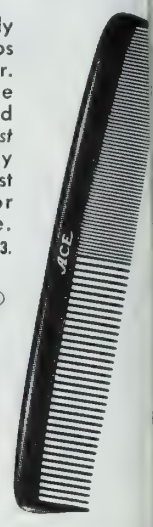
"Good, mom," she said and I knew she was relishing the earth and its fragrance.

One afternoon I was ironing in the kitchen and watching her and some of the neighborhood children playing in the yard. Our menagerie attracted children, and to add to the attractiveness, Jimmy hung from a tree a



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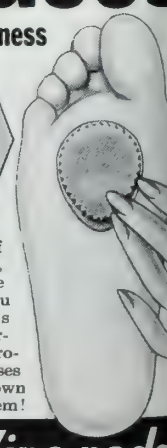
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e which made a beautiful swing off the side the hill. He had encouraged sleigh riding the slope during the winter, and as he deloped each new lure to entice youngsters to r domain he'd say, "If she can't go after em, we'll bring them to her."

This afternoon I saw a strange child, a lad about six. I had heard that a new family d moved in and concluded he was their ild.

Karen had laboriously worked her way er some three inches of ground to pick up a othespin I had deliberately placed beyond r reach. As I watched, one of the children st as deliberately snatched the clothespin om Karen and moved it way beyond her ach. She cried in chagrin and disappointent and then started after it all over again, oriously inching her way across the ound. The new boy had been standing, tching. He turned, and came up to the chen window and knocked.

I leaned out and said, "Hello, my name is arie. What's yours?"

"Dale." He was curt. "What's the matter th her?" and he pointed to Karen.

"Well, Dale," I answered, "God didn't ake her arms and legs as strong as yours d mine. We have to teach her to walk and e her hands. She's learning, but it's very rd work and she needs a lot of help."

As I spoke Dale's eyes grew wider. Scratch the calf of his left leg with his right foot, pondered my remark, looking hard at ren and the unattainable clothespin.

"Did ja see what they done?" he said.

"Yes," I answered, "but it doesn't happen en, and if I butt in it wouldn't be good for ren."

He jerked back to me and spoke savagely: 'll kill the next brat that teases her," and mg away. At the offender he yelled, "Yah ghta be ashamed, you stinker. I'll bust you e if ya do that again."

His language wasn't choice, but it was effective. I closed the window and went back my ironing.

Karen acquired a champion that day, actable to the youngsters because he was e of them. For the years that Dale lived our neighborhood she was never teased en he was around.

In the winter when the children were gh riding, and "slewing" was the popular d dangerous) variation, Dale stood guard. soon as Marie or I took Karen out for her ghing, Dale would bellow in his sweet gh voice, "Karen's out. No more slewin' she goes in." And there was none who ed to disobey his command; he was tough. le moved away four years ago and I ed when he left.

NE fine, bright noon I was preparing ch, meditating happily on the fact that daughter had gone as far as Twomeys' veway. Helen had called me and kept me vised of her progress. The last call had alded the fact that Karen was approach her first good-sized mud puddle. I was ling potatoes when there was a loud quick ock on the back door. There on my doorp was a man in the familiar uniform of a r-to-door baking service.

"Mrs. Twomey says that's your child down re in the mud puddle." He was shouting. he also says that you don't want her ked up—that you don't want her brought me." I opened my mouth, but before I ld speak he advanced a step, brandishing Home-Cooked Crumbcake under my nose. have four children of my own. I cover a of neighborhoods, but let me tell you I ve never seen anything like this. You n't deserve to have a child."

t was a shattering transition from a mood happy pride to an explanation of apparent elty. I seized the astounded man by the eve and propelled him into the kitchen. "You see, my child has cerebral palsy." looked blank and then suspicious. "You'll derstand in a minute," I raced on. "It ans ——" I launched into my first job public education. "And you can help," I cluded. "After all, you come by here ry day and you will see her often. Just ak and act as naturally as you would h any child."

His apologies were so abject as to be embarrassing. He backed out the door, leaving on the table the Home-Cooked Crumbcake.

The next day it rained and the day following the puddle in Twomeys' driveway was bigger than before. I dressed Karen in a waterproof suit and put her out in the back yard. She started immediately for the driveway and its puddle like a homesick turtle for its pond.

SOME two hours later I received a call from Helen. She was laughing so, I could hardly understand what she was saying. It developed that the baker and the milkman had hit her house at the same time. The milkman spotted Karen paddling delightedly in the water, and reacted with proper consternation and disgust. Whereupon he was treated to an eloquent lecture on cerebral palsy by our educated baker. Such is the power of public education.

When the bushes and trees were seeking to outdo one another in the extravagance of their Easter outfits, Jimmy took a leave of absence and we returned south for our initiation into the mysteries of therapy.

With scheduled daily trips to Doctor B's office, we stayed at a hotel nearby. There was to be a session each morning with his therapist, Miss Wenkin. It was her job to teach us how to do therapy.

Miss Wenkin was a pretty, motherly woman in her forties. She had worked with Doctor B for a long time. She greeted us cordially and took us to the therapy room. It was a large room and well stocked with equipment. There were a high, padded table, a full-length mirror, long parallel bars about two feet high, chairs with slanting backs, metronomes, two pieces of wood that looked something like a pair of skis, sandbags, high tables about two and a half feet square with a semicircle cut out on one side. The bars and tables were made so that their height could be adjusted. There were many other things, and eventually we came to use them all.

A little overwhelmed, we sat down and put Karen in one of the special chairs.

Miss Wenkin said that before she demonstrated therapy, she wanted to explain to us just what it was.

"Walking is a highly complicated action," she began. "At each step, literally hundreds of muscles are called on to perform in perfect synchronization. Because of damage to certain parts of the brain, many of Karen's muscles do not get the proper messages. The purpose of therapy is to train an undamaged part of the brain to substitute for the damaged area in 'message sending.' There will be exercises for neck, back and stomach muscles so that Karen can hold up her head, sit and stand. Exercises for legs—tight muscles cause Karen's legs to cross in a 'scissors gait.' No one can walk with crossed legs, so muscles must be stretched by pulling the legs apart.

"Reciprocal action of the legs is necessary for crawling, the first step toward walking. Let me amplify a little. If you cover the average child on a hot day, he will kick the covers off, kicking first with one leg and then the other, reciprocally. Not so Karen. If she kicks at all, it is by moving both legs together. So, one of our first assignments will be to teach her reciprocal motion, 'passively' at first, doing it for her and working toward the time when the brain will take over and the exercise then becomes 'active.'"

She explained things simply and well, and I thought we should have no difficulty.

"There are exercises for feet, a number of them, and for toes and so on. I'm not going to confuse you by going into all of them now. Each exercise has its own song and is done in rhythm."

She picked up Karen and put her on the table. She undressed her except for pants.

"Now I'll show you how to do the exercise for reciprocal motion."

Jimmy stood on one side of the table and I on the other. Karen just lay there and smiled and occasionally twisted to look at some new item of interest.

"The first step," said our instructress, "is to teach the child to relax, by your voice,

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 91)

·ds, by showing her a rag doll." Here she ed a doll from a shelf and held it in front Karen. Like all rag dolls, it was "relaxed" hat it flopped.

'Pretty doll," exclaimed Karen, "gimme." ss Wenkin handed it to her and Karen al- ed it to rest on her chest, folding her arms ctionately around it.

'Isn't the dolly *soft?*" asked Miss Wenkin h gentle emphasis on the word. "Soft," repeated. She gently released the doll n Karen's arms and very slowly she ved its arms and legs, allowing them to . "See how soft she is—soft arms, soft . Now watch me, honey. See, I'll make arms and legs soft," and Miss Wenkin a beautiful take-off on a rag doll.

n about half an hour Karen had caught ething of the idea.

Her relaxation before her therapy," Miss nkin warned us, "will have to be a con- us effort each time, and much of the time is going to have to work at it during the rcises as well." She returned the doll to shelf. "Now I'll show you one of the first rcises. This is for reciprocal motion, which alked about before." She took hold of ren's feet and slowly moved one so that knee bent and the heel slid up to within inch of the buttocks. As she started to g this one down to its original position, started the other one up. "This position he foot is all-important during this ex- se; so is the distance between the legs and rotation of the knees."

he went through the exercise a number of es, explaining just what was happening at n stage of the movement. "You'll want to n something about muscles so that you better understand," she advised. "Now, . Killilea, you move into my place and it a try."

had all sounded easy. It had looked . It wasn't. There are 110 ways to grasp ot; 109 of them are wrong.

he first session lasted about two hours. were given some books and dismissed. were tired but happy.

ack in our hotel room at night, after en had gone to sleep, we put a newspaper the bed lamp and studied. We devoured e had been given. It was drink to thirsty ble. We had hunted and hunted for ma- l on the subject of C.P. and up to now found none.

ne morning, after weeks of schooling, tor B came up to the therapy room. en was in the middle of a foot exercise I was chortling, "Little birdies in their s go peep, peep, peep" as I manipulated toes.

e walked over to the table and picked her "How's my kitten this morning?"

ne hugged him tightly and laughed up at . "Fine."

held my breath, for I knew from previous erience what her next move would be. ry time he picked her up she grabbed his ses, a ritual which upset us considerably bothered him not a whit.

Do you think they're pretty?" he asked, she waved them around, making light es on the ceiling and walls.

They are pretty," answered our child, the four of us grinned smugly.

I know that one of your greatest concerns been Karen's slowness in speech."

E nodded. We'd been wondering when he ld get around to what we thought the t important aspect of the whole situation. Karen's speech problem is environmental er than organic. Because she has looked acted like an infant, you have regrettably treating her like one. Just as soon as you nowledge her chronological and mental there will be rapid progress." He asked en, "How would you like to go home and Marie?"

Yes," she spoke firmly.

e turned to us. "Miss Wenkin and I had lk last night," he said, "and we feel that both are ready to take over the program. will see you several months from now, at ch time we will check Karen's progress. e of the exercise may be changed, and if you are making any mistakes we will correct them. If you come up against a snag, or have any problems whatsoever, I want you to call us." I knew he meant it and it made me feel secure. "You can plan on leaving this afternoon." He handed Karen to me. She was still holding his glasses. "I can't see to walk downstairs without my glasses," he said to her. "I might fall and hurt myself."

"Here." She obligingly handed them over.

"Thank you very much," he acknowledged formally. "You're a good girl; please come back and see me soon." He shook hands with us. "You two will do a good job," he spoke confidently, and added, "I wish all my parents could work together."

"Good-by, doctor," said Jimmy. "There aren't words with which to thank you."

It wasn't easy establishing a new household routine to provide for two one-hour periods of therapy each day, six days a week. For Marie, who was almost seven, it meant hours of our time devoted exclusively to Karen. We jumped this hurdle by teaching her the songs (which she loved) and by relying on her help in a number of exercises. She developed a touching sense of responsibility, and as time went on she acquired a concept of "service" which most of us do not have until we are several decades past six.

This was not the only blessing, for if a Master Mind had contrived a scheme for the perfection of love and unity between husband and wife, this must be it. Heartache, hurt and discouragement there were aplenty, but there was a new, brighter, clearer happiness in our home.

I had never thought that my "capable" hands (the tactful way of referring to large hands) would be a source of gratitude, nor that the years spent on a tennis court and in fencing would produce anything but the problem of covering biceps, summer or winter. That both would one day be a source of facility and strength in teaching my child to walk could never have occurred to me.

When I started on the program at home, I realized that for a while at least I would need some expert assistance and supervision. I called Doctor Holla, Westchester County Commissioner of Health, and he arranged to have the county orthopedic nurse visit us once a week. To this wonderful woman we owe a debt we can never repay.

Because Karen was barred from most of the usual childhood activities, we sought for a sphere in which she could excel. All young children derive their sense of security from the home, but as they grow, this security must come from their own accomplishments.

We were grateful for our Irish ancestry, for who has known a "Mick" with a sluggish tongue? While other children ran around and played ball and Karen sat and watched, she could be taught to think and speak of them as "youngsters cavorting and hurling an object into space." Stilted today, but tomorrow an excellence—an excellence in language. The family made a pact. To fulfill our pact, I must confess we were put to considerable expense for a large dictionary. We would not use a one- or two-syllable word if a four- or five-syllable word would do. As our plan matured, it became a source of endless comic situations, enhanced by the fact that Karen has always been small, and her stature has been a consistent two years behind the size for her age.

When Marie came in tears and confessed she had had a fist fight with Florence, Karen gave her an icy stare and said, "I am appalled and shocked at your behavior." She told the mailman he was "extremely courteous" and Bob Sherburne, who delivered a pound of butter in an emergency, that he was "most obliging." She was not "hungry" but "famished," not "tired" but "fatigued." One day I chided her about being unusually quiet. She said quite matter-of-factly, "I'm dejected, mom-pom."

I doubt that there are any who set more store by that precious sixth sense—a sense of humor—than those of Gaelic descent. It can change tragedy into melodrama and is a reliable immunization against the pervasive illness of self-pity. Jimmy and I watched hopefully for the first indication that Karen had developed this sixth sense. Just before her fourth birthday an incident took place which reassured us on this score.

Our favorite people, George and Aunt Vera, were having dinner with us. I prepared stuffed veal, several vegetables, mashed potatoes, and as the crowning gesture of my affection I had baked an apple pie. Karen was wedged into a high chair with a sandbag on her feet to keep her from slipping. I was serving the pie and we were all applauding her because less than half of her dinner had been spilled on the floor, when the telephone rang.

Karen said quickly, "I'll answer it, daddy."

"Don't run or you might break a leg," Jimmy cautioned, humorously sarcastic.

Karen watched him covertly as he reached for the phone. "And then I couldn't walk," she retorted and burst out laughing.

JIMMY'S hand stopped in mid-air. The phone kept ringing, but no one noticed. We sat for a moment just staring and then we too started to laugh. We laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks, but the tears did not entirely spring from amusement.

Our house is only five minutes from the beach. Marie had learned to swim before she could walk and went fishing before she could talk. We realized that it would be some time before Karen could swim, but that summer we took her to the beach as usual. She loved to lie on the water's edge and thoroughly enjoyed the gentle breaking of the tiny waves on her body. We decided that she would be able to go out in a boat to fish long before she could swim, so she should at least know how to hold her breath when submerged.

We bought a bag of brightly colored marbles. These we placed in shallow water and she thought it great sport to pick them up and put them in her pail. By degrees we moved them into deeper water so that to see them and pick them up she had to put her face closer and closer to the surface of the water. Occasionally a wave would slap her and Jimmy taught her how to hold her breath as soon as the water touched her face so it wouldn't go up her nose or make her cough. It was the end of August when he decided she was ready for the final step. He carried her in, laid her on her stomach and placed her favorite bright blue marble deep enough so that in order to seize it, she had to put her face in the water. Marie and I watched narrowly.

The first four tries she recoiled as she felt the wetness from brow to chin. "You pick it up, daddy," she told Jimmy.

"If you want it, darling, pick it up yourself. You're big enough now to do things without help. Let's practice holding our breath together and then go after it."

At this point I became aware that a number of people were watching. Their expressions were uniformly disapproving. Ordinarily, I would have explained, but I was too engrossed in the outcome to care.

"One, two, three," said Jimmy, happily unaware of his audience, and together they held their breath. They did this a number of times and then Jimmy said, "O.K., sweetheart, we'll lose that marble if we leave it, so pick it up and we'll take it home."

"O.K., daddy," Karen answered, and without hesitation she put her head under and went after it. Triumphantly she brought it up and handed it to Jimmy. "Here's the marble, daddy, and I didn't inhale a drop."

"Good girl," said Jimmy. "Now you're ready to learn to dive. We'll have our first lesson tomorrow."

The astounded onlookers dispersed, clucking their way back to their umbrellas.

By the time the summer was over, Karen was completely at home in the water and had no fear whatsoever. This was perhaps the most important step in many things besides swimming. Karen is one of the spastic group of cerebral palsy, and her body at this time was very stiff. Fear only made her stiffer. But whether we are teaching our child to swim or walk or use her hands deftly, fear is the monster that can completely destroy: fear of falling, fear of breaking an object, fear of



"How are you, Mary Lou?"
"How are you, Mary Lou?"
"I'd like very much—"
"I'd like very much—"
"To have you come—"
"To have you come—"
"To my birthday party Saturday."
"To my birthday party Saturday."



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ridicule. We learned that with Karen we could never speak without careful thought.

Our house is built on the side of a hill. When you come in the front you are on ground level and when you go downstairs to the back you are on ground level also. It satisfies our aesthetic sense but, because of Karen, is physically exhausting because of the location of the rooms. First floor: living room, library, bedrooms and bath; and then stairs to the floor on a lower level where we have a dining room, kitchen, bedroom and lavatory. This necessitates many extra trips up and down stairs.

Like any youngster, Karen wished to be with me while I was engaged in household tasks, so I carried her up and down. As she grew heavier it became necessary to cut down on the times I carried her up and down stairs in a day.

"Bring me up with you, mummy," she'd ask as I started off to straighten a bedroom. . I couldn't answer without thought, because I mustn't plant in her mind the idea that she was heavy for me to carry and therefore a burden. I had no wish to become an automatic negative, so many of the requests had to be answered carefully.

"I'm going to air the room and I don't want you to get chilled." . . . "Watch the potatoes and tell me when they start to boil." . . . "You can help by drying these dishes." We had bought a plastic set so she'd have no fear of breaking them and could assume a chore like Marie.

Most of her requests had to be handled with this thoughtful attention. We learned early to avoid the negative approach. One does not say, "Don't be afraid, you won't fall"; or "Don't be afraid, the doctor won't hurt you." This only makes the child feel there is something to be afraid of or you would not offer reassurance.

In raising Karen there were many things to guard against: Karen had to have a great deal of our undivided attention. She had little opportunity to "do" for others and for the same reasons she was constantly being "done for." She was very much limited in both experience and occupation. There was scant opportunity for her to have any responsibility as a member of the family unit.

We did not think of Karen's physical disabilities as a true handicap; but if she were to become a spoiled, self-centered, self-pitying, selfish, dictatorial individual, she would assuredly be handicapped. We knew that an adjusted person, though he travel in a wheel chair or on crutches, can fit well into his niche in society. We also knew that a physically agile person who is not adjusted will find that society has no niche for him.

On Washington's Birthday, when Karen was four and a half, we received a solution to some of these problems. We had a son: James O'Rorke Killilea. Our great happiness at his birth was immeasurably enhanced by what it would mean to both the girls, but especially to Karen.

RORY was born at 7:00 A.M., and at 7:22 Jimmy bounded into my room making the ritualistic presentation of gladioli. He grabbed the phone and called home. Karen answered and he said, "Hey, sweetheart, the baby's here, it's a boy, mommy's calling him Rory. Just like you were Marie's baby, he's going to be yours. You're going to have to help mommy an awful lot."

"Let me speak to her."

"Hello, darling, isn't it wonderful—can you believe it?"

"Oh, I love you. Can I feed him?"

"Of course, he's yours."

"And hold him all by myself?"

"Certainly," I said, laughing happily.

"When will he be home?"

"Only a week, darling, and we'll both be home. I can hardly wait to see you. Let me speak to Marie."

There is no question that the parents of C.P. children live with fear, but we condition ourselves to a sense of proportion. We were no exception during the months that we had waited for Rory, nor were we any exception after his birth. "Would he be all right?"

When Rory was three months old, we had a scheduled trip south. The trip had a dual purpose: to check Karen; and more important, to have Doctor B examine Rory.

He evinced no surprise over our request. Karen presented her brother with gushing pride. There was no denying he was a gorgeous baby. The doctor undressed Rory, and as I watched his sure, swift and infinitely gentle hands, I thought of the thousands who had been blessed by their touch. Karen was sitting well back in an easy chair watching with absorbed interest.

When Doctor B had completed his examination, he lifted Rory and placed him in Karen's lap.

SHE looked Doctor B right in the eye and asked, "Does Rory have C.P.?" I almost fainted. Never once had we expressed any doubt in her presence.

"No. He doesn't," Doctor B answered.

"I'm glad," she said, squeezing the baby.

An hour and a half later, when Karen had been checked, the nurse took the two children outside and we sat down with the doctor.

"What do you really think, doctor?" Jimmy asked.

"Just what I told Karen," he said. "I can tell you with certainty he is not spastic. I am pretty sure he is not any of the other types, although all infants have involuntary movements at this age. I feel safe in saying that Rory is perfectly normal."

When we returned home with an "all clear" for Rory, a number of parents who had limited their families because they were afraid that a second child might have C.P. took heart, and several years later we privately considered ourselves foster parents to several lusty infants.

How many times has it been repeated, "All children have a right to an education." . . . "All children must go to school—there is a law." All children—except C.P.'s.

The damage is twofold. First, the lack of an education; and secondly, the child who does not go to school is set apart—he is different from the other children. Jimmy and I decided that we would do everything within our power to keep Karen from being labeled "Different."

Marie attended the parochial school in Rye, run by the Sisters of Charity. In late August of 1945 I went to see the principal to talk about Karen, who was five. In spite of the numerous difficulties involved, we decided to start her in kindergarten. We had a lengthy discussion with the kindergarten teacher, Sister Rosalie, who was young, very pretty, had lots of personality and patience. Her approach pleased me—"Karen is a child first, and then cerebral palsied."

The day before Karen was to start I went to the school. My errand was in the kindergarten, to speak to the children, only two of whom knew Karen. The quiet orderliness of the building was pleasant. Slowly I walked down the corridor and knocked at Sister Rosalie's door. She beckoned me in and introduced me to her brood. They had risen as I entered, and acknowledging the introduction chirped in unison, "Good morning Mrs. Ka—a—l ——" Well, they tried and gave it a nice vowel swing.

It was a large sunny room and there were thirty youngsters sitting in groups at little tables, or standing at blackboards, or riding a hobby horse or dabbling in a sandbox. A little redheaded lad with a pug nose and rather prominent ears was playing moving man. He had a red express wagon backed up to a dollhouse and was unloading through the simple expedient of hurling the furniture through the partly opened roof of the dollhouse. A sweet little lass, dressed all in blue, was snatching at the piles in a vain attempt to create some household order. A chubby fellow stood shyly against the side of the piano, occasionally reaching tentative fingers around the corner to tap the keys. Everything about the room and its occupants was happy and appealing.

I've always enjoyed being in a crowd of children. I took a chair, about eighteen inches high, and sat facing them.

"Children, children," Sister Rosalie called, clapping her hands. I was surprised that in less than two minutes the thirty were quiet



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were facing me with expressions ranging
curiosity to hushed expectancy.
have a little girl, just your size, named
n," I began in a conversational tone.
's nice and laughs a lot and has freckles
pigtails." I turned to a tot at the nearest
. "But her pigtails are not so long as
s. Now God didn't make Karen's legs as
g as yours," I went on, "so we have to
them get strong, so she can walk. Some
ren wear braces to help their teeth and
n wears braces to help her legs. There
ome things she can't do and some games
an't play. Sister will let some of you help
nce in a while. But don't spoil her!" I
ed as I stood up.
vent over to the dollhouse, admired it
asked the little lass in blue to show me
of the furnishings. "We have a real
au with drawers that go in and out that
ust fit in the bedroom. Karen will bring
norrow. Good-by, Sister, good-by, kids,"
ved, "I'll see you tomorrow."
ter walked to the door with me. I was
oling.
How'd I do?" I turned to her anxiously.
plendidly. Just wait until tomorrow and
you'll know
well you did."
e next morn-
let Karen se-
ner own dress
ribbons. She
a gray-and-
w plaid with a
piqué collar
cuffs, and big
w taffeta rib-
for her braids.
polished her
and the leather
er braces, and
pecial surprise
ad bought her
k bag.
ewas far too ex-
to eat—and so
we, if the truth
be told. I
n't leave Rory,
was seven
hs old, so I
him along, fas-
securely in his
nded car chair.
drove up in
of the school
actly 8:40. I
ed my own
day at school:
nixed-up feelings of frightened excite-
the tenuous fear of so many children
nches. I also remembered how proud
of my new patent-leather pumps.
ren was hard to carry. She squirmed
wisted in an effort to see everything. We
through the wide doors, up the stairs
down the corridor with Marie trotting
beside us. It seemed wise for Karen to
the classroom ahead of most of the
s to avoid an "entrance."
er showed her to her table and chair,
ner a kiss and said, "Karen, I'm so glad
e in my class."
o'm I," answered Karen, looking at her
ly.
ed a new and very pretty scarf around
n's waist and the back of the chair to
her from tumbling.

children were drifting in and came
nd Sister performed the introductions.
ded the bureau to the mistress of the
ouse and showed her the real drawers.
of the children had been staring at
n's braces curiously, but the bureau
ed this interest and they quickly went
o handle it, and discuss with more feel-
an tact who would place it in the room.
urned back to Karen, who had appar-
forgotten me and was talking to a little
erched on the table beside her. "Mind
manners," I admonished lightly and
d out without a backward glance.
e of my strongest emotions that morn-
I drove home with Rory beside me was
o thankfulness that I still had one in a
chair.

When I got home the phone was ringing, and when I finished with the call I gave the house a "lick and a promise," all the while wondering how things were going in the last room on the right.

At 10:45 I could stand it no longer. I gathered up my son, parked him with an old school chum and tore down to school. I took up a stand outside the door of the classroom where I could see and be unseen. I couldn't hear anything, but the children's gestures were eloquent.

KAREN'S chair was beside the sandbox and she was leaning forward to dabble with several others. As I watched I saw her raise her skirt a little and speak more seriously. She pointed to her knee and kept on talking.

I watched until it was time for dismissal and then retreated down the corridor. I was on tenterhooks waiting for a report from Sister Rosalie.

She came out to me. "Everything went beautifully." We smiled at each other. "The children accepted her completely and she had a wonderful time."

"Was she well behaved?" I asked.

"She is a very intelligent and well-behaved child," she told me.

I asked her if she knew what had gone on around the sandbox and she said, "Lucy asked Karen if her braces were broken on her knees."

"A nice healthy interest," I commented. "What was Karen saying?"

"Karen explained that her braces had joints where her legs had joints and then added very matter-of-factly, 'I have cerebral palsy, you know, I'm a spastic. Are you hungry? I am.'"

Thus ended Karen's first day in school.

Doctor B was pleased that Karen had started in kindergarten and he was also pleased with the work we had done with her. He told us to continue the table therapy and ordered parallel bars for her. This was a delightful command, since it was the first active walking approach.

Karen's limitations must be acknowledged, at least on a temporary basis, and handled accordingly. The simplest routine acts, which we take for granted, presented individual problems.

Karen's spasticity gave her an over-all rigidity. Sitting was at first impossible. Even when it became possible it was difficult because of the lack of balance coupled with the struggle to bend at the waist and to bend her knees. Even when she learned to bend at the waist she had to remember consciously to relax her knees, since a stiff-legged position would upset her backward. This difficulty alone limited play and complicated eating, bathing and dressing. For years, when we took her to the beach, we had to dig a hole for her to sit in and build a back rest so she wouldn't topple over.

Her hands, arms, feet and fingers were equally stiff, so that grasping and holding required intensive training and any assisting device that we could concoct. In addition she had to contend with overflow motion. For example: When Karen spoke, or used her hands or grew excited, parts of the body that are not normally involved in these situations received impulses so that her feet would stiffen, her toes curl under, her fingers knot, her knees straighten out rigidly in front of

Next Month

"'What is it you want?'"

"The answer dinned against my heart so rebelliously I was almost afraid he could hear it; that, like himself, I wanted to love and be loved, to cherish and be cherished. That was the vacancy that made my busiest hours empty."

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her. So that while she had to learn to use one series of muscles she had, at the same time, to learn to hold quiet another series. It made me think of a game we used to play as kids, when we tried (unsuccessfully most of the time) to pat the top of our heads with an up-and-down motion with one hand, and massage our stomachs at the same time in a rotary motion with the other hand.

More important than the physiotherapy was the occupational therapy, which meant simply training her to the simple acts of self-help. Simple for normal people, that is. This was a job for the whole family, for each one of us had to learn to watch her struggle and it took a lot of self-discipline on our part to develop the patience necessary to let her do things for herself in spite of the effort it required, and the time. This was harder for Jimmy and Marie than it was for me. It was also hard for Rory, who at an incredibly early age found pleasure in doing anything and everything for Karen.

When the time came for her to feed herself, Jimmy bought a suction mat and put it under her dish and cup. Even so, I should like to have a nickel for every cup of milk I wiped up and every meal I swept from the floor only to prepare another. We bought a tin spoon and bent the handle in a big loop so she could control and hold it more easily. We could feed her in twenty minutes with no mess or trouble. For a long time her own efforts required an hour to an hour and a half per meal. It wasn't long before all the household pets accompanied Karen to table, knowing full well that they would dine royally on what she spilled. Nothing made me so mad as to see those four-legged opportunists relishing lamb chop that had jumped off her spoon, or a poached egg, bathed in butter, that somehow skidded off the plate and onto the floor. Her movements were so jerky and uncontrolled that it was several years before we allowed her to use a fork.

We practiced long, dreary hours on an outsize saddle shoe, fastened to a board. It had very heavy laces of a bright color and holes as big as a dime. We punched holes in hundreds of Christmas cards—they were pretty and interesting—and had her string them together to festoon her room. It wasn't a large room and visitors frequently looked a little dazed when they observed the overflow draping the living-room cornices or the shower stall in July. Thus she was learning to lace her own shoes.

Her arms and trunk were so stiff that dressing her had always been a problem and we had to hunt for dresses that opened all the way down below the waist, for belts that could be sewn in at the seams on the side. Loose, they rode up to her chin. To get her arms in without tearing lining or seams, coats and jackets had to be bought a size larger than was required for a good fit.

WHEN I felt it was time for her to start learning to dress herself, we started with a shirt. But before I could teach her I had to find out how I put on a shirt. When did I crook my elbow? How did I hold it to start with? What motions did I use to spread the bottom and hold it open? What precise movements did I make when inserting my head into the opening? How did I hold it down at the bottom while pushing my arms up?

Try it sometime. You will be delighted to find how clever and supple you are.

It took hours of analysis, hours of instruction, hours of supervised practice and, hardest of all, hours of watching and *not* helping, while she struggled by herself. As in most C.P. efforts, it went on day after day, week after week, month after month and, yes, year after year. When I could do it for her in less than five minutes there were days when I thought I should go mad if I forced myself to sit by and limit my help to verbal directions. There was always the temptation to rationalize on the basis that there were diapers, dishes, beds, cleaning, ironing, correspondence, telephoning, *ad repellum*, and I needed every minute.

Karen's first efforts at brushing her own teeth required frequent sterilizations of the brush and several brushes, because the brush was difficult for her to hold and she dropped it several times during the operation. Jimmy solved this by heating the plastic handle until he could bend it and by putting a nail in the wall behind the basin to which he attached one end of a piece of string; the other end he tied to the toothbrush. Now, when Karen dropped it, it fell only about ten inches and she could pull it back up. Even the ten-inch fall took three or four minutes to recover—but in one more activity she was independent.

Not being able to stand or sit on the floor at play, Karen had been kneeling. This was stopped completely since we were told it would cause deformity. Because of the tremendous pull of the adductors, the muscles that pull the legs together, a kneeling position such as she had assumed would further pull the femur out of the hip socket. Because of her poor balance, a proper kneeling position was impossible. As a result, her already limited play activity was curtailed to a heartbreaking degree. She had to sit at a specially constructed table, in a specially constructed chair ($85.00—C.O.D.) or stand at a standing table. There were few play activities that she could experience while gripping parallel bars.

Her total play area, therefore, was three by three feet, and this at the age when she should be pushing a doll carriage around the yard, playing tag, climbing trees. Jimmy arranged a sandbox and a specially built stool with a back, and this gave her some diversion.

It was an ever-present and seemingly hopeless task to see that she had fun and play activity on her intellectual level; to fetch and carry for her, and at the same time not overindulge, not pamper, not spoil.

Many times when someone has had the opportunity to watch Karen as she proudly flaunts her "independence," he has remarked, "Where did you get your patience? I know I'd break down and help her." To this question there is only one answer: "Every parent of a cerebral-palsied child lives with the thought, 'What will she do if something happens to us? And even if we live a long time, should a child be unable to seek a life of his own, away from home, because he cannot perform simple acts of self-help? We expect all children will grow up loving their parents, but the time may come when she will not enjoy living with them. Should she be forced to, by a selfishness that kept her dependent?'"

The doctor had been right when he told us it would be difficult, discouraging and heartbreaking. But he had also been right on the compensations.

We were delighted when Karen's emotional adjustment was evidenced by a remark to her friend Patty. This little girl arrived at the house after a trip to the orthodontist. She was sporting large braces on both upper and lower teeth. Karen studied her critically and remarked, "We're twins—you have braces on your teeth and I have braces on my legs."

In the fertile soil of schooling, her personality developed beautifully as a result of the socialization and competition. She was a pretty important person when she kissed her baby brother good-by each morning with an ever-so-casual, "Karen has to go to school now, but I'll be home soon. Be a good boy." They adored each other and Rory always cried when she left. But even this could not mar the joy with which she set out each day.

Summer was late in arriving, but when it came it blew in like a blast from a furnace. Like any family living in proximity to a beach, we were conscious of an almost sacred obligation to take the children swimming every day. This year each trip was a major undertaking. The procedure was set up in steps.

Step No. 1—Preparation.

The equipment had to be assembled. To wit: 1 large blanket, 4 towels, 3 pails, 3 shovels, 2 balsam life preservers, 1 bottle sun-tan lotion, 3 hats, 3 beach robes, 1 beach umbrella, 2 boats (1 sail, 1 motor), 1 box tissues, sunglasses, 1 vacuum bottle of fruit juice, paper cups.

My mother had bought a twin stroller so that I could wheel Karen and Rory together. Once assembled, the equipment then had to be packed in and around children in said stroller.

Step No. 2—Outward Bound (in two parts).

(a) From house to park. A quarter-mile trip almost all uphill and heavy pushing all the way.

(b) From park to beach. It was twenty-five yards from the park to the beach gate. We had to negotiate three flights of stairs to the sand and then some thirty yards to the spot best suited to the varied requirements of our age spread. The scrupulous unloading and stacking was to the end that no more than three round trips would be required.

These steps accomplished, I would collapse on the blanket, wanting nothing so much as ten minutes of suspended animation in the sun. My darlings didn't understand this.

Marie liked me to race with her and Karen had to be supported much of the time. As for Rory, he had to be watched like a hawk, since he would walk into the water and keep on walking, as though he expected that when he got over his depth, the waters would part or at least recede, to provide a depth permanently suited to his stature. He was three and a half before he realized that though most things in life adjust to the convenience of a little boy, the tide does not.

After an hour and a half, it was time t home.

This involved not only gathering toge all that we had brought, but also retur sundry articles that had come into the dren's possession from their playmates. there was always one lost shoe.

By this time the sand was scorching not only Karen, but Rory, too, had to be ried. So, whereas the trip out took thre stallments, the trip back to the park four. The gear then had to be reloaded Marie went to work on Rory and I wer work on Karen, eliminating enough san that they might sit comfortably. It roughly a half hour before we were read the journey home.

Sometime during the afternoon, Jim would call and brightly inquire, "Did yo the kids to the beach today?" I never h up on him, but I lived with the firm cor tion that someday I would.

DURING this summer, I experimented giving Karen her physiotherapy on beach. It didn't work.

I found that the cold water increased spasticity, making already stiff muscles much stiffer (temporarily). I found that n than twenty minutes of sun had much same (temporary) effect.

I then tried doing her therapy immedia after her nap and so learned something in esting. Instead of being relaxed and "s immediately after sleep, our daughte more spastic and it is necessary to allow full hour to elapse from the time of wa to the start of any therapy.

We had been warned that there woul days when the grind would seem unsupp able. And there were. Days when it to physical effort to force myself to the fo the table to do therapy; when I thoug should tear my hair over the daily apparently, hopeless task of teaching K to button a button; when I thought *One trip upstairs and I shall just sit on the top and never move again.*

Such a day was August 23, 1946.

My body was tired, my mind was ti Karen had hit a plateau where she had st for three weeks. We had been to the be and it was 4:00 P.M. before I started physiotherapy. I asked the Lord to help for I knew I should never get through session any other way. An hour later, w it was finished, we sat down to our bu board. I had come to hate the sight of darn thing and would gladly have used i kindling. It was made of two pieces of terial attached to vertical edges of wood fastened in the center with three huge tons. Every day I pasted a new picture on board under the cloth to provide incent

"Today there's a picture of a beau animal," I prompted Karen. "He has s horns. Can you guess what it is?"

"Let's find it, I don't want to guess," said, and started on the buttons.

I always held back till the going got tough and she began to feel frustrated. day I sat back and watched with only a s part of my attention on the detested bo

The minutes passed and suddenly snapped back fast as Karen yelled, "I di mommy, I did it—all by myself."

I grabbed her and hugged her and sta to cry.

"I thought you'd be happy." Her ela ebbed as she saw my tears.

"I am, darling. It's because I'm so ha I'm crying."

"You're silly," she laughed, and g more excited. "Wait till we tell daddy nana. Let's call them right away." I grab her up and ran with her to the phone. called Jimmy's number, she said hopefu "Do you think he will cry too?"

"Men don't cry, but he'll surely want Miraculously, I wasn't tired any lon

A few days later, Karen had her first perience with grief. It was a sad day fo of us when our beloved spaniel died. whole family mourned.

In an ill-advised attempt to console children, Jimmy promised, "We'll get another dog."

(Continued on Page 98)

Homecoming

By Marion Lineaweaver

It's the same now
As the first year I remember
Driving up the hill
To the shingled house and the sea.
You were a baby that summer,
And I was three.

It's the same now
As when we used to arrive
And dash down to the beach,
Dabble our bare legs
Over the end of the dock,
Seven and five.

We climbed one day
Into the Tree of Heaven,
To hide in the pungent leaves,
And we swore a vow.
You were nine that summer,
And I was all of eleven,

Then, as now,
Sea-wrack smelling of iodine
Grew bronze on the shore;
Sea-heather, stiff with brine;
Starred bushes
Of wild, white roses.

Now, as before,
Our mortal hearts ache
As they cry "Will it last,
Last, even after we die?"
And gulls riding the gray wind
Make no reply.

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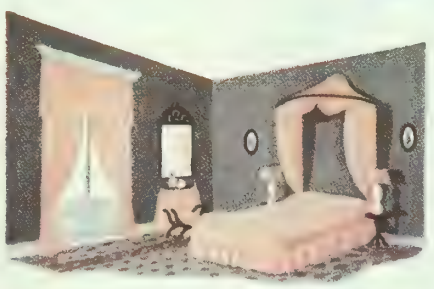
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(ADVERTISEMENT)

(Continued from Page 96)

"I don't want another dog," Marie wailed. "Never, never, never!"—crescendo. Rory didn't understand, but he joined in the spirit and wailed, "Neber, neber, neber."

Friends of ours, who raised Irish setters, heard of the tragedy and one Saturday afternoon arrived unexpectedly with a five-month-old pup, a magnificent animal. Such is the constancy of the human heart—the children loved him instantly. Karen's parallel bars were set up in the living room and as this young excited creature gamboled crazily around the room, Jimmy leaped to steady tables and lamps. I stood close to Karen so that she should not be mowed down. My solicitude was unnecessary, for when he came to her he skidded to a stop. He licked her ear, face and knee, then raced away for further investigation. He tore through the house and plunged back into the living room at intervals. Each time he returned, he stopped short at the bars, greeting Karen gently. We had a dog again, but what we did not know until later was that Karen had acquired a guardian.

SHORTLY after the hound joined our animal kingdom, we made one of our regular visits to the South. It was September and the beauty of the trip was enhanced by the first blush of fall colors. The visit proved to be a momentous occasion, for Doctor B made two startling additions to Karen's curriculum.

He expressed pleasure at her improvement and told us that she was now ready for a tricycle and skis. Both were big steps toward crutch walking.

The skis were two flat pieces of wood about five inches wide and thirty inches long (the length determined by the height of the child). About four inches from the front there was a hole into which fitted upright a pole about as high as the child's head. In the center of the ski was built a harness, which laced around the shoe and held the foot secure. For the first time, then, our daughter would move around beyond the limited confines of the seven-foot parallel bars. It was her first real freedom.

The tricycle, however, was the more important by far. Not because it taught reciprocal motion in a way that was real fun, not because it was a means of locomotion, but because, as she succinctly expressed it, "Just like the other kids, daddy."

Excited beyond measure, we had asked Doctor B how soon we could expect Karen to graduate to crutches. His answer was surprising. "I don't know," he said slowly. "I've seen upwards of fifty thousand cerebral palsied in my life and I don't believe I've ever seen two exactly alike."

We bought a regular tricycle with a broad base and large tires. Jimmy made the seat extra large and built a piece up the back so Karen could be tied to it and wouldn't topple off. She still had a long row to hoe on acquiring balance. Harnesses, similar to those on the skis, were made on the pedals, since she did not have the power or the control to keep her feet in position.

We had bought the tricycle and Jimmy had fixed it up about a week before the skis arrived (made to order—$60.00). By this time our abode resembled a cross between a zoo and a gymnasium. The nursery was a small room and could accommodate no more than the necessary furniture. The living room, being the largest room in the house, held the majority of the contraptions, including the seven-foot parallel bars. It was irritating, but also amusing, to watch guests weave a tortuous path as they dodged and twisted their way across the room.

We kept one set of bars in the house and Jimmy built another set for the yard. As Karen grew accustomed to her braces, she was able to walk with some rapidity the length of the bars. When she became more independent both on bars and skis, and while her balance was still faulty, it was inevitable that she would fall. We decided to guard against hurt and fear by teaching her *how* to fall. We resurrected an old mattress and started lessons in the art of falling.

It was a great game, with Jimmy and me shoving each other, and to make it even more fun we included Marie, Rory and any other youngster who happened in at the time. What child doesn't like to shove? By the time we felt Karen was ready for participation in this game, she was thoroughly in the spirit of the sport and thought no more of the falling than she did of the accompanying shouts. We endeavored to teach her how to roll and take the force of the fall on the shoulder and how to keep her head up.

All this speeded up Karen's walking, since she was unhampered by the fear of falling. "Just like Raggedy Ann," she'd shout after she'd plopped. She was a much happier child in her new freedom, limited as it was, and we had noticed that with the start of formal schooling there was the anticipated upsurge in physical improvement.

We had long since given up an occasional cleaning woman or laundress and I was doing these things myself. With Karen's program, considerable responsibility devolved on Marie and it was good for her.

Karen loved music and we continued to develop her sense of rhythm and tone. We had a combination radio and phonograph, and at six she requested the Nutcracker Suite and at seven La Traviata, and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.

Each night after dinner, the family would assemble in the living room for fifteen minutes of music. Karen was placed in her parallel bars and we would dance. One night, Marie and I were acting out the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers and Karen was "dancing" too, swaying her body and stiffly jerking her legs. Suddenly Marie stopped and ran from the room. I waited for her to come back, and when she didn't I went looking for her. She was lying on my bed sobbing as if her heart were broken.

"Whatever is the matter—are you hurt?" In all her nine years, I'd never heard her cry like this. I bent over her, looking for I knew not what.

She turned her tear-stained face to mine and her words pierced my heart. "It hurts so to watch her." The tears flowed afresh. "If only I could give her my legs."

Although still tiny for her age, Karen had grown during the summer and had gained eight pounds. Carrying her grew daily more difficult, what with the added weight and rigidity of braces.

It was Friday, September 6, 1946. I had just started upstairs with Karen when I stumbled and only by the greatest good luck kept from falling. Considerably shaken, I sat down on the stairs, holding her in my lap. *My, she's heavy,* I thought; *I wonder why I noticed it so suddenly.* Then I realized that for the last three weeks Jimmy had been on vacation and, counting week ends, it had been almost a month since I had lifted her.

As I sat there on the stairway, a horrible knowledge came to me. I hugged Karen close. All the successes and happiness of the past year were blotted out by recognition that the most important factor in her growth had been placed beyond our reach. My tears fell and her body shook with my sobs.

SHE was frightened. "Mommy, are you hurt? Please don't cry. Oh, mommy, what's wrong?" Her arm squeezed around me.

Finally I could speak. "I hurt my ankle." I fought with all my might for control. "It doesn't hurt as much now; it will be better in a few minutes." To myself, *Dear God, how am I going to tell her—that she cannot go back to school? It will break her heart and her daddy's too.* I dried my eyes and stood up. "Come on, kitten, it's time for your nap."

I bent and lifted her and started upstairs again. I washed her and settled her in bed. Back in our room, I sat in my rocker. Last year it was increasingly hard for Sister Rosalie and this year Sister Cyra would find it impossible. If it was so difficult for me to lift and carry, when I'd been doing it almost daily for six years, it just would not be possible for a nun with a large class, demanding not only her strength but her time and attention.

Karen woke up at the same time as Rory, and after I had dressed them I suggested that we take the big box of blocks and slats and



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uild a great big farm. A little later we layed the phonograph and made up some nny dances and all the time I was wonderng, *When will be the right time?*

I started their baths at about 5:30 and hile I was busy soaping her I said casually, "You know, Wren, you've grown a lot this summer. You're much taller and plumper han you were last year. You're really too eavy for Sister Cyra to lift or carry, so this ear you're going to stay home and help me ith Rory. You can teach him all the things ou learned. He's old enough now, and we'll ave a teacher come to the house for a while."

didn't pause, but kept talking as I coninued with her bath. "You and I will keep n working hard until you can do enough for ourself to go back to school."

Her lips quivered and the tears ran in a hick stream over her freckles. Still matter-f-fact, I rinsed her, lifted her out and sat er on my lap with a towel around her.

"I know how badly you feel and I'm erribly sorry"—I said this softly while I ried her—"but it will be fun for us to run he house together." I slipped her nightie ver her head. "It won't be easy, but try to e a good sport."

"I'll try," she said in a small voice. That as all she said.

One of the darkest hours was the day chool opened. I had laid Marie's clothes out he night before. She was excited and had to e coaxed through her breakfast. Finally she as ready—starched and prim. As the final air ribbon was tied she dashed to the door, topped short and dashed ack and kissed us all, Rory, Karen and me, the ats, rabbits and dog.

"Good-by, good-by," he sang as she raced own the hill.

I stood at the door holdng Karen and we watched Marie until she was out of ight. The other youngers trooped by, their right dresses and jackets colorful, shifting pattern n the warm sunshine.

Karen twisted to face me, her lovely gray yes filled with tears. "Do you think I will ver go back to school?"

"I think so, dear," I replied gently, and ghtly. "That's one of the things we're orking for."

"I should be going this year with Sandy nd Ruth Anne," she spoke wistfully.

There was an immediate need for distracon and application for both of us.

"Come on, Wren." I turned away and e sat at the kitchen table. I took out my ankie. "Dry your tears before you flood ne kitchen." I guided her hand till her eeks were dry. "Let's fix something special r daddy's dinner."

I put her in her special chair which is bout seven inches higher than a regular air and has a wide footrest. (A regular igh chair would have been ideal, but you on't put a six-year-old in a high chair.) I oved her close to the table and tied on her pron, which was just like mine. I put the arf around her waist, securing her to the hair.

ROM the pantry I took a bowl and a can f tomatoes, which I opened and put on the able in front of her.

"I want you to help me make a meat loaf." With considerable difficulty and using oth hands, she lifted the can and dumped ne fruit in the bowl. She didn't spill much. chopped some onions, mixed them with the uit, added some seasoning and gave her the ox of bread crumbs.

Rory was a big help. He had to have a ox too (empty). He turned it over the bowl r a while and then started kicking it round the floor. Soon tiring of this, he began inning himself on the table, all the while outing, "Karen, give Rory gig o' mug"—hich translates into "drink of milk."

With the distractions on top of motor difculty, it required a real effort for Karen to old the box, raise it, turn it over and shake, nd at the same time control the direction of the flow. She did well and didn't spill more than 50 per cent in her lap, on the table and floor.

I laughed as I told her, "This will make walking around the kitchen doubly hazardous."

"What does 'hazardous' mean?"

"It means dangerous."

"Hazardous." She spoke the word as though savoring its flavor. "Climbing trees can be hazardous." I nodded. She smiled, pleased with another addition to her vocabulary. "Turn the radio on, and we'll play our game."

I FLICKED the switch, tuned to WQXR and waited for the music. This station broadcasts many hours of classical music each day. We would listen to a selection and then take turns giving each other the picture the music made. It was lots of fun and I enjoyed it as much as Karen. She came to recognize composers and could pick out the various orchestral instruments.

I watched her with enjoyment as the sparkling Nutcracker Suite leaped into the room. The music had temporarily removed her from the morning's hurt, and as I sipped my coffee I did a little inventory on our daughter. Motor difficulties aplenty, and extensive hurts, heartaches, physical discomfort and pain, frustration and loneliness—and on the other side of the ledger, clear speech, assuredly a vital personality and a keen mind. But how were we going to fill and train the mind?

Keep away from people who try to belittle your ambitions. Small people always do that, but the really great make you feel that you, too, can become great.
—MARK TWAIN

The nickname "Wren" we had given her a long time ago. It suited her to a *t*. She was like these enchanting creatures, tiny, pert, friendly and not at all shy. Her voice was clear and sweet and she was just as gregarious as they. She made friends readily, regardless of age, and this helped diminish somewhat the loneliness of any exceptional child.

Our program called for us to use the skis twice a day. I worked with Karen on them in the morning when the therapy was over, and Jimmy did it at night. Her daily program now ran to about four hours. The skis were the toughest part of the workout. We would place Karen's feet in the harnesses and her hands on the poles set in the front of the skis, and teach her the walking pattern by pushing first one forward, then the other. Karen was small but no flyweight, and with the braces this was some load to push.

Our thirteen-by-fifteen-foot rug was rather lost in the middle of the living room and left a wide margin of uncovered wood. This we sprinkled liberally with corn meal to reduce the friction and make it easier to push wood over wood. It was only after months and months of work that Karen had the power, as well as the know-how, to push her feet alternately forward without assistance.

Karen's braces were full-length and were attached to a pelvic band to keep her legs abducted (apart). She wore night braces, also, which had a spreader bar, about eight inches long, which held the legs even farther apart at night. We were told that this was absolutely necessary as she had developed partial dislocation of her hips. This had been caused by the tremendous pull of the muscles on the inside of the leg which caused a "scissors gait" and pulled the head of the femur out of the hip socket. The braces were to hold the femur in good position. To date, there was no surgical remedy for this and our effort was to prevent complete dislocation.

In addition, the braces held the foot at a right angle to the leg. This was to stretch a tight hamstring and heel cord. We were trying to prevent deformities.

The pull on the muscles was painful and it was only after many months that Karen was conditioned to the point where she could keep them on for five or six hours each night. This conditioning was a hell for all of us.

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We can only guess at what Karen went through during these months. Bed, normally the blessed haven of a child's weary body, was a different proposition for her.

Did she dread the hour of retiring? Did she think about it during the day? Did she ever compare our bedtime with her own? For us, it offered physical comfort, relaxation and the pleasant twisting and turning until we found the best position for delicious sleep. For her, it meant physical discomfort, immobility, frequent pain, and sleep only when exhaustion overcame her. What did she think about during the first wakeful, lonely hours of the night?

The first step (as in everything else) was to get the child to assume the responsibility for her own improvement. For five dragging months we never left the house at night. As each evening wore on, and her muscle pull increased, Karen wanted the spreader bar removed and the joint locking the knees, and hence the legs, into a straight position unlocked. Added to the discomfort of the steady pull was the discomfort of having to lie immobile on her back. Each time she called to us for relief, she had to be *encouraged* (never told) to hold out a little longer.

Many a night there were ten or fifteen calls from her, before we removed the braces. We'd been told that every extra minute was important. We'd work, occasionally play cards, all the while tensed for the next summons.

FINALLY we took our questionings to our friend and mentor, Dr. Catherine Amatruda, of Yale. Although we were aware of the physical benefits that could accrue, we were deeply disturbed over the emotional hazards attendant on this procedure. She saw Karen several times, consulted with Doctor B and, on the basis of considering the "whole" child, the night braces were discontinued.

Karen's lack of education haunted us, and at this juncture we found that the superintendent of schools could send a home teacher to a physically handicapped child and that the city would bear the cost fifty-fifty with the state.

We went to see our superintendent and he made arrangements to send a teacher to the house for one hour, three days a week. Little as it was, we were glad to have even this much, since we knew that Karen's physical program moved ahead faster when coupled with the educational, and vice versa.

A week later Karen's teacher arrived. In a small community there is a limited selection of teachers. This first one sent to Karen came for two months, then fortunately resigned from the job. She was disinterested, resentful and antagonistic. We were pessimistic over her successor; in fact, thoroughly discouraged about the whole business.

Our worry was wasted (as worry usually is) since the new incumbent was precisely what I would have specified if I could have had a teacher made to order. Mary Robards was the school psychologist and she had had many years' experience in remedial reading. She had a vocation for her work. It was no easy task for her, since the only time she could come was at the end of a full day, during which she covered assignments in three schools. It was far from the best time for Karen, also, since by five or six in the afternoon she too was tired.

In these hours Karen had the undivided attention of her teacher, but she did not have the socialization and competition that are so much a part of a child's schooling. Her spastic hands complicated things further; her left-handedness was an additional difficulty. On top of all this was the situation which made her read "was" for "saw." Mary was faced with a challenge which would have floored a less hardy and determined soul.

Karen's sitting balance was far from perfect and I learned how important posture is to study and concentration. Specifically Karen could not hold a book, turn a page, direct or control a pencil or crayon. Finger painting, which had been a part of our occupational therapy for some time, had improved her manual dexterity some, and at Mary's suggestion we bought outsize coloring books and outsize crayons and chalk. (You can buy chalk as big around as the best Corona-Corona.) To help solve the problem of handling books Mary purchased a wooden cookbook stand to support the book and suggested a clothespin to hold the pages.

We kept our own charts and graphs in addition to those kept professionally. With the recommencement of Karen's education there came a spurt in her physical progress. We had observed that in all endeavors, at irregular intervals, we reach "plateaus," that futile period of time, lasting days, sometimes weeks or even months, when the child stays at the same level of learning. We also have periods of regression. One of the things that interested us was the fact that the physical graph and the mental graph kept pace. They spurted together, leveled off together, and dropped together.

Having a home teacher had given Karen standing with her group. It also provided diversion, filled many empty hours, and she reveled in the undivided attention. The days Mary did not come she was dejected. Her progress had been slow, so slow that to my untrained observation there were long periods when I could see no progress. She had a short attention span and this presented the biggest hurdle. But as the months went by great things were accomplished.

One afternoon, when the semester was drawing to a close, Mary and I sat over a cup of coffee. Helping herself to a second spoonful of sugar, she confided, "I had my doubts about this assignment. Not because of the child but because I had no way of knowing what the maternal attitude would be. Our introduction satisfied me or I would not have taken the job."

"It didn't satisfy me," I confessed. "You weren't exactly warm and the only time you spoke was to ask a silly question."

"Not so silly," said Mary. "It was your answer that decided me."

"I don't even remember it."

"I asked you," Mary said, "'What do you expect Karen to accomplish and over what period of time?'"

"So you did, and I still think it was silly."

"You replied"—Mary stirred her coffee, ignoring my comments—"'How could I possibly know? That's a question only Karen's teacher could answer.' Then I knew," Mary laughed, "that I should have no trouble with mamma."

"As long as we're going in for true confessions," I said, "a well-known child-guidance center observed Karen over a period of three years. They gave her the standard psychometric tests and stated that her I.Q. was between seventy-five and eighty-five."

Mary hooted. "Standard tests for a child with extremely limited experience and severe motor disabilities." She switched around in her chair. "A hundred and twenty to a hundred and forty would be my guess."

Karen grew slowly, but Marie and Rory seemed to get bigger every day, and incidentally so did the Irish setter. By this time he had become a very important member of the family. He did everything his cunning canine mind could concoct to enrich Karen's life. If she had a ball and dropped it, he fetched it. He was company for her. Setters are supposed to stray, but this hound never strayed more than a few feet from her side.

One morning I had placed her parallel bars in the sun at the base of the bank in the front yard. As I made the beds in the nursery I glanced at the pair. A few minutes later I saw Shanty move away from her, and this was so unusual I went to the door to see why. Running along the top of the bank was a wire-haired terrier. Shanty went up and introduced himself to the terrier. The pup turned and headed curiously for Karen and her bars and Shanty watched from the top of the bank. The newcomer was about five feet from her when he barked and then Shanty took off. He charged down the bank, a red and raucous bolt of wrath. The terrier was almost to Karen when the bolt struck him. He wasn't bitten or even snapped at, but he was hurled twenty feet by the impact of Shanty's head against his side.

It was Christmas again and a happier season than we had known in many years. We strode through mounds of tissue paper, stepped carefully across the littered floors, to dress and undress dolls, experiment with toy instruments—xylophone, drum and a sax; and best of all, we played with Rory's trains and football. The cutest sight of the day was our son, who was not quite two, toddling around with a list to starboard, as he lugged behind him a baseball bat, a present from nana. "It's not a bit too early," she pontificated when Jimmy snickered. Mother's childhood had been a most athletic one.

Ordinarily I love the hot weather and thrive on it, but this summer was different. The heat meant taking off Karen's braces and putting them back on (a twenty-minute operation) at least twice a day, so I could tub her. Of course every time she was tubbed, Rory had to be tubbed too.

The heat wrought some curious changes. It made our stairs longer and steeper. It made Karen and Rory heavier and pushed my weight down to an unattractive 100 pounds. Rory was at the age of exploration, and most of the time I felt like a pursuit plane operating on two spark plugs. It took a superhuman effort to lift Karen up on the table for therapy. By the time I was done with exercises and had her braces back on, I had to slide her off the table because I couldn't lift.

Our medical bills began to look like the national debt (a frightening figure even in 1947). Jimmy had moved up to a splendid position in his company, with commensurate salary and responsibility, and under normal circumstances our income would have been more than adequate. But in our circumstances it was a bitter struggle. Karen's medical expenses ran an average of $2300 a year.

One evening in July, Jimmy came home and announced that he had a job with the United Surgical Supplies, that he would handle in the evening and on week ends. I protested violently, but he paid me no heed and the second week in July he started.

We scarcely saw each other. He commuted to New York, leaving Rye at 7:20 in the morning. He put in a full day's work and arrived home at 6:30. He had a hurried dinner and left the house at 7:15. Rarely did he return before 11:00 or 11:30, and then he had studying to do, and orders to write. These were days when waking up in the morning was a disagreeable business.

HOUR after hour, day after day, month after month—passive exercises on the table, using our hands, working toward the day when Karen's brain would assume this task of transmitting orders to the muscles. When the communication route was established, the exercises would be "active" rather than "passive."

"Gallopy trot
To the blacksmith shop
To shoe the horse
To shoe the mare
And let the wee, baby colt
Go bare."

Each time the exercise was completed, we would stand with our hands at our sides and say, "All right, Wren, come on now, you do it."

It was August twenty-third, a day so hot it made you think that if purgatory was anything like this, you'd better watch your P's and Q's. By the time I had Karen's braces off and placed her on the table, I was soaking wet. "Here we go, snickle-britches!"

"Gee, it's awful hot, mommy." Her hair was damp and the perspiration lay heavy on her upper lip. "I don't suppose it would be good to skip our exercises just this once?" Her voice was wistful, almost pleading.

(Continued on Page 102)

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

LITTLE ladies may be born, but little gentlemen are hewn, like monuments, out of solid resistance.

Whenever I enter a room and our dog gets hastily down from the best davenport, I try to decide whether it proves he has a conscience or doesn't have one.

The observant daughter arrives at a conclusion: "One thing I've learned from dull parties is never to have chairs enough for everyone to sit down."

Babies are like hiccups: they often come when you least expect them, require all your care for a while, and then leave just as you are getting used to them.

It is not too late to warn this season's brides to be on the alert for that subversive element in the soiled clothes: husband's black socks carefully rolled up in his white shirt.

A certain career wife, who does a week's housework from Friday to Monday, completely confuses her listeners by telling them the reason she enjoys her outside job is that *then* she has week ends.

One husband orders a diamond to be put in his wife's wedding band every time she has a baby.

Young girl, fast becoming a woman: "I'm sure, mother, that when daddy doesn't find a thing, it's there."

A certain mother had spent some of the best years of her son's life teaching him how to behave socially. Then he had his first date and stood before her the next day with, "The trouble with you, mom, is that you never taught me any manners."

It detracts much from the happiness of home to feel that the unexpected appearance of a guest will be like a bomb flung into the domestic camp.

Our married daughter: "Perhaps we're modern, mother, but when we got married we decided there would be no 'woman's work' or 'man's work'—just what each could do to help the other."

A bachelor girl is a woman who can walk gingerly across a white rug without thinking of a washing machine.

One family's colorful food vocabulary:
Hash—"dog's dinner."
Bananas—"tall fruit."
Whipped-cream chocolate roll—"zebra pudding."
Ginger ale—"zinzel."
Bread sticks—"pushers."
Oatmeal—"breakfast pudding."

Small boy, upon seeing a mother riding her baby in a supermarket basket: "Look, mother, she bought a baby!"

No matter what the individualists say, the happiest words in a happy marriage are still "Yes, dear!"



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(Continued from Page 100)

"It's beastly," I concurred. "As a matter of fact, I don't think I can remember another day as hot as this one." I pushed her wet hair off her forehead. "Suppose mom gives you a nice sponge bath, right here on the table, and then we'll talk more about it."

"O.K."

I sponged her all over and daubed her with my cherished Charbert, a Christmas gift.

"If we're hot, here in the country, imagine how hot daddy is in the city. But when you're working for something important, like taking care of your family, I guess you don't mind so much." I sat on the corner of the table beside her. "Of course, therapy is working for something important too. I suppose when daddy comes home tonight, he'll say, 'Karen and I are the two hardest workers in the family, so I think she and I ought to go down to the beach for a dip. I hope the rest of you won't mind?' And I'll say, 'Of course we don't mind. You've both earned it. Maybe you two hard workers would like to take a picnic supper just for the two of you?' But I couldn't say this, if you don't work."

Thoughtfully she replied, with only a small sigh, "A picnic would be fun. O.K. Let's start."

We did exercises for back, neck, ankles, toes, and five different ones for legs. "Gallopy trot" she liked the best, so I always left that till last. Fifty times we went through this training for reciprocal motion. I pushed first one foot up to the buttocks and then, as I brought it down straight, pushed the other up. One hour and five minutes later we were finished.

I dropped into a chair and said, routinely, "Now, sweetheart, let's see you do it." With little interest I sat looking at her feet.

And then a miracle happened. Very slowly, the left knee began to bend and the left heel to slide. I didn't dare move. Slowly up—up—up, till it stopped a whole three inches above its starting point. It started down. I stiffened. No second-class miracle, this, for as the left foot started down the right foot started up in true reciprocal motion.

The full cycle completed, Karen cried, "I did it, mom, I did it. All by myself!"

"I saw you!" I cried in turn. "All by yourself. I can't believe it, I just can't believe it." I picked her up and held her close to my heart. My happiness was overshadowed by a feeling of awe. I don't think there was any blasphemy in my thought, *I feel a little bit like God.*

Labor Day, marking the close of summer and heralding the coming of fall, finally arrived. The cool weather came quickly and all of a sudden waking up in the morning began to be an agreeable business once again.

Early in November, we set out on our Southern pilgrimage. By this time the trip was an important social event for Karen. Porters, conductors, stewards, bellhops, waitresses, all were glad to see her and took time to visit with her. Karen was seven, and for three and a half years we had been grinding daily toward the goal of independent walking. Each time we went to see Doctor B we asked ourselves, "Is it now?"

As usual, this question was uppermost in our minds when we greeted him that day. We gave our report on sitting balance, bar work, ski work, the victory of active reciprocal motion, self-help in feeding, washing and dressing.

When he finished his examination of Karen and her braces, he sat down with her on his lap. "You'll have to stay over an extra day," he said. "She's grown so, her braces need considerable adjustment."

We groaned over the additional expense. "We made arrangements for Marie and Rory in case we had to," Jimmy said. "Tell us, what do you think of Karen?"

"I want to tell you that Karen is one of the best patients I've ever had. What this child has done for herself is marvelous. Her understanding, courage, determination—these are what have moved her ahead with such rapidity." He smiled down on Karen. "You know, kitten, you're way ahead of schedule. You're ready for crutches."

She was measured before we left for home.

Each morning when we saw the mail truck, I grabbed Karen and raced to the door. How could it take so long to make a pair of crutches? A week went by. Two. We were fiercely impatient because Doctor B had told us not to have her attempt to walk on them for a month or two, but rather that she should work in the beginning only at acquiring balance and confidence. "About two months after she gets them, she will be able to take a few steps," he had said.

The long days we waited for the crutches we talked of little else.

"Will I truly be able to go way beyond my bars—anyplace I want?" Karen asked repeatedly.

"Absolutely," I confirmed. "You'll be free as a bird. . . . Remember, Karen, the doctor said it was going to take time," I warned, "probably several months."

"I bet I'll do it quicker than that."

It was November 17, 1947. I put Karen in her bars in the living room in front of the fire and placed some waltzes on the phonograph. "I'm going to take my bath and dress. If anyone knocks at the door just sing out." I left her jiggling happily with Shanty curled up on her feet.

I creamed my face and relaxed into a steaming tub that was going to make me feel like a new and younger woman—I hoped. *I'll give myself a full twenty minutes,* I vowed, and sank deeper into the water. I had probably not been there a full five minutes when I heard Karen call, "There's someone at the door." I scrambled out, my thoughts decidedly unladylike, dabbed at my dripping form and slithered into a robe.

"Coming," I yelled, hoping my voice would carry to the far side of the door.

Leaving moist prints, I padded out, opened the door just a bit and poked my head around. "Package, Mrs. Killilea." I opened it wider and the driver pushed in a long cardboard box. Shanty darted out through the open door.

"Karen, they're here, they're here."

I slammed the door and frenziedly started tearing at the wrappings. They could have traveled by open dog sled from the Yukon without damage, so well wrapped were they. It took a few minutes, but finally I was down to the box. I took the box and placed it on the floor in front of Karen. Reverently I raised the lid. I looked at Karen. She was staring down, spellbound. There in all their gleaming beauty were our crutches.

"Isn't the wood beautiful?" she said in a hushed voice.

Lifting her out of the bars, I sat her on the ottoman. My hands trembled as I lifted the crutches from their box. Wood or wings?

They weren't the standard crutch that fits under the armpit. They were shorter and came to just below the elbow, with a four-inch leather cuff for the forearm. To use these requires placing more weight on the legs and does not overdevelop the shoulders and upper arms. I slipped her hands through the cuffs to the bars. "Now just sit there for a minute and get the feel of them."

She placed her hands firmly, sat for just a moment and announced, "Now I want to stand with them. Doctor B said I should practice balance."

"O.K., let's go." I placed her on her feet. She swayed a little at first, but in a few minutes was balancing well. We rested and did it again and again and again. We had always been warned to guard against overfatigue, so after the fifth time I suggested, "Let's not get too tired. You've done beautifully and you'll want to show daddy when he comes home. If you get too tired you won't do so well."

I removed the crutches and placed them against the ottoman on either side of her. I was shivering, whether from evaporation or nervous excitement, I couldn't tell. *What I need is a brisk toweling, a warm sweater and slacks,* I said to myself. Karen was sitting very still. Her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes shone.

"I'll be back in a jiffy," I said and went to my room.

I was half dressed when I happened to glance through my door into the living room. My heart stopped. Karen was not sitting on the ottoman. She had the crutches on and was walking toward me. One faltering step and another and another—I realized I was counting out loud.

"—— five, six." *Dear Lord, she is apt to take a bad fall, but if I go to her I'll make her think it isn't safe. I'll make her afraid.* "Seven, eight, nine, ten." I wasn't breathing. Her face was chalky, drawn with effort and strain. "Eleven, twelve." I could see tiny drops of moisture on her forehead and upper lip. "Thirteen, fourteen." She swayed and then steadied. A crutch moved forward slowly again, and a foot, and another. "Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen."

How far she might have gone I do not know, but my heart couldn't stand any more. I walked across to her slowly, stopped and moved forward again. Calm—calm—reached her. She had stopped and was watching me closely, perhaps looking for uncertainty or fear. I smiled and stopped and took her and her blessed crutches into my arms. Then I went to pieces. I cried and cried and couldn't stop. Leaning back, she looked into my eyes.

"Just like the button board," she shrieked. "You're happy, so happy you're crying."

"Better than the button board," I choked. I kissed her over and over, her eyes, her cheeks, her nose, her chin.

"Did you see me, did you see me?" Her voice rose and shook as the full realization of what she had done swept over her. "Mom, I can walk, I can walk all by myself."

Marie couldn't wait for school to be out the next day. She ran from house to house telling all the children, "Be at our house at three-thirty, we have a big surprise for you. Leave your dog home," she flung over her shoulder as she darted to the next house.

Karen and I carefully set the stage. At 3:30 she was sitting on the ottoman, a study in nonchalance, except for her eyes, which glittered with barely suppressed excitement. The crutches were leaning beside her, covered with a doll's blanket. When fourteen young ones were assembled and Marie had shepherded them into a semblance of quiet, she took the center of the floor. With flawless timing, she waited for the babble to subside and then she said, "Karen has something to show you and you couldn't guess what it is.' Marie stepped aside and with a grand gesture pointed to the blanket.

Karen was so excited her legs were sticking straight out in front of her and she would have tumbled backward except that she was bent double in glee. She seized the blanket and with a mighty effort tore it off. A gasp and a prolonged "Oh-h-h" from the staring children. Then they raced across the room to surround her. "They're pretty." . . . "Look at them shine." . . . Sandy, cynical at ten, picked one up and smelled the leather cuff. "Real leather too." . . . "May I try them?" . . . "May I?" . . . "May I?" The clamor rose and filled the room and Karen sat grinning and chuckling and hugging herself in a near hysteria of joy.

"Take it easy, take it easy," Marie and I yelled together. When the chaos had been reduced to a state of confusion I said, "You can all have a turn, but we have another surprise first."

Karen clapped her hand to her mouth as is her wont in times of great emotional stress.

"Are you ready, Karen?"

"Yes!" she shrieked.

Marie handed her the crutches and the children stood frozen while she fitted her arms in the cuffs. Anticipating their reaction, she kept looking from one face to another. She moved to the edge of her seat, set the crutch tips about a foot ahead of her, bent over and then, slowly, straightened up. Another prolonged "Oh-h-h" which grew in volume as she took a step, and another, and another. Marie walked beside her, her head high with pride. Rory must have climbed out of his crib, for at this point he came charging into the room yelling, "Kawan walking, Kawan walking." This released the others from their enthralled observance, and as Marie grabbed Karen they swooped down upon her.

As I watched Karen, surrounded by her fans, I thought maybe Carl Hubbell felt an equal measure of triumph when he struck out Ruth and Gehrig, but I doubted it.

THE END

JENNIFER



"You could really call it a steady job—my parents give me fifty cents to clean the living room—then they come home and mess it all up again!"

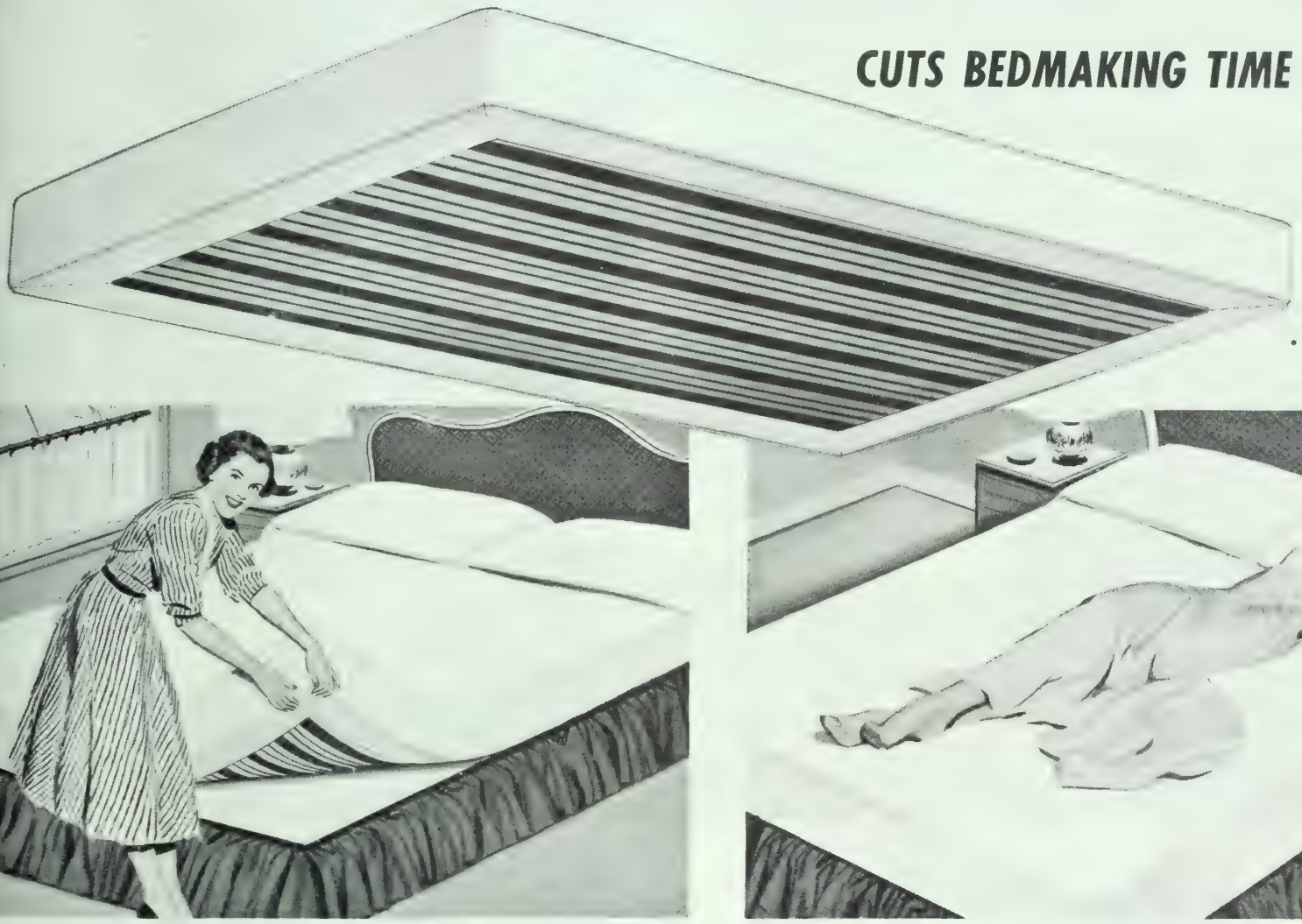
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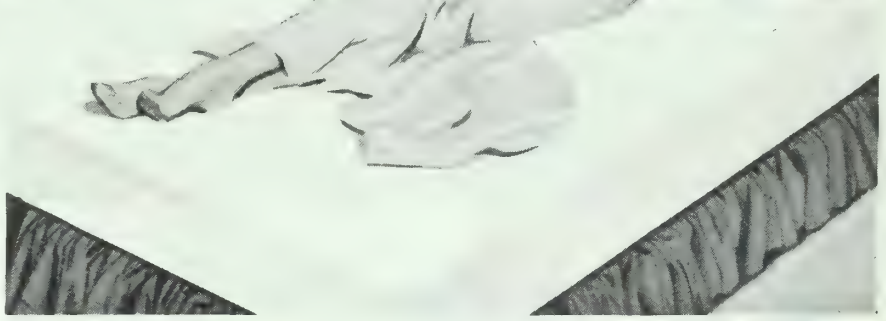
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AN ILL WIND

it came up out of the Gulf and blew Andy Worth some good

THE DAY had promised to be fair, but now the wind was shifting to the northeast under a darkening sky and whipping the water into white-capped waves that splattered against the *Cora's* hull as she lay at anchor off the Cape.

Bob Martin tossed his line over the side and said, "How does it look to you, Andy?" He'd come out for a day's fishing on Andrew Worth's old cabin cruiser—and was depending on his friend's judgment as to the weather and the seaworthiness of his craft.

Andy looked at the sky and shrugged. "It may blow over. May even help us get a couple of fish, for a change."

Bob pulled in his line and grimaced at the bare hook. "Ever get caught in a real rough storm?"

"A couple of times. If this one gets much worse we'll go back. Got caught in a bad one out here five or six years ago. Engine went dead on the way home, and *Cora* landed on the reef over there past the Cape. Had to hang on all night until a cutter finally came up and pulled us off next morning."

Andy looked at the breakers piling over the reef off in the distance. "Kind of scared me, there, for a while. Couldn't see a light anywhere, and the waves kept pounding against old *Cora* so she was like to come to pieces. Then around the middle of the night it suddenly occurred to me that *dying* wasn't what I was afraid of. You figure you've got that coming to you sooner or later anyway. What worried me most of all was what would happen to the family in case I *did* die. I kept thinking about all the things I'd planned on doing for them—things I could have done and should have done—that I just hadn't gotten around to doing. Know what I mean?"

Bob Martin nodded and said, "Yes, I guess I do." He stared thoughtfully at the white-crested waves for a minute and then said, "Exactly when did you say that happened, Andy?"

"Fall of '46. Maybe you remember that storm. It came up out of the Gulf and . . ."

"Yes, and I seem to remember something else, too. Wasn't it in the fall of '46 that you came around to my office one day? And wasn't that th time you said you had finally decided to complet that Planned Security program I'd worked out fo you at least two years before that? And did tha night on the boat have anything to do with you taking out that extra New York Life policy I' talked to you about?"

Andy Worth grinned a little sheepishly and said "To tell the truth, Bob, it had everything to d with it. I never said anything to you about i before because, well . . ."

Bob Martin laughed. "I know. Because yo thought that maybe I'd say, 'See? That's jus what I've been trying to tell you right along!'"

"Yes, something like that . . ."

Bob shook his head and said, "No, Andy, but must admit that I might have been sorely tempte to say something trite about an ill wind havin blown you some good!"

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPAN
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious

Child of Nature

The story
of a little girl
who has
56 playmates —
and all of them
are animals.

By RUTH SHAPLEY MATTHEWS

IN California there is a little six-year-old girl with shining eyes, very pink cheeks and a sunny Dutch bob, whose name is Forrest Grafton Ignatius Ashby deButts. Sometimes during the rainy season in Malibu, her home a thousand feet above Santa Monica Bay, weeks may pass without a single playmate to share her games. For the deButts family lives on a tiny farm called "Squeaky Mesa," eleven wind-swept acres far up a steep and winding road. But Forrest is rarely lonely. All her waking and sleeping hours she is surrounded by friends. She can always choose from fifty-six devoted, never-failing pets with whom she talks, walks, romps, naps, and even shares her meals. Doors are never latched even to Shawnee, Forrest's Shetland pony who often rambles into the nursery to nuzzle his drowzy mistress from her nap when she oversleeps. Forrest's father, "Colonel" (Edward), was a U.S. Army Air Force cameraman during World War II, often flew over Squeaky Mesa—then a temporary fort where soldiers had built a recreation barrack. After his discharge in 1945, he and Marianne, Forrest's mother, visited the site, fell in love with it. They bought it for about $3000, counted on a veteran's loan to finance a new home and to dig a well—but their private-road location disqualified them. So the barrack which was to have been a stable became their home—a windowless, drafty shell. Colonel—Navy shipmates gave him that nickname in 1939—has built foundations, floors, partitions, planted a cypress-tree hedge for storm protection. They have electricity, but no phone, no refrigeration, no plumbing. For six years, Colonel has carted every drop of water consumed. Marianne battles cheerfully in a madly inconvenient kitchen, cooking, cleaning, washing on rationed water. The farm does not produce a living. Colonel (who once had a fling in Hollywood, did bit parts, doubled for Clark Gable) can dry-farm only a few acres of barley on the bleakly exposed land. Still, he prefers this, and his job as a Malibu mail carrier at $3354 a year, to office work or railroading back home in Virginia, where he and Marianne were born. Devoted Virginians, however, they named Forrest for three kinsfolk.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEBE STACKPOLE



Rosebud's mother and Squeaky I are in God's Garden, Forrest will tell you. "That's where good pets and people go when they die. It's a lot like our place—I can see it in my heart." Tango (a fusty, officious fox terrier) is often called to San Francisco, she confides, on "secret FBI business." She can tell when this is about to happen because Tango appears all decked out in his pink satin tails. Only Colonel, Marianne and Forrest have ever been known to observe this phenomenon. "Most people can't see very many things," Forrest explains.



Squeaky Mesa Farm, named for a beloved dog, is a waterless hilltop facing the Pacific.

Almost any child would trade his for Forrest's daily chores, which include feeding and watering her animals, helping to clean pens, combing, currying and exercising Shawnee. She has ten dogs, nine cats, ten rabbits (currently), ten pet pigeons, two guinea pigs (one fancifully named Number Eight the Second); four bright blue and green lovebirds in her gay pink nursery; four goats; Norah Drake, the goose; Elsie, the Jersey cow, and her pretty calf, Lady Fauquier; four talkative Bantam chickens, including lame Miss M'Loo. Pets cost $26 a month to feed.





Out of doors from morning till night, weather permitting, Forrest has had but one cold in her life, visited the doctor only one time—for shots. Elsie's good rich Jersey milk, and happy freedom, help.



At six months of age, Forrest first was placed on Shawnee, held firmly by Colonel. At one, with Shawnee tethered, she rode alone in the paddock, with Rosebud gravely watching.

Forrest talks to her animal friends all day, but only Miss M'Loo, the little red hen, clucks back in satisfactory gossip. At least five dogs follow her everywhere on her eleven-acre playground. Always among them are Rosebud, her favorite border terrier—a self-appointed baby-sitter—and Muggsy, the mongrel, whose dubious origin she explains as "the all-American dog."



Forrest, brought up naturally, saw birth of Schmitty, the kid; was highly puzzled when a child told her that storks bring babies.



When Forrest was 2½ years old, she learned how to milk Elsie. Always, except to parties, she wears dark cotton baby rompers, white shirts and shoes.



Food is always shared; dogs form a snarling ring around Forrest if an intruder ever dares to enter the gate.

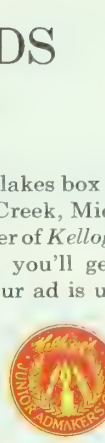
"Colonel" Edward Delaplane deButts carries mail to Malibu movie stars.

Marianne traveled 2000 miles so that her daughter would be born in the South, named her for two Confederate generals who were ancestors, for a saint, and for Uncle Harry Ashby deButts, vice-president of the Southern Railway System. Far from running wild in the brush-covered hills of Squeaky Mesa Farm, little Forrest is vigilantly trained by her parents. Southern tradition is deeply respected. Forrest must curtsy and say "Yes, ma'am" and "Yes, sir" to grownups. Because she sees more of animals, she must treat them as politely as people. "If Rosebud is sitting in a chair (and she usually is), I wouldn't sit in it," Forrest explains, "because that's manners. A kid should just get up. You shouldn't have to ask her." Dogs, cats, guinea pigs in cages, and sometimes Miss M'Loo, clutter the "tack room," their living room. Shawnee clop-clops in to raid the larder, which she can open—and will, if not watched. The deButts' devotion to animals is inherited. One of Forrest's grandfathers was the manager of Virginia's famous Ayrshire racing stable. Another grandfather helped found the first horse show in America. "Mamma" and "papa," as Forrest has been taught to call Marianne and Colonel, are second cousins. Born and brought up in Virginia within forty miles of each other, they didn't meet until 1938, in California. Marianne was writing for Photoplay Magazine. Colonel was trying his luck as an actor. On a child-star interviewing job, Marianne was thumbing through the telephone directory for the name of Dekirt, found Colonel's name, Edward Delaplane deButts. "Since all the deButts in this country are related, and mostly from Virginia, I leaped at the chance to hear a relative's voice!" Marianne laughs. They made a date, the first of many, and were married eight months later. Both agree that the most important contribution to their happiness is their child. "Forrest is all we live for right now." Colonel, up at 5 A.M. in order to begin his rural mail route by 7, is usually back home by 2, with plenty of daylight hours left to spend with his family, work on the house and grounds. On Forrest's dancing-class days, the deButts are up at 4 for the twenty-mile drive to the Ebsen Dancing School in Pacific Palisades. Forrest and her mother wait patiently for the 10:30 lesson, while Colonel hurries back to start on his route. Tap and ballet lessons, begun when Forrest was 2½, have successfully corrected a slight hip displacement and bowed leg, results of her riding Shawnee when she was only a year old. Though the deButts' relatives back in Virginia heartily disapprove of their "unconventional" life, worry about the hardships, Marianne says emphatically, "We wouldn't sell Squeaky Mesa for all the gold in the world, not if it were stacked high as this hill. Our friends say, 'How can you stand it? How can you bring your child up under these conditions?' And in the next breath, they say, 'Oh, if only we had a place like this for our children to play!'" THE END



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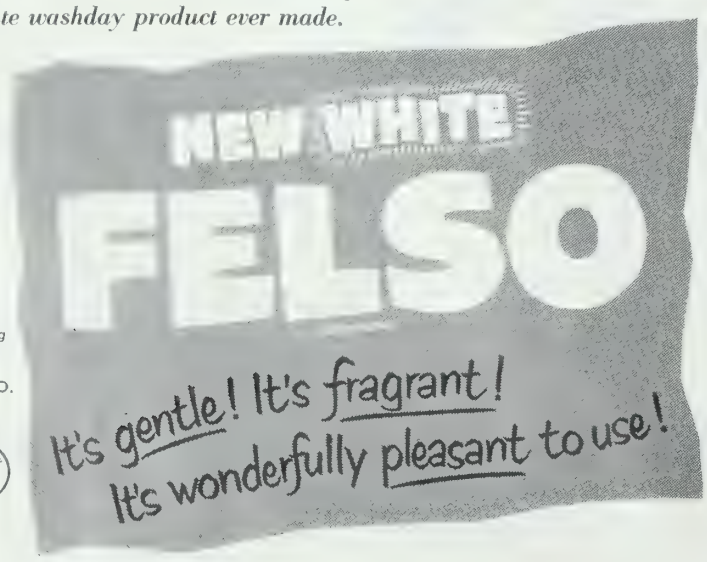
Take home a box of FELSO. Try this new white detergent in your machine or tub. You'll never see *cleaner, whiter, sweeter-smelling* clothes.

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Yes, get a big surprise! Try FELSO! Enjoy its gentleness . . its fragrance . . and its economy, too.

• • •

We GUARANTEE that FELSO is more pleasant to use than any other white washday product ever made.



FELSO is a quick-sudsing detergent from the Laboratories of FELS & CO.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

GIANT

(Continued from Page 38)

delighted out of all proportion. "*Delicioso, si! Delicioso!*" And Leslie repeated *delicioso* after them and added a word to her Spanish vocabulary.

She bathed, listening for Bick's returning footsteps. She dressed, one ear cocked. She decided on one of the plainer daytime frocks. This dress was of soft blue silk, quite simple. The white suède shoes with the smart blue kid tips and the not too high heels. There was a blue head-hugging hat to match—a cloche, it was called. She was hurrying now, she was listening for departing hoofbeats. But he wouldn't leave without seeing her.

When she had clattered downstairs there was no one about. The dining room, of course. There was the long table and the same islands of katchup and chili sauce and vinegar and sugar and oil and cream. The tablecloth, she noticed, had lost the pristine freshness of the night before. She decided that she'd soon attend to that. Spotted tablecloths indeed!

Seated at the table were two men and a woman; the men in boots, canvas trousers and shirts, the woman in what, in Virginia, they called a wash dress. They were eating T-bone steaks with fried eggs on top; and grits and enormous rolls and there were big cups of coffee and large bowls of jams, yellow and purple and scarlet. The three glanced up from the business of eating and looked at her amiably as she entered.

"Howdy!" they said. "Howdy!" And went on eating.

So Texans actually did say howdy like that. She decided to try it herself but shied away from it at the moment of test and said good morning instead. "Isn't it a lovely morning!"

At this they again looked up from their plates but now they regarded her thoughtfully.

One of the men—the older one—said, "You visiting from the East, ma'am? Kansas City or around?"

She hesitated a moment. "I'm from Virginia. I'm Mrs. Benedict."

They seemed to find this in no way remarkable. "How-do!" said the young woman, a little more in the way of formality. "Howdy ma'am," the men said. And the older one again took the lead. "Hodgins is my name. Clay Hodgins." He pointed with the tip of his knife. "My boy Gib and his wife Essie Lou. We're from up in Deaf Smith County, we been taking in the Fat Stock Show down at Hermoso."

Leslie had seated herself at an empty place at table, she leaned forward, her face alight with interest. "Why that sounds fascinating. I'd love to go to a fat-stock show." And she meant it.

"Well, it's over, honey," the girl said.

A Mexican girl placed a platter before Leslie. On it was a slab of flat grayish steak that bore a nightmarish resemblance to its twin of the night before. Two fried eggs atop it glared at her with angry yellow eyes. Hot thick biscuits in a little baking crock, they bubbled a little with heat and butter. Coffee. Hurriedly Leslie poured the coffee.

The young man now spoke rather shyly in a charmingly soft musical voice. "We figured we'd best get an early start, we lit out of Hermoso three this morning it looked to be such a hot of a day down here, we figured to make three four hundred miles before daylight and we sure enough did."

"How nice," Leslie murmured inadequately.

Now the girl spoke up again, her voice was a shrill rasp after the man's low soft drawl. "We come away without what we went down after, mostly, though."

"What a pity," Leslie said. "What was that, do you mind telling me?"

"Appaloosas," the girl said.

Defeated in this, Leslie was girding herself for further enlightenment when the younger man unwittingly came to her rescue.

"You wouldn't believe, would you," he demanded, "that they wasn't a bunch of Appaloosas I'd cut up into horse mea we was looking for was five six real horses that rein good and work a rope. said well, look, we're riding right by Benedict's country we could easy drop what he can show and sure enough w just what we come for, we could of ourselves a heap of time and trouble do Hermoso."

"Yes, but," the girl protested, "I h real time for myself with the stores an shows and all."

"Well," the man named Clay said, rose from the table. "We got to be along." Gib and Essie Lou pushed back chairs. "Next time you come up to Smith you come and pay us a visit we'd be glad to see you, we're up there ou Umbarger."

"I'd love to," Leslie said. "Perhaps day when my husband is out that way take me along. I want to see every b Texas. Is it far?"

Gib considered this question. "It's piece, yes ma'am. But then again, not far. About eight hundred miles if you right along ——"

Taptaptap. Swift high-heeled boots. Benedict. "Well, howdy!" she cried. " nice to see you! When'd you blow in? been treated right?"

"Sure have ma'am. But we got to m along. You know how it is this time of y

They clattered out, the men with great hats in their great hands, their leisurely almost cautious, as though this an unaccustomed form of locomotion.

The two women, left alone, regarded other warily. "They're sweet," Leslie "Are they great friends of Jordan's— yours?"

"Hodgins? Don't scarcely know 'em. T got a little place up in the Panhandle."

"Little!"

"But they sure had a run of luck," went on, resentment in her tone. "They a little bitty no-account piece up near Lu and a gusher came in on their land last y must bring in a million."

"A million gallons!" Leslie exclain

"Dollars."

"A million dollars in one year!"

Luz Benedict looked at her pityingly. million a month."

"How terrible!"

Luz ignored this. "My, you sure l dolled up. You must of got up before br fast to get all that on, as we say here."

Leslie laughed, but not very merrily. was just going to say that you look as f as if you'd slept twelve hours. But I he you and Jordan—it was you, wasn't it talking at six this morning."

"Sure was. Bick and me, we have coffee and talkee every morning of our li at five, sit and talk and get things roun up for the day."

Leslie stood at the long table's edge, smile sweet, her eyes steady. "I know. Th must be such a lot to do on an enorm ranch like this. And this house. Now I'll able to take a lot of the household duties your hands. I thought we might have a li talk perhaps this morning ——"

"Now don't you go getting yourself b out." Luz sat smiling up at her from chair into which she had dropped at table. She poured herself a cup of coffee fr the massive pot. "You look real ganted I saying to Bick. Not real strong. We want you to get a little flesh on your bones, a have a nice time."

Leslie felt the color rush into her fa Careful now, she heard her father's voice s Slow now. This is new country for you, thi that Texas I told you about, rememb "That's so good of you, Luz. But I'm j naturally slim, we all are, but I'm really v strong and well. I hope you won't mind i seem a little strange at first. I've never b west before—really west, I mean. I'll s learn Texas ways. And in a little while be able to run the house too."

had set her coffee cup down with a clack. "The house runs itself, honey, ue giving it a little shove and a push nd again. I know how to handle the ons, I been living with 'em all my life, y pa and ma and grampa and gramma me. Now you just run along and enurself." She shoved back her chair grating sound.

had boundless vitality. No, it wasn't y, Leslie decided. It was energy. Luz l. She ran bounced hurried scurried. was merely motion, wearying to witrue vitality was a deep inner strength stained anyone who came in contact

ie stood very still in the middle of the ning room. "I think I'll go up and to my room—I mean put away ——" patted her shoulder as she trotted by. "The girls'll have you all fixed up and probly know every hook and eye ery dress, and every button and shoe-

n going to take a walk," Leslie aned.

turned at the door. "A what!"

nice long walk, perhaps into town and around at things."

came back into the room. Her round ace looked sharp. "You can't do that."

hy not?"

ople don't walk in Texas. Only Mexi- If you want to ride one of the boys'll you a nice gentled riding pony."

l let you know," loftily. "I'll speak to sband about it later in the morning."

laughed, a short little bark of a laugh. ey, if you think Bick's got nothing to ly take people around the ranch. He's way weeks now, he's got to catch up if ver agoing to. Now honey, you just do sewing or something or reading. Bick ou're a great hand to read. H'm?"

bustled out of the room, click-clack clack. Leslie felt a surge of murderous She turned sharply and walked out of om out of the great front door. She d out into the blazing Texas morning. almost ran down the dusty roadway. oung fellow who had met them at the ecito station was on his knees at the of a small lawn of tough coarse grass. ugh many years she was to see him thus coaxing green growing things and brilliant colorful flowers to thrive in spite of the withering sun and the Gulf winds that shriveled them with the heat and the sudden icy northers that blasted them with the cold.

"Hello!" she said. "Hello Dimodeo!"

The boy rose from his knees in one graceful fluid motion, he bowed low. "*Señora. Buenos dias señora.*"

"How far is it to the village?" At the blank look on his face, "You speak English Dimodeo. You understood me yesterday."

"Yes, señora, I speak English, certainly. I am only more in the way of Spanish. . . . Village?"

"Yes. The town. Benedict. How far is it to the town? I want to walk there."

"But you cannot walk to the town." He was genuinely shocked. He looked toward the house. "I will tell them the automobile. Or a horse. No, you are not dressed for riding. The automobile."

"No. I want to go alone and—and just look around and see things. Yesterday we passed a schoolhouse. Is that the building? Down the road."

"It is the school. It is the school where the children go who live on Reata Ranch. The little ones. Until they are ten or twelve and can work well."

"How many?"

"Oh, many señora. And many in other schools on other divisions."

She waved a good-by with a gaiety she did not feel, she trudged down the road in the blue silk dress and the white suède shoes. It was fearfully hot and dusty, she saw no one, nothing moved. She reached the schoolhouse, she sauntered past it and heard the drowsy bee hum of children's voices. Abruptly she turned up the little path that led to the whitewashed adobe house.

There was a tiny whitewashed vestibule, surprisingly cool. She was to learn to appreciate the coolness of these thick-walled adobe buildings, she was to learn to stay through the day in the dim cool shelter of a house interior.

She knocked at the closed door. The humming and buzzing ceased abruptly. The door was opened by a woman of about thirty, a thin sallow woman in a drab dark dress. A fretful-looking woman with fine black eyes whose heavy brows met over her nose in a



"Have you ever consulted a psychiatrist about this urge to dominate?"

August

White Sales!

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dark forbidding brush. She stood, the door open a few inches only, her hand on the doorknob.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I'm Mrs. Jordan Benedict," Leslie said, smiling. And extended her hand. "I was passing by and I couldn't resist stopping in ——" The woman was staring at her so fixedly that Leslie was puzzled, then startled. "You are the schoolteacher, aren't you?"

"Yes."

Leslie decided not to be annoyed. This was, she told herself, a gauche girl who possibly was not accustomed to visitors during school hours. "I just thought I'd drop in and see the children," she said. "I'm out for a little walk."

"Walk!" the woman repeated after her as the others had done, as Luz and Dimodeo had done. It was becoming slightly annoying. Leslie took a firm step forward feeling suddenly tall and dignified.

"What is your name?"

"Cora. Cora Dart."

What was everyone so cross about? Leslie stepped rather too briskly into the room. A vast whitewashed room crammed with children. Children of from four to fifteen. Their eyes were fixed on her with a steady stare that combined to give the effect of a searchlight. Immediately Leslie was struck with the fanciful thought that the seated children made a pattern like that of a gigantic piano keyboard. The faces shaded from ivory to almost black, and the lighter ones seemed to occupy the front rows, the darker the back.

Cora Dart seemed to have recovered from the shock of a visitor, she placed a chair for Leslie and suddenly Leslie was frantic to be gone. The room was stifling, she felt unbearably drowsy, as though drugged.

"Go back to your work," Cora Dart said, in English. "Go back to your work," she then said in Spanish. The battery of eyes turned briefly down to the desks, the next instant was lifted again.

"I won't stay, really," Leslie said hurriedly. She felt she should ask some intelligent questions, she remembered the way grownups used to behave when they had visited her childhood public school in Ohio. "Uh, are the pupils the children of people who work—who live on the ranch?" *You know they are, how silly.* She moved toward the door, she smiled at the children, feeling foolish, she smiled at the dour Miss Dart.

"Thank you so much, it is all so interesting, you must come up some afternoon after school or perhaps on a Saturday and have tea with me."

"Tea!" echoed Cora Dart as one would say "opium."

Leslie's nightmarish feeling of being an interloper now drove her to the point of being unable to terminate a distasteful encounter. "Or coffee," she corrected herself hastily. "Uh—have you been teaching here a long time?"

"Too long for my own good," Cora Dart said with extraordinary venom. "They've had about a million teachers here, first and last."

"But that's too bad. I should think it would be upsetting for the pupils."

THE woman stared at her with the eyes of pure hate. "You'd better speak to your husband about that. Your husband is the person to speak to about that, Mrs. Jordan Benedict."

The woman's mad, Leslie thought as she turned abruptly to go. *Stark, staring mad, literally.*

Outside again in the glaring heat Leslie glanced at her watch and incredulously saw that it now was ten minutes past nine. Her day was just beginning but she felt she had been up for many hours. She wondered where Jordan was, she longed to see him, she looked out and out toward the endless haze of prairie and sky. He was miles and miles off somewhere with those thousands and thousands of cows.

She must have taken a wrong turning, what with the heat, the glare and her weariness for she found herself on a smaller rougher road lined with rows of shanties, small and tumble-down.

A thin wailing sound. From within one of the hovels an infant crying. Leslie turned and looked about her. In her resentment and bewilderment she had come farther than she knew. There was the Big House shimmering in the heat, but it seemed terribly far away. She wondered if she should telephone and ask them to come for her. Of course there wouldn't be a telephone in any of these crazy dwellings. But perhaps someone could be sent to fetch a car. . . . She followed the sound of the wailing infant, she ascended the rickety steps and knocked at the door hung with strips of flyspecked paper. The baby cried without ceasing—a high-pitched kitten-like mewing. She knocked again.

"*Entre!*" A woman's voice.

She brushed aside the paper strips, she entered the dark close-smelling room. For a moment, blinded by the transition from glaring sun to gloom, she could see nothing.

"I AM Mrs. Benedict," she said to no one in particular.

"*Sí, sí,*" said a woman's voice, low and soft. "*Perdóneme.* Pardon me that I do not rise. I am ill." This in Spanish. Miraculously, Leslie thought, she caught a word—two words—and translated their meaning. *Perdóneme. Enferma.* Now she looked about her. A woman on the bed in the little front room. A girl, really, black-haired, big-bosomed, her eyes bright with fever.

The infant's shrill cry came from a tiny second room at the rear.

Dimodeo had understood English, and spoken it. This girl must, surely. "I am so sorry. Is the baby ill?"

The girl nodded sadly. "He is ill because I am ill. My milk is not good."

"Well for heaven's sake!" Leslie said. "You just get a formula and feed him that."

The girl said nothing. The child's wailing pulsed through the hot low room. Leslie went to him. He lay in a basket, very wet; dark mahogany beneath the brown skin, very angry. There was no water tap, no pump, no sink. He smelled badly. She took off his clothes, she found some water in a pitcher, she wiped him with a damp rag, the woman, barefooted, came shakily across the sagging floor to hand her a diaper.

"Go back to bed," Leslie said, and smiled at her a little ruefully. "I'm not very good at this, but it's better than having him so wet and—so wet."

She diapered him inexpertly and he never stopped crying, looking up at her with great black swimming eyes. The floor of the little wood-and-adobe hut was broken so that you actually could see the earth over which it stood. Rats must come through those gaps, Leslie thought, looking at the squirming infant. Rats and mice and every sort of awful creeping thing.

She returned the child to the basket and his screams were shattering. The woman on the bed looked up at her submissively. Leslie felt helpless and somehow foolish.

"What is your name?"

"Deluvina."

"What does your husband do here—what is his work?"

"He is Angel Obregon. He is *vaquero.* My father too and my father's father is *vaquero* here on Reata Ranch." She said this with enormous pride.

Leslie longed to ask what his wage was. She told herself this would be disloyal to Jordan. She must ask him.

There was the sound of a motorcar stopping outside, a horn brayed, quick steps on the broken wooden stairs.

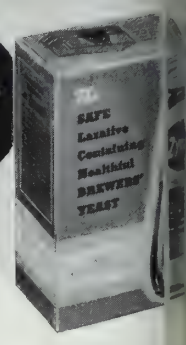
"Miz Benedict!" called a man's voice. "Ma'am! Miz Luz says you come along home with me, they're waiting on you *Madama* says." At the door stood Jett Rink. "You ain't supposed to be in there," he said. "Bick'll be mad as all hell. And *Madama's* fit to be tied."

She said nothing, she stood there, she looked at him, he stared at her, she thought, almost insolently. The eyes that were too small, very blue; the curiously damp-looking curls with one lock falling across the forehead.

"I am Mrs. Benedict," she said needlessly and very formally.

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ll sure." He waved a hand toward
, a new Ford, dust-coated. "We'd
t moseying."
as relieved to have been sent for,
omed the sight of the car. Coolly she
id Mr. Benedict send you here for

She did."
stifled the impulse to say, haughtily,
o is she? She looked back at the
on the bed. The child yelled. In si-
e entered the car. "How did you
ad gone into that place?"

un the wheel expertly, they leaped
e road. "Everybody knows every-
ybody does around here, there's a
ou can't spit without she knows it."
decided that she must speak to
about this oaf. He turned his head
ed at her with a quick bold glance.
tched you from the garage." He said
"You ain't aiming to do much walk-
that around here, are you?"
' not?"
it around the house it's all right,
but I wouldn't go to walking out on
d and cutting
prairie like you

' not?"
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and they look
ething good to
pping around.
ke yours"—he
down at her
ippers and her
ankles—"why
liable to take
out of you by
."
t's ridiculous!"
l. "You're try-
care me."
ght be. But any-
u're too ganted
ping around in
t of the day,
."
nted ganted!
lo they mean!" She had heard this
o often.
nted. Thin."
ether I am thin or not is none of your
s, boy."
e ain't. But like I always say, the
he bone the sweeter the meat."
was deciding whether to be really
r merely amused at this cheeky lout
hey approached the Big House and
a dozen cars clustered in the drive.
he looked down at herself in dismay.
rls.
ey mustn't see me. I look so awful. If
change before they ——"
spun the wheel, he swung the car
around to the rear of the house.
mbed down, ran across the paved
nto the kitchen, leaving behind her a
staring dark servants' faces, into the
ning room. From the hall there came
gh shrill chatter of many feminine
and she smelled the ever-present
Someone was playing the piano and
ower and authority. Brahms. Well,
as better. There was, surely, a rear
y hereabouts, somewhere. They
t see her looking like a drowned rat.
Benedict's new wife.
n the doorway came Luz Benedict's
t voice. "There she is now! Where're
tting to, Leslie? The Girls are here
on you."
. *there's nothing you can do about it*
o face it and don't be silly. Stained
usty shoes, flushed perspiring face,
ing hair she advanced toward them.
smiled directly into the cluster of star-
men's faces, she spread her hands in a
little appealing gesture. "Forgive me. I'm late. And I'm a sight. And I did so want to make a good first impression on all of you."

The staring faces relaxed, softened. The Girls moved toward her. Luz Benedict took over with the strict conventionality of the provincial mind.

"Meet Joella Beezer . . . Ila Rose Motten . . . Eula Jakes . . . Miz Wirt Tanner . . . Aurie Heldebrand . . . Fernie Kling . . . Miz Ray Jennings . . . Vashti Hake . . . Adarene Morey just married a month and come all the way down from Dallas just to meet you. Girls, this is Bick's wife—Leslie. That's a boy's name hereabouts, but she's Bick's legal wife just the same."

They clustered round her, their voices were high and shrill in welcome but there was, too, a genuineness about them, and eagerness and warmth. They were expensively and formally dressed in clothes that Leslie would consider city clothes. Of the group, two faces impressed themselves on her mind. There was Adarene Morey the Dallas bride—a plain quiet girl with intelligent understanding eyes and a queer knobby forehead and skimpy mouse-colored hair.

The other girl had come forward almost timidly—the Girls had, in fact, given her a little push toward Leslie. A very fat girl with an alarmingly red face. She bulged above her clothes, her blue eyes were fixed on Leslie with something like anguish.

"And your name—forgive me—I want to be sure I have you all clear in my memory ——" Leslie said.

"I'm Vashti Hake—your nearest neighbor—our place meets Bick's—yours ——"

So this was the girl—this trembling mound of hurt pride and emotion.

Above the chatter Luz Benedict's voice called, "Look what the Girls brought you!" She pointed to the great hall table on which stood bowls and platters and baskets. Mystified, Leslie stared at the offerings. A great bowl of chicken salad plastered with bright yellow mayonnaise. A plateau of chocolate cake. A saddle of venison. Jars of preserves. A ham. Homemade wine.

Dazed, Leslie surveyed these assorted edibles and wondered what she was supposed to do with them.

"How friendly of you! We'll take them to the picnic, shall we?"

They appeared shocked at this. "It's a barbecue. You can't eat that at a barbecue."

Luz Benedict's voice again. "And time to start too. Come on."

"But Luz, I've got to change my clothes. I look simply terrible."

"We haven't got time," Luz said firmly.

Serenely Leslie moved toward the stairway. "I went for a walk," she continued, as though she had not heard. She was ascending the stairs, smiling down on the others as she went.

"A walk!" they echoed incredulously as everyone else had done.

"AND I visited the school and when I came out I sort of got lost and then I heard a baby crying in one of the cabins and I went in to ask the way and the mother was sick and the baby was so wet and wretched and while I was changing it ——" Ruefully she glanced down at herself. "I'll only be a minute. Does anyone want to keep me company?"

In one concerted movement they surged up the stairs.

"Could we see your things? Could we?"

"Of course. Maybe my clothes aren't right for Texas. You've all got to tell me the

(Continued on Page 115)

Communion Sunday

By Jean Freeman

So this is love . . . to sit in church
beside you,
To touch your hand, and break the
blessed bread,
To hear your voice sing, "Holy
God, most holy!"
And see the stained-glass colors
brush your head.
My dearest, love is not soul-
shaking sadness,
Not blinding glory, neither wind
nor flame—
But quiet strength, and harmony
of heartbeat,
And peace made holy by His holy
name.



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(Continued from Page 113)

h thing to do and the right thing to wear. Vl you?"

Though they were well dressed, if somewa too elaborately for a noonday barbecue the plains, it was obvious that East Coast hions had not yet penetrated the South- s. They watched her while she changed n the stained blue silk to a cream silk d a border of two shades of green. The sk came to her knees, the neckline was wn as the bateau, the whole as a sports ume. It was hideous to the point of being rming but it was high fashion and over it representatives of Dallas, Fort Worth, moso, Vientecito, Corpus Christi, Kings- , Houston and Benedict cooed and oh'd ah'd. They rummaged clothes closets held fragile garments up against their ampler bosoms.

'Oh my! Lookit!" Her Virginia riding it, the breeches of beige Bedford cord, coat of tweed, the canary waistcoat. The s. The pink jersey sweater blouse. The ima negligee of satin and lamé. The blue- n chiffon over chartreuse yellow for ning.

ESLIE adjusted the cloche hat of green grain ribbon, she gathered up the fresh te gloves. From her new white buckskin es to her brushed and shining hair she was naculate again and eager for the day ad. She faced the Girls, smiling and ndly. "It was dear of you to wait while I nged."

She had changed more than she knew, in ir eyes.

They were off now in a haze of dust, a ter of talk, a procession of cars down the g road, then across the prairie itself, into ws, down rutted lanes, through sandy n, the mesquite branches switching and wing the cars as they lurched past.

t was very hot, but she was having a fine e, it was all new and strange, she felt light l free and very very hungry after that ly coffee and the emotional hours since n. Quietly, she listened to the talk. rses, children, clothes, cooking, barbecues, dge, coffee parties. *Well, what's wrong with t?* she demanded of herself.

Miraculously, as though divining her oughts, Adarene Morey said, very low, neath the crackle of high voices, "That's way it is. You'll never hear a word of talk out books or music or sculpture or painting Texas."

'But why?"

Adarene shrugged helplessly. "I honestly n't know. Maybe it's the climate. Or the tances. Or the money. Or something. ey have a kind of contempt for them."

'Then what about you?"

'Oh, I'm considered odd. But it's all right cause the Moreys are old Texas cotton."

'What you two buzzing about, looking so aky!" bawled Ila Rose Motten.

They were stopping before another gate. ere had been gates and gates and gates. ere were miles of fence—hundreds of miles fence it seemed to Leslie. And now a long v cluster of buildings squatted against the rizon.

"There we are," said Adarene Morey, and ned to smile at Leslie. "That's head- arters bunkhouse, in case you don't know. uess you aren't really acquainted yet, are u? Reata's so big, even for Texas."

Vashti Hake in the front seat beside the iver had been markedly silent. "You cer- nly have got your best company manners today," Eula Jakes called to her, "for a l who generally never stops talking."

Vashti Hake turned in the seat and the guished blue eyes fixed themselves on slie. "Some of the boys are going to be ere," she announced.

This Leslie had taken for granted until w. "I hope Jordan will be, at any rate. I ven't seen him since—well, I haven't seen n today," she confessed.

This appeared to cheer Miss Hake. There'll be others, too," she announced. Now they drew up in the bare dusty space rrounding the bunkhouse. The sun glared on the group standing near the long ooden table.

There was Jordan, not only in the boots and spurs and tans and Stetson but in chaps like a movie hero. As this leather god came toward her Leslie found herself running toward him, she had no other single thought in her mind but to be near him again. The Girls, Luz, the half dozen men who had hailed them as they drove up, the figure squatted in front of a red-hot fire on the ground, the Mexicans bent over a steaming hole nearby all vanished in a hot haze and she heard, unheeding, only a thin echo of their indulgent laughter as she stood on tiptoe to meet his kiss, her arms about his neck.

"You left without even good-by."

"How do you know? You were sleeping in a tight little bunch as though nothing could wake you."

"I know, dearest. I was exhausted."

"I want you to meet some of the boys. I want to show you off, first chance I've had."

"I'm so happy. Stay near me."

He led her forward. "Boys, this is my wife Leslie. Leslie, Lucius Morey down from Dallas—you met Adarene. . . . Bale Clinch—you want to watch out for him he's running for sheriff. . . . Ollie Whiteside, smartest lawyer around—keeps us out of jail. . . . Pinky Snyth from the Hakes' place—say, Vashti, I hear your pa's sick and couldn't come."

Vashti Hake looked at Jordan Benedict without replying. The plump rosy face flushed deeper, then paled ominously. Deliberately, and with a kind of awful dignity this fat girl walked to the side of Pinky Snyth the little cow hand, so diminutive beside her, even in his high-heeled boots and towering Stetson. She took his hand in hers and as she spoke she abandoned the patois of the Texan.

"Pa isn't sick. He's sulking. But he'll get over it. There's more than one bride and bridegroom here at this barbecue. Mott Snyth and I were married yesterday in Hermoso."

A final glare at Jordan Benedict, a look that was a tragic mixture of wounded pride and pitiful defeat. The triumphant bride burst into tears, bent to bury her face in the bridegroom's inadequate shoulder.

A hubbub of cries and squeals, of guffaws and back-slappings, of congratulations uttered too loudly and disapproval muttered *sotto voce*.

Vashti Hake had made her point, attention was centered on her now, Bick had kissed the bride's wet cheek and wrung the little man's surprisingly steel-strong hand. Together, happily unnoticed, he and Leslie were free to move about unhampered. Only Luz Benedict bustled up to them as they turned away from the shrill group. She glared at Leslie, she jerked her gaze toward Bick.

"You're the cause of this!"

"Fine," said Bick equably and patted Luz's shoulder. "Vashti should have been married five years ago, big bouncing girl like that."

But nothing could disturb Leslie now. She tucked her arm through Bick's. "Show me the bunkhouse. I've read about them all my life."

He pressed her arm close. "Nothing much to see."

IT turned out that he was right. Cots, each covered with a thin gray-brown blanket. A bit of mirror stuck on the wall and the men's meager belongings ranged on shelves—a razor, a broken-toothed comb, a battered clock. Dust-caked boots on the floor, a saddle, a bit of rope, a leather strap. A guitar on an upended wooden box.

At the look on her face Bick laughed indulgently. "What did you expect to see?"

"Pistols. Poker chips. Silk garters. Silver spurs."

"Serves you right for reading so much. Our boys aren't allowed to carry guns unless they're out on the range, and sometimes not even then. Or hunting, of course."

She threw a final look over her shoulder at the bare, hot gritty little room. "Tell me, darling, how much are they paid, your *vaqueros?*"

"Oh, twenty a month—some of them thirty. The top hands. Plus mounts and found, of course."

She stared in unbelief, she started to protest, thought better of it, was silent. It was high noon now, as they came again into the clearing the heat struck like a blow.

As they walked toward the others she saw that the company had separated into two groups, male and female. The Girls were clustered near the table talking all together in high shrill voices. The men stood apart, bunched, low-voiced.

Now the preparations for the meal were accelerated and she came forward interestedly to see and to learn.

In the center of the cleared circle was the red-hot bed of live wood coals on the ground. This was no ordinary picnic bonfire, this was a hard-shaped mound that must surely have been going for many hours.

Old Eusebio, squatting on his haunches before the fierce heat of the fire, was manipulating four cooking vessels at once. First, of course, there was the five-gallon pot of steaming coffee. Nearby, on a crude tripod, was the vast skillet of beans. As Leslie watched, fascinated, Eusebio lifted the top off a still larger skillet and gave a stir to the mass of rice and tomato bubbling around chunks of beef.

PATENT

Early English kings passed on practically all matters of public interest. They issued statements on subjects that varied from foreign policy to ownership of a few acres of land. Many of these official papers were secret, or "closed." Others were open to the public. Documents of the latter type were called *lettres patentes,* from the French for "open letters."

A *lettre patente* was issued whenever a king conferred an honor on a subject. It was also given as a license to conduct charities, erect schools, export or import particular goods. Rulers frequently prepared one of these documents to give a subject exclusive right to make or to sell some type of merchandise.

In common speech, the title of the king's open letter was abbreviated to *patent*. As more and more patents dealt with rights and privileges of inventors, the term came to stand for legal protection given a person who develops a new idea.

—WEBB B. GARRISON

"Starving," she said sociably to Adarene Morey.

Adarene pointed to the pit nearby about which three *vaqueros* were stooped. They were lifting something out of the hole in the ground and a delicious steam permeated the air. "They're taking out the barbecue. Here, have a piece of this. Have you ever eaten Mexican bread, it's delicious." They were all nibbling wedges of something crisp and stiff.

On the table were stacked disks a foot in circumference and thin-edged, they were piled a foot high and now Leslie saw the last of these being taken out of the third skillet and placed neatly on top of the stack. Adarene broke off a generous wedge from one of the crisp disks—the last one, still hot from the skillet and Leslie munched it and found it rather flat tasting and said it was delicious.

Adarene Morey moved closer, her voice was low in Leslie's ear. "Talk to Vashti Hake, go over and talk to her, will you?"

Leslie looked into the kind intelligent eyes. "Thank you, Adarene."

Adarene Morey's voice went on, very low. "The Hakes are old ranch family. Texas ranch girls don't marry cow hands much, no matter what the storybooks say."

Casually Leslie strolled over to where Vashti Hake stood smiling defiantly, surrounded by a little group of the Girls. They were drinking coffee again, steaming tin cups of the hot brew.

Leslie slipped her hand into that of the moist and rumpled Vashti. "It's wonderful to come to Texas a brand-new bride and find there's a bride even newer living on the next ranch."

The big bosom heaved. "Oh, I guess you and Bick won't have much time for me—and Mott."

"Oh, but we will! We brides must stick together, you know."

"I NOTICED you call Bick by his right name, Jordan. I do that, too. I call my husband by his right name, Mott. Everybody else calls him Pinky but I think the way you do, it's more dignified to call your husband by a name isn't just a nickname everybody uses. A wife is something special."

"Oh, very special," Leslie said, "I couldn't agree more with ——"

Floundering for an end to this speech Leslie was saved by the shout that went up as two *vaqueros* bore the steaming succulent treasure that had emerged from the hole in the ground. These men were carrying a large sack, dark, wet, and steaming. This outer sack they deftly slit with sharp bright knives. Beneath it was another cloth, lighter and stained with juices. Still thus encased, the burden was carried to the table and placed on a great flat wooden board. They were crowded all round the table now, and in each hand was a wedge of the crisp thin bread.

The final layer of wrapping was removed. A little Vesuvius of steam wafted upward on the hot noonday air. There on the table was the mammoth head of an animal. It was the head complete. The hide—hair and the outer skin—had been removed, but all the parts remained, the eyes sunken somewhat in the sockets but still staring blindly out at the admiring world. The tongue lolled out of the open mouth and the teeth grinned at the Texans who were smiling down in anticipation. Collops of roast meat hung from cheeks and jowls.

"M-m-m-m!" cried the Girls.

"There's another down in the pit where this came from," shouted Pinky Snyth.

"We'll sure enough need it," Bale Clinch bellowed. "Appetites these girls have they're liable to leave us boys with nothing but the ears."

Curiously enough they stood as they ate. Deftly Eusebio jerked the tongue out, he sliced off the crown of the head, someone began to peel the smoking tongue and to cut it neatly on the wooden board. The hot spicy titbits were placed on the pieces of thin crisp bread held out so eagerly and there arose little cries of gustatory pleasure.

"Here," Vashti said, and hospitably extended to her erstwhile rival a moist slice on a wedge of bread. "If you don't say this is about the best barbecue you ever ate."

"It's been eighteen hours cooking," Ollie Whiteside explained.

"How interesting," Leslie murmured.

"Needs a sprinkle of salt," Vashti cautioned her.

Bick was regarding her with some anxiety and, she thought, a shade disapprovingly. Through her mind, as she smiled and accepted the food held out to her, went an argument founded on clear reasoning against instinct. *You're being silly and narrow-minded. You've eaten cold sliced tongue, where did you think it came from—did you think it was born on a silver platter bordered with sprigs of water cress? After all, perhaps Texans wouldn't like the idea of lobsters and oysters and crabs, they're not very attractive either when they come up from the baking pit, with all those claws and tails and whiskers.*

Bick was talking, he was explaining something to her. His low charming voice flowed over her soothingly. "This is the real Spanish-Mexican barbecue, Leslie. We take a fresh calf's head and skin it and place it in a deep pit dug in the ground on a bed of hot mesquite coals. We wrap the head in clean white cloths and then tightly in canvas and down it goes the night before, and it cooks down there for eighteen hours ——"

Now spoons were being used. With glad cries the Girls were dipping into the top of

the head and removing spoonfuls of the soft gelatinous brains and placing them on fresh pieces of bread with a bit of salt sprinkled on top. Leslie turned away, she felt she was going to be very sick, she steeled herself, she turned back, she smiled, she felt a little cold dew on her upper lip and the lip itself was strangely stiff.

"Eat while it's hot!" Miz Wirt Tanner urged her. "They's plenty more."

"I'm not very hungry, really. Perhaps if I just had a little of the rice and some coffee. I'm not accustomed to the—the heat—yet."

"My gosh, this ain't hot. Wait till July!"

She ate. She drank. She talked. She laughed. She said delicious how do they make it the rice is so yes indeed we eat it in the East though we usually think of Virginia as the South but of course it must seem East to you there is a dish we sometimes calves' brains with a black butter sauce.

The second head was brought up from the pit, was eaten. Replete, then, the little company wandered off and left the littered table to the *vaqueros* and to old Eusebio. "It was wonderful," Leslie said to him. Her new word came to mind. "*Delicioso. Gracias.*" The old mummy face with the live-coal eyes bowed with a stately air, accepting his due as a culinary artist.

She had not disgraced herself, she had not disgraced Jordan, she drew a long breath of achievement. She laughed and chatted, seated on a tree stump, feeling strangely lightheaded and cool in the blinding sun. One of the *vaqueros* at the table so recently deserted was pouring a full measure of molasses into a tin cup and now he sat spooning it up with relish, as though it were ice cream. In a corner under the open shed another of the Mexicans had got hold of the calf's head from which the company had so recently eaten. As she watched him he took a piece of bread and plunged his hand into the open top of the empty skull, brought the morsel up, and popped it into his eager open mouth.

Someone asked her a question, she turned her face up to the questioner, she smiled a stiff contortion of the mouth. At that moment the bunkhouse tipped toward her, the sky rolled with it and the ground rose up in front of her and rapped her smartly on the head.

For the first time in her healthy twenty-odd years Leslie Lynnton had fainted dead away.

VERY white she lay then in the big bare bedroom at Reata. Bick had sent for Dr. Tom Walker at Vientecito. He was a small slight man, his suit his shoes his hat were the clothes she had been accustomed to see worn by middle-aged men in Virginia's hot weather—by her father. He placed the soft straw hat and the scuffed black bag on a table and came over to the bed. He stood there, dabbing his forehead a little with a white handkerchief.

"I never will get used to this heat," Doctor Walker said. "I'll just go in and wash my hands. How are you, Bick? I heard you'd married. High time."

She heard the water and his hearty splashing and then he stood in the bathroom doorway wiping his hands briskly and talking casually.

"This climate's new to you, h'm?"

"Yes."

"It takes a while. I'm from Tennessee myself but this is different. I wouldn't want to live anywhere else now, this is wonderful country but you have to get used to it and look at it the long view. Fifty years from now."

"Fifty years!" She did a simple problem in arithmetic. "I'll be seventy-five!"

"That's a nice age. You'll see wonderful things in Texas when you're seventy-five."

"I won't care then."

"Yes you will. Especially if you've been part of it."

"You sound like my father," she said then.

He had finished wiping his hands, he came again to the bedside, relaxed and easy. Now he picked up her hand as it lay there so inert on the coverlet.

"And who is he?"

She watched his face. He was intent on her pulse. "His name is Lynnton. Dr. Horace Lynnton."

He placed her hand gently on the coverlet, he smiled a little. The routine. The chest, the lungs, the back, the stomach, the heart, the belly.

"She'll be all right I think," he said turning to Bick Benedict standing so tensely at the bedside. "I'd say a temporary fatigue and a sort of—have you had a shock?"

"No."

"She's been fine," Bick said. "She's been wonderful until just today. When she fainted we thought—some of the women thought maybe ——"

"Maybe next week you'll drive to my office where I can really examine you properly. You do that, will you?"

Dr. Tom Walker took out his pad and fountain pen, he began to write a prescription in a neat hand. He finished it, he capped the pen and he snapped his shabby black bag. His eyes came to rest on her face.

"Horace Lynnton's daughter."

"Do you know him?"

"Do I know Horace Lynnton! That's like asking a private in the infantry if he knows the General of the Army."

She felt the tears, hot and stinging, in her eyes. "Thank you," she said inadequately. Then, "I'll write him you said that. No I won't. He'll think I'm ill."

"You're not," Doctor Walker said.

"What about it, Tom?" Bick asked. "What made her faint and stay that way so long? She just wouldn't come to. I don't know how long."

Dr. Tom Walker was silent. Then he stood up. "Fainting is a way of shutting out of your consciousness something you find repellent. In the old days ladies used to do it quite a bit. It was a kind of weapon. They don't use it so much nowadays because they're more free to rebel against what they don't like. This young lady doesn't look like the fainting type to me."

Bick brushed this aside with some impatience. "But what do you advise now? What's the thing to do for Leslie?"

Tom Walker seemed to ponder this a moment. "Well, Bick, if I were married to this girl I guess I'd spend the rest of my life cherishing her—no, I'll give you the advice of a man of medicine, not a romantic. You see, all this is new to Mrs. Benedict. Beginning marriage is an adjustment under the most simple of circumstances. But when you have to adjust to marriage and Texas at the same time! Well, that's quite a feat."

"Now Tom! You're talking to an old Texian, just aiming to rile me."

Doctor Walker shook his head. He turned to Leslie. "Tell me, if you could do whatever you liked here what would you want to do?"

SHE sat up vigorously and pushed her hair back from her forehead. Her face was sparkling, animated. "I feel better. I feel wonderful. Do you mean exactly whatever I'd want to do forever—or for a week, perhaps?"

Doctor Walker, neatly packing his stethoscope, looked at Bick Benedict. "Let's start with a week."

Leslie smoothed the coverlet with her free hand. She raised her eyes to the window and the brazen sky, she glanced at Dr. Tom Walker and then her eyes came to rest in Jordan Benedict's eyes.

"I want to go into the kitchen and cook two chickens—pan roast them—a quick broil first to brown and then a slow oven. Delicious. In butter and a strip or two of bacon for flavor. I want to whip up a meringue. With strawberries on top. Are there strawberries in Texas? . . . I want to go to Benedict and walk in the town and look in the store windows and I want to see the side streets where people live in their houses. . . . I want to have the piano tuned. . . . I want to learn to speak Spanish. . . . But most of all I want to go with you, Jordan—to go with you and see what you do. I promise not to bother you—just to have someone show me and let me see and learn about the ranch. . . . And I'd like to talk—I mean good talk with all kinds of people at dinner and after dinner . . . and books . . . and flowers in the house."

Bick's brow was furrowed. "Look, Leslie honey. You'll do all these things in time. But why not just relax for a while and take things as they are. Don't you think so, doc?"

The slight figure in the rumpled linen suit stood looking down at the two seated there on the bed, hand in hand and miles apart. Slowly he tore into small scraps the prescription he had so recently written. "I think Leslie's prescription is better than this one. I'd advise you to try it. . . . Well, I'll be getting along." He stooped for his bag. Then, without glancing over his shoulder he said, "Come on in, Miss Luz. The diagnosis has been made, there's nothing wrong." And there was Luz Benedict, not at all embarrassed at being caught. Doctor Tom looked at her, he quirked one eyebrow. "You weren't eavesdropping were you, *Madama?*"

"There's no call to get personal, Tom Walker. I've got a right to know in my own house ——"

"What do you think, doc?" Bick Benedict asked again worriedly.

Tom Walker leaned against the doorway, his bag in his hand. "I'd say, as a man and a doctor, there's nothing Leslie wants to do that isn't good and proper and shows the right spirit in a young wife. She wants to go into her kitchen and cook. Well, what's wrong with that? She wants to learn about her new home. She wants to see the sort of work her husband does, and how he does it. She wants to play the piano and talk about things of the mind and the emotions. If there were more wives like that ——"

"I run this house." Luz Benedict's voice was high and shrill. "Her house! Her kitchen! I should think anybody'd be glad to have all that responsibility taken off them." She apparently was addressing Dr. Tom Walker but her eyes were on Leslie. "She ain't real strong, you can see that."

Leslie, sitting up in bed, seemed now to tower as she sat. She flung the bedclothes aside and swung her long legs in a decorous arc so that in one swooping movement she had got out of bed, was standing in her nightgown, had thrust her arms into her robe and was wrapping it about her with the air of one who buckles on a coat of mail.

"Luz Benedict," she said very distinctly, "I'm not going to behave like Dora in David Copperfield. I don't want to take y place, but I won't have you take m either. I know I can't take over this h house twenty-four hours after I've come i it. I don't want to, yet. But I won't be a gu in my husband's house, I won't pret I've just dropped in for a meal like th people at breakfast yesterday—or was it day—I'm all mixed up, it seems days ag

"You see," said Luz.

Bick came to Leslie, he held her to h "Leslie honey, you're tired and upset a you don't seem awfully strong ——"

"Look here." Tom Walker had an edge his speech now. "What are you trying to Break her down? Let me tell you somethi This girl is as wiry as a steel spring and indestructible. You let her do as she righ pleases." He made for the door, one ha held high in farewell. "Call me if you n me, any hour of the day or night." He v gone.

Bick was after him. "Tom! How abou drink or a cup of coffee?"

The two women in the bedroom looked each other. "That's all right," Luz s meaninglessly. Her usual high color v drained away now and Leslie found hers startled by this aspect, there seemed so thing sinister in the new white face.

Leslie said, "Let's have everything cl and open Luz and then there won't be th dreadful hidings and listening and little sinuations. I'm sorry if that sounds rude. I just trying to be honest."

"That's all right," Luz said again.

"I'm going to dress now. I feel just fi It must be nearly dinnertime. I'm go down to see what there is in that great en mous ice chest in that great enormous pan and the one in the kitchen too. I think go down right now, in my wrapper, a settle it. No steak."

Bick had said that night, "How about r ing out with me after breakfast? Horses mean." Then, at her look of pure joy, "Y I know. But I start before daylight and it far piece down there. Dusty and noisy a hotter than yesterday. Roundup."

"Roundup!" She repeated the word though he had said Venice—lagoons—g dolas—music—love in the moonlight, "O Jordan, it sounds heavenly!"

"It isn't like the movies. Don't expect mance. What you'll see is rough."

She was happy. Even next morning wh she wakened to the scent of strong coffee the blackness and heard the murmur of f away talk belowstairs she dismissed fr her mind the sure knowledge that she w the subject of the conversation over the p breakfast coffee in the vast kitchen. Defian she put on robe and slippers and slip-slapp down to the source of the sound. There th sat at the kitchen table, Luz and Bick, drin ing their coffee before the first fingers dawn had tapped at the windows.

"GOOD morning!" she cried and th thought, *I sound like mama.* "Can I have uh—I'm having a cup of coffee, too, befor dress."

Bick was in boots, canvas, shirt. "I w going to wake you when I got up. But smelled Luz's coffee so I beat it downsta first."

Leslie looked at Luz. She was dressed riding. "I'll be dressed in a minute. Jord and I are riding out to the roundup."

"I know."

"You'd better let me give you a bru jacket," Bick said. "We go through mesqu some of the way. What's your hat?"

"Just a little round-brimmed riding ha

"That's no good. You'll be burned ali Luz, find her a jacket and a hat. You kno all this stuff we wear in Texas isn't becaus looks good in the movies."

So she rode in a haphazard costume ma up of her own pants with glittering Easte riding boots and high-necked shirt, a Te brush jacket and a ten-gallon hat. The mo was still in the sky as the sun came up. Mo light and starlight and sunlight, and t dawn air cool and a little moist and the G wind stirring only gently.

(Continued on Page 118)

For Any Mary

By R. H. Grenville

They might have named you for a pagan queen.
Ninon, or Heloise, or Guinevere
They might have called you; or a name as green
And gracious as the ones the flowers wear.
Instead, they named you for the quiet things
Of home, and having chosen, were most wise.
Your name is gentle as a gray dove's wings;
It holds the eagerness of children's eyes,
The comfort of cool sheets, the flickering light
Of hearth fires, and the fragrance of new bread.
No tinkling syllables, no word as bright
And fragile as a new moon overhead,
But Mary . . . four brief letters which impart
Love's tender warmth and welcome to the heart.

Why be a slave to Messy Defrosting?



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100% AUTOMATIC DEFROSTING REFRIGERATOR

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MODEL DFD-104

. . . of course, it's electric!

HERE'S HOW FROST-FREE ELIMINATES THIS DIRTY JOB . . .

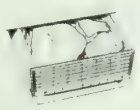
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ROAST-DEEP MEAT KEEPER . . . provides the proper cold and air circulation to keep 16 lbs. of meat market-fresh for days and days.



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Watch out for cake "rustlers" when you bring on these delectable spice-rich treats! A perfect outdoor dessert. And so easy to make! Just use your favorite prepared white cake mix and add the sparkling flavor of French's pure, fresh-ground Spices. French's Spices and Extracts give your cakes and cookies that rich, luscious flavor!

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1 package prepared white cake mix
1 teaspoon French's Cinnamon
½ teaspoon each French's Allspice and Nutmeg
¼ teaspoon French's Cloves
1 teaspoon French's Vanilla

Prepare according to package directions for cup cakes. Add spice to dry ingredients. Frost with butter icing. To "brand" cup cakes, use a tooth pick dipped in French's Food Color to form symbols, or use colored icing in pastry tube. Yield: 24 medium cup cakes.

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(Continued from Page 116)

"This is the best time of day," Leslie found herself saying. "That's why they get up early. Now I know. Just give me time and I'll learn."

It was hard riding, she was unaccustomed to this broad Western saddle, the mesquite was a hazard, their talk was disjointed. Leslie felt free and gay and new. To ride again was exhilarating after days of trains and hotels and automobiles. She was to see the purpose of these millions of acres, she was to be part of the everyday work of Reata Ranch and of every ranch in this Gargantuan commonwealth. She began to sing out of sheer high spirits, whereupon her horse stopped.

"Why did he do that?"

"He's a cow pony. When the cattle were restless the boys used to sing to them. Just sitting in the saddle, singing sort of slow and gentle. It quieted them. They don't do it much any more. That was in the old days—my grandfather's day—when they drove the big herds overland. One of the old hands must have broken in that pony of yours."

They rode side by side now. "Have to be careful of gopher holes here. Your horse step into one of those he can throw you—or he can break a leg."

"Can't I wait for you so that we can ride back together when you're finished?"

"No, it'll be too hot then. And no telling when I'll be through. Jett will call for you and drive you home after lunch."

"Tell me about this Jett Rink."

"Jett's all right when he behaves himself. When he drinks he goes kind of crazy. I've fired him a dozen times but he always seems to turn up back at the ranch, one way or another. He's a kind of genius, Jett is."

"He is! Why, he just seemed to me a sullen, loutish kind of boy. What do you mean, genius?"

"Oh, lots of ways. Machinery. Mechanics. There's nothing he can't fix, nothing he can't run that has an engine in it. He's a wizard—when he's sober. But drunk or sober he doesn't belong on a ranch because you can't trust him with animals."

"How do you mean—trust him?"

"He's naturally mean with them. He abuses them. Kicks horses. Hits them over the head. I've seen him slam a calf right ——"

"Don't! Don't tell me. I don't want to hear it. But why?"

"He's got a grudge against the world."

"He sounds an exquisite escort for your bride."

"Don't you worry. He knows his place when it comes to the family."

In silence they rode for a moment. Only the creak of leather, the faint jingle of metal. Horses' hoofs on sun-baked earth. Texas sounds.

"LESLIE, since we came home I've been up to my ears in work. Maybe you've felt left out of things. Look, it's like this. I'm pulling one way—I think it's the right way—and Luz and Maudie and Bowie and Roady and the rest of them they're all pulling another. They want the money—all the money they can get out of the ranch. And I want to put money back into the ranch. It takes a lot. I want to raise and breed the best beef cattle in the world, I want to experiment with new breeds and new grasses. The only one of the family who's with me is Uncle Bawley up at the Holgado Division. He's a character. Over seventy but full of beans. We'll have to take a trip out there, you'll love it. It's high country, the mountains ——"

"Mountains! In Texas!"

"Sure mountains. There's everything in Texas. Mountains and forest and rivers and desert and plains and valleys and heat and cold."

"I know. You're in love with it."

He reined his horse, he looked at her his eyes full of pain. "Maybe it's going to be hell for you down here. Maybe I shouldn't have brought you to Texas."

"It's a little late now. We're in it, darling. You didn't marry a Texas belle."

"You're on that again, h'm? I will say Luz tried to shoo off most of them but she was hell bent on my marrying Vashti and the reason was that one end of the Hake ranch touches ours. You know years ago Luz was supposed to marry old Cliff Hake. He was old then, he was a handsome young man they tell me, but she didn't want to go to the Double B to live, she wanted to combine the two ranches and bring the whole thing over Reata. Of course Cliff wouldn't hear of it and they split up. Would you believe it!"

"Yes, I'd believe it. And so you were to marry Vashti in her place, all these years and years later. And now Vashti is married to that little pink man all because of you. Or really because of Luz."

"I MEANT to marry. Not Vashti, but I meant to marry, God knows there were plenty of girls around. I'm saying that without meaning to be a stinker. But I wasn't in love with any of them. Maybe you're right. Maybe I was in love with cattle."

"And power."

"How do you mean—power?"

"Papa says ——"

"You set great store by your father, don't you? Come on, let's get riding. We're herding for a roundup. Remember? That's the way I earn my living."

"Living! How about life! You just look upon life as an annoying interruption to ranching."

"I told you what it was like down there. The first time I met you. Now you've seen the setup. You know what it is. Like it or not, this is it."

"Jordan, let's not—Jordan, I'm going to love it. It's just that ——"

"Reata takes all my time. It always will. You'll be a neglected wife. Everything's against you—climate—people—family—as you say, tomboms. I know. I warned you." He looked at her, his eyes agonized, pleading. "I love you. I love you. I love you."

The two horses stood close, side by side, leather creaking on leather. They stood like good Texas cow horses while the man and woman strained toward each other there in the saddles, his knee against hers, his thigh against hers, his shoulder his lips on hers, there in the brilliant wild endless Texas plain, in the early morning scent of the desert spring and the false coolness and the mint false green of the unavailing mesquite.

She looked at him as they drew apart slowly. At no time in her life, before or after this moment, was Leslie Lynnton so nearly beautiful. They sat a moment, withdrawn, like two figures on a too highly colored Lexington calendar print.

"It's going to be wonderful," she said finally, "and terrible. I suppose we're in for about the most stormy future any married two ever had. I'm going to try to change you and you're going to be impatient when I don't melt into all this." She swept the vastness with her arm.

"I'll try not to be."

"Whoever said love conquers all was a fool. Because almost everything conquers love—or tries to."

The sun was up, full blast. Already it was growing hot. Bick gathered up his reins. "Yippee!" he yelled like a character in a Western movie. Without another word he streaked across the prairie mile on mile, and galloped into Number Two Camp to find a welter of dust, thudding hoofs, color, bedding, clamor.

"Stay here. Just here. This is Tonio. He'll take care of you. If you get tired you can sit on the top of the high fence there. It may be better there, anyway. Too bad you didn't wear Texas boots, the heels hook better. I'll be back. Here, take this. You need it. Across your face." He tossed her a handkerchief and was off into the melee, figure of steel and iron and muscle.

Cattle. So close packed that it seemed you could walk on their backs for a mile or miles as far as the eye could see. From the little sand hills, from the mesquite mottes, from the cactus came the living streams, and here a river there, a river of moving cattle wherever the eye rested and these slug lines were added to the great central one until it became a Mississippi of cattle fed by its smaller tributaries. Little figures on horseback guided the course of these streams from the east the west and the south these

on horseback moved the rivers of red-
hite Herefords, the torrents of cattle
he white clown faces and the pink-
d eyes. The bawling of the calves, the
wing of the cows was ear-splitting. Now
s almost impossible to see through the
clouds of dust. The men wore handker-
s tied in a triangle before their faces so
nly their eyes were free. Leslie took the
ndkerchief that Jordan had tossed to
e tied it so that her nose and mouth
covered, a Moslem woman in riding
s. The animals moved close-packed.
in on curtain of dust, the men on horse-
the men running about on foot were
y figures in a fog of dust. Their faces
tern and intent, the riders seemed not
at all but centaurs part horse part
swaying with the animals as though
were one body.

y rode headlong into the herd, they
d not even to touch the reins, they
g slightly in the saddle as the horse
in and out like a fluid thing. You saw
this weaving movement of man and
separated the bawling calf from its
er, the high plaintive blatting becoming
anguished as the animal sought franti-
to return to
eething mass.
-eyed, breath-
Leslie watched
ancient proc-
unchanged for
uries. These
leaped off their
s, threw the
gling calf and
l him, were on
horse again in a
single leap and
into the surging
As they rode
heard them call-
oftly, tenderly,
ing the milling
ic sea of cattle.
woo woo vaca!
woo woo no-
Woo vaca. Woo
woo! Like a
ner humming to
restless child.
ne saw Bick
edict—her own
band Jordan
edict, she told
elf with mixed
ngs of pride and resentment as she
ched him—working in this inferno of
ing flesh and choking dust and noise
movement and daring and danger and
al beauty. Working like any one of the
eros amidst hoofs and flanks and horns.
n a far corner out of the dust of battle old
endo had set up a tarpaulin, the chuck
on was backed handily at its edge. The
d wafted the scent of his cooking to the
ne of feverish activity but it was lost in
stench of the branding. Calves bawled,
s bellowed, men yelled, hoofs pounded,
es slammed, flesh burned, irons clanged,
t swirled, sun glared. Leslie Benedict
g to the fence rail and knew why Texans
d fifty dollars for great cool sheltering ten-
on Stetson hats.

Up clattered Bick, his teeth gleaming
rtlingly white in his dust-grimed scarlet
. "All right honey?"

Fine. I want to ask questions."

I was afraid of that." He pulled his horse
beside her there at the fence.

Everybody talks Spanish. Tell me, that's
o, isn't it, who was so splendid and dressy
welcome us."

Yes. Polo's *caporal*. Foreman."

What's he doing? He and the others. It
s cruel but I suppose it isn't."

Not if America wants to eat. They're
ng. And branding. Only the foreman and
bosses and the best of the ropers do that.
e others—the men who are throwing the
es—they're called *tumbadores*. And those
ws who run the brands, they're really
cialists. *Marcadores*, they're called."

Marcadores. A lovely word. For such a
ty job. What's it mean?"

"Figure it for yourself. *Marcar* means to mark—to stamp—to brand. *Marcadores*—markers, branders. It's tricky work. Those irons are red hot. It's the Reata brand, of course. If they press too hard the calves get a burn sore. If they don't press hard enough the brand won't be clear. They're dehorning too, those other fellows."

"It seems horrible but perhaps it isn't. What are those boys doing? The ones with the sticks and the buckets?"

"They're *atoleros*. *Atole*—well, mush. They've got a kind of lime paste in those buckets, they have rags wrapped around those sticks and they smear the lime on the fresh burns to heal them. . . . Well, you wanted to come."

"Don't you worry about me. I'm tougher than I was yesterday. I'm a tough Texan. . . . Look, there's a darling little boy. Why, he can't be more than ten years old."

Matter-of-factly Bick said, "That's little Bobby Dietz, his father is ranch boss on Number One. . . . Come on, honey, it's time for lunch. Here's Tomaso with your horse."

"Why don't the men stop working? I should think they'd be famished."

"They'll eat after we've finished."

On their way to the dinner camp they passed the fire of hot embers and she averted her eyes and then forced herself to look, and to smile. And at Bick's call the little lad came running to their horses, he came shyly, a handsome boy with very blue eyes bluer in contrast with the sun-browned face.

"Hello, Bobby!"

"Howdy, Mr. Bick."

"Where's your father?"

"He went back there in the draw, he says there's a bunch there the boys missed."

"Does, eh?" Bick looked at Leslie. "This kid comes of good stuff. He'll make a wonderful hand when he grows up. Bobby, this is Mrs. Benedict. This is the new señora."

The deep blue eyes were turned on her like searchlights. "What she wearing them funny clothes for?"

Bick grinned. "She hasn't had time to get some Texas clothes."

Though ten minutes before she had been repelled by the thought of any sort of food, Leslie found herself eating Rosendo's food with relish, not to say gusto. Having polished off chicken, string beans, apple pie and half a disk of skillet bread she inspected the chuck wagon with its orderly compartments for spices, flour, beans, rice, cutlery, tinware. She complimented the gifted Rosendo and was enchanted with the benign and wrinkled face beneath the vast straw sombrero. She felt well and buoyant of spirits.

"Let me stay this afternoon and come home with you. I'm not tired."

"Two more hours of sun and you'd wish you hadn't."

SITTING there with her husband under the scrap of unavailing canvas the gently bred girl was trying to arrange in her mind a pattern that would bring order into the kaleidoscope of these past three days.

Gropingly, as though thinking aloud, she said, "It's incredible, that's all. I can't believe that men earn their living this way. It's too difficult. Why, just look at Polo!"

"Where! What's the matter with him!"

"Nothing, darling. I just mean—look at him on his horse, he looks like a Spanish grandee. I've never seen a Spanish grandee but did Polo do all these circus stunts when he was a young man?"

Next Month

"It's love on a dime and a dream!"

WITH an enthusiasm that makes every day a new adventure, Bob Paschall and Nancy Watts (they're Mr. and Mrs.) are doing what they like best to do—acting. The challenge—living on $3 a day—with dreams to make the difference. Loving all life that touches their work hours with a special magic, it all seems wonderful—this state of being

STAGE STRUCK

By Hildegarde Dolson

HOW AMERICA LIVES

in the September JOURNAL

Sure-Fire Hits

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Sizzling hamburgers, juicy beef kabobs—and French's!

FRENCH'S adds that wonderful flavor!

Hot off the grill—tender, crispy-crusted meats and savory barbecue sauce made with French's golden rich Mustard. French's is a blend of the finest spices, mustard seeds and vinegar money can buy. Flavors better because it doesn't fade out in cooking. Blends better, too, because it's creamier.

FRENCHWISE BARBECUE SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 medium onion minced (or
1 tablespoon French's Onion Flakes)
1 small green pepper minced
(or 1 tablespoon French's Pepper Flakes)
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons French's Prepared Mustard
1 tablespoon French's Worcestershire Sauce
1 teaspoon salt ¾ cup ketchup

Crush flakes if used. Combine ingredients and simmer 15 minutes. Yield: 8 servings.

Also made in Canada



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"He sure enough did, Top hand. That's how he got to be *caporal*. He can still do them, and better than men half his age."

"How old is he?"

"Nobody knows. I doubt that he does himself. But he's getting too old for this job. And too old-fashioned. Would you believe he keeps his accounts in his head! Hours, wages, stock counts. I'll have to retire him and put in a modern system like that in the other divisions. I've humored him long enough. You ought to hear Maudie Lou and Bowie and the others on the subject!"

"Why don't they run the ranch, then?"

His head came up, his jaw set, his whole aspect changed as though he had been challenged. "I run this ranch. Don't make any mistake about that."

She looked at old Polo, seated so lightly on his beautiful horse. The *vaqueros* had finished their noonday meal, they were stretching and yawning, one of them took a mouthful of water from a tin cup and spat it out on the ground in some sort of primitive ablution.

"Dearest, do you work like this every day?"

"Well—no. No, I don't."

"I mean it's wonderful that you can do it, but it's ghastly rough and tough."

He actually blushed a little then beneath the russet burn, and he laughed rather sheepishly, like a boy. "Tell you the truth, honey, I was just showing off today in front of my girl. Like a kid chinning himself on the apple tree."

The men were mounting their horses, fresh horses she saw, from a great cluster of them she had not noticed until now, grazing against the horizon.

"New horses? Are they going to start all over again?"

"Sure, new horses. Or fresh, we'd say. Every Benedict *vaquero* has got at least ten horses. They've been changing right along, you just haven't noticed. They'll be riding about five different horses each, today. See that bunch of horses over there? That's called a remuda. They're what we call cutting horses. They're used to cut out certain animals from the herd. Trained for it. You don't even have to touch the reins half the time. Just sway your body and your horse will turn with your weight this way or that."

"Jordan! I forgot all about My Mistake. I forgot about My Mistake. Is she here? Where is she? I'd never have met you without her. I love her."

"She's out in pasture. I meant to tell you. Obregon—over there, that tall fellow in the straw hat—had her out yesterday he says she's the finest little ——"

"Oh, let me talk to him, will you? Tonight when you get back let's visit her. I'll have to write Lacey all about her."

Summoned, the man came toward them. He was noticeably taller than the average and very slim, with broad shoulders like the American cowboys Leslie had seen in Western motion pictures.

"Angel," Bick said as the man came toward them. "Angel Obregon."

"That's the husband of the woman with the baby! Tell him I know his wife. Is he the one? If he has a new baby he is. Yesterday—but then you don't know about it."

THE man stood before them. Bick acknowledged his presence with his charming smile. "The little filly you exercised yesterday," he said in Spanish, "is a great favorite of the señora. The horse is her own. She has great feeling for the horse."

The man's face flashed into sudden radiance, he began to speak, the words rolling out with a great drumming of Spanish *r*'s.

"He says she is a miracle of a horse, that she is swifter than any horse in Texas but she is not happy, he says perhaps she longs for her home."

A little involuntary cry came from Leslie. "Oh, Jordan, I must see her. She's homesick for Virginia. I want to put my arms around her neck and comfort her."

"Yes," said Bick stiffly. Obregon was speaking again, his hat was in his hand, he was speaking directly to Leslie in a flood of Spanish, the dark eyes glowing down upon her.

Helplessly she smiled up at the ardent face, then she recalled the words with which Tomaso had expressed his own inability to understand her. "*No comprendo*," she said, triumphantly.

Bick stood up. "He is thanking you for being so kind to his wife yesterday. He says you have worked a miracle, his wife is much improved, his infant son —— Say what is all this, anyway! I can't have you messing around with ——"

But she sprang up, impulsively she laid her hand on the man's arm. "Oh, I'm so glad. Tell her I'll be in to see her again, I'll bring her some delicious things and something for the baby."

"The hell you will! . . . That is all, Obregon. To work now." The man turned away, he mounted his horse for the afternoon's work. The siesta was finished.

The man and woman stared at each other. "Not again," Leslie said.

He came close to her. "You just don't understand. There isn't a ranch in the whole Southwest looks after its people better than we do. But you don't know these people. They're full of superstitions and legends. If the child or the girl had turned sicker instead of better it would have been because you looked at them. You just don't know, honey."

A dot had been scurrying like a bug across the prairie. Now it came closer, it spun around in a spiral of dust, it stopped with a yip and a grinding of brakes. The calves ran bleating and scattering. The cattle leaped in terror, the horses reared.

"Damn that lout!" Bick said. "If he ever runs down one of those calves I'll beat him up myself."

Jett Rink leaped out and yelled to the world in general.

"You're late," Bick said.

"It ain't me. I had to catch that horse for *Madama*."

"What horse?"

"That new one. My Mistake. She wanted to ride her."

"She can't," Leslie cried, and there was outrage in her voice. "She can't! My Mistake's a race horse."

"She's riding her," Jett said coolly. "She sure hated to put on that Western saddle, that little filly did. Took two of us to get it on her."

A trifle worriedly Bick said, "It's all right, Leslie. Luz can ride any four-legged thing."

Jett laughed. "You know what else she done? She rigged herself out in a old hoop skirt she got out of the attic, she said her grammaw could ride and rope in a hoop skirt and she's got herself rigged out in that outfit, rope and all, and she's riding hell-bent this way, last I saw of her. I'm surprised she ain't here already. Said she'd show you. Acted like she was mad at something, the way she does."

Bick took off his hat and ran his hand over his hot wet forehead. His eyes searched the endless plain.

"Jordan, I want to wait till she comes," Leslie said. "My Mistake isn't used to this terrible—to the sun and the brush and that heavy Western saddle. I want to see if she's all right."

Almost harshly he said, "You'll go along with Jett. I'll tend to Luz. Alone. I'll have Angel ride My Mistake home."

"But she'll have to rest first. She isn't just a riding horse. A mile—two miles—three—but not this."

"I know a little about horses, honey. It'll be all right, I tell you."

"And when will you be home, Jordan?"

"Oh, how do I know! When my work's done."

Quietly Leslie said, "All right, Jordan."

Almost gratefully she had sunk into the hot dusty front seat of the car. "I want to sit up front," she had said to Bick, "so that I can see everything on the way home."



Bick on his horse at the side of the car l leaned over and touched her hand. "W make a real Texian of you yet, honey. that, I don't know any Texas woman w could take the heat and ruckus better t you did. Unless it's Luz."

"I've had a marvelous morning. This w just what I meant. Yesterday, when that r Doctor Tom asked me."

"You haven't seen anything. It'll take y years."

"I know. And we've got years. Isn't lucky!"

Bick threw a quick glance around. leaned far off his horse so that he was sta ing in one stirrup, his left hand on her sho der, she leaned toward him he bent far f ward into the car, and kissed her hard on mouth. Instinctively she sensed or saw out the corner of her eyes that Jett Rink's f moved to press the accelerator, then stopp poised. She knew that he had suppresse sudden murderous impulse to start the with a swift leap while Jordan hung pe ously half on the horse, half in the car.

BICK straightened, he turned in his sad to look back at her as he rode away, his ha held high in farewell. He looked handso and vital. Suddenly Jett pressed the celerator hard and caught up with him.

"Look, Bick, can I take her around by other way, the long back road. If she wa to see things, different things."

Bick looked down at them, hesitati "Oh, yes Jordan," Leslie said. "If it's a ferent way."

Reluctantly he said, "Well all right. I you, Jett, don't you get any big touring tions in that empty sheepherder's head yours." He grinned. "Put him in a car a he grows road crazy. Last December started out to take Cora Dart—that's schoolteacher—to the fiesta in Viento. En up at the Cowboy Christmas Ball at An in Jones County, better than two thirds way up across Texas."

Jett's grin was sour. "Sure. *Vamos po casa*. That's me."

They stared hard at each other. It w Leslie thought, as though they hated e other and yet there was a kind of und standing—almost a bond—between them.

Now they shot off at terrific speed over vast bare terrain. But once the camp h dwindled in the distance Jett drove at merest horse-and-buggy jog.

"You want to go round Benedict w seeing you didn't make it walking yest day?"

"How did you know I started to walk town?"

"Like I told you, everybody knows eve thing anybody does around here."

Enough of that. "Where is the road—t highway?"

"This here is it."

"But this is just a little wider than the we took this morning with the horses. It is really a public road, is it?"

"No road. No road like that. I guess y don't know how big this outfit is. The ro around Reata are Reata. Anybody tries cut across here that don't belong, why, th turn up missing. Anybody wants to dr from here to yonder, they got to go abou hundred miles out of their way to get ther

"Who says they must?"

"Bick Benedict, that's who says."

She began to regret the drive, she decid to ask no questions of this boor, since eve utterance seemed to send him into a ra They went along in silence, their speed n was frightening. He began to speak again, spat out the words.

"How'd they come by it! Millions of acr Who gets hold of millions of acres witho they took it off somebody!"

Here at last was Leslie's chance to ma use of that knowledge gained from books Southwest lore over which she had so eage pored. "In those days Spanish land gra could be bought by anyone who had money. The settlers bought it from ——"

"Bought it—hell! Took it off a ignora bunch of Mexicans didn't have the brains hang on to it."

(Continued on Page 122)

First Lieutenant Henry A. Commiskey, USMC Medal of Honor





ONE SEPTEMBER DAY, near Yongdungp'o, Korea, Lieutenant Commiskey's platoon was assaulting a vital position called Hill 85. Suddenly it hit a field of fire from a Red machine gun. The important attack stopped cold. Alone, *and armed with only a .45 calibre pistol,* Lieutenant Commiskey jumped to his feet, rushed the gun. He



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(Continued from Page 120)

"That's not true—at least, not always," Leslie retorted, a trifle surprised to find herself on the other side of the argument. "They often bought it and paid for it."

"Yeah. Five cents a acre. Say, you're Bick's wife, you ain't supposed to go against a Benedict."

"I would if I thought they were wrong."

"Look, someday I'm going to have more money than any Benedict ever laid hands on. I'm going to be a millionaire and I ain't kidding. I'm going to have a million dollars. I'm going to have a billion. I'm going to have a zillion."

"That'll be nice," Leslie said soothingly. She really must talk to Jordan about him. He was dangerous. That movement of his foot toward the accelerator. But perhaps she had only imagined it. "You're not exactly loyal to your employer, are you, Jett?" She saw his head turn on that thick pugnacious neck as he stared at her. She went on, lightly, conversationally, a polite half-smile of interest on her lips. "You talk so interestingly about other people's background. Tell me a little about your own, will you? Your childhood and your father and mother. Unless you'd rather not."

"Why wouldn't I!" he yelled belligerently. "They was here in Texas enough years ago to be rich, too, only they wasn't foxy. Ma she's been dead since I was about two years old, I don't remember her even, they was seven of us kids. I don't know where they're at, most of 'em. Pa, he went in one day around here with his gun to get him some birds for us to eat, I guess. Strictly not allowed. Private, those birds and the air they fly in is private. He never come out. He never turned up again after he went in there with his gun."

"Maybe he went away. Sometimes people do that—they don't mean to but the responsibility is too much for them, their minds just ——"

Now he turned squarely to look at her, his laugh was a short sharp yelp. "You sure got a lot to learn about Texas."

"I want to learn. I want to know about you and all the others on Reata."

"Yeh, well, we're all doing great. Me and all the others and the Mexicans specially. If they don't like it they can go back to Mexico and starve. I'm real petted. Bick, he give me a few acres out Viento way. Real lovely. You couldn't feed a three-legged calf off it."

"Jett, I find I'm more tired than I thought. I'd like to go straight home."

"You said you wanted to go see Benedict."

"I've changed my mind."

"Say, I didn't go for to make you mad. You asked me and I told you straight out. If you didn't want to know you got no call to ask me."

Stunned, the impact of this truth silenced her. They tore along the landscape, it seemed to Leslie that movement was reversed in some nightmarish way and that it was the car that stood still, the flat glaring plain that whirled past them like a monotonous changeless cyclorama.

FAR, far in the distance against the flat tin sky was etched the outline of Reata. "No!" she said to her own astonishment. "No, let's not go home just yet."

"The town?"

"Yes."

"The other side of Benedict—that's why I come this way—is Nopal."

"What's that?"

"Nothing. Only Mexicans. It's Benedict only they call it Nopal like it's another town. It's like real Mexico, I don't guess there's two white people living there."

"White. You mean—but the Mexicans aren't——"

"They sure ain't white, for my money. Two Americans then. Maybe you like that better."

"Jordan told me—my husband told me that some of the Mexicans had been there—their families, I mean—hundreds of years. They're more American than you are!"

"You—if you was a man I'd kill you for that." His foot jammed down hard on the floor board, they were tearing crazily along the ribbon of road. *We are going to be killed,* she thought. *We must surely be killed.*

They entered a down-at-heel little town, they had flashed past a broken road sign that said NOPAL. The car slid and bumped to a jolting halt in front of the dusty little plaza. Leslie lurched forward, slammed back, brakes screeched, tires squealed.

She began to laugh a little hysterically. Then she stopped abruptly and sat silent a moment, her hands covering her eyes. When she brought her hands down they were fists.

"Ain't you feeling good, ma'am? You like a drink or something, Miz Benedict?"

FURIOUS, she said, "You drove like a maniac. If my husband knew you drove like that! You're out of your senses."

"I didn't go for to scare you. That's the way we drive in Texas. Everybody."

"I want to telephone."

"I bet they ain't a telephone in town only the priest's house and maybe one two places you wouldn't go into." He hesitated a moment. "Say, don't be sore, Miz Benedict. I get mad easy. Uh—don't get sore."

For a moment she thought he was going to blubber. Well, the boy was a lout and something of a brute, but here she was and being here it was silly not to see something of this bit of Mexico in the United States. Here was another civilization, a strange land within her own familiar land. Streets of shanties on stumps, or flat on the dirt ground. The dwellings pitted and seared and scoured by wind and sand and heat and sudden northers. Dusty oleanders like weeds by the roadside. Broken sidewalks, crazily leaning balconies, sagging porches.

They were moving now, slowly, inching their way around the little bare plaza with the paintless bandstand in the center. Yet there was something about the town—a kind of decayed beauty. The church stood richly facing the plaza, its limestone and brick and stained-glass windows in startling contrast with the rest of the dilapidated little town.

EMILIO HAWKINS said a sign tacked crazily outside a grocery.

"There! Is that one of your two Americans?"

"Half-and-half."

A dapper figure emerged from Pena's Place. Glistening black hair, sideburns, a roving wet eye, brilliant yellow boots, an incongruous dark cloth suit such as a businessman might wear in the North. His Stetson was smooth and pale and fine.

"Hi, Fidel!" yelled Jett. "Hi, Coyote!"

The man bared his teeth and spat on the ground. Then he saw Leslie, he stared and wet his lips and his great hat came off as he bent in a low bow on the dusty street. He made as though to come toward them but Jett stepped on the accelerator, they darted forward, Jett laughed a high sardonic laugh of triumph.

"He seen you, he knew who you was, all right."

"What of it?"

"Nothing."

"What did you call him? Coyote? Is that his name? How queer."

"Ha, that's good—coyote a name! They call him coyote, his name is Fidel Gomez, he runs the Mexicans he's the richest man in town. Everybody in the county knows Gomez. He makes out like he's the poor Mexicans' friend."

She glanced back. The man was still standing there gazing after them. "I want you to turn around," she said. "I want to speak to him."

"Say, you can't do that," he told her. "Bick'd give me hell if he found out. I ain't going to turn."

Suddenly she was trembling with anger. "You'll do as I say. Don't you dare to tell me what I can or can't do!"

He looked at her, a sidewise almost comical look of surprise. "Okay. *Está bien.*" He spun the wheel, he turned with a shrieking of rubber on shell and brought up before the man at the edge of the dusty footpath. Astonishment was plain on the man's face.

"How do you do, Mr. Gomez," said Leslie with a formality which the man did not

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n to find absurd. "I am Mrs. Jordan
edict."
Again the man's hat was swept off with a
ture that belonged to another century.
bowed elaborately from the waist.
La señora es muy simpática."
I am sorry. I don't speak Spanish."
A gesture of his hand made nothing of this.
You need no language. Ma'am"—the dark
s rolled—"I say you are very charming."
Well, perhaps Jett Rink had been right,
r all. "Uh—I—I'm told you are a very
portant citizen here in Nopal. I am just
ring a look at your interesting little
n."

Is glance at Jett Rink was pure venom.
mouth was smiling. "*Muy bandadosa,*"
murmured.
"I will tell my husband we met." She
nded, she thought, like an exercise in a
ld's copybook. "Good-by."
Again the business with the hat. The bow.
e baffled look. As before he stood looking
r them as they drove off.
"But why do they call him Coyote?" She
l to know.
"That's a name for *hombres* like him, it's
ame the Mexicans call a chiseler, a crook.
lives off of them he sneaks them across
border from Mexico to work as pickers
then when they're here time he's through
h them they don't have nothing left
en they get through working in the Valley
ps. And he rounds up the Mexican voters
does a lot of dirty jobs."
"I can't listen to talk like that."
"There you go again. You ask me, and
n when I tell you you
sore."
Primly she said only,
's getting rather late.
ive me home now,
ase—but not as fast as
drove here." Suddenly
was tired with an over-
elming weariness.
n silence they drove
the town of Bene-
t. She wondered now
y she had found it so fascinating that
of her arrival. Four days ago. She saw it
v as a neat enough little Southwest town
atting there in the sun and dust of a late
ing afternoon.
"Say, I bet you'd like to see what
efonso's making for you in there."
She stared at Jett. "What did you say?"
"That there's Ildefonso's place, he makes
her stuff for Reata—boots and saddles
l straps and every kind of leather on the
ce, he gets fifty dollars for a pair of boots
l more. Looka these boots I got on, I
ed up ten months for them."
The smell of leather, rich and oily, came
you even before you entered the shop of
efonso Mezo. And there in the front of the
p was the ancient Mexican saddle tooled
r-all in an intricate pattern of flowers and
oents, the classic scrolls and leaves and
terns of ancient Mexico. Not an inch of
hat was not embossed or embroidered,
stirrups pommel bridle reins shining with
er engraved in a hundred designs.
ett Rink swaggered in. A whirring and a
ping and a clinking came from the long
back room. "Hi, Ildefonso! Here's Miz
edict come to see her new ridin' riggin'."
nd here was Ildefonso Mezo, as much an
st of the leather of the Southwest as
ini had been master of the silversmith's
t in Italy. A little brown-faced man with
ht black eyes and grizzled hair and hands
t might have been made of the leather
ch he artificed.
tanding before Leslie, the man bowed
h the utmost formality. "*Buenas tardes,*
ra. Entre. Ildefonso Mezo at your or-
s. I am honored."
What could she do, what could she say.
racias—uh—*muchas gracias.*" Then she
hed a little helplessly and Ildefonso
hed to keep her company.
"Show us the saddle," yelled Jett Rink.
d the boots and the belt and the whole
fit."
It is still in the work. I must ask Señora
edict to come to the workshop."

Ildefonso led the way to the workroom doorway, he stood aside then so that Leslie should enter before him. Jett Rink swaggered after him. And now Ildefonso was the artist in his studio. Along the wall beneath the windows were the work tables and the dark heads were bent over these and the keen little tools made delicate intricate marks on leather yellow and brown and cream and tan and black.

Ildefonso led the way to his own work table. And there were Leslie's saddle and her boots and her belt and her reata and her bridle and her hatband together with straps and thongs and coils of leather whose use she did not even know.

"Weeks!" Ildefonso assured her earnestly. "Weeks ago they were commanded. But work such as this needs many weeks. From Virginia the señora's shoes were sent to me. You did not know."

So that was where the old brown boots had got to. Leslie looked at all this artfully tooled trousseau of leather, stamped and patterned so intricately by hand with the coils and twists of the Benedict brand. And between these twisted coils were her initials—her new initials. L L B. She looked at the heavy ornate saddle and she loathed it. My Mistake, that fleet and lovely lady, must never be forced to carry this ornate waffle on her slim back.

Ildefonso Mezo looked at her, triumph in his eyes. Waiting.

Leslie overdid it. "It's—it's wonderful. It's magnificent. I shall go home now and thank my husband for all this. He told me nothing about it."

A look of horror transformed Ildefonso's beaming face. "It was to be a surprise for the señora. How did you know if he did not tell you? I thought when you came in ——"

She looked at Jett Rink.

Under her accusing gaze and Ildefonso's Jett's expression was one of utterly unconvincing innocence. "He don't tell me what he's doing, does he! Anybody can come into this here shop, can't they, and look around!"

Abruptly Leslie turned away. "Thank you for letting me see the beautiful saddle Ildefonso, and all the other—I must go now, I am very late."

Ildefonso bowed, his expression his manner were correct. But as she turned he managed to catch Jett's sleeve for just a second and his swarthy face was close to the ruddy hard-featured one. A whisper only. "*Cochino. Piojo!*"

"Spig," said Jett Rink briefly. And clattered out to the car on those high-heeled boots for which he had paid fifty dollars. Leslie was already seated in the car. "Look," he began truculently, "I didn't know he was buying them like a surprise for you, how would I ——"

"It doesn't concern you at all," Leslie said in her best Lynnton manner. "Thank you for showing me the little Mexican town. I would like to sit quietly now, and not talk."

ACROSS the little town then, out to where Reata could be seen hazily like a mirage shimmering in the heat against the flat Texan plain and the searing Texan sky.

Jett Rink was saying something. She hadn't quite heard. He seemed to be driving very slowly, for him. "What? What did you say?"

The knuckles of his hands on the wheel showed white. "I says"—he cleared his throat—"I says I never seen a girl—a woman—like you before. You sure are different."

She was rigid with resentment. Then she relaxed. *Now don't be silly, this is an ignorant ranch hand.* So she laughed a prim little artificial laugh and said, "Yes, the East and the West are different here in the United States, even though we say we are one big family."

He faced straight ahead. "I ain't talking about no United States geography. I'm talking about you. I never seen a girl like you. You ain't afraid of nothing. I've seen a lot

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of women. I been going with Cora Dart—the teacher—since she gave up hoping she could hook Bick. She's got education and all, but I never seen anybody like you, that's for sure."

They were nearing the gates now. She'd never need to be with him again. "Well, that's a very nice compliment, Jett. I'll tell my husband you said so."

Boldly, deliberately, he turned to face her. "No you won't," he gibed.

She turned her head away in disgust. How could Jordan have dreamed of letting her go with this dirty little boy? If Jordan didn't know someone should tell him. She would.

There was quite a cluster of cars parked in the drive. She had not yet learned to distinguish the Reata cars from others. Horses too. She wished that one of these could be Jordan's and that he might be home to greet her. But that was impossible. She opened the car door, stepped out without a word or a backward glance. Slowly she ascended the steps.

Quite a hubbub of voices from the big room. Jordan's voice. "Yoo-hoo!" she called and felt a great surge of happiness.

Bick came swiftly toward her across the great hall, the light from the doorway was on him, she thought, *Why, he looks sort of strange and wild.*

"Where have you been!"

"Why darling, is anything wrong? We went to Nopal, it's unbelievable, isn't it, it's like a foreign village ——"

But he was shouting again. "Nopal! That locoed drunken bum took you to Nopal! Leslie, Leslie!"

"But it's all right, Jordan. What's so terrible about that!"

There in the big living room doorway she saw Vashti Snyth and Cora Dart, they became part of a confused and bewildering picture. "Why hello! How nice to see you," she began, very socially, and moved toward them. Then she saw Luz. She was lying on the big couch in a curious stuffed-doll fashion, her mouth was open, her eyes were shut but her breathing was a snore, but more horrible than a snore.

Leslie turned to stare at the two women watching her so intently. "What?"

"The horse," Vashti said inadequately.

Bick came up behind her, his face was a curious gray beneath the russet now, and rigid. "It's our fault. She wanted to go with us. She can ride anything. The Western saddle—the horse stepped in a gopher hole, deep."

"What is it?"

"Concussion," he told her. "Or worse. Fracture, maybe."

"Doctor Tom. Doctor Tom Walker."

"He's here. He's telephoning."

Cora Dart spoke for the first time. "She's dying." As though she found satisfaction in saying it she repeated it. "Dying."

Hurriedly then Vashti became conversational. "He broke his leg, the horse. When he stumbled and threw her. They had to shoot him. Bick had to shoot him. Luz's head came up against a mesquite stump."

Angrily, Leslie thought, *My Mistake will never have to wear that silly saddle. That will teach you not to ride her in hoop skirts, Luz Benedict.*

"Look out!" yelled Vashti Snyth. "She's going to faint again. Bick!"

With a tremendous effort of will Leslie Benedict pulled the swirling world into steadiness. "Oh, no I'm not," she said. "I'm never going to faint again."

(To be Continued)

A COOL PROPOSITION

(Continued from Page 49)

August has it. You can't deny it and you can't get away from it unless you live in an igloo wrapped in sealskin—it is hot. I like it, and hope you feel the same. So I've cudgeled my heat-besmitten brains and fished up (mixed metaphors are my specialty in hot weather) some—in fact, quite a bundle—of this's and that's that you can put together or use any way you like, to keep you from cudgeling *your* brains and trying your patience. *Mine*, of course, is never tried. (Don't laugh, I am serious.)

It is really my intention to throw out some hints and helper-outs so that when you may run up against a stone wall in planning a little out-on-the-porch-or-patio supper, or a luncheon for the girls (contract or canasta special) or a Sunday-night family get-together, you'll suddenly remember one or more of these little numbers—and they'll take you through with flying colors and without racking your brains, getting all hot and bothered, staying all day in the kitchen or serving the same old thing over again to the same guests ad inf. Sounds reasonable. Don't you think? So it is.

Cooling off with cukes. About the coolest proposition out of a garden in hot weather is a fine, firm, green cucumber. Ever eat one standing out in the hot sun in a cucumber patch? It's that cool green that gets you first. You dust it off on your apron, polish it up a little and bite into it. First it tastes a little warm. Bite again. The thing is cool. You finish it off, pick some more of the same, beat it to the kitchen, and proceed to make, and set in the refrigerator to wait its tableturn ——

TOMATO-AND-CUCUMBER ASPIC

Soften 1 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ¾ cup cold water. Have heating 7 cups tomato juice, adding a few celery leaves, 1 bay leaf, 3 tablespoons grated onion, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Simmer together 10 minutes. Strain. Add the softened gelatin to the hot juice and stir until dissolved. Chill until thick. Peel 2 medium-size tomatoes, remove the seeds and cut the firm portion into ½" pieces—enough to make 1 cupful. Peel 1 large cucumber. Cut it in quarters lengthwise, remove the seeds, and chop the firm part coarsely—enough to make 1 cupful. Fold the tomato and cucumber into the tomato-gelatin mixture. Pour the mixture into a 2-quart loaf pan and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish the top with slices of fresh tomato. Serves 8–12.

The never-failing ham. Now if there's a hot-weather must on everybody's list in these hot days, it's ham. And that ought to be set in capitals. From the sandwich to the soufflé, ham's on the mind, in the heart and on the lists of firsts. Take it from me, this is for sure. Take a poll. I don't care. I'm betting on it.

And here's a good luncheon number made with ham:

HAM ROLLS WITH COLESLAW

Cut thin slices of lean boiled or baked ham into 3" x 5" pieces. Make a well-seasoned coleslaw, adding a little prepared mustard to the mayonnaise. Put a spoonful of coleslaw on each slice of ham. Roll up and "pin" the overlapping end of the ham with 2 whole cloves.

That kingly fish. One fish that you may call the King of Fishes is the lordly salmon. He's the hard-to-get type. His way of life is a closed book to us for the most part. He dwells in the depths of rushing waters and is as hard to catch as the good-looking and much-sought-after new vicar who *always* has a button off his overcoat. He *does* need a wife, poor man. All of which goes to prove that a salmon-and-cucumber combination is bound to be popular at summer gatherings.

COLD SALMON WITH CUCUMBER DRESSING

For the dressing: **Grate the firm part of 2 peeled medium-size cucumbers pretty coarsely. Not in chunks, you know, but so you can truthfully claim it's cuke. Drain 15 minutes. Whip ½ cup heavy cream. Fold in ¼ cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons**



1. Mix with a dash of cold water for *extra*-juiciness. 2. Season generously with Lea & Perrins Worcestershire to bring out the true beef flavor men like. All thrifty meat cuts are improved by the hearty tang of this famous sauce. Keep it handy when preparing meals . . . when serving them.

salt & pepper are not enough ... add

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JOLLY TIME POP CORN

ar, a dash of Tabasco and the drained nbers. Serves 6.

ss with a bowl of chilled salmon. Chill ed salmon overnight. Drain. Remove and bones. Lift apart in nice pieces. t break it up with a fork. Arrange on a of lettuce. Garnish with quarters of n. You *may* have fresh salmon. No law ist it. Or frozen. Both give you the s. Remember.

Shoot the works. There's an all-for-one-ne-for-all cold proposition that takes of all comers and is usually greeted with 's, and it is a cold-meat platter. Although ind it labeled "Antipasto," it's honestly ld, familiar cold-meat platter with some sions, some additions and a sort of free-ling what-you-will.

u may have the friendly sardine, the pickles, sprigs of cauliflower, stuffed nto cups; oh, just about anything that's petizer, for that, literally, is what *anti-* means—appetizer. And putting your tizers along with your cold-meat platter s a very timely and co-operative com-ion. Just what you want. And sort of ent and surprising besides. And you'll Antipasto or Cold Platter, it all adds up mething like this one:

OLD PLATTER OR ANTIPASTO

sliced salami, one of those summer ges, and others of k. There are cucum-(again and yet) with cream and dill, along liver *pâté*, anchovy-d eggs.

mbers with Sour Cream Dill: Peel 2 medium-cucumbers. Slice thin, not paper thin. Add p thick dairy sour h, 1½ tablespoons ed chives, ¾ teaspoon dill, 1½ teaspoons a reasonable squirt epper, a dash of sco sauce and 3 table-s vinegar. Mix very ughly and chill 3 . Taste before serving e sure seasoning is . Serves 6.

-Pâté Mold: Blend 4½-ounce cans prepared liver *pâté*, 2 cooked eggs, chopped fine, and 1 table-finely chopped onion. Add salt and pep-taste. Oil an 8-ounce wooden butter well. Press mixture firmly into the de-on the plunger, then fill the mold. Chill in refrigerator for 2 hours. Unmold on a plate. remove the plunger by twisting the le gently.

you haven't a wooden butter mold, with wet cheesecloth any gelatin mold owl that will hold a generous cupful. in the filling and chill. The wet ecloth makes it easy to turn out. The doesn't necessarily have to be molded. n be shaped in a mound and then d, but it looks better in a mold.

is quantity makes enough for a snack

wy Eggs: Hard-cook eggs (allowing at ½ per person). Shell. Chill. Cut each half lengthwise. Marinate 1 hour in a ng made in this wise: Drain 1 small nchovy fillets. Chop and add to 1 cup made French dressing—made with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Add ⅓ opped parsley, a pinch of orégano and ve garlic, crushed.

What for dessert? We're hot when we're d long to be cooler. And so ice cream is ost popular dessert, but along with it sherbets and mousses and other light-d pleasures, as delicate as a rose petal, possible with the help of our old friend, n.

ong the selections for August, you nd such as this which might be used her a luncheon salad or without or dressing as a dessert:

SOUR-CREAM FRUIT MOLD

Dissolve 2 packages lime-flavored gelatin in 1½ cups boiling water. When thoroughly dissolved, stir in 1½ cups cold water. Drain the sirup from one 8-ounce can crushed pineapple and one 8-ounce can pear halves. Combine the sirups and add ⅔ cup to the gelatin mixture. Stir well and chill until thick. Dice the pears. Add them, the crushed pineapple and 1 cup thick dairy sour cream to the gelatin mixture. Mix carefully and thoroughly. Pour into a 5½-cup ring mold which has been rinsed out with cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with salad greens, honeydew melon and cantaloupe balls and raspberries if they'll hang together, marinated in French dressing as a salad, or with sweetened fruit and no salad greens or dressing as a dessert. This dish needs no recommendation from me. Just make it, and you'll know why.

Oranges were never better. Sometimes I've thought oranges grew right in kitchens—*my* kitchen, to be explicit, for I always find and use them there. They are good in a thousand ways. I guess it's a thousand. Anyway, they're so good in so many ways that I can't count them, and, as I can count up to a thousand, here I set down for you one way and shall be happy if I hear that you try and like and make a hit at your party with ——

ORANGE REFRIGERATOR CAKE

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes. Add ½ cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar and a pinch of salt. Stir until dissolved. Then add 1 cup orange juice and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Mix well and chill until thick but not set. Beat the gelatin mixture until foamy and fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a 1½-quart mold lined on the bottom and on the sides with 1 dozen lady-fingers (split) or strips of spongecake. Chill in the refrigerator at least 6 hours, or overnight, before serving. Unmold. Garnish with orange sections, green grapes and shredded coconut. Serves 6.

With quantities doubled, this dessert is good to serve for a party. Use a 10" spring form pan. With this, you do not need to turn out upside down as the sides of the pan come off—making it possible to decorate the top.

What's in a name? William Shakespeare knew and told the world, his and ours, a lot of things that he knew. What he would have done with a name like "Peacharoon Pie" makes the imagination stagger. And I hope it will intrigue you to roll up your sleeves and stagger the crowd. You'll find that there is something new under the August sun, and good too.

PEACHAROON PIE

Add 1¼ cups boiling water to 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin in a bowl. Stir until dissolved. Break up 1 pint vanilla ice cream. Fold into the gelatin with a fork. Set in the refrigerator to chill 10 minutes. Chop enough peeled ripe peaches to make 1 cupful and sugar as you like it. To taste, I mean. Fold ½ cup chopped salted almonds, 6 small day-old macaroons, crumbled, and the sugared peaches into the ice-cream-gelatin mixture. Pour into a 9" baked pastry shell. Chill until set. Garnish with sliced peaches. Serves 6.

Of course, frozen peaches ring the bell if fresh ones are too early or too late for you. Well, dissolve the gelatin in ¾ cup boiling water and add ½ cup peach sirup. Then go on from there, as written above.

Now isn't this a noble collection? Taken some of the heat right out of August. They're all yours. With my blessing. THE END

WITH THE CHILDREN

"'Not now, I'm busy' means they don't know the answer."

"Don't be afraid to 'play a piece' for company. They will start to talk to each other as soon as you play the first note."

"Living with a family is very public. They tell everybody what you do."

—RUTH B. MICHAELS



● **Here's an easy way** to feed six people on a pound and a half of hamburger. Mix beef and favorite spices, bread crumbs, egg and milk on a lightly floured piece of waxed-through Cut-Rite. Flour keeps meat from sticking, helps give roll a crust.

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How to make a company Hamburger Roll...



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● **To save washing rolling pin,** place a sheet of extra-heavy Cut-Rite on top of meat and roll into a flat rectangle. Now mix up ½ cup finely chopped celery, 1 tbs. grated onion and 2½ cups diced cooked or canned carrots for your stuffing.



● **Remove top layer of wax paper** and spread vegetables over beef. Roll up like a jelly roll, using extra-heavy, waxed-through Cut-Rite to help in the rolling. Place in loaf pan, cover with tomato sauce and bake in moderate oven. (350°)

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By MARGARET DAVIDSON

Now's the time to share our pet freezer ideas, while everyone is enjoying the fruits from a summer's work in gardens and orchards. Of course we're assuming you follow the instructions which came with your freezer—but there are dozens of freezer tricks, short cuts and timesavers we'd like to pass on to you. With a freezer, you can buy foods when the prices are down, package them, and freeze them for future use. Then, with the makings of meals secure in your freezer, the three-meals-a-day routine is broken up; some cooking time becomes free time.

. . . . . Chop for the Future

When chopping utensils are out, we chop many things—like onions, celery, green peppers, parsley and nuts. We fill small plastic bags or foil packets with ¼-cup quantities; pack them with others of their kind in larger bags or boxes. It's so easy to toss still frosty, ready-cut vegetables into salads, soups or dressings, or add already slivered almonds to string beans, chicken or desserts. . . . We spread sliced, half-baked French bread with garlic butter, wrap securely, and freeze; heat and brown in fifteen minutes. . . . When making curry, barbecue or spaghetti sauce, try making double the recipe and freezing half of the amount.



Put packets of chopped food in larger con tainers, keeping all of a kind togethe

For Fruits—Sugar or Sirup?

We pack fruits with sugar—for short-cakes, salads and pies. With sirup—for sauces where we like extra juice. . . . Cranberries and blueberries need no sweetening. Just wash, drain, package. Chopped raw cranberry-orange relish is a freezer favorite. . . . To keep fruits like pears, peaches and apricots from darkening, we use ascorbic acid. It's sold with freezer supplies, and in drug-stores. Add it to sirup, or dissolve it in cold water and sprinkle over fruit before sugaring. . . . Beat the heat: freeze juice or unsweetened fruit purée now. Make spread and jelly when it's cooler. . . . Heat frozen pineapple before using with gelatin—or mixture won't "set."



For salads and fruit cups, mix fruits lik peaches, grapes, grapefruit and orange

. . . . . Tray Service

reeze, *then* wrap some soft foods—e sake of appearances. We like reeze-on-a-tray idea for chiffon nd tarts, open sandwiches and és, iced cakes (butter frosting is unbaked drop cookies, baking-r biscuits—you get the idea. . . . s of whipped cream, rosettes of sauce are shapely toppings for ts if frozen on flat pans. Box or these foods right after they are , else they dry during storage. . . . e broth or soup stock in ice trays. each cube in freezer wrapping tore in a carton. Good for speedy servings or fast heating of a quan-Or for flavoring sauces or soups.

STUART



Freeze first, then wrap for storage foods like tarts, canapés—to preserve the form.

Variety in Lunch Boxes

wiches for two weeks ahead can ide up in a very little time, using ssembly-line production. Spread slices of bread with butter or mar-e. Favorite fillings: fish, poultry, cheese and peanut butter. Skip fillings that soak bread, or those cooked eggs—the whites toughen. lettuce and raw tomatoes aren't freezers, add salad garnishes . . . For variety, freeze baked ap-fresh fruit juices, cold fried en, wedges of pie or cake, or frozen —each in one-serving-size pack-. . . At picnic time, pack frozen for campfire cookery. It thaws en , helps keep other foods cold.



Frozen lunch-box fare thaws on its way to work or school, is refreshing at mealtime.

ld, Then Chill, Vegetables

od rule for scalding—use a gallon ater per pound of vegetables. . . . vegetables on towels before pack-nd they won't freeze solidly into locks, will cook faster and more y. . . . For variety, freeze vegetable inations—medleys for soups, sal-r casseroles. We like whole-kernel string and Lima beans, carrots cauliflower, in any combination. and chill each separately—then . . . With vegetables that darken, mushrooms and eggplant, soak in n-juice solution before scalding ooling. . . . Scald green peppers to ld over 3 months—no need to scald u're sure they will be used sooner.



Pepper halves for stuffing next winter.

Management Pays

- Before filling a freezer, plan ahead to have space for seasonal foods. As a guide in planning, remember each cubic foot of freezer space holds about 30 pounds of fruit and vegetables, 35 to 40 pounds of meat.
- Make food selection easy by using different-colored tapes or labels for fruits, vegetables and meat. Use black crayon or wax pencil for easy-to-read dates and identifications.
- When freezing quantities, turn control to coldest setting a day ahead. Make and chill sirup before freezing fruit.

Be Prepared for emergencies—though rare.

- Ask your dealer about alarms that warn when freezer goes above safe levels, and insurance that protects investments in frozen food. Learn if local locker plant has emergency space, and where dry ice is sold.

Spanish Rice, U.S.A.

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This is *the* recipe you've wanted for Spanish Rice . . . with just-right flavor and color, thanks to tomato soup! A dish to please your entire family . . . and your budget, too!

4 slices bacon
1 cup chopped onion
¼ cup minced green pepper
2 cans (2½ cups) condensed tomato soup
4 whole cloves
1 bay leaf
¼ cup water
½ cup uncooked rice

Cook bacon until crisp in a large skillet; remove from pan and break into bits. Add onion and pepper to bacon drippings in pan and cook until soft. Add bacon bits and remaining ingredients; cover and cook slowly 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove cloves and bay leaf; serve hot. Makes 4 servings.

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BRING A GIRL

(Continued from Page 29)

"I suppose I can bear this," said Gwen.

"Don't tease the child," said Gwen's mother.

He sighed. "Never have any fun around here! The House of the Dead Pan. . . . But the point is, Miss Gwendolyn, I've got you a date tonight."

"*You've* got me a date? You? Me? A *date?*"

"And what's wrong with that, may I ask? Bill Caldwell—one of the head men in our office—has a son home on vacation who was beating the bushes for a girl tonight. He's supposed to bring some girl or other to his married sister's for supper. So naturally I perked up my ears. It might be a good chance for you to get acquainted, I thought."

"But you didn't *say* that?" Gwen cried. "You didn't *say* I needed to get acquainted with anybody?"

"No," her father said. "I don't talk much any more. You've made me self-conscious about it. I merely said it would be okay if the boy wanted to call for you. Now is that going to humiliate you for the rest of your life? Do you have to go into a convent?"

"Well, no, but . . . when's he *getting* here?"

"At seven."

"It's six now!"

"It's six now. It'll be seven then."

"But I've got to dress and look at my hair and somehow my nail polish got all gummed up and —— Dad!"

"What?"

"What does he look like?"

"Like any other boy his age. Not bad-looking. Kind of gangling."

"'Gangling'! If this is some character about fifteen years old ——"

"Oh, no! He'd be a bit older than that. He's in his freshman year at the university, I think he said. . . . But he hasn't proposed to you, you know. You don't have to come to any major decision. And," Henry Hastings added, with an air of detachment, "if you want me to call Caldwell and cancel the whole idea ——"

"But you couldn't do that!" cried Gwen, "It wouldn't be polite of you, dad! After all. Mr. Caldwell's one of your business associates and you simply can't go blowing hot and cold on people that way. Mother!" she went on without pause. "I'll wear my blue dress with the red petticoat and have you got a pair of really sheer nylons and *could* I borrow the pearl earrings?"

"Yes," her mother said, "but try to be a little calmer, dear."

By seven, by dint of throwing both her mother's room and her own into complete confusion, Gwen Hastings was dressed. On her graduation from the Lotus City High School, she had been described in the class prophecy as a "ravishing little brunette." The phrase came into her mind—as it had, perhaps, a thousand times before—and she smiled in bashful admission of its accuracy.

Peter Caldwell was in the hall. He was a tall young man with the collar of a dark overcoat turned up against the blasts of a winter night. He held his hat in his hand. And there was something sophisticated about the way he was standing there—something casual and attractive. *Gwen Caldwell,* she thought, *Gwendolyn Hastings Caldwell.*

"Gwen," her father said, "this is Peter."

BLITHELY she tripped down the last few steps. "Oh, hello! And isn't this the most divine way to have a date but isn't it the craziest thing? Why, we both might have been too awful for words!"

Seated beside him in his battered little car, she continued to talk in this suave way. She was simmering, within, with the warm assurance of a woman who has found her man. But she was careful not to let him know that. In speaking of her present lot, she allowed no ray of light to pierce the gloom.

"Frankly," she said, "I'm dying in this town. It's simply beyond belief how I'm dying in this town!"

"You don't like it?"

As he put the question, he sent her an anxious glance. He had dark brown eyes with thick, tangled-looking lashes. Her heart seemed to turn right over. But she answered with an even greater earnestness.

"If I could only go back to Lotus City! That's what I keep thinking all the time. 'If I could only go back to Lotus City!'"

"All involved with somebody in Lotus City?"

She permitted a full moment to elapse. Then she sent him a sorrowful smile. "Just the crowd. *You* know."

HE nodded. "You have your own crowd and you get used to it."

It seemed remarkable that he should have grasped that point so well. She implied as much.

"I had the same problem when I went to State," he explained. "I had to get used to a whole new crowd. You kind of like your old crowd, but the way it is, you've got to get used to a new crowd."

She turned to him in wonder. "Isn't it strange? We've been through the same *thing!*"

It was a rather special moment. It was a moment to remember, she thought. Then she happened to look at his neck. The shock was unspeakable. His coat collar had fallen back a trifle. She could see what he was wearing. It was a black tie.

A great many thoughts ran hysterically through her mind. . . . She had never been out with a man in a dinner coat. The men she knew weren't old enough. . . . Oh! She could have worn her honey-colored lace, but it was too late to say anything now—or was it? *Look! I want to go home and change my dress. I've all of a sudden decided* ——? No! Oh, no! Psychopathic, he'd think. But perhaps if she were to be completely sincere about it—*Look, Peter! This is sort of embarrassing* —— But not punching it too hard. Sincere in an offhand kind of way ——

"Here it is," Peter said. "Here's where my sister lives."

It was a beautiful and impressive house, with a driveway sweeping around it like a satin ribbon.

"Well, isn't it something!" Gwen said.

Peter was candid. "My sister married Robert Jeffers, who came into all the Jeffers paint money when he was twenty-five—and it had this drastic effect on my sister's whole personality. They go into a kind of a large act, if you ask me."

And her father, she thought in despair, had not said a word. As far as he was concerned, these people might have been just like any other people. But she was going to have a frank talk with her mother about him, and make her mother see that something had to be *done* about that nonchalant attitude he had. Because it could certainly get them into the most ghastly situations.

A maid in a smart uniform opened the door. She stepped back, and Gwen beheld a gathering of young men in dinner coats and young women whose shoulders rose bare and white above sheaths of velvet and satin. And here *she* was, of course, all bundled up like some old woman afraid of catching cold.

Peter's sister was pleasant, but preoccupied. "Sweet of you to bring her, Petey. Now if you'll just see that she meets people ——"

Nancy would think she was about fourteen years old. What else would she make of that blue dress with sleeves? But in that moment Gwen was conscious of an ominous little snap. A run was starting in one of her mother's nylons.

My mother made a brilliant impression upon my childhood's life. She shone for me like the evening star.
—WINSTON CHURCHILL:
Maxims and Reflections from "My Early Life" (Charles Scribner's Sons).

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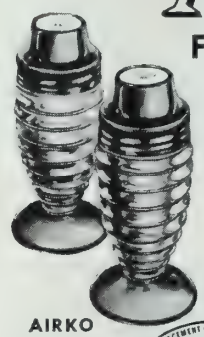


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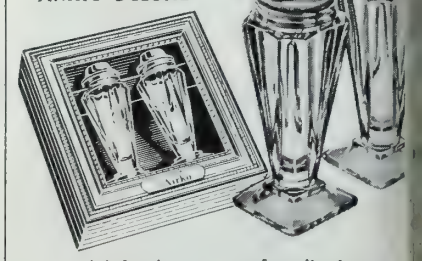
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ert Jeffers approached her. He had a
r in one hand, and a glass in the other.
e a cocktail, Gwen? But wait a min-
naybe you're still at the Coke stage."
We?" she cried with a light little laugh.
absurd!"
she had never had a cocktail in her
nd the Martini astonished her. It
ke trying to down a glass of straight
ne with a bit of lemon peel in it. But
ersisted, and after a while Robert
s came around again and refilled the
She heard herself thanking him with
erated ardor.
Vy, it's good!" she said.
Peter was mumbling something. "This
. Wizzy."
en whirled about. "'Wizzy'? Did you
Vizzy'? Well, isn't that an interesting
! I suppose it's Danish."
's not Danish," Mr. Wizzy said, "and
ot Wizzy. It's Wizzen."
nd wizzen't it wonderful?" cried Gwen.

she shouldn't have said that. That had
funny in her mind, but it hadn't been
when she said it. And no one else
d to be feeling that anything was
. . . . They were all going into the din-
oom in a solemn procession. Two by
the elephants and the kangaroo—but
couldn't be it! There would have to be
r of kangaroos—but "kangaroos"
led peculiar. Would it be kangareaux?
not unless they were French kangaroos.
or goodness' sake!" she muttered.
What's the matter?" asked Mr. Wizzen.
ve just realized something. Animals
n't any nationality."
seemed startled. "It seems a strange
to realize it," he said.
t she was distracted. Their hostess was
ng everyone around the table, in the
of which was an arrangement of
-sailed ships, becalmed on a small
mirror. This charming detail reminded
that she had come to a party in a blue
and a red petticoat. Furthermore, she
not being put next to Peter. On her
was Mr. Wizzen, and on her left was a
whose name she was never to know. She
have nothing to say to either of them.
could she say? A character with the
school still damp behind her ears ——
t she slipped too hastily into the chair
Wizzen had pulled out for her—and
er balance a bit. Her hand brushed the
at her plate, and sent a flood of water
the white-sailed ships. The ships
ned across the surface of the mirror,
the surplus water cascaded over the
cloth. After a moment of startled si-
everyone was shouting with laughter—
Peter Caldwell's sister was assuring
that it was quite all right. It was a
, she said, that could happen to anyone.
en turned miserably to Mr. Wizzen.
vas that cocktail. I think it had an
on me."
smiled at her. "Eat your soup."
obeyed him. It was a cream soup, and
ous.
eel better?" he asked.
es," she said meekly, "I feel much
r."
t she was not without care—despite the
and sobriety. She stole a glance toward
. She ground the palms of her hands to-
r, under the table. How *devastating* he
And what would he say to his sister
her, later on? How would he explain
"Look," he would say, "a guy gets
once in a while ——"
ho," she asked, "is that girl—the
one—sitting next to Peter?"
hat's Clarissa Marlowe. She sings."
h."
o you sing?"
o."
What do you do?"
othing—yet."
ut there's some great plan up your
?"
Gwen flushed. The secretarial course she
n mind seemed too unimportant to
on. But her companion was peering at
growing interest.
's hush-hush, whatever it is?"

She spoke, then, out of desperation. The announcement she made was surprising, even to her own ears. "I'm going to be a writer!"

"Novels?"

"Well, no, not *novels*. But I'm going to write short stories."

She was sending a hurried explanation to her own conscience. What she had said could almost be true. She had been quite good in English Composition. Miss Honeycutt had said so.

"Who," Mr. Wizzen was asking, "are your favorite writers, Gwen?"

Favorite writers. . . . Her mind seemed to close up, tight and cold, over its own emptiness. She couldn't remember any kind of writers, favorite or otherwise, but that was strange because she had *read* things from the time she'd been so crazy about Peter Rabbit. But it would hardly do to speak of Peter Rabbit, and he wasn't a writer anyhow.

"I can't seem to think of anybody," she admitted at last. "I seem to be sort of nervous."

"I've never made a girl nervous before. It's exhilarating."

Gwen gave him a grateful smile. It was good of a man as old as Mr. Wizzen to be taking so much trouble with her. Yet it was a relief when the dinner was over. When they were all in the living room again, she cast a hopeful eye in Peter's direction.

He came over to her. "I see you're O.K."

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"No reason. I just said you *were*."

"An odd thing to say," she remarked.

"What's odd about it? Some of my sister's parties bore people so much they don't get over it for years."

"Well!" cried Gwen. "I *don't* think that's a nice way to talk about your sister!"

She did not care how he talked about his sister. It was important, however, to give no hint of what she was feeling. Fortunately, Mr. Wizzen and some of the other guests must have noticed how cold and aloof Peter was, for they had gathered around her, and were doing their best to give her a good time. It was ironical. The kindness of these older people simply made Peter's attitude harder to endure. But that was the way things happened, she supposed. . . . And of course it was possible he had the same effect on every girl he met. It was more than possible. It was inevitable. But a man with all that charm wouldn't care if he made people suffer or not. There wouldn't be anything *to* him. Anything but all that awful charm.

"*Petey!*" his sister was saying imperiously. "Go over and ask Clarissa to sing!"

"Does she want to?"

"Why, she's dying to! But she thinks she has to put on one of her temperamental performances—and you're the one person in the world with any influence on Clarissa!"

PETER turned a frowning gaze on the gifted young person in question. "She's talking her head off to that architect you imported."

Young Mrs. Jeffers brushed that aside. "Nothing but an act! She doesn't want to talk to him at all. She wants to *sing*, Peter!"

"All right," he said. "I'll tell her so."

He ambled off. He was not polite enough to excuse himself to Gwen. He joined Clarissa and the architect. He took Clarissa's ear firmly between his thumb and forefinger, and gave the ear a tug. Gwen looked hastily away. It was intolerable to see something so divine happening to somebody else.

"You sit here by me," Mr. Wizzen said.

"Thank you," Gwen said humbly.

Peter, it seemed, had been persuasive. Clarissa was at the piano, conferring with her accompanist. Now she was turning to face the room. She laced her fingers together, and smiled at everyone. She was ready.

She sang several old English songs about wassail bowls and welkins ringing. When these had been applauded, she sang several old Western songs about horses and true love and homes on the range. She was intending to sing these same songs for the television people in New York—and everybody said she would be snapped up.

Mr. Wizzen was smiling at Gwen. "Don't look so stricken! Singers don't last, you know. And writers last forever."

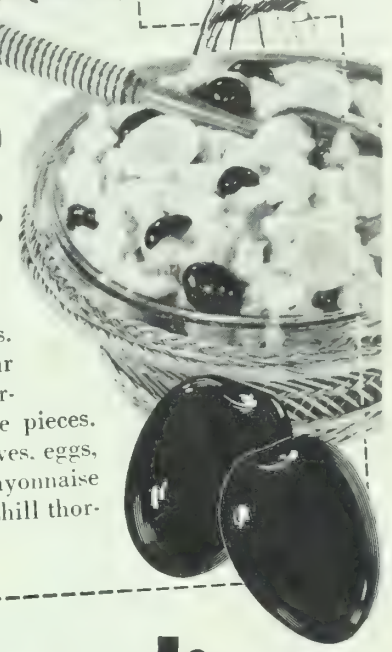
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2 cups diced boiled potatoes
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1 tablespoon vinegar
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon black pepper
1 cup ripe olives
2 hard-cooked eggs
1 cup sliced celery (or diced cucumber)
¼ cup diced dill pickle
¼ cup diced pimiento
⅓ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon grated onion

Dice hot boiled potatoes to make 2 cups. Blend oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Pour over potatoes and toss lightly. Cool thoroughly. Cut olives from pits into large pieces. Dice eggs. Combine cooled potatoes, olives, eggs, celery, pickle and pimiento. Blend mayonnaise and onion and mix lightly with salad. Chill thoroughly. Serves 4 to 6.





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"Writers?"

"Like you," he said.

"Oh!"

"The short stories," he reminded her firmly.

"Why, *yes!*" cried Gwen.

She had given this response a fervor that would have astonished Miss Honeycutt, of the English Department of Lotus City High School. But that glimpse of the future—as a career woman, lasting forever—had brought a dreadful lump to her throat. What any girl wanted was to marry and have children. Naturally a man couldn't be expected to know that.

The party, contrary to her expectations, came eventually to an end. But it was a bitter end. Gwen came downstairs with her poodle-cloth coat thrown over her shoulders just in time to discover Peter in a final, hurried conference with Clarissa.

"I'll be over at your house tomorrow night at eight sharp. Say, that'll be swell!" he said.

Clarissa reached up and patted his cheek. "I like you, Petey! I always have."

Gwen, with her eyes smarting, thanked Peter's sister for the party. Then, frozen to the very marrow of her soul, she permitted Peter to escort her to his dilapidated automobile. They had little to say on the ride to Dinsmore Street. But when they had come to her door, he suggested having a word with her family.

Gwen inclined her head courteously. "But of course. If that's the custom here."

Her parents looked up with an interest inadequately veiled. But Gwen's mother broke off in the midst of her greeting.

"Why, you're wearing black tie, Peter! . . . Gwen, you shouldn't have worn that dress."

"No," Gwen said, from some immeasurable distance. "This dress was absurd."

But her mother was not one to let anything alone. "Did you think it was absurd, Peter?"

"Why, I liked it, Mrs. Hastings. Some of these strapless jobs," he went on, "are enough to embarrass a guy."

GWEN'S mother beamed. "And it was a good party?"

"People seemed to think it was," he said, after a moment. "My sister doesn't usually know how to get a party going, but Gwen spilled some water under some kind of crazy boats and made everybody laugh—and after that things kind of livened up. . . . Gwen," he added detachedly, "hit it off with Fred Wizzen, who's a pretty big man around this town. Quite a thing, that was."

Gwen stared. "He's twenty-eight ye old! He told me himself. Twenty-eight ye old!"

Peter's tone was touched with frost. "So girls like a man to be older."

"But you ——" cried Gwen. "*you* —— Why! You made a date w Clarissa Marlowe when you'd brought other girl to the party—and in Lotus C that would be considered the lowest poss thing that ——"

"*Wait* a minute!"

PETER paused. He might have been reg ing his breath after running in a tr meet. . . . He and Gwen were confront each other with the utmost intensity—t smooth young faces warm and flush Gwen's voice had risen to a squeak, Pet had lowered to a growl. . . . And they w completely oblivious of their elders—w were following the lines of this scene a they had been written by Shakespeare.

"*Me* a date with Clarissa!" Peter went in a fury. "What kind of a dumb ide that? Why, I grew up next door to Pi Marlowe! A darned nice girl, of course she didn't have to sing all the time—bu for dating her ——"

"Tomorrow night! I heard you! With own ears!"

"Oh, that!" Peter, growing redder, al doned the growl. In fact, he spoke with s effort. "That wasn't anything much. way it was, she was telling me I could bo the convertible she got for her birthday sort of thought . . . well, Fred Wizzen h pretty good car of his own—but if he ha dated you for tomorrow night?"

Gwen's smile dawned slowly. But it enchanting. "No-o. . . . I seem to be tomorrow night. As it happens."

"Well, that's good," Peter said.

They regarded each other for a brief significant moment. Gwen's mother sp in a restrained manner, from her pos in the background. "You'll find sandwi in the breadbox, and cocoa on the ba the stove. . . . I'm glad," she added, been such a successful evening."

Gwen was already leading her new mirer to the kitchen. But she tosse amused comment over her shoulder. it was a *riot!*" she said.

The door swung behind the young pe

Gwen's father turned his head to at Gwen's mother. He kept his voice "This is it?" he asked.

She reflected a moment. Then she assu the expression of a sibyl. "This is— sibly—it," she told him. THE

Straight Man

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

He stood straight, for eighty-nine,
Quiet as a tall old pine,
His eyes were frost flowers in
blue frost,
No motion the man made was lost.

No words from him came lame or
halt.
He was like sunlight barbed with
salt,
Like hemlock shadows in the sun
So deep they make all seasons one.

He was all angles, old hard bones,
But also beauty of worn stones;
His angular kindness to a small
Grandson was comforting as a wall.

Stern weathers were his kin and
kith,
But the sun was forever at his
pith,
It shone out of him day and night,
His thoughts were always like a
light.

One night he finished one day
more
As he had many, went out of his
door,
Felt of the wind and stars together,
Felt of the night, to know the
weather.

He came in, gave the stove a poke,
Sat in his chair for one more
smoke
Before his bed, adjusted the grate
And died in his chair quick sitting
straight.



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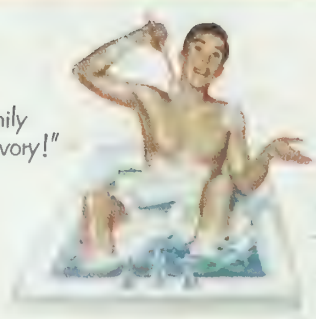
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VOL. LXIX NO. 9

Journal Contents

September 1952

Journalities



Jess Gregg

"If you wonder do I have a literary heritage," JESS GREGG writes, "I do. My father was once engaged to a girl Scott Fitzgerald was once engaged to." ***The Other Elizabeth*** (Page 38), Jess Gregg's first novel, grew out of the idea of falling in love, not merely across a crowded room but across a half century of time. The author was born in St. Paul about three decades ago, grew up in Los Angeles, attended Rollins College in Florida, later did postgraduate work at Yale. "To almost nobody's satisfaction," he notes grimly.



Harry Anderson

The Wild Blue Yonder is something entirely different from that the Air Force sings off we go in. You may get a hint from HARRY ANDERSON's illustration on Page 40. During the garret days of his career, Artist Anderson discovered he was allergic to oil paints, shifted to tempera, an entirely unfamiliar medium, and went on to become the top-ranking illustrator he is.

HANNAH SMITH says ***The Bipartisan Blonde*** (Page 42) is based on the premarital activities of her youngest brother and his bride-to-be. "They courted while folding campaign literature. I'm not sure where they honeymooned, but I've always suspected it was the Young Republican Club." The Smiths themselves rehoneymoon every summer in their short-short trailer. Mrs. Smith writes short stories and cares for five-year-old Timothy. Mr. Smith is a school attendance officer—known in some circles as "the hooky cop."



Hannah Smith and Timothy

Novel Complete in This Issue

The Other Elizabeth . . . . . *Jess Gregg* 38

Stories

The Wild Blue Yonder . . . . . *Cynthia Hathaway* 40
The Bipartisan Blonde . . . . . *Hannah Smith* 42
Giant (Fourth part of six) . . . . . *Edna Ferber* 68

Special Features

The Employed Woman and Her Household . . *Dorothy Thompson* 11
Peter Pan and the Red Feathers 11
Political Pilgrim's Progress:
Women Organize for Action 25
The Eyes of the World are Upon Us 50
Tell Me, Doctor (First part of eight) . . . *Dr. Henry B. Safford* 34
Profile of Youth . . . Young India
Margaret Parton and Eric Britter 45
The Glitter and the Gold (Third part of four)
Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan 54
How America Lives: Stage Set for Love . . . . *Hildegarde Dolson* 147

General Features

Our Readers Write Us 4
Under-Cover Stuff . . . . . *Bernardine Kielty* 16
Diary of Domesticity . . . . . *Gladys Taber* 26
Making Marriage Work . . . . . *Clifford R. Adams* 28
A New Leaf (The Sub-Deb) . . . . . *Edited by Ruth Imler* 30
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town 37
There's a Man in the House . . . . . *Harlan Miller* 44
This is a Fidgety Fiddler . . . . . *Munro Leaf* 84
Ask Any Woman . . . . . *Marcelene Cox* 128
Stomach-Ache—Trivial or Serious? . . . *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* 169

Fashion and Beauty

Straight Into Fall . . . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 56
Color . . . Dashing . . . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 60
The Journal's Little Gem of a Wardrobe . . . . . *Nora O'Leary* 62
Fashion Complete . . . . . *Ruth Mary Packard* 64
Wonder Wardrobe—$101.97 . . . . . *Ruth Mary Packard* 152
Journal Beauty Workshop 156

Food and Homemaking

September Spread . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 66
Line a Day . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 70
Eating With the Big League . . . . . *Ann Sagar* 92
Six by Six . . . . . *Gladys Taber* 104
Dinner for a Dollar . . . . . *Nancy Paschall* 154

Interior Decoration

Today's Traditional . . . . . *Henrietta Murdock* 52

Poems

Hokku . . . . . *Hannah Kahn* 74
September . . . . . *Jessamyn West* 88
The Forsaken Girl . . . . . *Randall Jarrell* 101
Closing the Island House . . . . . *Hortense Flexner* 110
Good Will on Young Legs . . . . . *Robert P. Tristram Coffin* 134
To My Mother . . . . . *Maxine K. Hamburg* 174
New Daughter . . . . . *Elizabeth McFarland* 179
Wind . . . . . *Elizabeth-Ellen Long* 184

Cover Photograph by Wilhela Cushman

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I thank God I have four grand boys—now half grown but you can't put ruffles on a boy's shirt. . . . I want a *girl*. Please send me the Bliven piece—Can I Choose the Sex of My Child? *(Name Withheld)*

Nashville, Tennessee

I thought I had been reading my LADIES' HOME JOURNAL from cover to cover, but I must have slipped up. Last July I had my fifth bouncing *boy*. Please rush me a copy of the JOURNAL, November, 1949. *(Name Withheld)*

Chicago, Illinois

We would like our fourth to be a *girl*, if possible, and with no guaranties expected, would like to try the system, just in case. *(Name Withheld)*

New Hope, Pennsylvania

My husband and I consider trying again next year—but I pass on my JOURNALS to a friend in England. Is there any way I can get a look at that article? It seemed to work for the Hulces! We do so want a *boy* to round out our family! *(Name Withheld)*

Lansing, Michigan

I am 38 and my husband says one more baby is all, so I would certainly like to determine the sex of this one—*male*, of course! *(Name Withheld)*

St. Paul, Minnesota

I would spend a happier nine months if I thought I had a chance to *plan* this baby—for a *boy*. We want a little "bruzzer" for Emma Lee.

(Name Withheld)

▶ *We're in business on Bliven again. To meet the continuing demand, we announce that Can I Choose the Sex of My Child? has now been inexpensively reproduced. Anyone who wants a copy is welcome, including those we have been forced to disappoint since it was last mentioned in the* JOURNAL. *ED.*

Mother's Courage

Watsonville, California

Dear Editors: She wrote you, she hated her baby. And I read it, while I held my baby girl tight, and felt a deep sorrow for someone who is letting the most precious days slip by, without knowing what she is missing.

We had four children, and our days were full and happy; now we have only three. All of Bethie's nine months was a struggle but there isn't a minute of one of those months that I begrudge. She required constant day and night care, and now that she is gone I would give all I have to hold her and love her again. Tell the other mother that!

Sincerely,
LOIS HANSEN

▶ ***Of the hundreds of letters written to our disturbed young mother, the editors believe this young mother's letter says it best. ED.***

How to Meet Nice People

Madrid, Spain

Dear Editors: For many years I have been indebted to you for happy hours reading your truly remarkable magazine. But I never dreamed that you would be responsible for giving me some of my most agreeable hours in Madrid, Spain! En route from Malaga my sister and I met on the train to Madrid a strikingly handsome young señorita also bound for the capital. Educated in Gibraltar and a school in Lisbon, she spoke perfect English. Our bond of friendship was completed when she learned that I, too, deeply enjoyed and appreciated *her* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. She made us promise to have tea with her at her home the following afternoon, so that we could meet her mother and see her bound volumes of the JOURNAL. She has taken American cooking for her hobby and *loves* Ann Batchelder! So thank you, dear L.H.J., for giving us this delightful visit to one of the most beautiful homes in Madrid, with a distinguished hostess and her charming and lovable daughter, Señorita Palomba Amezua.

Sincerely yours,
CHRISTINE LOWELL

Loneliest Place on Earth

Tierbos, Hout Bay, Cape South Africa

Dear Editors: If you live in Cleveland, Cape Town or Canberra, your skirts will be long or short, your neckline high or low, your hats large or small, according to the whims of fashion. But if you live on Tristan da Cunha in the wild wastes of the South Atlantic, you will dress according to a fashion that is at least fifty years old. You will wear a long-sleeved high-necked blouse in a gay cotton print, with a square tucked bib in the Vic-

(Continued on Page 6)

A. N. ROWAN



"This is typical of the fifty or sixty cottages which cluster on the boulder-dotted turf at the settlement of Edinburgh on Tristan da Cunha. All the houses face toward the sea, and most are surrounded by a low stone wall enclosing a 'garden' of New Zealand flax."



Now! DREFT gives you

ALL THE GREASE-CUTTING MAGIC

OF THE BEST-KNOWN WASHDAY DETERGENTS!

NEW SAFETY FOR YOUR HANDS!

NEW MILDER DREFT! The special dishwashing detergent with all the grease-cutting magic of the best-known washday detergents. And DREFT has a new plus—new SAFETY for soft, smooth hands!

WONDERFULLY SAFE! When you use DREFT in your dishpan, you're giving your hands much the same SAFE care you demand for your finest fabrics. DREFT is SAFER, by actual tests on dainty pastel washables, than any other type of suds. SAFER than even the mildest soap flakes in the world! And, of course, your hands will *love* DREFT for dishes!

WONDERFULLY EFFICIENT! Yet with all its new SAFETY, no product on earth—soap or detergent—can get dishes cleaner! Rich, instant-sudsing DREFT is specially made for washing dishes. It cuts grease in a flash, gets dishes sparkling clean—without wiping! No soapy scum, no film! No greasy ring around the dishpan.

NO HARSH INGREDIENTS OF ANY KIND! That's why DREFT's gentle suds are so safe.

GET NEW, MILDER DREFT—the finest suds you can buy for dishes! SO CLEAN—SO QUICK! And above all—so SAFE for your hands.



SAFEST POSSIBLE SUDS YOU CAN BUY

for precious silks and nylons. HANDS love it for dishes!

DREFT...*the dishwashing detergent that's* **SAFE** *for hands!*



Literally millions of Americans live in this acetate suit

IT SOLVES COUNTLESS SUIT PROBLEMS—IS ANTI WRINKLES, MOTHS, SHRINKING

Handmacher's Weathervane* suit is one of the most famous suits in the world. Millions of devoted Americans wear it in town and country. Many live in it all year long.

Part of its phenomenal success is the superb way it is tailored—at a good, reasonable $25. The other part is the remarkable *fabric* it is made of.

The acetate fabrics in Weathervane suits are made from acetate *fiber*, which has very definite properties. In suitings, acetate has an astonishing way of shedding wrinkles and moths. It keeps its shape, and has a crisp surface that seems to whisk off dust. Acetate (aptly called the "Beauty Fiber") goes into an infinite number of other things—blouses, sportswear, dresses, lingerie. It not only makes them look rich, but *feel* good.

You will find Handmacher suits at one fine store in your city. For its name write to: Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Less bulky than most traditional suits, Handmacher's crisp Weathervanes have a longer season, are worn every place.



Acetate fabric feels remarkably crisp, and has a way of gliding under coats easily.

Celanese®

ACETATE, one of the world's great textile fibers

(Continued from Page 4)

torian style. Tristan has been accurately described as "the loneliest inhabited place in the world." It lies 1800 miles from the nearest mainland (South Africa), just in the path of the Roaring Forties. The wild Atlantic weather and rugged cliff-lined coast make it impossible for ships to call at the island, except during the brief summer months. I lived there for two years. We had five summer visits each year from our tiny wooden motor vessel of 180 tons. She brought us all the supplies we ever had, and our only news from homes and families overseas. And then for six or seven months, the Iron Curtain of winter closed down on our storm-lashed home. In that community of 240 souls, the women won my particular admiration.

The Tristan housewife is one of the hardest-working in the world. She performs all her domestic duties without any of the aids the city housewife enjoys, without even the benefit of electric light. Yet her house is always spotless, her family neatly, if quaintly, turned out. She knits a large part of the family's wardrobe from wool which she has spun herself. She tends her hens and geese, and takes a share in her husband's work in the fields. Her home is small and usually has to accommodate a family of five or six, often ten or twelve. The walls are built of unmortared blocks of a soft larval stone called "tuff" (tufa), which the islanders hew with axes from quarries high on the cliffs.

When the men come in from sea, as soon as the first sail is sighted the women troop down to the beach to meet their husbands, bearing pots of tea and bundles of welcoming cakes. At first I wondered at this custom, thinking that the first meal could be more comfortably had at home. However, after many a voyage in their fragile, open canvas boats, numbed by freezing winds and flying spray, I learned that the warm comfort of a cup of tea on a windy beach is equaled only by the warmth of the welcome on the smiling faces.

Copies of the JOURNAL lightened many a gloomy winter night for the Tristan community. They were given to us by American passengers on board one of the summer ships. After all who could read had read every copy from cover to cover, your colored illustrations and advertisements were used—most effectively—as wallpaper in some fifty island homes.

Yours,
MARY K. ROWAN

Cool One

Detroit, Michigan

Dear Editors: I just couldn't resist sending you this snapshot of our little daughter which my husband took on her first visit to the beach. We have tried to take



pictures of many of the "firsts" in her life so that we will have a continuous record of her baby days.

We have two other children, Jay, 8, and Bobby, 5. Through the years my husband, who is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, has snapped many pictures of them for our family album. Sincerely,
MRS. JOHN GAJDA

Tax Relief for Working Mothers

New Braunfels, Texas

Dear Editors: While a businessman may consider the cost of wining and dining his clients as a necessary business expense, a widowed mother who must work to sup-

(Continued on Page 8)



You get more than *whiteness* with CLOROX ...you get added health protection!

In addition to making white cottons and linens snowy-white, and brightening fast colors, Clorox makes linens sanitary, too...safer for family health. No other home laundering product equals Clorox in germ-killing efficiency!

And Clorox does more than bleach your linens and make them sanitary. It also removes stains and deodorizes. Plus all this, Clorox is free from caustic...extra gentle...made by an exclusive, patented formula. So, to conserve linens...to protect health...use Clorox every washday!

And CLOROX safeguards health in routine cleaning, too!



Yes, Clorox safeguards health when used in routine cleaning of drainboards, sinks, basins, tubs, toilet bowls. For besides removing stains and deodorizing, Clorox disinfects ... provides a type of disinfection recommended by public health authorities! Directions on label.



When it's CLOROX-clean... it's SAFER for Family Health!



Breezy Fresh-Air Drying— no Baking—in a Bendix Dryer



The Incomparable New Bendix Dryer. In your laundry, alongside today's equally smart new Bendix Tumble-Action Washer, it forms *The Perfect Pair*—Matched for Beauty—Matchless for Laundry Duty.

Put your cheek to the airy softness of Bendix-dryed wash. Have a whiff of its airy freshness. Feel what an airy touch irons it. Air and more air . . . fresh, mild air . . . whole worlds of air go swirling through a Bendix Dryer to dry your clothes by breezing—not baking!

Oven-like heat, harsh and stuffy, parches clothes dry in other dryers. Only Bendix has the *Pow-R-Vent* system that spares your wash from high heat by promptly breezing it dry with boundless fresh air!

Even your laundering room is kept fresher by Bendix breeze-drying. Do it any day; you're rid of "bad drying" days, just as you're rid of carry and strain and tangle and drop and drip. For today's new Bendix Dryer freshens you as well as your clothes. See it now in your Bendix dealer's 15th Anniversary display of latest Bendix styling . . . latest Bendix convenience.

BENDIX
automatic
Dryers
WASHERS IRONERS

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, Division Avco Manufacturing Corp., South Bend, Indiana



Trust DOROTHY GRAY for beauty out of the blue...

Dreams are realized, hopes of beauty fulfilled, out of the blue jars and bottles that bear the Dorothy Gray label. Because the creams and lotions they contain are *personalized*, for individual skin types, they reward you far in excess of the few delightful minutes you devote to their daily use.



FOR NORMAL SKIN—use Salon Cold Cream $1.25 to $4; Orange Flower Skin Lotion $1 to $3.75; Special Dry-Skin Mixture $2.25 and $4.

FOR DRY SKIN—use Dry-Skin Cleanser $1.25 to $4; Orange Flower Skin Lotion $1 to $3.75; and Special Dry-Skin Mixture $2.25 and $4.

FOR OILY SKIN—use Liquefying Cleansing Cream $1 to $4; Texture Lotion $1 to $3.75; and Suppling Cream $1 and $2.

FOR COMBINATION (*part dry, part oily*) SKIN—use Salon Cold Cream $1.25 to $4; Texture Lotion $1 to $3.75; and Special Dry-Skin Mixture $2.25 and $4.

All prices plus tax.

Trust DOROTHY GRAY...

America's loveliest women do!

(Continued from Page 6)

port her children is required to pay the full amount of income tax on the money she must set aside for a day nursery or a baby-sitter.

A recent Gallup poll showed that 60 per cent of the population believe mothers who are working should be allowed, in figuring their Federal income tax, to deduct child care from their taxable earnings. As in many other matters, the Congress is far behind public opinion. How can we influence them to change the law? By making our wishes unmistakably known. The JOURNAL's slogan, "Never underestimate the power of a woman," certainly applies!

Sincerely yours,
MRS. EDWARD B. JENNISON

Recipe for a Home

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: My grandmother's cookbook carried her original recipe, which I thought you might like.

½ cup of friendship
Add a cup of thoughtfulness
Cream together with a
Pinch of powdered tenderness
Very lightly beaten
In a bowl of loyalty
With a cup of faith, one of hope
And one of charity.
Be sure to add a spoonful each
Of gaiety that sings
And also the ability to laugh
At little things.
Moisten with the sudden tears
Of heartfelt sympathy
Bake in a good-natured pan
And serve repeatedly.

Sincerely,
MRS. G. M. COMEGYS

Male Rule Shaken

Jefferson City, Missouri

Gentlemen: Inspired by Political Pilgrim's Progress and the JOURNAL's thought that our greatest untapped resource is women, the girls of Central Missouri State College, Warrensburg, Missouri, decided to upset the traditional male rule in the student-government association.

The opinions of the boys were varied. Some laughed. Others said, "Woman's place is in the home; leave this to the men who have had experience." And still others said, "My gosh! Now who will bear the children?"

The go-getters got, and the dissenters dissented. A candidate was selected and the midnight meetings began. "Remember," cautioned the whirlwind campaign manager to the frightened candidate, "your speech before the student body will make you or break you." "Don't even mention the fact that you're a female," put in an adviser. "But won't they guess it anyhow?" giggled another.

And so the battle raged for the next week. The boys stood on platforms of experience and promised services; the girls presented one of "a product is only as good as the company it represents—are you willing to stand behind your president?"

When the votes were in, it was found that the girls ran second by a slim six votes, thereby acquiring the position of vice-president of the student body, and the possibility of a walkaway in the coming year.

How do I know so much about it? Why, shucks, I was the frightened candidate!

Sincerely, BONNI DORR

Correction

Rye, New York

Dear Mr. Gould: Before I started tapping keys on my story, I hoped that the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL would be interested in it. If only a fraction of your readers peruse She Lived a Miracle, we will have reached millions of people with the story of cerebral palsy. Public education is the first step toward realizing the goal of adequate help for all CP's.

If it would be possible to correct the editor's note in the August issue, which lists me as Co-Founder of the *National* Cerebral Palsy Associations rather than the United Cerebral Palsy Associations, I would be extremely grateful.

With every sincere expression of appreciation, MARIE KILLILEA

The address of the United Cerebral Palsy Associations is 50 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York. ED.

Tips on Gifts for your man

by McGregor Sportswear

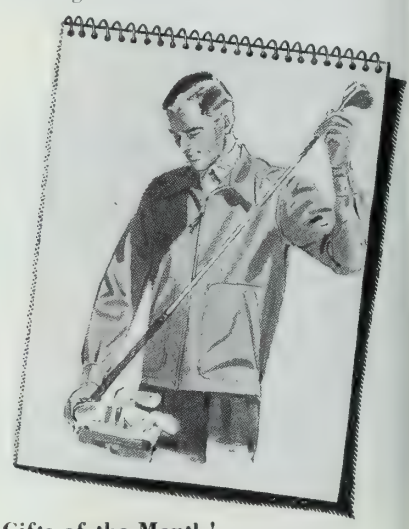
★★



Is your man a September man?

If the light of your life arrived on this planet between August 23 and September 22, he may be another Pasteur! He's a whiz at scientific research, because he was born under the sign of Virgo.

Don't worry... he won't be a penniless genius... not by a long shot! He's a mighty capable business man, for all his intellect, and what's more, he's blessed with a wonderful sense of humor. You're a pretty smart gal!



Gifts of the Month!

THE DRIZZLER AND THE SIZZLER-DRIZZLER

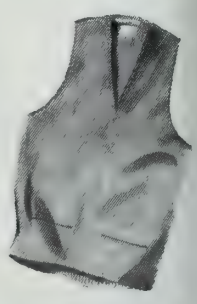
...two marvelous McGregor jackets!

Pick one of these wonder jackets for his pleasure! Both cut for free and easy comfort... both wind-resistant, stain-resistant, water-repellent, *and both completely washable*... the perfect action jackets! The unlined Drizzler... $10.95. The Sizzler-Drizzler, lined in scarlet wool reinforced with Nylon... $15.95

EXTRA! EXTRA! *Boon companion for Drizzler or Sizzler-Drizzler! McGregor's Washable Flanella Shirt of Sanforized, fast color rayon and cotton. Warm and welcome gift in smart new small figured checks ...$7.95*



BRIGHT IDEA #3 ...McGregor's Country Suede Sleeveless. Luxury-look accessory any man will enjoy! Supple, velvety suede leather with all-wool knitted back and saddle-stitched neckline, fully rayon lined $13.50





FREE! *Your store now features McGregor's exclusive greeting cards and patented "Gift-Velope." Choose yours... have it wrapped with your gift.*

HE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU GAVE HIM

McGREGOR

At his favorite men's shop or department store
David D. Doniger & Co., Inc., 303 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH FOUR TIMES BETTER...

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL
FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE



Stops bad breath up to three —four times longer

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous independent research laboratory against three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than any of the chlorophyll or tooth paste products!

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this...instantly

The reason why Listerine gets these better results is perfectly simple. While bad breath is sometimes systemic, by far the most common cause is oral fermentation of food particles caused by bacteria.

Listerine stops bad breath instantly . . . because it kills odor bacteria instantly. It kills millions of bacteria way back on throat surfaces as well as on tooth and mouth surfaces . . . protects you on these three areas where so much bad breath originates.

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So why experiment with unproven products? Get Listerine Antiseptic! It offers clinical proof . . . four times better than chlorophyll, four times better than tooth paste.

Use the extra-careful Precaution against Bad Breath . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

OF ALL THE GALS WHO DO THEIR WASH...

She spreads the cleanest cloth in town

. . . she swears by TIDE!

She spreads the cleanest cloth in town
When "Granny" comes to tea—
The way **Tide** gets things dazzling clean
Is plain for all to see!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!



CLEANEST WASH IN TOWN!

TIDE not only washes clothes cleaner—but whiter, too, in hardest water!

CLEANER CLOTHES! When you rinse out a Tide wash, you've got the *cleanest* wash in town . . . cleaner clothes than any other woman will get with *any* soap of *any* kind. And here's why—Tide not only gets out the ordinary dirt, but *removes dulling soap film,* as well!

WHITER, TOO! Yes, tests *prove* Tide gets clothes cleaner and *whiter* than any soap in *hardest* water. What's more, after just *one* Tide wash, soap-dulled colors actually come *brighter!* Millions of you women have proved these Tide miracles. You've seen the proof in your husband's cleaner, whiter shirts . . . in your own bright wash prints.

NEW MILDNESS FOR HANDS! Tide is *kind* to your hands—now milder than ever before. Get Tide today and hang the cleanest wash in town on *your* line!



ALWAYS BUY TWO... ONE FOR LAUNDRY... ONE FOR DISHES!

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, Editors

Peter Pan and the Red Feathers



Will you put more power into the Red Feather so everybody can benefit?

The Employed Woman and Her Household

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

WOMEN are active and effective politically, using their influence to obtain better public schools, cleaner cities, more humane laws, and better enforcement of them. But they are, I think, least successful in meeting and solving the problems which the modern age has created especially for them, as women.

Modern society is based upon division of labor, and equal education for men and women has opened every field of endeavor to women. They are lawyers, physicians, journalists, teachers, scientists, engineers, architects, decorators and executives. Married women who work outside their homes do so either because they have special interests and abilities, to exercise which is a necessity of their personalities, or because the family needs their earnings.

But all women are, or aspire to be, wives and mothers also, and our society is still organized on the assumption that the conduct of the home is every woman's natural function.

Yet the conduct of a home, especially if it includes children, is a job in itself. No matter how well it may be equipped with laborsaving devices, someone, in a well-run house or apartment, must make beds, run a vacuum cleaner or carpet sweeper and push a mop around every day; must prepare at least breakfast in the morning and a meal at night and wash the pots, pans and dishes. Somebody must shop for food, check and pay the bills, and keep the household accounts. Someone must care for infant children and for older children when they are not in school.

Women who do not work outside their homes spend a normal working week doing just these things. No one has expected men to work from nine to five in an office and then come home and cook a dinner for four or five persons; or get up hours before time to go to work in order to sweep, dust, make beds and prepare breakfast. The simplest workman expects these things to be done by his wife. His job is to bring in the pay envelope. Under any reasonable division of labor, the woman working all day outside her home would pay some other woman to do the

(Continued on Page 14)

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New! The only truly creamy



in 17 fashion-genius colors!

Revlon 'Indelible-Creme'

Won't smear off on anything—(or anyone!)
Non-drying—made with lip-softening Lanolite.
You know the luscious *dewy* look your lips have when you *first* smooth on your lipstick in the morning? This is the look your lips can have for *hours and hours* with lasting, color-luscious "Indelible-Creme". Fantastic, how it clings! And texture? Smooth as cream! No other indelible lipstick brings you all this—and *heavenly Revlon colors,* too!

Love That Red—Paint the Town Pink—Pink Lightning
Bachelor's Carnation—Sweet Talk—Plumb Beautiful
Certainly Red—Scarlet Poppy—Touch of Genius
Pink Plumb Beautiful—Stormy Pink—Snow Pink—Bravo
Ripe Pimento—Rosy Future—Fatal Apple—Ultra Violet



For matching lips and fingertips . . .
Revlon's new "Improved-Formula" Nail Enamel



The base coat's *built right in* for incredibly longer wear! Now your nails stay chip-free, flawlessly groomed *so much longer.* (And only Revlon brings you every shade of red under the sun!)

Revlon's "Indelible-Creme" Lipstick 1.10 Revlon's regular Lipstick 1.10**
Revlon's new-formula Nail Enamel .60 Revlon's Frosted Nail Enamel .75**

**plus tax*

DRESS H AND D.

"Wake up your 'sleeping beauty'!"

says Yvonne de Carlo



clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

"So many women have natural beauty... and what do they do? They let it sleep under a blanket of stale make-up!" says Yvonne de Carlo. You must get to the bottom of stale make-up and grime. Ordinary cleansing doesn't do it, but Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten*, does!



Penaten works the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!



you'll look your loveliest

"You'll feel fresher, look younger," says Yvonne de Carlo, star of "SCARLET ANGEL," a U-I Picture, color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream with *Penaten* on your skin! 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

(Continued from Page 11)

housework. But with the wages of domestics and the quality of their services so often what they are, this is, for most professional women, impossible.

The result is that most professional women are doing two jobs, one being the traditional one of housekeeper. If they do them both well, or even passably, they are the most overworked class in America.

One must first ask *why* it is all but impossible, for any wage, to find a domestic worker capable of performing the services of most wives who give their chief time to it.

The reasons are essentially two: First, domestic service is looked down upon as menial. Socially, the "servant" is ranked at the bottom of the scale.

Second, the full-time houseworker who "lives in" has little opportunity for social contacts and almost no personal freedom. If she wants to see friends, she must receive them in the kitchen, and she is seldom encouraged to do so. She usually eats her meals from a corner of the kitchen table. She is a homeless person, inside a home.

I HOLD women to blame for these conditions. They themselves look down on housework. Why?

Properly to conduct a home, and perform its work, demands more intelligence, organization, responsibility and skill than is required of the average factory worker, stenographer, typist or filing clerk. Just why it should be considered more socially respectable to put papers into a cabinet than dishes into one, or to run a machine in a factory than a vacuum cleaner in a home, is beyond my comprehension. A good cook is an artist (and most artists are good cooks). Nor do I understand why people will leave their children to a woman not "good enough" to be a receptionist in their offices.

If employed married women and mothers are to get the help they need, they must find a way to take the social inferiority—and its psychological complexes—out of domestic service. The job of caring for another woman's home should be put on the level of caring for a man's (or woman's) office. One should, indeed, create the "domestic secretary," and therewith a new social status.

The "domestic secretary" should be a girl or woman who is capable of taking complete responsibility. She should not only cook the meals, but plan them, do the shopping, and *do it on a budget*, rendering regular accounts.

Her hours should be regular, though not necessarily continuous. She should have free week ends.

She should not dine with the family, because family meals are private affairs. She should have her own dinner first.

Children should not call her by her first name, but address her as "Miss" or "Mrs."

She should not live in, but where accommodations permit and there are children, she should have a room where she can spend the night in case the adults are out for the evening. But this, during the week, should be only occasionally.

She should be as well paid as a good secretary, making allowance for her food.

At this point, the professionally employed woman is going to say, "But such girls and women don't exist!"

They do. Home-economics departments of universities turn them out every year. But they go into institutions, not into private employment, and for the reasons I have given. You won't find them through the domestic-service agencies, and if the domestic secretary is to exist new agencies must be created, which will undertake to place only thoroughly qualified girls or women, of investigated character.

But the professionally employed woman will say, "I just couldn't afford such a person!"

Yes, you could, if the family income of two earners is high enough, and if yo would successfully use your political powe to convince your Government that the em ployment of a domestic secretary is whol or partly a legitimate business expense an tax-deductible, like any other assistanc essential to the conduct of a business.

Much work done in offices is for the pu pose of freeing others to do more importan things. An executive can make his own en gagements and type and file his own letter but he does not dream of doing so. To th employed professional woman the servic of someone in her home is as essential a that of the secretary in her office.

A widowed friend, holding a responsibl administrative position in a girls' schoo with three young children of her own, re cently described her life to me.

She gets up at six and prepares the chi dren's breakfast and also the evenin meal—all except cooking it. She gets th children (all boys) on the school bus, an then makes the beds and tidies up th apartment. From nine to five she is at he desk in the office. On her return she sets th table, cooks an early dinner, and afterwar washes the dishes with the boys' help. The she supervises their homework and put them to bed. On Saturdays she cooks three meals, sorts the laundry and shops for th week. On Sundays all she does is tidy th apartment and cook. Her normal workin week is 75 hours. A charwoman cleans th apartment once a week, and she employ extra help for extra occasions. For domesti services she pays on a average $14 a week. An she never has really goo service.

Children will tend to adopt the beliefs of those whom they instinctively recognize as happy, and of no others.

—W. E. HOCKING
Human Nature and Its Remaking
(Yale University Press)

My friend earns a sal ary of $8000 per year and pays $1072 in Fed eral income tax. Propor tionate to her income she carries heavy insur ance, chiefly for the chil dren. Because of her in come bracket she is no entitled to any widow's compensation.

She is a serene and uncomplaining woman, better paid than most men, but she confesses that sometimes she is "too tired to think." She wishes she had "more energy left over," for cultural pursuits in connection with her profession, and that she could avoid the 6 to 8:30 work in the morning. "But I'm not going to have the boys come home to an untidy living room, unwashed dishes and unmade beds, and I can face these things better in the morning than after a day's work at the school. No one I could hire would do what I manage to do in two and a half hours."

Now, my friend Mrs. B. could not, with her present salary and expenses, afford anyone for full time. But a domestic secretary could have several clients. She would not work for $1 an hour, but ask $1.50. In my friend's household such a really efficient woman could, in three hours' work, make it possible for the mother to rise at a reasonable hour and return to an immaculate home.

Mrs. B. herself normally works a 39-week year. If she employed such a domestic secretary during the 39 weeks of her working year, the services would cost her $877.50. But if she could deduct the cost from her gross income, she would save $233.36 on her Federal income tax. She would therefore be paying only $98.14 more per year than she presently is, for entirely inadequate service.

Of course, to create a clientele for domestic secretaries of people who can afford only part-time work would require better organization than and direction superior to that of any employment agency with which I am familiar. But apartment houses, suburbs and city sections could be organized by intelligent, educated and conscientious women who want to help other women and make a living doing so.

THE END

Sometime in his life, almost every man dreams of being a

BIG LEAGUER

"WANT the regular, Mr. Cunningham—medium on the sides and clipper in back? Fine. Would you mind holding your paper up for a minute so I can get this cloth set? There, that does it.

"I see you're reading about Skipper Drake, too. He's doing all right for himself, isn't he?

"Sure, it's a lot of money. But I guess Skipper is worth it. He's the best hitter in the league and a terrific drawing card. Guess the club can well afford to pay him eighty thousand a year.

"Maybe you didn't know it, Mr. Cunningham, but I used to play a little baseball myself—thirty, thirty-five years ago. Did it for fun, mostly. But I always had a kind of sneaking ambition to get on a big-league team. You know—play my way to fame and fortune and all that.

"Never made it, though. It's like that with a lot of kids, I guess. You dream of being a big leaguer or a great inventor or a captain of industry or something—and then you wind up just doing a job.

"It used to worry me that I wasn't on my way to being a millionaire. And after I got married and started raising a family I tried to figure out all kinds of ways to make a heap of money in a hurry.

"A little more off the top? Why sure, Mr. Cunningham.

"You know Ted Barrows, the New York Life agent down the street? Yes, I guess 'most everybody in town does. Well, Ted's the man who set me right about the whole thing, back about twenty-five years ago. He was in here one day, in this same chair, getting a haircut just like you, and we got to talking about exactly this sort of thing. 'I'll tell you,' Ted said to me, 'What really counts isn't how much money you make, but how much security and peace of mind you buy with what you do make.'

"Well, one word led to another, as they say, and before long Ted Barrows was back here showing me how, just by putting the price of a few haircuts into life insurance every so often, I could set up a fund for my family in case I died and at the same time start building something for my own old age.

"I guess the reason I'm telling you all this is that the other night Marie and I finally decided to sell the shop and move to the little place up in the country where we've been spending our vacations. It's nothing fancy, but it'll do—especially with our daughter married and young Joe working in Chicago.

"No, I never got to be a Skipper Drake or anything like that, but I figure I've done pretty well for my family and myself over the years, at that.

"Haircut look all right to you? Thanks very much, Mr. Cunningham—and come in again. I'll probably be busy fishing, but the new man will take good care of you."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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is the official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra



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For the discriminating buyer who demands the finest musically and decoratively . . . Lester presents this new Custom Series of Betsy Ross Spinets.

Tonal perfection . . . superfine cabinetwork . . . exquisite finish and individualized design make these pianos truly outstanding!

Choose from superb woods; from hand decorated lacquers in myriad shades or have any model finished to order.

Betsy Ross Spinets priced from $695.00; model pictured $1136.00 in hand decorated Ebony . . . f.o.b. Lester, Pa. Your dealer will arrange terms. Dampp-Chaser® equipped. Guaranteed for ten years.

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The LESTER SPINET is endorsed by the Philadelphia Orchestra



COLLIER'S

"Oh—nothing much. Only cooking, cleaning, sewing, washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, washing dishes, shopping. How about you?"

HARRY MACE

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

HOW TO CLEAN EVERYTHING, by *Ilma Chesnut Moore*, wore us out just in the reading. It took the author ten years to prepare it, and no matter what we say it is a mighty useful, comprehensive little book. The only thing is, it reminded us of all the spots we hadn't yet removed, the blankets still to be washed, the bulbs to be dusted, the clothespins to be replenished. It tells about more things to be taken care of than you ever knew you had.

•

There's a FOOD GUIDE FOR OLDER FOLKS, published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Only 16 pages, but everything's there: daily food guide, listing vitamin content, protein, riboflavin, iron, and so on; size of servings; two food plans—a low-cost plan, $11 to $12 a week for a couple (as of January, 1952) and a moderate-cost plan, $16–17; sample menus; and good general common-sense suggestions.

And going on from there: for every four persons sitting down to a meal in 1950, there will be another person at the table in 1975. So says another pamphlet of the same U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, called THE FIFTH PLATE. *There will be 38,000,000 more people by 1975.*

•

For children of the telephoning age we've heard of something else: two telephones, one in the father's name, the other listed as "Children's Telephone." The idea was born in a family that included seven children of telephone age. Upon that household, at any rate, it brought peace.

(Continued on Page 18)

"Would you mind ringing this number? It's the only way I can get my daughter downstairs!"



REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Man's Idea of comfort plus is a deep-cushioned chair that's luxuriously soft and completely relaxing. That's why men agree unanimously on furniture cushioneered with AIRFOAM. For this wonderful new foam rubber cushioning is so soft and buoyant, so sumptuously comfortable, it insures blissful relaxation. And AIRFOAM's muscle-cradling comfort lasts for years and years and years!



Woman's Ideal is gracious furniture that takes no time to tidy and keep neat. And that's why smart housewives vote wholeheartedly for AIRFOAM cushioneered furniture. They find this cool and dustless Super-Cushioning never needs fluffing. It plumps up instantly after use — never sags or wrinkles, never gets that saggy "after-crush." It's a comfort for all, and a joy forever!

Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

Airfoam



PRESS DOWN ON AIRFOAM, *feel its tender resilience, its immediate buoyant uplift. That's the secret of its long-lasting comfort.*

SUPER-CUSHIONING BY

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN FOAM RUBBER

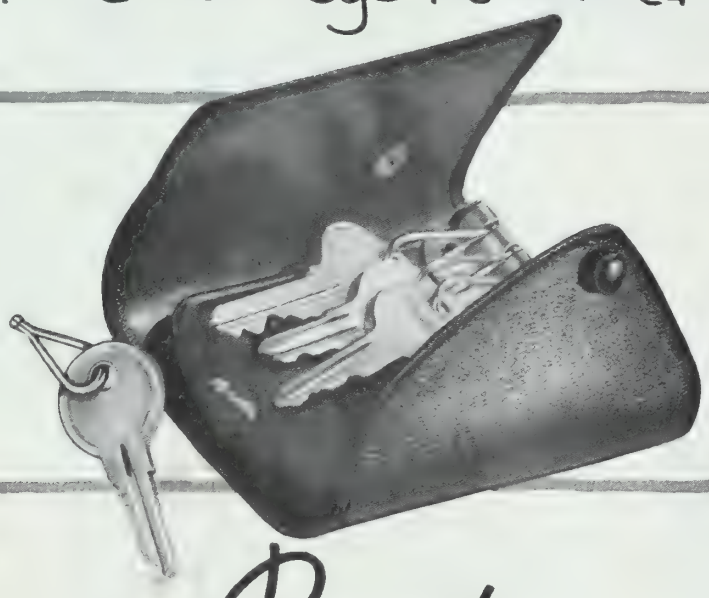
Airfoam T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

LOOK FOR AIRFOAM in furniture cars footwear pillows and Englander Mattresses

A gal from Kokomo



lost her keys in Santa Fe

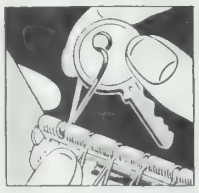


Buxton

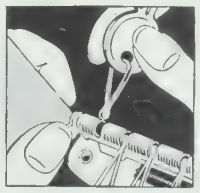
RETURNED THEM!

Here's how: Kokomo citizen carries Buxton Key-Tainer*, the key case with *free key return service* . . . sends name and address to Buxton. Santa Fe finder follows instructions to mail Key-Tainer* with registration card to Buxton and receive reward. In this way, thousands of keys have been returned by Buxton!

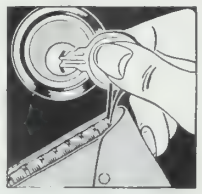
BUXTON KEY-TAINERS* have these superior features, too



1. SAFE locked loops of spring steel keep keys from slipping or twisting off.



2. EASY automatic latch pulls back to release key in a jiffy, snaps back in place.



3. HANDY swivel action (Buxton exclusive) lets key turn without interference.

Many Styles, Sizes and Leathers, 75¢ to $6 plus tax

BUXTON, INC.

Springfield, Mass. • New York • Chicago • Dallas • Los Angeles • Toronto

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 16)

No wonder there's a touch of pixy in the best English writers: A man in Warwickshire writes that one evening when he was walking home after visiting friends at a farm cottage, he became suddenly conscious of a curious shuffling sound—the soft pad-pad of innumerable feet. He struck a few matches, because the night was dark, and there behind him saw hundreds of frogs and toads crossing the lane. He claims they were paying their annual visit to the nearest pond for spawning, but what a lovely start it would make for a *T. H. White* novel! Remember MISTRESS MASHAM'S REPOSE, and THE WITCH IN THE WOOD?

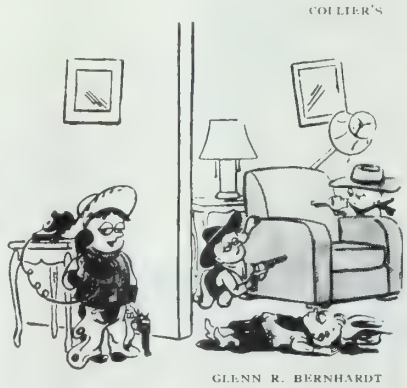
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Our own ***E. B. White*** is not far removed from the British White. He has a book coming up, **CHARLOTTE'S WEB**, about a pig named Wilbur and a spider called Charlotte. Charlotte saves Wilbur's life by weaving "Good Pig" into her web on one crucial occasion, and "Humble" on another. It's a book for readers of any age who do not mind the barnyard prattle of lambs, geese, mice and other folk.

•

If little children are to be your responsibility this fall, you might like to know about a particularly sound book, **UNDERSTANDING CHILDREN'S PLAY**, by ***Ruth Hartley, Lawrence Frank*** and ***Robert Goldenson.*** This serious-minded book for parents and prekindergarten teachers gives many specific suggestions as to how to use play materials

COLLIER'S



GLENN R. BERNHARDT

"You can't possibly speak to Georgie just now, Mrs. Conway—he's dead."

(water, clay, paint, crayons, blocks, finger paint, music, dramatics) to help children, and shows, through revealing observations, just how children's play is a key to their emotional stability (or lack of it).

CHILDREN'S GAMES THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, *by **Leslie Daiken**, is a delightful history of old games that have come down from our forebears to us and which we pass on nostalgically to our children.*

•

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA, by ***Ernest Hemingway***, is one of the finest novels Hemingway has ever written. It is short. Perhaps you'd call it a novelette. But it is magnificent. If anyone had told us precisely what it was about, the chances are we wouldn't have read it. Anyway, we'd have put it off. So probably would you. So don't listen, just read!

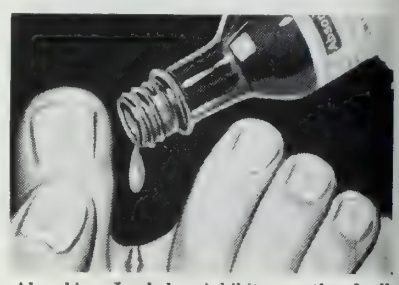
This is a modern novel bathed in strong light. The great character on whose heroism the story turns kindles your warmest affection and near breaks your heart. *But* no other novel we can think of gives a deeper final

(Continued on Page 21)

Fiery cracks between the toes? *Look tonight!*



Examine the skin between your toes tonight. When open cracks appear it means that Athlete's Foot can strike.



Absorbine Jr. helps inhibit growth of all the infecting fungi it can reach.

ATHLETE'S FOOT calls for FAST ACTION

Athlete's Foot can be serious—but Absorbine Jr. takes care of your misery, *fast*

• When hot summertime footwork causes feet to perspire and tiny cracks to appear between the toes, Athlete's Foot fungi can get you in torment, even "lay you up."

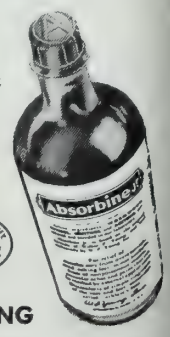
So don't take chances—get quick relief with Absorbine Jr., the No. 1 Athlete's Foot preparation!

Absorbine Jr. kills all the fungi of Athlete's Foot it can contact. It helps heal open cracks, prevent reinfection, and promote regrowth of smooth unbroken skin.

Before it gets serious, be sure to get after Athlete's Foot. Guard against reinfection; boil socks 15 minutes; don't share towels.

Get Absorbine Jr. today. At all drug counters. W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

Get after Athlete's Foot symptoms early! That's when Absorbine Jr. helps clear them up fastest. Takes care of muscular aches and pains, minor sunburn, nonpoisonous insect bites, too.



SATISFACTORY OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

SOOTHING, REFRESHING

ABSORBINE JR.

America's original relief for Athlete's Foot . . . and the *favorite* today!

Your pride in

Zenith Quality TV

will grow with the years

ASK ANY ZENITH OWNER

The sense of prideful ownership that comes with possession of your Zenith Quality TV grows deeper as the years prove the wisdom of your choice.

As you first witness the truly superior performance of this superb instrument, you find yourself comparing with other sets you have seen—marveling at the great difference in so many ways.

And as time goes on you come to know the true meaning and value of Zenith Quality in the remarkable freedom from service—the continuing year after year excellence of performance—the unequalled simplicity of operation.

All this stems from Zenith's determination to spare no expense in the winning and holding of Quality Leadership. Costlier parts. More advanced engineering. A constant eye to the future safety of your TV investment.

Today in the superb new Zenith Royalty Line—you will find renewed evidence of our pledge to you—that though you may pay a very few dollars more for Zenith Quality—nothing in all television can compare with your choice.

These beautiful new examples of Zenith Quality Television are now on display at your Zenith dealer's.



We invite you to see* THE NEW ZENITH ROYALTY LINE WITH "K-53" CHASSIS *now at your dealer's

(Set illustrated) **New Zenith "Ashbrook" Console TV**—Model K1850R. 17-inch (148 sq. in.) cylindrical picture tube screen. Strikingly handsome in beautiful Mahogany veneers and solids. Superb modern styling blends well with modern or traditional decorating schemes. $289.95*.

A wide variety of cabinet designs priced from $199.95*.

**All Zenith TV prices include Federal Excise Tax and Warranty. West Coast and far South prices slightly higher.*

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Built-in Provision for UHF. Every Zenith TV set ever built has built-in provision for tuner strips to receive the coming new-type UHF stations without the use of any outside converter or adapter. No other Television manufacturer can make that statement. Another example of Zenith engineering foresight that protects your investment in TV.

Also Makers of Zenith "Royal" and "Super Royal" Hearing Aids. Small, compact, beautifully designed. Money back guarantee. Sold only through authorized dealers at $75.

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THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

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Convair

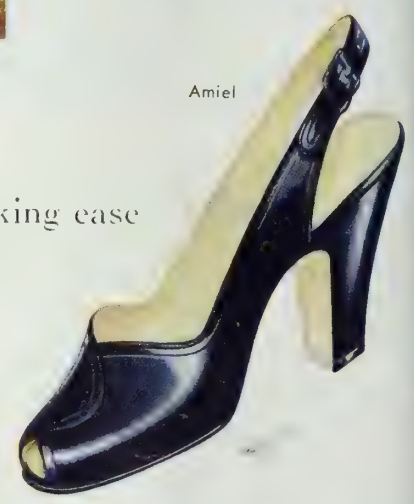


Spangle



Kim





Amiel

welcome a new measure of walking ease

Vitality SHOES...

famous for Fashion and Fit



Reckless



Mitzi

Every step a delightful new experience in sheer walking pleasure! You see, Vitality believes, too, that fit is the basis of fashion. So Vitality gives you shoes that cling gently . . . mold delicately . . . support lightly.

And all this marvelous comfort is built into fabulously slenderizing lines . . . shaped to create a Patrician foot . . . slim an ankle . . . flatter a graceful carriage.

Vitality knows how to adapt fashion and fit for you!

Vitality Shoes $10.95 to $12.95

Vitality Wanderlust Shoes (for dates and campus) from $8.95

Complete Range of Sizes and Widths

Vitality Shoe Company, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Missou

Only Kayser
Fit-All®-Top
guarantees
2-way stretch!



So much glamour . . . *plus* the blessed comfort of this patented top that s-t-r-e-t-c-hes! CAN'T cut or bind when you kneel, stretch, bend! *Fully* proportioned—*up* and *down* and ALL around!
$1.50 to $1.95



KAYSER
Hosiery, Gloves, Lingerie, Girdles
Infants' and Children's Underwear

(Continued from Page 18)

satisfaction. It is a masterpiece of technique which will be held up to writers from now on as the last word in force, economy, sharpness of detail. It puts Hemingway right where he was after writing FAREWELL TO ARMS and one or two of the really great short stories. But our recommendation is on the grounds of an experience. This is one you will never forget.

•

What science fiction is we're not sure—one part science, two parts fancy? At any rate, it is sweeping the bookstands and some of the most unlikely authors are trying their hand at it. Take ***Maurice Samuel,*** scholarly translator of Sholem Asch's books, author of THE GENTLEMAN AND THE JEW, and of one of the best novels about the Borgias, THE WEB OF LUCIFER. Samuel



"Sorry, your manuscript is most interesting, but all our space articles are written by our science editor, Mr. Keyhoe."

now has written THE DEVIL THAT FAILED, the story of a man who suddenly goes blotto and wakes up to find himself tied on a hospital bed in a strange room and attended by—midgets! A neat horror story and perfectly circumstantial.

•

Do Texans know, we wonder, about Pevote? According to medical gossip, Pevote (peyotl), extracted from a cactus that grows in the Rio Grande deserts, has a miraculous effect upon the user: he gets colors instead of sounds. The murmur of a watch, for instance, comes to him as a rapid succession of colors instead of the sound of ticking. . . . The Indians have known about it since before the coming of the Spaniards, and now the National University of Mexico has appointed a commission of doctors and psychologists to find the secret and to direct it, if possible, to the use of psychiatry.

•

One of the important books of the season is THUDBURY, by ***Clyde Brion Davis.*** It is perhaps more of a man's book than a woman's—a variation on the Babbitt theme and a top-notch picture of American affairs during the past fifty years. It also portrays a Leviathan of a man. Some women will fall in love with Thudbury for his good looks and his heartiness. But if they delve deep at all they'll find what the men he worked with found out to their own hard luck: that the big man stooped to pretty small tricks when it served his purpose to do so. There's a story of an auto race in 1905, from New York to San Francisco, that is terrific. Remember, it was 1905! Thudbury was not a good sport, though few knew it, and his politics were riddled by termites.

"The great dumb illiterate mass of people," he was saying around 1920, *"has got to be convinced that it isn't worth while to vote at all. That will mean*



Today, more than ever, a Lassie coat is smart economy. 100% virgin wool Chungtone. Red, gold, spice, black, navy. Sizes 7 to 15. Style 2905.
For color fashion booklet and name of store in your city, write Lassie Jr., Dept. L, 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 18. $49.95
And remember, the lining of every Lassie is guaranteed for the life of the coat.

How to spot a better buy in children's socks



You know all too well what can happen to their socks—the shrinking, the stretching, the constant need for replacement. It's a different story when you rely on the label Durene as a buying guide! This label is used by many fine makers on their famous brands to tell you that the yarn used is Durene* yarn—a *choice, top-quality mercerized cotton.* See the extras you get with Durene!

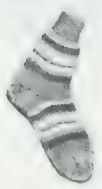
socks labeled Durene are...



LONGER WEARING... Durene yarns are made of two or more strands of cotton twisted together and mercerized for extra strength and service.



SHAPE-HOLDING . . . neat and trim and tidy! The firmness and resilience of Durene yarn banishes untidy sag and droop, even under the merciless yank-and-haul treatment your young ones are apt to apply!



WONDERFUL TO WASH . . . you'll find the tubbing job far easier with Durene yarn—because dirt and Durene part company sooner! Durene is shrink- and stretch-resistant, too (and it's actually stronger wet than dry).



MORE ABSORBENT . . . for healthful, day-long comfort! Durene yarn not only absorbs faster, but evaporates moisture faster!



LASTINGLY LUSTROUS . . . the soft "bloom" you see on Durene yarn will never wash out—it's there to stay. Keeps socks fresher, better-looking!

QUALITY CONTROLLED . . . First, the yarn itself is subject to Quality Control. And second, *finished* socks made of Durene yarn must be able to pass laboratory tests that show they're well made and will wear satisfactorily.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Get the extra advantages of Durene yarn in all cotton knits: T-shirts, underwear, baby things. Look for the Durene label!

that no one will go to the polls except a comparatively small, intelligent, provi-



"If you think that's good wait until you hear what Mr. O'Keefe promised to do for me personally!"

dent group, and at last those unfit to vote will have disfranchised themselves by their own indifference."

•

If you're in your first year of teaching, read STRANGER IN ANGEL TOWN, by ***Nancy Lester,*** a sprightly, good-natured account of a year in a Colorado cattle town, told by a girl who went there fresh from college to teach school. But don't make the mistake of thinking teaching is always that much fun.

THE END

You Can Buy the Best!

A selection, for September, of new and extremely interesting works from many fields of art. Inexpensive, readily available, any one of them would add something extra to this fall's living.

How to Know American Antiques

Furniture, glass, china, pewter and a wealth of useful yet beautiful houseware—all described and explained in this comprehensive guide to American decorating history. Over 300 illustrations. At many newsstands and bookstores. Or write New American Library, 501 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Only 35c.

Six Water-Color Prints

by Winslow Homer, famous American artist. These colorful Caribbean seascapes are 15" x 18½", suitable for framing. $5.00 for the set, plus 39c postage. Oestreicher's, 1208 Sixth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

Sudden Fear

A new thriller, starring Joan Crawford, that has much the same flavor as *Mildred Pierce*—glamour, San Francisco, suspense and, in this case, an attempted murder that will stand your hair on end. Currently at many theaters.

Albert Schweitzer Plays the Organ

Of historic, as well as listening, interest, these are Bach preludes, toccatas and fugues reissued in three LP's by Columbia Records. They were recorded in Europe many years ago by the famous musician-humanitarian. ML 4600, 4601 and 4602. At all record shops. $5.20 each.



MOTHERS!

DIRT DANGER" DAYS ARE HERE FOR YOUR CHILDREN!

irty hands can be dangerous . . . Clean hands are healthy hands



It's true! "Dirt Danger" days are here for children. With them playing outdoors so much of the time you must take special care that they wash their hands thoroughly. For you don't know where they've been playing, or what is in the dirt on their hands.

You can't afford to take chances! For your children's good health this summer be sure they give their hands a good scrub after playing and before every meal. Health authorities agree that *clean* hands are *healthy* hands.

Lava gets out stubbornest dirt in 30 to 50 seconds

And there's one soap—amazing Lava soap—that is especially designed to get out dirt and grime ground deep in skin creases—around nails—knuckles. Dirt ordinary wash-ups miss.

During these summer months make certain your family uses Lava soap. For Lava's rich lather holds many thousands of invisible "scrubbers" you *can't see or feel.* These invisible "scrubbers" rout out the stubbornest dirt in 30 to 50 seconds. Leave hands amazingly clean. Yet Lava is gentle . . . safe for tender skin of women or toddlers.

Don't take chances—get Lava

So, particularly during these "Dirt Danger" days keep Lava soap handy for your children to use. Its superior cleaning is especially desirable when your children give their hands their usual "lick and a promise" washing. Remember, *clean* hands are *healthy* hands. And Lava soap gets extra-dirty hands cleaner faster, easier than any toilet soaps. Get Lava Soap today!



BEFORE *washing with LAVA. Dirt ground in deep*



AFTER *39-second wash-up with LAVA Soap*

ADULTS, TOO! And No Fooling

• Don't expect "pretty-complexion" toilet soaps to get really dirty hands *amazingly clean* as fast as Lava. Man or woman . . . hands regularly dirty or occasionally dirty . . . in 30 to 50 seconds Lava gets out ground-in grime . . . grease . . . oil . . . rust . . . paint . . . metal dust . . . ink . . . tobacco or other stains . . . dirt ordinary wash-ups *miss!*

Especially in Summer **ALL DIRTY HANDS NEED LAVA SOAP**

Just burstin' with fresh lemon flavor!



Good news for lemon-lovers! Now—for the first time from a mix—you can get a pie or a pudding with that really tart n' tangy taste—just like *fresh-squeezed fresh-grated* lemons!

And with Jell-O Lemon Pudding and Pie Filling you get perfect texture every time. Easy? You said it! No need for a double-boiler in sight! Try Jell-O Lemon Pudding and Pie Filling—if you and the youngsters don't think it's the best there is, you can have your pennies back!

JELL-O PUDDINGS and PIE FILLINGS

Pretty enough for a party! Easy enough for every day! And Jell-O Puddings and Pie Fillings make really economical desserts, too! Be sure you always have *all five flavors* handy on your kitchen shelf for good-for-you treats for you and the young fry.



JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CO.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT
edited by
MARGARET HICKEY

Women Organize for Action . . .

In Baltimore, Maryland, the City-County Democratic Club demands better candidates

JOE DI PIETRO



"Don't forget your candidate once he's elected—write, telephone," says Mrs. Sanford Larkey, founder and past president.

POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

In a Republican Workshop in Mason City, Iowa, voters study party machinery

CLARK DEAN



"Ring doorbells, talk to your neighbors, but work *with* the party," Moderator Pat Bain tells her discussion group.

"LADY," the fat man said, "you should have let me know you were running. I'd have got you elected!"

"How?" Mrs. Sanford Larkey asked him.

"Well," he said, "I do a favor for every voter in my district. Then at election time they all come around and say, 'Sam, who should I vote for?' I tell 'em."

If that was the way things were done, Mrs. Larkey thought, she really was green. Friends had talked her into running for delegate to the state Democratic convention—although she knew nothing about campaigning. She gave a lot of time to the effort, though. She worked hard. She spoke bravely in cellars, bowling alleys and smoky rooms. She ran last.

But she learned a lot about politics. The experience taught her something she's now helping to put over in a brand-new kind of political club in Baltimore, Maryland: a candidate *has* to have good, lively support. Otherwise he's wasting his time.

It takes only sixty-five votes to carry the average precinct in Baltimore, Mrs. Larkey also learned. If a candidate has enough workers to swing that many votes in every precinct, he's in. When will better qualified people run for office? When they can count on the support of workers *in each precinct* from an organization like the Baltimore City-County Club, members say.

"Anybody can form a club," Mrs. Larkey is convinced. "You don't need party permission." Anybody can meet the candidates—it takes an organized group of only fifteen or twenty people to attract a speech from most of them.

The City-County Club's original twenty women members started out merely to study *(Continued on Page 161)*

ON a Wednesday morning last October, Marilyn Dibble was at the kitchen stove pouring herself a second cup of coffee when the telephone rang.

"I'm Bonnie FitzGerald—remember me? We met at bridge the other night." There was a note of excitement in her voice. "I know this sounds like a strange question to ask, but I'd like to know how you stand on politics."

"Why, I'm an independent," Marilyn answered, surprised.

"Then you're just the type we're looking for! We're getting together a group to talk politics. Will you join us?"

Marilyn hesitated while she tried to think of a good excuse. "Well, O.K.," she said finally, wondering what she was getting into.

At Bonnie's she met eleven other Mason City, Iowa, housewives who seemed to be wondering the same thing. But shortly before the meeting was over, Marilyn caught her breath. This new Republican Women's Workshop was no ordinary club meeting! The three women squeezed in next to her on the sofa were whispering excitedly. She looked around the room at the intent faces. *It's going to be fun*, she thought. She never dreamed how much commotion this bunch of amateurs would stir up within a few months.

The Mason City Republican Workshop had begun to perk, in the minds of four young women, six months before at a general meeting of the Republican Women's Club. A guest speaker from the Minneapolis Republican Workshop described the plan. As she talked, Bonnie, Catherine Stueland, Pat Bain and Gloria Laughlin were all asking themselves the same question: could we start a *(Continued on Page 162)*

Pick the peaches you'd pick yourself!

Pick LIBBY'S off your grocer's shelf and you're picking the peaches you'd pick from the trees

LIBBY'S are the peaches you'd reach for *in the orchard*—beautiful to see, "right" to the touch, their warm crimson "blush" announcing their very hour of readiness.

Open a can of Libby's peaches. Note their texture, neither too firm nor too soft, their gorgeous golden color. Mark their full delicious flavor—the goodness that Nature put in and Libby retained. Treat your family to Libby's—often!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Ill.





Especially Me (Teddy for short) faces his first autumn seriously.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

MY Farmer's Almanac tells me "Fall begins at 9:45 P.M. on the 22nd." What a wonderful and strange piece of news! I don't believe it. Autumn is partly a state of mind, so far as I can see. I have a private moment when I know, but it has little to do with dates.

It is fall when I am picking Mexican-colored zinnias at the edge of the vegetable garden one morning, and suddenly the garden seems to brim with sun, the tomatoes and eggplants and last beans all at once look like a king's treasure. Dozens and dozens of tiny green peppers are setting in useless exuberance, they will never grow old. The black frost will come too soon. It is fall.

Now I must really make lists of fall chores, I think as I get out a copper kettle for the orange and yellow and white and scarlet zinnias. I must list, and then follow the list! On the other hand, I must stay outdoors every minute in this golden and lovely air.

Undoubtedly the best thing to do is picnic, pack up whatever is handy, and drive over the country roads. Goldenrod glows along the old stone fences, the wild asters spread their purple stars. Hamburgers on a brisk charcoal grill never detract from my enjoyment of the loveliness. The picnic fireplaces which our good state provides along nearly every road are laid so neatly, the wood is ready, we can eat and savor the look of the country at the same time.

Jonquil is just the color of a maple leaf now, but her son, Especially Me, known as Teddy, is still a shining and soft pale gold. His face has all the eagerness in the world, his tail never quiets down. As he bounces joyfully up on my lap, I hope he may always find the world a good place.

September meals are fun. As long as there is a tomato on the vine I have fried tomatoes at least once a day. Few things compare with a ripe sound tomato, sliced in half, dredged in seasoned flour and fried in bacon drippings. When they are crusty outside, melting tender within, I lay them on a hot platter, stir whatever flour is left from the dredging into the skillet, add cream—sour cream—to milk, evaporated milk or half and half, stir madly until the gravy simmers. The bits of tomato in it give it a goldeny look. Served on crisp toast strips, or split and toasted rolls, this is a dish I would hate to do without. The bacon that gave the drippings goes in lovely curls on the top of tomatoes and gravy.

If unexpected company drops in, I simply do more and more tomatoes, put them in a casserole in layers, and bake them long enough to reheat them. The gravy goes in a pitcher to be poured over.

Green tomatoes are good cooked the same way; if they are very green, I sprinkle a little sugar on them after they are cut.

September evenings are blue and dreamy. We carry our trays to the Quiet Garden and sit in the last light. Time goes like a falling fountain, eternity is the pool it is received in.

When the moon comes up, we go inside and start a fire in the fireplace. Now is the time to read, and be carried in imagination into other lives, other times, other countries. Or to play a few favorite records: Andy Somers' Ballad of Lady Hamilton. or Vincente Gomez's inspired guitar solos. or Viennese waltzes. Or if we are quite fresh, a symphony.

Little Sister has an expectant look at the end of the evening. One last race in the moonlight, ears flying. A flurry of falling leaves to whisk through, the night air deep with scents. Then inside, and Sister rushing to get her own spot on my bed before Jonquil sneaks it.

God bless us all, says Sister, settling in a small round ball in her special place.

THE END



125 feet of waxed-through protection

"CUT-RITE" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Waxed all the way through ... Doesn't split when twisted ... Cutting edge – tears easily

What's left of Sunday's roast—even extra slices—doesn't dry out or lose that delicious first-serving flavor if you **wrap it up in waxed-through** Cut-Rite. You see Cut-Rite is not just surface-waxed—it's waxed the whole way through!

Twist a piece of Cut-Rite around half a lemon or tomato. Extra-heavy Cut-Rite keeps foods from drying out, doesn't let moisture seep through. And Cut-Rite is **so amazingly pliable** it doesn't split or break even when you fold or twist it.

You're sure of tearing off **exactly what you want** every time! Cut-Rite's famous cutting edge always tears off quick, clean and easy! Be sure to keep Cut-Rite handy to save food, time, dishwashing. A Scott Paper Product.

If you want to be sure-wrap it in Cut-Rite

Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

There comes a day in the life of almost every bride when she threatens to go home to mother. If she goes, she's usually sorry. But how to go back?

SOMETIME during the first few years of marriage, many a young wife seeks to settle a conflict with her husband by threatening to leave him. Prompted by anger or hurt feelings, rather than by any wish for a permanent break, she may actually go, taking temporary refuge with family or friends. Often she acts on impulse, and regrets it almost at once. Perhaps she chooses this way to "get even with her husband" for something he has done, or she may believe that her absence will force him to yield to her point of view.

Whatever the reasons, someone has to take the initiative if the estrangement is to be ended. And it is usually up to the wife to do so, for it is usually she who effected the separation. Though he may have contributed his full share to the underlying difficulty, a man rarely moves out of his home unless he intends a permanent separation.

The wife who wants her marriage to succeed will make every effort to resolve any dispute with her husband before it reaches the climax of actual separation. If the separation has already taken place, she will not be too proud to seek a reconciliation. These suggestions may help in evolving a constructive approach:

Acknowledge your errors. Although much of the fault may lie with your husband, there are almost no problems in marriage in which one partner is entirely right, the other entirely wrong. Can you honestly say your behavior and attitude were altogether blameless? By admitting *your* mistakes, you will help your husband see where he was wrong.

Accept his excuses graciously. Any explanation he offers, however feeble, is a gesture of good will. Accept it in that spirit, without question or reservation. To demand promises for the future implies lack of trust—and without trust your relationship can never be tranquil.

Make a fresh start. To rehash the details of your quarrel, to try to explain "what I meant when I said" is futile and may even reopen the wound. But to discuss your plans for tomorrow, for next month and next year, will promote the understanding you both need.

Resolve your differences. As you acquire the habit of discussion, and as understanding develops, you will find it easier to work out your problems together. In marriage, as in any other partnership, difficulties affecting both can be relieved by the effort of both—but will only be aggravated if either attempts to impose his will on the other. Above all, remember that prevention is better than cure, it is easier to avoid a separation than to heal it. But if you two love each other enough, try hard enough, for long enough, you can mend the present break so that your marriage will be better than ever. Part of the cure is to renounce all thought of separation.

JANET'S husband is a doctor, and they have been married seven years. In our first interview, she announced that she was exhausted and discouraged by his demands on her. "The whole household revolves around him," she said. "Everything my sons or I do must conform to his pattern. Meal hours are when he wants them, yet he must never be kept waiting. Then he criticizes the food, or anything else not just to his liking. He spends little time with the boys, then expects them to jump at his orders. If I protest, he says I don't understand the demands of his work. Must I give up everything because I married a doctor?"

In the following weeks, Janet aired her grievances—which are real—and managed to relieve her bitterness. Though still dissatisfied with her marriage, she decided she could overcome some of its disadvantages, and adjust to the rest. For she recognized that her husband's attitude was largely a reaction to the demands of his profession, rather than a character defect in him.

In our research and counseling, we have encountered many similar situations. In most cases, the wife does not complain about irregular meal hours, interrupted dinner parties or late telephone calls, for these annoyances she anticipated. She accepts the fact that she and her husband will have little leisure for companionship. But what she does object to is his dictatorial attitude, his assumption that the family life centers on him, and (though she doesn't use these words) her inability to identify with him.

If she can consider these matters objectively, perhaps she can see that they are outgrowths of his work, rather than personality flaws. In operating room, hospital ward or consulting chamber, a doctor not only can but must give orders, and insist that they be fulfilled. With most of his waking hours spent in situations where he is in command, it is almost impossible for him not to carry into his own home the same confidence, assurance and dominance.

Every man's occupation imposes certain penalties on his wife. A businessman may bring customers home to dinner unexpectedly, or attend a meeting after hours; a factory worker may have to accept a new shift, at greater inconvenience to his wife than to himself. Lawyer, electrician, salesman and teacher are alike subject to the pressure of competition, to the disturbance of a clash with an associate. All these circumstances are likely to be reflected in tension at home.

But the wife who is secure in the knowledge that she and her husband love each other can accept these irritations, and will do so as a matter of course. She knows that work after hours is as much of a deprivation to him as to her, because it costs him an evening's companionship; she will not add to his burdens by complaining. Nor will she begrudge him an occasional burst of temper after a hard day; she wants to share his problems, and one way she can help him is to be his safety valve.

Granted, a doctor's wife often has special problems. But so does the doctor himself—and many of them are matters of life and death. If she can remember this, and that she married him because she believed him a special man, she will be better able, and more willing, to shoulder her full share of the burden.

Ask Yourself: How Does My Marriage Rate?

In every happy marriage, certain major elements are present to some degree. In the blank spaces, place your estimate of these components. Use the number 5 to indicate a very high rating, 4 for superior, 3 for medium, 2 for poor but still tolerable, and 1 when that element is bringing no satisfaction to your marriage.

How does your marriage rate on the degree of:

1. **Genuine love and affection?** _____
2. **Friendliness and consideration?** _____
3. **Physical satisfaction?** _____
4. **Agreement about money?** _____
5. **Confiding in each other?** _____
6. **Absence of quarrels?** _____
7. **Respect for each other?** _____
8. **Compromising on problems?** _____
9. **Sharing outside activities?** _____
10. **Agreements on goals?** _____

Add your ten ratings for a total score. Very happy marriages usually score 44 points or above; superior, 36–43; average, 28–35; fair or tolerable, 20–27; the unsatisfactory marriage scores 19 points or less. Your lowest ratings will show you where to seek improvement.

How many divorces have been granted in recent years?

Between 1941 and 1950, 4,000,000 divorces were granted. In addition, there have been not fewer than 1,000,000 separations and desertions.

A Happy Marriage starts with love

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GORHAM'S "MELROSE"*..."LYRIC"*..."STRASBOURG"*..."SOVEREIGN"*..."CHANTILLY"*..."ETRUSCAN"*..."BUTTERCUP"*..."LILY OF THE VALLEY"*..."RONDO"*..."GREENBRIER"*

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AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831. ALSO MAKERS OF GORHAM SILVERPLATE, GORHAM SILVER POLISH, GORHAM ECCLESIASTIC WARES *TRADE MARKS COPYRIGHT 1954 BY THE GORHAM CO., N.Y.

a new leaf





the Sub-Deb edited by Ruth Imley

Hi! Dub in the sound effect that goes with my picture, and you'll hear a great big happy Hi! (Somehow, "hi" is always the first word that comes to my lips when I meet someone I like. You too? "Hello" is a word to save for an unexpected telephone call or visit. If you linger over the *l*'s and roll the *o*, you have time to swallow your surprise!)

I'm here to swap ideas with you. I'm always trying to find a better way to do things—to act on a date, to get along with my friends and family, to wear my hair; well, just to *live*. I think you know what I mean. Some ideas I've gone steady with—and then broken up with forever. Others, I've discovered, really *work*. It's these workable ideas I'd like to share with you. But first I need to know what you'd actually like to read about on this page. Dating? Getting along with brothers, sisters, parents, friends? Careers? Fashion and grooming? Won't you give me your two cents' worth today—on one of the new postal cards?

Now that we've agreed that you'll let me know what's on your mind, I'll confide in you. Certain words and ideas make me clench my fists when I see them in print, and with your permission they'll never appear on this page.

The word **"popular,"** for instance. Are you as tired as I am of being told that *anyone* can be popular if . . . she'll just make an effort to be "outgoing"? What does the word "outgoing" mean? What do those people (the ones who give us such advice) think about us anyway? Don't they know we try to be friendly—but that obviously making friends, and keeping them, is much more complicated than that?

Haven't you known girls who were so busy trying to be popular that they became downright obnoxious? Don't you know boys and girls who have loads of friends and things to do without, seemingly, even trying very hard? Aren't they usually happy and interesting people too?

But if you hate yourself because you're too fat or too thin, or too moody or too shy, or too tall or too short, or just too *anything*, how are you ever going to be happy? And if you're bored with yourself, how are you ever going to be interesting to anybody else? If it were possible to make a "pal" out of your own personality, instead of an enemy, wouldn't you be less lonely and bored? I think so. And I'll try to show you how it can be done.

Beating your old brain to find out how you and other people tick, learning to make the best of your own abilities and defects—to be *ingoing* more often—isn't easy. But you'll be a happier and more interesting person, and probably so busy that you won't have time to bite your fingernails if the telephone doesn't ring or to worry about the number of birthday cards in your mailbox. Let's try it.

The words **"typical teen-ager"** annoy me too. I don't believe any two of you are exactly alike. Where you live, and how you live, and the things that have happened to you, make you yourself, with your very own problems.

So we won't ever tell you there is **only one solution** to a problem—or even that you have such-and-such a problem because *all* teen-agers do! You know better than that—and so do we. We'll just point out the advantages and disadvantages of certain kinds of behavior, think up as many different solutions (and types of problems) as we can, and then pass the final decision on to you. We'll keep reminding you (not nagging you) that the best decisions always bring you the most happiness in *the long run*—in your whole life. Sometimes we will suggest that you change yourself or the situation you're in—or both! But, again, the final choice is up to you.

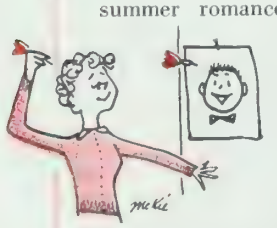
You have the intelligence, the idealism and the courage to solve your problems sensibly. Let's prove to your parents—and the world—that your feet are on the ground even if your eyes are on the stars—because you have a history book under your arm!

Ruth Imley

assignment for September



Begin today: to get over the boy-you-met-on-your-vacation-who-promised-to-write-and-never-did—*and* the attitude that no one will ever ask you for a date! Resolve to take this, and any future summer romance, for what it often is—as fickle as a coat of tan! Tear up that letter you're plotting to send him because you still hope (foolishly) that he never received the letter you wrote three weeks ago. Stop talking about him; bury his picture in a box in the basement; break the record of "your song." Date any boy who's fun to be with—even if he's a little shorter than you are, or a little younger. Be friendly to girls without brothers and to boys who are going steady; renew your membership in your church, Y and scouting group; accept invitations to go to parties and club meetings; plan to give a Last Rose of Summer party; buy something new for morale; drop the bitter act—you're getting boring!



Due tomorrow: a fresh, bright-eyed look (sleep eight hours every night, always wash your face before you go to bed); an intelligent discussion of the editorial and sports pages of your newspapers (city and school); a bright hi and a smile for the new or transfer students in school, followed by an invitation to lunch and introductions to your friends; a warm hello to all the teachers you pass in the hall.

Due next week: Memorize the names of the teams in the National and American leagues and follow the World Series, also the presidential election. Plan a time and money budget. (Get mother's help on "time" and dad's on "money"!)



Due at the end of the month: new friendships in school and social groups; an interest in sports and politics—and your newspapers; less wasted time; more buying power from your allowance dollar; a good feeling because you're getting more out of life.

Something to Save

God's World*

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this:
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

*FROM RENASCENCE AND OTHER POEMS, PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS. COPYRIGHT, 1913, 1941, BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

Do *you* have a favorite poem, recipe, party idea, snapshot or "tip" that you'd like to share with us? It has to be something worth saving and something any girl might like to pin on her bulletin board! We'll publish the best. Send them to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila. 5, Pa.

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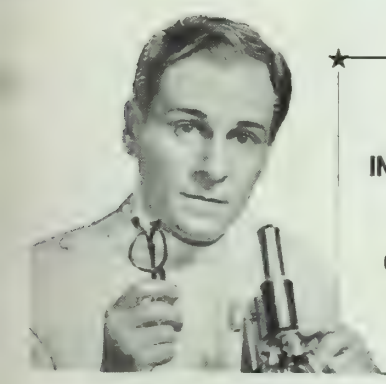


***NOW!* FOR YOUR COMPLEXION . . . Palmolive Care Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!**



***NOW!* FOR YOUR BEAUTY BATH . . . Enjoy Palmolive's Rich, Fragrant Lather . . . Delightful in Tub or Shower!**

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS OR LESS!



36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS IN 1285 TESTS PROVED BEYOND A DOUBT THAT THE PALMOLIVE BEAUTY PLAN CAN BRING YOU A SOFTER, SMOOTHER, YOUNGER LOOKING SKIN!

The very first time you try the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. Palmolive is so mild . . . so pure . . . its rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

Remember—36 doctors—leading skin specialists in 1285 impartial tests have proved beyond a doubt that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings most women softer, smoother, younger looking skin. You can prove it to yourself in your own home within 14 days.

Massage Palmolive Soap's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and pat dry. Do this 3 times a day. It feels just right . . . is just right for your skin.

Today . . . let Palmolive's Beauty Plan start you on the way to a fresher, cleaner, more beautiful skin. You'll need no other beauty aid. Palmolive's Beauty Plan can make your skin look its loveliest . . . and its most lovable!

Palmolive... The "Chlorophyll Green" Soap With The Pure White Lather!

Dorothy Kilgallen reports the presentation of the "Coronation Collection"

Famed newspaper columnist, Dorothy Kilgallen, chosen as one of America's Best-Dressed Women by the Fashion Academy in 1952, and a charming member of the "What's My Line" panel on CBS-TV, finds "The Coronation" an enchanting new fashion.

Also admiring the grace and beauty of this lovely Red Cross Shoe are: Hildegarde Neff, 20th Century-Fox star; Lisa Kirk, musical comedy favorite; RKO star Elizabeth Threatt and columnist Betty Betz.



THE DAINTY

THE DOMINO

THE SYMPHONY

ROUND-UP GUARD

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This product has no connection whatever with The American National Red Cross

Red Cross Shoes are manufactured and distributed as Gold Cross Shoes in Canada by B & L Shoe, Ltd., in England by Somervell Bros., Ltd., in Australia by "Gold Cross Shoes" (Aust.), Pty.

f Red Cross Shoes

at a Fashion Luncheon at the Waldorf

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

I simply wasn't prepared for anything like this. I don't think *any* of the newspaper women and magazine fashion editors were, who gathered at the Waldorf for the presentation of the "Coronation Collection" of Red Cross Shoes for fall.

We all knew, of course, that the makers of Red Cross Shoes had a special genius for marrying fabulous fit to beautiful fashion in a shoe. But here were shoes with a loveliness and grace that really made us blink our eyes . . . truly smart shoes to really add a "crowning touch" to any fall costume.

Certainly, they're fashions that will make Red Cross Shoes more than ever the reigning favorites with millions of smart American women, this fall. Take a look at them, yourself, this week. I think you'll find it pretty exciting.



NEW CHATEAU



The pump picture looks prettier than ever for fall, agree Miss Kilgallen and columnist Alice Hughes, as they have their first look at the new Red Cross Shoe opera star, "The Inspiration."



BRIGADOON BUCKLE

THE SKIPPER

THE KILTIE

This week, see the "Coronation Collection" at your retailer's . . . discover why more smart women wear Red Cross Shoes than any other brand of fine footwear

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FEATURED IN CANADA AS GOLD CROSS SHOES

America's unchallenged shoe value

$8.95 to $12.95



E RIVIERA



THE MATCHMAKER

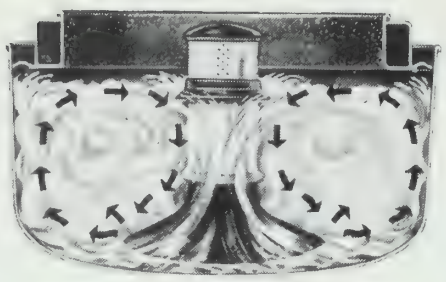


THE PICCADILLY

No mail orders. Write for name of your own local retailer. The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati 7, Ohio.

th Africa by Eddels (S.A.), Ltd., in New Zealand by Duckworth, Turner and Co., Ltd.

Frigidaire's Live-Water Washing Action —



Gets out deep-down dirt ordinary washing actions don't touch!



A FRIGIDAIRE WASHER doesn't fool with dirt. Set the Select-O-Dial once — and Live-Water washing takes over. Surging Live-Water currents flush away the toughest, grimiest, ground-in dirt. Suds and warm water swirl around and *through* every piece — getting out hidden, dulling dirt that ordinary washing actions don't touch. Yet it's so gentle that even nylons, woolens, rayons are safe!

Then Live-Water Rinsing goes to work

Here's true power-rinsing that surges through every fiber, rooting out the last traces of soap and soil. Washed-out dirt won't drain back through clean clothes.

Remember — *in Frigidaire's Live-Water washing*, clothes are *always in water* — never half-in, half-out. No wonder they're sunshine clean and fresh!

Damp-dries more thoroughly than any other washer

Your clothes come out lighter — many ready for immediate ironing — because Frigidaire's lightning-fast Rapidry-Spin whirls out up to 20% more water than any other washer! No other damp-drying system, whether wringer, spinner, or squeezer, gets out so much water, so quickly, so safely. Then your Frigidaire Washer drains itself, cleans itself, shuts itself off. Your hands never touch water. Ask your Frigidaire Dealer for a demonstration. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book, or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Toronto 13, Ont.

Frigidaire

Automatic Washer

Determine *now* to start building your complete Frigidaire Leisure Laundry with a Frigidaire Automatic Washer, Frigidaire Automatic Dryer and Frigidaire Electric Ironer. See your Frigidaire Dealer. He'll quickly tell you the whole wonderful story.

Frigidaire families *live* better because Frigidaire Appliances *are* better

MONKACSI



Tell me Doctor

PART I

"My wife has been told she needs an operation. How can I be sure she really does?"

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

THE doctor cast a quick glance of appraisal at the couple who had just been ushered into his consulting room. The woman was slightly built, somewhat undersized. The man was deep-chested, and bore himself with an arrogance which suggested a high degree of egotism. He advanced to the desk and deposited upon its polished surface a card, which read:

HUGO JEREZ BLACK
Attorney and Counselor at Law
BLACK, ROUGE, SALMON & BLACK
110 Violet Street

It was obvious that Counselor Black expected immediate comment, and the doctor saw no reason for disappointing him.

"Yes, Mr. Black," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to examine my wife," was the reply. "We've been told she needs an operation, and I don't believe it."

"And you want me to tell you that she doesn't need an operation?"

"That's what I want you to tell me, but I don't expect you will. I don't believe much in doctors. All I hear is *operate—operate*. You'd think the good Lord didn't know anything about creating women—made 'em all wrong so that every little doctor could think he has to make 'em all over again."

The doctor leaned back in his chair. "I suppose," he suggested, "you have had adequate advice before coming here."

Counselor Black hesitated for the merest instant. "We've had the advice of our family doctor," he admitted grudgingly, "but I'm not convinced he knows what he is talking about."

"It has been my experience," objected the doctor, "that most family physicians are conservative when it comes to recommending operations. However, suppose we see what we can find out. Mrs. Black, what is your age, please?"

"I was fifty last month."

"Any children?"

"Two."

"And their ages?"

"The boy is twenty-eight and the girl twenty-six."

"I suppose you have stopped menstruating."

"Yes, Doctor, four years ago."

"And there's been nothing since?"

"No."

"Were your menstrual periods regular?"

"Why, yes, I think so. I was quite regular."

"Every twenty-eight days?"

"Yes, Doctor, practically on the do

"And for how many days did they las

"Five, as a rule."

"Would you call the flow slight, moc ate, or profuse?"

"Moderate, I should say."

"Have you had any serious illnesses

"No, Doctor."

"No operations?"

"No."

"Did you have a hard time when yo babies were born?"

"I don't think so, according to what have heard other women say."

"And what is your present complaint

"Well, there isn't very much of anythi Doctor, except that I have been havi trouble with my bladder."

"Pain, you mean?"

"Not so much pain, but frequency. have to go to the toilet almost every h hour."

"I see. And you've already had advice

There was just the suggestion of hesit tion before Mrs. Black's reply. "I go to n family doctor for a checkup twice a year

"Excellent! And he found the cause your trouble?"

"He said he did. He said ——"

"Please let me interrupt. I'd prefer n to hear what he said until after I've mac my own examination. If you will go wi the nurse, Mrs. Black, I will be with yo in a very few minutes."

"I suppose you've already made up you mind as to what is the trouble," suggeste Counselor Black after his wife had left th consulting room.

"I never form an opinion without a examination."

"There could be more than one explana tion of Mrs. Black's trouble, then?"

"Offhand, I can think of at least seve I'll let you know in a very few moments. you will excuse me, then ——"

The doctor's return found Counselo Black perusing a medical magazine. "Wel did you find out what is wrong?"

"She has developed a large uterin tumor."

"You're certain of that?"

"Positive," the doctor told him. " could take my oath to it."

"Indeed! You would swear to the pres ence of something you have not seen? Yo haven't seen it, have you?"

"No, but after all these years my sense o touch is about as keen as my eyesight eve was."

(Continued on Page 164)

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HOW WONDERFUL! No more weary lifting and toting basketfuls of wet wash up and down stairs. No more bending, stretching, hanging!



HOW FINE! Toss away dreary clotheslines and racks, pins and poles—timeworn symbols of eternally miserable washdays.



HOW GRAND! Dry clothes *inside*—away from rain, snow and cold—away from soot and dust and dirt and whipping winds.

Here's a brand new workless way to dry your clothes!



Plan now to see the new Frigidaire Porcelain Pair—matched Automatic Dryer and Automatic Washer

New Frigidaire Automatic Dryer dries fast, safe and sunshine-sweet —yet never throws steamy heat or sticky lint around the room!

Cheer, *cheer* for a brilliant new *kind* of automatic dryer that works time-saving, labor-saving miracles anywhere in your home—kitchen, utility room, basement—upstairs or down. This new Frigidaire Filtra-matic Dryer won't throw off objectionable moisture to steam up windows, condense on walls. Nor does it eject annoying lint, that settles and sticks on moist surfaces. Because excess moisture and lint are trapped in Frigidaire's wonderful—and exclusive—Filtrator!

This great new automatic dryer needs no bulky, expensive extra gadgets to do its sensational job. Needs no clumsy outside vents. Needs no high-cost extra plumbing. Yes, this new Frigidaire beauty is an exciting new machine that doesn't act at all like ordinary automatic dryers.

For the first time, here is truly *tomorrow's* automatic dryer. But *you* can own it today!

The only dryer with porcelain finish —inside and out!

Your new Frigidaire Dryer owes its gleaming finish to Lifetime Porcelain. It won't rust, outside or inside—it's simpler to keep brightly clean—and it's much easier on clothes! Remember, more dryers rust out, than ever wear out—so be sure to see the only dryer that flatly says: "No rust!"

Frigidaire *Filtra-matic* Dryer

Look for your Frigidaire Dealer's name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book, or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Toronto 13, Ontario.

Determine NOW that some day you'll own a Frigidaire Leisure Laundry! ⟶

ou've dreamed about this! With no ork, sparkling clean washes will come ıt of your Frigidaire Washer—to be ied sunshine-sweet in your matching rigidaire Dryer—and ironed jiffy-quick ı your so-easy-to-use Frigidaire Ironer. nd, all the while, your Frigidaire Elec- ic Water Heater faithfully supplies *all* the hot water you need, *all* the time, *all* automatically.

Does this sound like head-in-the-clouds talk? It's not, so start planning *now!* Your Frigidaire Dealer will show you in just five minutes, how to add extra hours and days of leisure to your busy life. See him right away, won't you?



Frigidaire families *live* better, because Frigidaire appliances *are* better

"ah-h! my Ivory Bath it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!"

Yes, you get more lather . . . faster . . . in an Ivory bath!

You just sit back—let that bar of Ivory float your wa— and give it a few quick rubs. Then look! You're in the *middle* of rich, creamy lather! For Ivory makes m— suds, *faster*, than any other leading bath so—

You get famous mildness . . . and a wonderful clean, fresh odor!

Mmmm . . . it's wonderful—the way those ge— Ivory suds do pamper your skin! Ivory Soap is so mild—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And how you'll love the clean, cl— smell of Ivory lather! It's refreshing as can—

You get more for your money, too!

Yes, wonderful, floating Ivory actually costs— less! Gives you *more soap for your money* than a— other leading bath soap!



America's Favorite Bath Soap!



99 44/100% pure... it Floats



"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN September, 1902, the Wright brothers were courageously risking their necks in their homemade glider. President Teddy Roosevelt was struck by a trolley car near Pittsfield, Massachusetts. The Army announced that its Civil War blue uniforms would soon change to olive drab, and the noted French writer, Emile Zola, died.

The JOURNAL of September, 1902, tells how to get ready for the dressmaker: "Have the lining drawer supplied with black and gray percaline, mohair, braid, gray and black canvas, haircloth for interlining, featherboning of different sizes, belting, dress binding, shields and collar frames. This is a long list, but the dress of today is a much betrimmed garment."

The girl who rides horseback: "From an aesthetic point of view, the sidesaddle manner of riding is much to be preferred. Also it is claimed that considerable injury may be caused by riding astride."

"How can I remedy too-thick eyebrows?" a reader asks. Answer: "At night you might paste the hairs into a good position with a decoction of quince seeds which should help keep them within bounds."

Hair styles: "It is much better taste for a girl of sixteen to wear her hair braided. When the hair is once put up on the head, long dresses should be adopted, which would not be appropriate for sixteen."

"I am in deep mourning, and in doubt whether I should wear patent-leather shoes," worries a reader. "It is better to select dull kid ones," advises Mrs. Ralston.

"Boys from two to four wear Russian blouses and kilts."



Journal about Town

Gossip about people you know. Editors you like, and what goes on in New York



WIDE WORLD

Briefest comment on Journal Workshop cooking came from Margaret Truman: one word: "Yummie!"

RECENTLY a reader wrote to ***Beatrice Gould*** about her picture on this page, taken in India, with ***Prime Minister Nehru*** and ***Mr. Gould.*** "I studied the dress you were wearing—was sure I recognized it. Yes, it was on Page 56 in the April issue. Glad to see you wear what you print. Truly, then, L.H.J. is the magazine women can believe in." Mrs. Gould, surprised at the reader's surprise, says, "Of course we wear what we print, and eat it too." Distinguished guests here are invariably served something you have tried or will try from the JOURNAL. The day recently when ***Margaret Truman*** came to lunch the dish was lemon-butter-broiled chicken (remember that from May, 1951?), and when ***Louella Shouer*** asked our ***Jeannie,*** who served, whether Margaret had mentioned how she liked it, the answer was that when Miss Truman tasted the chicken, she'd murmured, "Yummie!"

When the *Goulds* got back from their flying trip around the world, one of the feelings they had about Japan was that true democracy there would come only when Japanese women assumed some measure of equality with Japanese men. Shortly after, we were amused by the coincidence of an AP dispatch from Tokyo. It told how the elders of Futakawa village on Honshu Island had decreed a holiday for women on the fifteenth of each month; the men on that day to do the cooking, the laundry and other household chores. Only one catch: the women are expected to use that day each month "to elevate their cultural standards."

Gladys Denny Shultz *was telling us about the visit her two little grandchildren paid their doctor at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Vaccinations. Both were so brave about it the doctor wrote each child's name on a printed little certificate of merit and told them they could be redeemed at the drugstore. There they darted, presented their tokens of courage to the clerk, and received in return an ice-cream cone apiece.*

You learn to take everything in your stride around here, so when we came by the Beauty Department the other day and saw a young and pretty photographer photographing in her bare feet we didn't turn a hair, but did find out about her from ***Dawn Crowell Norman,*** also, of course, very pretty. She is ***Lillian Bassman,*** and the only photographer we know, man or woman, who always photographs barefoot, winter or summer. Dawn says she is also the only photographer she knows who acts out what she wants the model to do and has the smallest waist—23". She is barefooted for comfort only, she told Dawn; said her doctor told her if everybody went barefoot we'd all be better off.

Financier *Dean Mathey* was telling *Bruce Gould* not long ago about a luncheon once held at *President Dodds'* house in Princeton. *Mrs. Truman* was there, and *Mrs. Woodrow Wilson* and the late *Mrs. Thomas Preston,* famous and beloved for her genius for putting people at their ease. She was seated next to *General Eisenhower,* who did not know that her first husband had been *President Grover Cleveland.* When she mentioned having lived for eight years in Washington, the general conversationally inquired where her home had been. Instantly, Mrs. Preston spared him the need to regret a *gaffe* by answering, "It was in the White House, General. That was why I was asked here to meet you."

One letter from a recent morning's mail was a little startling. It was to the Garden Editor from a Philadelphia lady: "You have helped me scores and scores of times; now again I appeal to you. What is the easiest and cheapest way *not* to have *anything* grow in my yard? I live alone, I'm busy, I'm harassed by high grass, bushes, and so on. I go away; come back; find things growing again. I wish *nothing* to grow."

Elizabeth Arden **was in the other day, eager as ever to talk about the beauty business and her racing stable, both in the same breath (Jet Pilot, who won the Kentucky Derby in 1947, belonged to her). When she came down to see Dawn's newly finished offices, which sport a very up-to-date though tiny *salon de beauté,* and saw there the last word in shampoo attachments, she exclaimed to Dawn, "What a wonderful spray that would be for my horses' legs!"**

JOE DI PIETRO



Dawn Crowell Norman (left) and barefooted photographer Lillian Bassman.

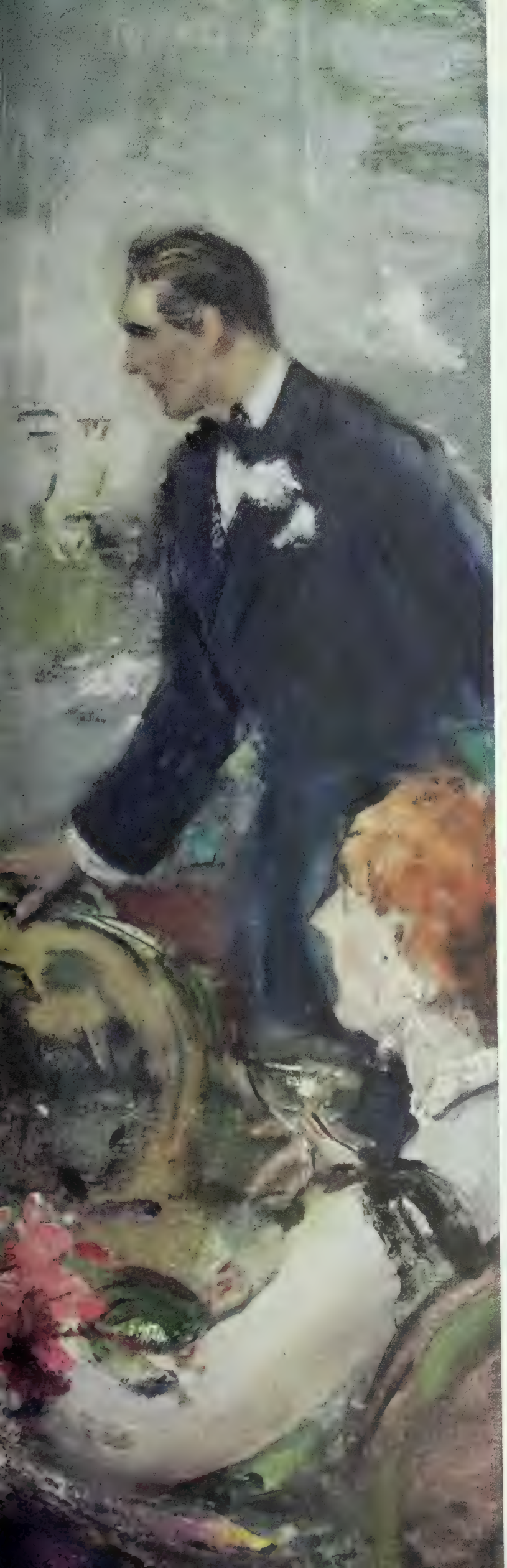
EUROPEAN



Beauty expert Elizabeth Arden: a new use for our beauty equipment.



The Other Elizabeth



"I am an adulteress.
I lied and cheated with no excuse in the world
except that I was in love
and selfishly believed nothing else mattered.
I couldn't see an inch beyond my heart. . . .
Can you understand that, my dear?"

By Jess Gregg

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

AS the baroness entered, Elizabeth arose. The room was long, permitting the two women to appraise each other before their finger tips touched.

"Miss Deveny, isn't it?" The baroness' intonation was skillful, designed to put the young woman at ease without letting her forget this was not a social visit.

Elizabeth passed her tongue over dry lips in preparation to say something and then only nodded self-consciously. She tried not to make her scrutiny apparent, but close range forced an immediate revision of her first impression. Madame von Schillar was not young. Her skin was youthfully tinted, but fine linear webs entrapped the cool green eyes and bracketed the scarlet mark of her mouth. She was fashionably emaciated and her hair had been reddened; yet her artfulness, far from hiding her age, merely attested that vanity had outlived youth.

"Harry Mellett seemed most enthusiastic about you," the baroness was saying. She motioned for Elizabeth to sit down. "I gather you've been published before."

"Yes. A book of sonnets."

"Love poems?"

"Well—yes."

Madame von Schillar smiled. "How long will it take? This book. How long will it take us to write?"

"That's hard to say," said Elizabeth. "Some books take years."

"Well, this one won't," Baroness von Schillar assured her with a dry laugh. "I don't have forever. A few months. That's all I can give it."

"Then we'll have to work hard," Elizabeth warned.

"Mornings?" the baroness asked.

"Probably," Elizabeth told her.

Mocking martyrdom, Madame von Schillar rolled her eyes heavenward. "I can't work Wednesday afternoons. My hairdresser comes then. And Thursday is my day at home, so I can't work then either. How about evenings? Or are you involved with someone?"

Elizabeth glanced away. "No," she said, too quickly.

The baroness smiled lazily and tapped the girl's wrist. "My dear," she reproached, "think of all the personal questions you're going to be asking me. Well, let's get you settled. You'd probably like to see your room before we do anything more."

"My room? Oh, I've already taken one," said Elizabeth.

"Indeed? Where?"

"Down the block. A boarding-house, three doors away. It never entered my mind you'd want me here."

The baroness studied the girl's clean-cut features. "Deveny," she mused. "I used to know someone in Rome by that name. Incidentally, what am I to call you?"

"Elizabeth."

"Well now, that does present a problem. I'm also Elizabeth, you see. I think I'll just call you Miss Deveny." Abruptly, she held out her hand for Elizabeth to come and take. "I like you. So I really must insist you stay here. Besides, we can work the easier." Without awaiting Elizabeth's reply, she added, "Oh, if it's privacy you want, take the whole second floor. Or the third. I never go upstairs. Besides, you'll be my first guest since my return to these"—she snorted—"delightful shores, so you really daren't refuse." *(Continued on Page 106)*

Copyright, 1952, by Jess Gregg. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Rinehart & Co., Inc.

They watched her
with wonder. Mellett thought,
"She isn't beautiful,
but she acts as if she were."

THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE
IN ONE ISSUE
CONDENSED
NOVEL



"He's the most beautiful baby
I ever saw," Sherry whispered.

First glimpse o

ILLUSTRATED BY Kelly Oechsli

The Blue Wild Yonder

new baby tells a girl, better than words, to be proud she's a woman.

SHERRY BENSON chewed the end of her fountain pen reflectively, as she gazed at the forbiddingly empty sheet of notebook paper in front of her on her cherry desk. It was not usual for her to be at a loss for words to create a composition; ordinarily they came popping into her head like so many little firecrackers, and she had only to race to set them down—race too fast, Miss Smythe always said, shaking her head at the spelling and the penmanship. Today's subject was different; there seemed to be so much to say about "My Philosophy" that it was hard—almost impossible—to know where to begin. A composition was supposed to have an opening, a body, a conclusion. There was supposed to be form to it, not merely helter-skelter jottings of thoughts. If there was one thing Miss Smythe deplored, it was stream-of-consciousness writing. But how could you fit into neatly ordered sentences and paragraphs your whole fifteen-year-old awareness of things like beauty, and the complicated, subtle relationships of men and women, the mysteries of birth and death? "My Philosophy." She wrote the words painstakingly in the center of the page, and sat back to stare at them.

In the kitchen beyond her room she heard her mother's deliberate footsteps: to the refrigerator, back to the stove, across the floor to the china closet; the Thursday-evening routine. Resolutely she closed her mind to the picture the steps summoned up: her mother's once-slender body, shapeless now—dear-little-baby-brother about to be born into this family of girls.

Well, that was one thing you could not put into your composition: that the whole business of being a woman was something detestable. You wanted to be free, eager, alive: like dad, with his never-failing curiosity about what made things tick; with his library table piled high with books on the nature of the world and of man. And what did mother read? Sherry's lips curled disdainfully. Detective *(Continued on Page 165)*

by Cynthia Hathaway

THE BIPARTISAN



By HANNAH SMITH

ROSALIE YATES, blond, beautiful and entirely bedazzled, got out of Blane Winters' sedan and stood smiling with unhidden adoration at the big man inside the car.

"See you tonight? About seven?" Blane asked.

His velvet baritone had the same enthralling effect on Rosalie that it had on his political audiences, and her cheeks bloomed pink. "That's right, Mr. Winters."

"Blane," he reminded her with stern fondness. "Call me Blane."

"B-Blane. Seven's fine. 'By."

Dazed with bliss, she turned around and ran into a rosebush. Then, weaving slightly, she went slowly up the driveway. She couldn't get over it that she, a mere kid of twenty, a secretary who still had trouble remembering which way carbon paper went into a typewriter, could have attracted this handsome young attorney, a dozen years older than she was, Democratic candidate for state assembly and her employer for the past six lovely weeks. It was only some automatic sense of direction that carried her through the side door to the kitchen, where her mother, a well-preserved redhead in her middle forties, was peeling potatoes. Rosalie, trailing thick clouds of glory, gave Mrs. Yates a vague, blind smile and sat down on the kitchen stool.

Her mother flashed her a sharp glance. "I see the Country's White Hope brought you home again."

"Yes," Rosalie sighed dreamily. "And he's taking me to dinner tonight." She stared at the refrigerator with wide, rapturous eyes while her mother put one potato back in the bin and returned a steak to the freezer. "And tomorrow I'm going to ride with him out to the Democratic barbecue at Senator Turnbull's." She gave the refrigerator a small but radiant smile. Presently she roused herself and looked around in surprise. "Where's Johnnie?" she asked with mild curiosity.

(Continued on Page 171)

ILLUSTRATED BY

BLONDE



Rosalie discovered

that the same rules apply

to love and politics.

First: Know your opposition.

Just then, as she stared poolward,
a girl in a pink bathing suit went up the steps
to the diving tower, with a tall, thin,
lanky boy following after her.

There's a Man in the House

By HARLAN MILLER

Another moment when I doubt the male is the more sensible sex: at a party on a warm summer night, with the men's necks enwrapped in eight thicknesses of cloth and the gals in low-cut strapless dresses. (Of course, the men wanted to stay home half nude in the first place!)

Ah, as a father I hear the bell toll: The deep thinkers assert the child has now replaced the father as the central figure in the American family. Soon I'll have to ask Junior for the use of the car.

I've never been much prouder of our boys than during our vacation trip, when they made not one overture to paste tourist stickers on our car windows. When they made mildly derisive comments on the obscured car windows of sticker enthusiasts, I glowed.

The man next door tells me the modern wedding is a sheer miracle of brave-new-world organization. "If the gals are handy with their lists and invitations," he says, "the newlyweds can begin marriage with such a clutter as took their parents twenty years to pile up!"

My doctor was jovial as he shot 1,000,000 units of penicillin recently into my rear elevation after a tennis mishap. "And that," he said merrily, "is just half as much penicillin as I had for a whole naval battalion when we landed on Saipan!"

Around the bridge table last night I gathered there's now a grave doubt among the ladies whether a wife doesn't have to work harder spending her husband's income and writing the checks than he does earning it. (I can name a few instances where they're right!)

Let 'em pile high the laurels for John Dewey, but I can name four or five saintly old maids in our town who contributed far more to my modern education (and to our children's!) than John's Freudian disciples.

"What baffles and scares us men," says our town's last surviving affluent bachelor, "is the modern female theory of conversation: if you can't think of five things to say, then just say the same thing five times!"

I'm still arguing gamely for a yellow oval rug to cover the middle of the twenty-year-old living-room carpet before it wears through. But the Lady of the House says it'd kill her drapes. (She can't hook me for new drapes too!)

One of the college boys in our block pauses in his lawn mowing long enough to give me The Word: We're menaced by Russia because we ignored Schopenhauer's and Spengler's warnings and became a petticoat republic. I asked him if he'd seen any Russian girls lately; they look strong enough to take over in Moscow, but physically.

After watching seven summer weddings, my Lady Love and I agree that, swathed as she is in veils and finery, no bride need fear the loveliest lineup of bridesmaids ever assembled; especially with her back to the church.

Our club cynic took a swig of buttermilk at the round table and argued it isn't the child who displaced pa as the central figure in the family; it's ma, an accomplished power politician skilled in using the child as decoy. (We threw the noon edition at him!)

"What we men ought to do," argues our locker-room wit, who thinks there's a middle-of-the-road solution for everything, "is to encourage our wives to think they can manage us easier with a sense of humor than with tears. Then maybe we'd get our way occasionally."

Bulletin from our kitchen: We've chained up the refrigerator door; only a symbolic chain, 'tis true, but only the members of the family who aren't overweight have keys to the padlock.

My Dream Girl enlivened our last picnic down by the river with a revelation: If anybody ever erects a monument to me, it'll be for my plucky defense of the position that men with attractive wives are just as nice friends as women with charming husbands. I didn't even cringe.

To our somewhat pagan garden motto, "Enjoy yourself, it is later than you think," we've added a more pious one: "Fear knocked at the door; faith went to answer, and there was nobody there." It's worked several times we thought we had 11 P.M. callers.

In a mysterious way I don't understand, our daughter has intimidated our twelve-year-old into more instant obedience than his pa and ma have ever induced. My only explanation is that he realizes she's even more redheaded than he is.

My neighbor around the corner keeps worrying about what's happening to the electric wires inside his walls, and what goes on chemically inside his water pipes too. . . . I gently hint he's probably due for a fishing trip.

At last our luncheon club's No. 1 cynic got a unanimous vote when he told the soup-and-sandwich philosophers at the big round table that a man may forget a woman who says "No," but never the enigmatic lady who says "Maybe."

Junior tells me that at teen-age parties some hostesses serve ice-cream sodas, and they're often three times as popular as beer and other sinful drinks. "Some of the sharpest teen-agers I know," he says, "prefer a banana split to anything with alcohol."

Our youngest takes twenty minutes for a one-minute house errand, but we forgive him: he's delayed by his curiosity about everything from wastebasket pamphlets to V-mail letters saved from the war, and locates instantly anything in any drawer in the house.

Maybe I'm mulish, but I argue the way my Dream Girl fixes her hair for a shower bath is more fetching than the way she does it after her shower. . . . She just looks at me pityingly.

My neighbor around the corner is trying to talk his daughter out of a divorce. "It's the modern strain," he explains, bribing the neighborhood problem tots to get out of his flowers. "She talks divorce and even psychoanalyzes now when my wife would have been content to go home to mother for a week end."

My victory of the year: I talked the Boss Lady into creating our own fantastic sandwiches several meals a week all summer. . . . "That's the nearest we come," says Junior, chomping a four-incher, "to the thrill of killing our own buffalo and eating the sweetbreads."

His wife gets so interested in what the red-haired beauty across the street is wearing that the man next door complains he once had to tell her three times he'd had a $100 raise at the office.

By this time I wish we had a chain of pictures of the kids taken three months apart. Those we have are worth their weight in gold, especially the one with the fish at Martha's Vineyard. They're harder to pose than hummingbirds.

. . . When the day comes that you can borrow Junior's dinner jacket, instead of vice versa,

. . . And you and your daughter exchange a few sparks and make up quickly as redheads must,

. . . Or your youngest protests when you razz and belittle your own mental powers,

. . . And your beloved wife passes you into the doghouse a dish of your pet lentil soup,

. . . When the tasty mulligan stew of family life runneth over,

. . . You take your politics more calmly, confident that, whoever's elected, a happy home is the best blessed sanctuary.



Nehru and Bruce Gould.

New Delhi, India.

I am glad to learn that the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is planning a picture story on Indian youth. Anything that adds to the mutual understanding and friendship between the United States and India is to be welcomed. So far as the people of India are concerned, they are anxious for this friendly understanding and they wish to learn much from America. In many ways we are different, and yet I believe that in many other ways there is much in common. It serves little purpose to stress the differences: it is much better to emphasize the points of agreement. We in India have a past history going right back to dim ages. We are conditioned by that history as well as by present events. We are an old race, and yet new in the modern world. We want friendship and understanding, but we cannot be and we do not want to be pushed about and uprooted from our own ways of thought, nor do we think it desirable to impose our ways of thought on others. The world is full of variety, and truth has many facets.

I am particularly glad that the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is laying stress on Indian youth. After all, the India of tomorrow will depend on our youth of today.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU.



A bride at 13, Abhikor was widowed, married again and at 15 was a mother. Old prejudice against widow remarriage is disappearing. Here Abhikor washes clothes by pounding with stick. Few villagers can afford soap.

YOUNG India

rofile of Youth

Virgin widow and college girl—both seventeen—mirror ways, conflicting and challenging, in which their country is changing.

By MARGARET PARTON and ERIC BRITTER

Uma Narang (center) and classmates at women's college, Delhi University, are among 20,000 women university students in all India. Parents find education brings higher-salaried husband and "does girls no harm."



UMA NARANG, a black-haired pretty girl of seventeen, with pigtails down her back, stands before the mirror in her college room in Delhi, and with a little brass rod carefully draws the decorative red paste "tilaka" circle in the exact center of her forehead. Then she glances upward for a moment at a calendar picture of a glamourized American teen-ager holding a bottle of Coca-Cola.

"It makes me feel free to look at her," says Uma with a small sigh. "Sometimes when I am told that I cannot leave the college grounds without two other girls' going along, that I cannot talk to a boy alone because that is not our custom in India, that I cannot write to a boy because my parents disapprove—then I like to look at her and to think that there are countries where you do not have to be born a man to be free."

But Uma does not really approve of everything about the American girl. "Is it true that American girls are very immoral?" she asks, when she knows you well. "If that is so, then I think they are too free, and I would not want that much freedom. Naturally, we must do as our parents tell us. But I do not think it would hurt us to go to dances or movies with boys, or even to work before we are married."

Uma does none of these things, nor does she even remotely contemplate the rebellion which might make them possible, because she is a good and dutiful daughter of a middle-class Indian family which has brought her up to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO





"I wish I could ask my mother about marriage, but my little sister is always listening; and besides, we are too shy to discuss these things." Elder sister was married a year ago. Uma says, "My sister taught me all I know about life."

"Naturally we do as our parents tell us

Parents, choosing her husband, wi



Uma wears decorative "tilaka" mark on forehead, made by mixing red powder and Vaseline. Picture of American teen-ager above mirror (from calendar) is to her symbol of freedom she both desires and fears.

"We only study hard just before examinations." Uma scrapes through with B's and C's, but is considered diligent student by classmates. The only U. S. literature which she has read is motion-picture magazines.

Off to bazaar to buy sweets. With Uma is classmate who is president of mess committee. Girls do not go visiting except with families because parents fear they might meet strange boys and be "compromised."



believe that happiness comes from conforming to group mores. In rare moments of analysis she points out that her mother was very advanced in her day because she graduated from high school, and that since there are only 20,000 women university students among India's 188,000,000 women, she herself may be considered a member of one of the most progressive groups in India. And for the moment that is enough for her.

Uma, cross-legged on her favorite chair, her red sandals tossed casually on the floor, toys with her glass bracelets and contemplates the concept of change. "It is not tradition," she says finally. "Society does not approve."

Americans Should Know—

Within the next four years history in Asia will reach a turning point. It will be a turning point. The pivot is India. Democratic India must prove to her own and Asia's millions whether or not democracy can solve the staggering problem of an Asian people.

India is deeply opposed both culturally and politically to totalitarianism. She has already established a democratic system of government and set an enviable record of achievement against enormous obstacles. She has both the spirit and the will to meet the need of her people and develop as an ever-stronger member of the free world.

But I am convinced she cannot meet the needs of her people in time without our substantial material help. I do not mean that we can impose our ready-made American brand of democracy with our dollars on another people and culture. Nor do I mean that we can strengthen democracy just

gh walls of courtyard protect the Narang family—and Uma in particu-a—from the world outside the door. The charpoy, a string bed on wooden egs, has a dozen casual uses, is always brought out as a seat for visitors.





Swinging is favorite pastime in India, dating back thousands of years. This swing is on veranda where most family activities take place. Pappu has lessons at home with her mother. Uma helps her little sister learn English letters.

"We do not worship fire; we worship the properties of God which are symbolized in fire." Little Pappu wears handkerchief over head during ceremony. Mother and Uma keep veils over their hair. Adults must discard their shoes.



nsult horoscopes but not the bride.

They are flat statements, made calmly and objectively. There is no bitterness in her young voice, no serious complaint against the adults who have made her world. And yet the desire for change is in her, if—and it is a very important *if*—society sanctions the change and makes it respectable.

At first glance Uma might seem very young to Western women, for superficially her manner of life resembles that of a carefully raised twelve-year-old. She wears no make-up, and her long pigtails hang down to the middle of her narrow waist—not until she is married will society sanction lipstick, and a bun at the nape of her neck. She does not drink or smoke

filling stomachs or wiping out malaria. Democracy, as dia knows, runs deeper than that.

But what America can do and must do is send India imdiate, concrete, practical assistance—bulldozers, irriga-n pumps, plows, fertilizers, DDT, plus agricultural and blic-health specialists—and show her people democracy ans not only freedom to vote and worship but freedom ive and develop as dignified human beings.

For America stakes are high; if India will turn with fresh renewed faith to democracy, millions of Asians and their ernments will become ever stronger members of the mmunity of free nations.

But if democracy fails in India, free nations of Asia, nned, outflanked, may well turn toward communist na and totalitarianism for an answer to their problems. QUESTION: Will America accept the challenge and act ftly and boldly while there is yet time on democracy's side?

CHESTER BOWLES,
U. S. Ambassador to India.



Holy man (with long hair) on platform under sacred tree where villagers join prayers to Rama, Shiva, Krish Abhikor and her family, like villagers, are deeply religi



"I knew nothing about marriage"

This 17-year-old, a virgin widow at 13, has been married twice, and a mother.





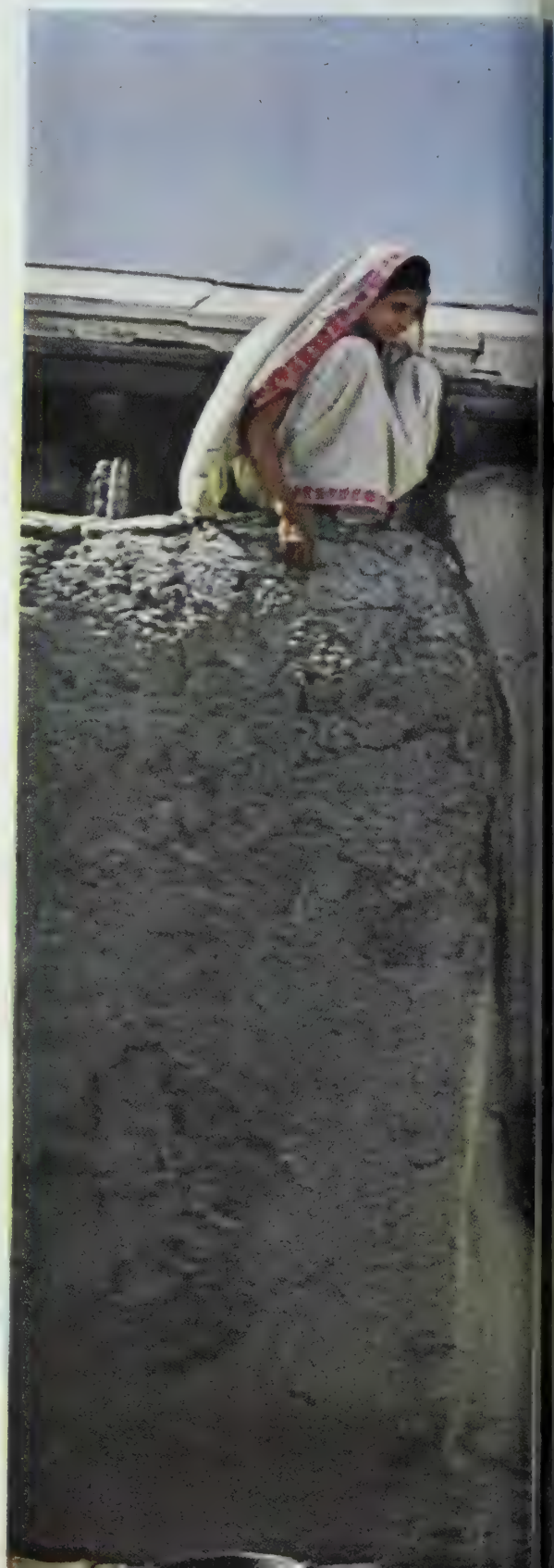
Since her baby's death Abhikor has stayed with parents as kind of consolation, later will return to husband. Above left, she holds sister. Below, in dark kitchen she squats comfortably beside stove at floor level to make "chappatis," the flat wheaten pancakes which are bread to almost all North Indians.

or dance with boys. She does not even talk with boys, except at occasional large gatherings. She has never had a date. She would not dream of letting a man kiss her until she was safely married to him.

Yet Uma is no prig, and no twelve-year-old. She is, rather, a happy, sweet-tempered girl who has made a mature adjustment to the world in which she lives. Thus, free from discontent and conflict, she can talk with composure of the things about that world which she wishes were different. Uma has an inner poise which Western women well may envy.

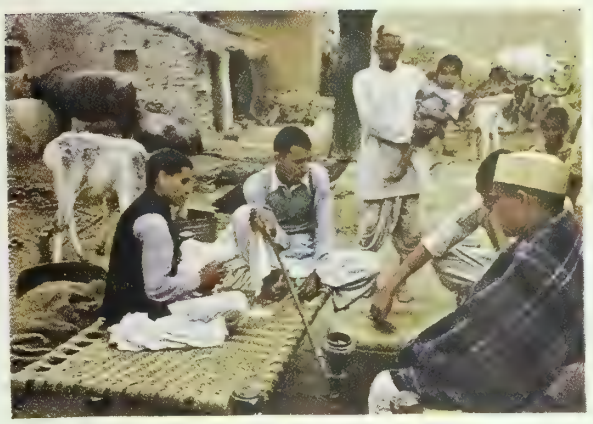
By and large, it is a good world for Uma. The middle girl in a family of three girls, she is secure in the knowledge of family affection and solidarity. There is enough money to send her to a modern women's college, to provide the jingling bracelets and the flowered saris which Uma loves. There is the close friendship of other girls, secrets whispered and laughter shared. The great Indian festivals wheel around every year, bringing holiday for the girls, games like blindman's buff and pin the tail on the donkey, and the consumption of quantities of the sticky candy they so love. It is a world of midstream sunlight, shadowed by nothing more serious than the coming exams and the annoying but

(Continued on Page 96)



bhikor's husband (with
st) comes to visit her
he must be careful not
s wife. Observing strict
, he stays alone or
hookah with friends.





"In the afternoon we women can relax a little while." Abhikor likes to embroider. As a child she had some teaching, but gaily admits now she's "completely ignorant." Village has no school. Abhikor has never heard of America, China or Russia, and she is convinced that the world is flat.

At noon girls carry food to men working in fields. Burden is heavy but fine for posture. With Abhikor is Brahman girl, her best friend, indicating how caste barriers are breaking down in Indian villages.



Old aunts and grandmothers often spend whole day sunning and gossiping on roof. Abhikor is busy from dawn until night. Family caste is just above untouchables.

The Eyes of the World



Martha F. Wright

Board Member
Westbury League of Women Voters
Westbury, New York

I wanted to get things straightened out

"Community and town politics always used to seem to me unimportant. Typically American, I wanted to get things straightened out at the top, in a big hurry. Then I joined the League of Women Voters and began to see that good government has to be built from the ground up. Your articles have pointed this out even more clearly. To date we have given seven 'Primary Parties' using JOURNAL articles and other materials and are extremely pleased with the results. This is education in which most Americans are sadly lacking.

"I want to express my thanks for your fine job on Political Pilgrim's Progress."



Ellen Sullivan

Norwalk, Connecticut

She must be a person who is not afraid of dogs

"Two months before election, I began to cover the town, door by door, street by street. As my husband used the car, I had to depend upon my bicycle. I put five-year-old Marcia on the back and started out. I soon discovered that there is really only one qualification for a political candidate. *He or she must be a person who is not afraid of dogs.* I think they must have caught the 'scent' of 'civic responsibility,' for not one of them bit me. I visited 784 homes before election and was consulted about everything from how to cook red cabbage to what to do about the baby's hives.

"I finally lost by only 206 votes. I've been hoping for a long time that someone would begin talking about women in politics and now you've done it in Political Pilgrim's Progress. I may be running again this fall—what a wonderful experience!"



Olive Leaf

De Pere, Wisconsin

People from all over were given a chance

"Any woman working for good government will find encouragement in your Political Pilgrim's Progress articles. They have been the subject of a lot of conversation out here. It seems to me the story of the 100 per cent plan in De Pere would be a good one for the series. The response has been rather overwhelming. People from all over this area were given a chance to hear and question Stassen, Warren, Taft and Kefauver, and at primary time 87 per cent of them went to the polls.

"My husband and I campaigned for our candidate, but since then I've been resting up for the arrival of our third child. I don't wish to give the impression that I have been one of the really busy ones—my contribution has been writing letters and talking about the De Pere plan to everyone in shouting distance."

WHO

IF, next November, the 100,000,0 adult men and women who could vo in these United States were taken by t scruff of the neck, hauled to the ocea dropped in deep water, and told to "si or swim," they would all churn the wat while strength lasted or until their fe touched shore. Yet, on November 4t when these very same hundred million g a chance to vote in a crucial election whi will determine their fate almost as d cisively, only 3 out of 5 registered vote it is predicted, will so much as lift an ar to swing a voting lever. Why is this?

Fifty-one million of that hundr million who *could* vote are wome forty-nine million, who could vote, a men. Astute observers, political pol sters, even some hardheaded politician now predict that the outcome of t forthcoming national election will b decided, in the nation, state, city a village, by the vote of women, wom just like you reading this—and t young, new, still independent voters.

POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS



Mary Bell Harrison

Southeastern State Chairman
of Democratic
Precinct Executives

Women called up and came in to volunteer

"As soon as we opened our headquarters, women called up and came in to volunteer for work, saying they had been inspired by the JOURNAL'S Political Pilgrim's Progress series. It is certainly a splendid stimulus."

Alicia H. Cooper

North Hollywood, California



Even the children got into the spirit of the thing

"In saying 'we' ran for Congress, I use the plural correctly since this, as all other projects, was a family affair.

"Even the children in the block got into the spirit of the thing. They have a new game which consists in running as fast as possible, screaming as loud as possible, for as long as possible. It is called 'Running for Congress.'

"I have been reading the JOURNAL cover to cover for a long, long time. I have been following your feature Political Pilgrim's Progress with much interest, the more so since we ran for Congress in the primaries last June.

"This is the photo I promised to send under separate cover. Looks a trifle too young and a little too plump—but it's current."

are Upon Us . . . judging our promises by our performance

CARES?

These women, and millions like them, care!

Your votes certainly will be significant, not wholly determinant. The number of ople in the United States who have ted has been declining, percentagewise, ice 1880. Then, 78.4 per cent of the gible voters cast their ballots. By 1920, e year women first got the right to vote national elections, the voting percentage d dropped to 49.3. In 1950 we reached ew low of 42.

By contrast, in England, 83 per cent ted in last October's election which re- ned Churchill to power. In Sweden, 80 r cent voted in 1950; in 1949, in Can- a, 75 per cent went to the polls. Even in nliterate India in the 1952 elections 66.4 r cent dressed in their party clothes, st their ballots as an honor and a privi- ge, even though the parties had to be picted in symbols, for most of the voters uld not so much as spell out their candi- tes' names.

Yet we, in these 50-per-cent-nonvot- g United States, are the country which "selling" democracy to the world. We e the nation which is trying to per- ade Asia, the Middle East, Africa, the South American dictatorships that the right of the people to rule their own destinies is the most precious political heritage man can have.

Because we believe it is a most precious heritage, the JOURNAL salutes the eight women on these pages. They are a valued few of the many thousands of women who have been awakened by the JOURNAL's Political Pilgrim's Progress series, or persuaded by it, or strengthened by it in a conviction already deeply felt—that beyond their family duties the most valuable contribution they can make to this country's welfare is active political participation on the local level in the events which shape their lives.

JOURNAL editors have been deeply moved, and steadily heartened, by your response. We know how many of our readers have come to share our conviction that national politics can never have more integrity than the local politics in which it has its roots. Women are everywhere learning that the only way to insure a

(Continued on Page 94)



Elizabeth Ch. Hines

President, Junior League of Tampa
Tampa, Florida

I have two sick children and a sick dog

"I've been quoting you and reading your articles so much—in fact, I'm accused of having a financial interest in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL because of my constant references to it. I called the attention of our Junior League to your articles first in November and ended my reporting to the State Legislative League with 'Your Vote Counts.' I can't resist telling you that I am one of many women you have started making a start.

"P.S. I have two sick children and a sick dog—I should copy this letter, as you can guess I have had constant interruptions, but if I wait I might never get it done, so here it is."



Lula Simpson

Menlo Park, California

I found six people to help register

"When I read the first Political Pilgrim's Progress, it made me feel guilty that I wasn't doing anything. My chance came when a woman came to the door to see if we were registered. Through her, I arranged to canvass the thirty people on our street. By visits and telephone calls, I found six people to help register—and I'm going to work again to help get out the vote. I know six votes isn't much. It's only a start—but I'll never again do nothing. The series has made me realize that political work is just as much needed as civic work, if not more so."



Marie Wareheim

St. Louis, Missouri

Thirteen young mothers met every two weeks

"My friends and I read the Political Pilgrim's Progress stories and decided to make a start. Thirteen young mothers (with twenty-five children under six) met every two weeks. We were addressed by lawyers who explained the political and party setups locally, by our Republican committeewoman, by JOURNAL Political Pilgrim Ann Prewitt, and others. Now we have one member reading the Congressional Record for us, one is a precinct captain, two are working on presidential campaigns and others are working on registration and getting out the vote.

"We will resume our group activities this fall. We have come to realize that government can never be any better than the people working in it on all levels."

HAROLD FOWLER

Today's Traditional

What you should know about it

"We don't get tired of traditional furniture," say those who love it, "and we know it won't go out of fashion. Things that have survived as the finest examples of line and design for a hundred years or so will last throughout our need for them, we believe."

Another joy of traditional is that it looks its best with color—and color is one of the decorating *musts* of our day. These modern pieces were designed for strawberry pinks, damask golds and cerulean blues!

"I think the prettiest room in the world is one which has a red rug and flowered-chintz furniture," says the reader whom we helped design this room. "It lifts my spirits just to look at a room like this."

The traditional furniture you buy today is more comfortable than the originals, yet the lines are as good; and when well constructed, it will last indefinitely.

You will notice that today we combine the various periods, instead of using one style throughout. The sofa is Chippendale and we feel Mr. Chippendale would approve the foam-rubber cushions. Back of the sofa is a regency sofa table, reviving an old style with great charm. The chest of drawers is called a bachelor's chest, and next to it the English club-style chair for the man of the house. In front of the windows is a Duncan Phyfe pedestal-type table now good style in living rooms with larger floor space. The wing-back chair is English in design, and next comes a charming Chippendale piecrust table. The carved pull-up chair is also Chippendale, and the coffee table is an adaptation with eighteenth-century characteristics.

The secret of keeping traditional furniture in tune with the *(Continued on Page 168)*

By Henrietta Murdock *Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

Traditional furniture used with today's colors takes on the ageless charm of all fine things. These basic pieces, bought to last a lifetime, can be rearranged and re-covered at intervals to keep the color scheme in style.

JOURNAL ROOMS

Now and Forever



M. THÉRÈSE BONNEY



The Duchess, 19 (on steps), bids adieu to Prince (Edward VII) and Princess of Wales after 5-day shooting party for 30 guests. She admitted she viewed party's end with "a feeling of exultation."

←

Consuelo and her father in Paris. "He had found happiness. My stepmother was gay and gentle; they led a quiet life with devoted friends."

→

"American women seem to have boys more easily than we do," remarked Consuelo's highly gratified mother-in-law. The Duchess with her sons, Blandford (the present Duke) and Ivor, in 1900.



The Glitter and the Gold

By CONSUELO VANDERBILT BALSAN

III DINNER was an elaborate function. The seating arrangements were greatly facilitated when I discovered a Table of Precedence, and against the name of every peer the number of his rank. I was glad to know my own number, for, after waiting at the door of the dining room for older women to pass through, I one day received a furious push from an irate marchioness who loudly claimed that it was just as vulgar to hang back as to leave before one's turn.

We had a good chef, but there had to be perfect co-operation with the butler in order to serve an eight-course dinner within the hour we had prescribed as the time limit. This was not an easy matter, since the kitchen was at least three hundred yards from the dining room. We had imposed this limit to prevent the *(Continued on Page 176)*

Copyright, 1952, by Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan

The Duke of Windsor (then Prince of Wales) inspected housing with Consuelo, said, "I wish my mother [Queen Mary] wore hats like yours."

COMBINE



Winston Churchill's mother (second from left, standing) was among guests at house party for Edward, Prince of Wales (seated, right of center) and Princess Alexandra (beside Consuelo on wicker seat). The Duke is second from right, on ground. Picture was taken in Blenheim Park, after a morning of shooting.



STRAIGHT INTO FALL



The narrow silhouette in a brown tweed suit, sculptured to the figure, by Omar Kiam of Ben Reig. Russet suède gloves, shell-trimmed suède bag.



The straight-coat silhouette by Hattie Carnegie. Velvet helmet-turban with braid.

A leopard dickey is tucked into a gray-green coat and a sapphire-blue suit wears a ruby-red rose. A velvet bag is bound with patent leather, a tweed dress girdled with slipper satin, a camel-beige cardigan lined with plaid wool. A black-and-brown suit has the look of fur, a shoe has a contrast heel, an angora hat matches a blouse. Velvet gloves are worn with tweeds and wools. ***It's the combination*** that is the key to fashion this fall.

As you go about planning a new outfit or adding new accessories that fit into your scheme of clothes, this combination idea will be immensely helpful. ***Two-tone, two-textured*** is a rule that gives you the right leads. Head to foot, your costume may be a blend of beiges or greens, or in the sharp contrast of black and white, black and russet, gray with red. A tweed suit has a wool jersey or a satin blouse, a tweed cardigan goes with a velvet skirt, a velour hat has a blending chiffon sash.

Clearly, there are ***three widths of skirt***—the straight, the moderately flared and the full; three jacket styles—the molded, the straight, and the slightly cupped or barrel-shaped. The straight coat is the significant one—hem length or hip length. The tulip-flared tunic is newest, worn over a sheath dress. The fitted coat is the dramatic one—small-waisted, beautiful in color, with great style in its pleats or flare. • By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Wool crepe middy-basque by Nettie Rosenstein; Mr. John's cloche.

LEOMBRUNO · BODI



Back-belted coat by Christian Dior-New York.

HANDBAGS ABOVE AND BELOW BY NETTIE ROSENSTEIN



Double-breasted flannel suit by Alvin Handmacher, the beige wool with taffeta blouse by Adele Simpson. Angora sailor, Mr. John; beret by Gladys and Belle.

STRAIGHT INTO FALL

Choose a dress for its idea content: the tweed or wool jersey to wear before coat time, often with a fur; the soft silk crepe with a scarf neckline that does day-night turns. Cuff necklines are newest, sleeves are longer, belts are very wide or necklace narrow. The winter suit, a new fashion inspired by a need, comes in long-haired wools, interlined flannel, fur-collared tweed. The ensemble look has many variations—dress and jacket, dress and coat, from wool to velvet. The narrow line demands a slightly longer look in skirt lengths.



LEOMBRUNO • BODI



Leopard bib and under-cuff in the coat with a flare, by Jean Desses.

BAGS BY JOSEF

Rounded jacket, slim skirt, by Nettie Rosenstein. Velvet hat, by Mr. John, matching gloves.

Flannel dress with yellow rib-knit sweater neck, by Pat Warren, cinch-belt. Brimmed felt hat, by John Frederics.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



Tweed sheath with slipper-satin cummerbund, fashion of black and brown, by Ben Barrack.

Short cardigan coat lined in plaid makes a costume with gray flannel skirt, jersey top, by Jane Derby.

HAL REIFF





Ruby-red velvet to her finger tips. Evening dress, coat, hat, gloves, by Christian Dior-New York.

LEOMBRUNO · BODI

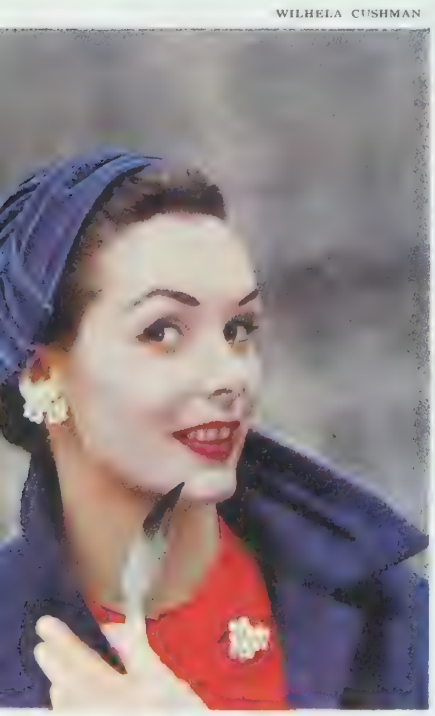




Draped hood of angora felt by Lilly Dache with a black-and-ginger furry wool suit.

HAL REIFF

WILHELA CUSHMAN



Jewel-blue velvet turban, red jersey dress, sapphire chinchilla coat, by Hattie Carnegie.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



Brimmed brushed felt hat in palomino beige, by Hattie Carnegie, worn with tweed.

COLOR...

in your hat is a brilliant jewel for your costume, or a lovely soft tone that blends with furs or silks or wools. Sapphire and ruby velvet go with their own tones, or vice versa. Russet felts and velours make a fashion of black-and-spice and gray-and-spice costumes, often matched with gloves or bags. Green is a hat color, the fur hat significant, the jeweled hat a little gem.

Black suède bicorn by Lilly Dache, suit and blouse by Carolyn Schnurer.





HAL REIFF

Brimmed velour hat with chiffon sash, by John Frederics. Fur jacket by Maximilian.

DASHING...

is the word for hat silhouettes. Hats with big soft brims that are far from casual, deep-crowned hats with a hooded look, jersey turbans that drape the head beguilingly, small crisp bicorns worn straight on, profile hats with a pretty slant—these are the fashions that frame the face with new magic. • By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Green velour touched with pink-ruby velvet ribbon, by John Frederics. Beige wool dress, fox scarf.



Side-slanted profile hat in beige felt, accented with green velvet bow. By John Frederics.



Ruby velvet hat by Mr. Alf matches the scarf. Palomino-beige wool dress by Jack Horwitz.

the Journal's LITTLE GEM OF A WARDROBE



Nut-brown wool with silky surface makes this figure-flattering princess coat. The top-stitched seams accent the slim lines . . . the velvet collar adds a note of luxury. Vogue Design No. S-4340, 12 to 20.

MARIA MARTELL



Beige jersey woven in a herringbone tweed pattern makes the perfect day-in, day-out costume. Wear the jacket with a pleated brown wool skirt, or the skirt with a cashmere sweater and a bright scarf, alligator belt. Vogue Design No. S-4330, 12 to 20.



Accessories for your browns and beiges take on earthy tones. The leopard hat and muff will never go out of fashion, although you may not wear it for a season or two. The alligator clutch bag and beige doeskin gloves have multiple uses and wear for years. Leopard and gold bracelets.

Other views and prices on Page 82

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.)



Delightful touches for blues and browns. Fine cotton gloves with a dainty button detail and matching flower . . . a jeweled contour belt . . . pins with mock sapphires, diamonds and pearls, and a bewitching brown nose veil.



n alluringly feminine dress of great simplicity. The softly draped odice forms an enchanting neckline . . . the gathered skirt (about yards around the lower edge) floats when you dance. A dress o dye black after years of wear. Vogue Design No. 677, 12 to 18.

Short evening dresses call for pretty shoes—ours a delicate sandal in matching color. Small evening bag of white-and-gold lamé . . . flowers to wear or carry . . . a charming white lace handkerchief and pearls complete the picture.



Silk crepe is our choice for a soft afternoon dress. If blue is not your best color, the dress would be just as pretty in shades of apricot, cocoa or green, and with belts or jewelry. We made it with a double collar. Vogue Design No. 7759, 12 to 20.

In the Journal's tradition, this "Gem of a Wardrobe" is chosen from the clothes that invariably give you the most pleasure . . . the lasting fashions that are just as good in seasons to come as now. These four Vogue patterns, taken all together, make a fall wardrobe that will meet any occasion, any time of day, wherever you go. Fabric interest runs high. The return of heavy crepes for afternoon is important. Silky chiffons float through the evening in both long and short dresses. Textures in woolens—especially the pile surfaces in coatings and the novelty textures in jerseys—are the ones to look for when you shop. Brown as a background color for a wardrobe looks refreshingly new and blends with other new shades. Each costume is a "Gem" in itself. • By Nora O'Leary

Pattern Editor of the Journal



DORIS RICHARDSON

$68.85 FROM HEAD TO TOE Middy silhouette in a tweed dress with flaring skirt, taffeta tie, by Kasper, $39.95; worn with velvet sailor, by Elizabeth Marks, $7.95; cotton gloves, $4.00; red leather bag, $5.00; braid-trimmed suède pumps, $11.95.





LEOMBRUNO • BODI

$79.90 SLIM SILHOUETTE Dressmaker suit in gray mixture tweed with fluted pockets, by Leonard Arkin, $59.95; velvet profile hat, $7.95; calf bag, $5.00; cotton gloves, $4.00; three-strand pearls, $2.00; pearl button earrings, $1.00. Civet-cat stole, by Harold Rubin, $74.15, not included.

$76.90 WOOL BOLERO COSTUME (right) in gray with acetate-and-rayon garnet-red slipper-satin blouse top, collars and cuffs, by Ben Barrack, $55.00. Worn with black felt hat, $6.95; long black hand-sewn cotton gloves, $4.95; cotton suède bag, $5.00; silver pin, $5.00.

FEDERAL TAXES ON FURS, JEWELRY AND BAGS NOT INCLUDED

FASHION COMPLETE

The look you want to achieve depends as much on details as on a costume—the gilet touch, length of glove, brim of the hat, new wonderfully inexpensive glove-cotton bags, slim braid-trimmed shoe...

By RUTH MARY PACKARD



$39.90 YEAR-ROUND acetate-and-rayon black faille suit trimmed with braid, $19.95; Suzy's velvet hat and veil, $10.95; green earrings, $6.00; cotton gloves, $3.00.

SILVER-FOX MUFF BY HAROLD RUBIN, $36.64, NOT INCLUDED



$49.90 TWEED BIB DRESS by Henry Rosenfeld, removable gilet (make your own changes), $25.00; cloche, $10.95; gloves, $4.00; bracelet, $2.00; bag, $7.95.





September Spread

You remember I told you that I was going to spend my vacation up in my home town. Up there in this little town, as you well know, when we get together for a meal, we don't go in for anything very fancy. We keep things very simple because not everybody has money enough to dine at the Ritz. We just enjoy things as they come and conversation takes the place of the most elegant mousse, the most delectable soufflé, the omelets that melt in the mouth, the cakes that are the tour de force of many a gourmet supper. Friendliness and understanding reach out their own lovely work-worn hands and grasp others that have not been forgotten through all the lengthening years. We are young again. We are rejuvenated. We are part of a life that is past. We look into a future that is tenuous and yet unbreakable in its beauty and understanding.

You know these suppers that we have include men as well as the female of the species. No chicken à la king and flubdub for them. They want something to get their teeth into, and more power to them. So simple or not, here is our kind of meal, and still awfully good. We start out with:

TOMATO BOUILLON

Add 4 cups tomato juice to 2 cans condensed consommé. Season with 4 whole cloves, 8 peppercorns, half of a bay leaf, ½ teaspoon salt, a pinch of sweet basil, 1 small onion, chopped fine, a celery top or two, and a sprig of parsley. Simmer

(Continued on Page 94)

By ANN BATCHELDER

STUART-FOWLER



menu

Tomato Bouillon

Beef-and-Oyster Rolls

Corn and Zucchini

Green Salad

Cloverleaf Rolls

Apricot Ripple—Lemon Spicecake

Coffee

(Planned for 6)

GIANT



BY EDNA FERBER

"I run this house." Luz Benedict's voice was shrill. "Her house! Her kitchen! I should think anybody'd be glad to have the responsibility taken off them."

Leslie, Jordan (Bick) Benedict's bride, had been in Texas only a week. The lavish gentle living of her Virginia home seemed far away. She'd met Bick there when he bought My Mistake, a beautiful filly owned by Leslie's father, Doctor Lynnton.

Texas was miles and miles of desert glare. Bick's beloved Reata Ranch—3,000,000 acres—was like a country in itself. The people's talk was strange, the food flat and tasteless. The Mexican workers lived in abject poverty, but no one seemed to care. Bick's sister, Luz, ran the Big House. Leslie found that she was to be an ornament, nothing more.

Luz had arranged a barbecue where Leslie met "the girls"—among them Adarene Morey, a bride from Dallas who understood Leslie's bewilderment, and Vashti Hake, the girl Luz had intended Bick to marry. At the barbecue Vashti announced that she had just married Pinky Snyth, foreman on the Hake ranch.

Because Leslie insisted, Bick took her to the ranch roundup a few days later. Bick's impudent, surly handy man, Jett Rink, drove Leslie home. She was frightened because he obviously hated Bick. Arriving at the house, Leslie discovered that Luz, who had gone out for a ride on My Mistake, had been thrown and injured. She never regained consciousness.

IV

EVERYBODY came to the funeral. Fortunately, the actual basic Benedict family was small. A closed corporation. But Texas converged from every point of the compass. Friends, enemies, employees, business connections; ranchers, governors. The President of the United States sent a message of condolence. There had been no such Texas funeral since the death of Jordan Benedict Second.

Luz Benedict had become a legendary figure though no one actually knew her in her deepest darkest depths except, oddly enough, outsiders such as Jett Rink and Cora Dart and Leslie Lynnton Benedict. Perhaps Dr. Tom Walker. Bick Benedict, her baby brother, knew her least of all; or if he knew, refused to face the knowledge.

Everybody who was anybody in Texas came to the funeral. They came, not to mourn the violent exit of Miss Luz Benedict, spinster, aged fifty-five, but to pay tribute to a Texas institution known as the Benedicts of Reata Ranch.

Every bedroom in the Big House was filled, guests were sleeping in the bookless library, in the mute music room. Even the old unused adobe Main House, the house in which Bick Benedict and the Benedicts before him had been born, was opened for the funeral guests who swarmed from every corner of the vast commonwealth and from most of the forty-seven comparatively negligible states of the United States of America.

(Continued on Page 74)

Copyright, 1952, by Edna Ferber



She came to him and knelt
on the floor.
"I'm going to take over now,"
she told herself.
"I'm going to jolt him
out of this."

ILLUSTRATED BY

ARTHUR GRIFFIN



The First Church, Dedham, Massachusetts. Built in 1763, it is a colonial adaptation of an old London church. The cost of construction was raised by the sale of pews: the wealthiest man had first choice.

·LINE·A·DAY·

1 I wonder how many people know Snow apples by that name. They don't grow everywhere, but they are one of the lovely things that come this time of year. They are but definitely not keepers, but while they last they are wonderful eaters. Taken to teacher, they are guaranteed to improve the marks on the report card. These remarks are directed to the apple-eating set.

2 This will be a two-timer. *Part I:* To begin with, heat 2 cups sieved applesauce—you can borrow from the baby's supply or make your own. Add 2 or 3 tablespoons of the little red cinnamon candies, the kind we used to put on birthday cakes, and stir until the candies are dissolved. This will give just the right amount of cinnamon flavor and a tantalizing pink shade.

3 *Part II:* Now add 1 envelope unflavored gelatin, softened in water as you always do, and when the gelatin is dissolved, add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 tablespoons sugar. Pour this mixture into small individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold and serve with sugar and cream. This makes a dessert suitable for this time of year—sort of an apple surprise.

4 Nowadays they put spices in doughnuts. In the old days they didn't. But you might add a little cinnamon and nutmeg with good results.

5 Which reminds me. Why do we never, or almost never, find clove used to flavor or perfume certain dishes? It is one of the best spices, if you don't use too much. If you use too much, you're sunk. Watch it.

6 Cream cheese doubles for whipped cream—and up comes a new spread for waffles. Soften a package of cream cheese with a little cream, add 2 or 3 tablespoons maple sirup, and stir until smooth. If too thick, add more sirup. It won't hurt any, and gives that old familiar flavor.

7 Most of you know horse-radish added to whipped cream—and what a combination it is! Add some to whipped cream (and you'd better taste and not get it too strong). Just before serving black-bean soup, add a teaspoon of the horse-radish cream to the soup cup.

8 This treatment goes for other soups too. Pea soup, for instance, takes kindly to this notion.

9 We may as well get through right here with the soup garnishes. Two that I think about are very thin rings of green pepper, and paper-thin curls of carrot. They look pretty and taste good. That is, if you like carrots. I don't, but I'm willing to give others all they want.

10 For a simple dessert, peel and section 3 oranges and place in a bowl. Drain juice from 1 package frozen raspberries (mash berries to get more juice) and heat. Pour over oranges. Make it as cold as a bathing beauty on the coast of Maine. Tastes good and makes 'em shiver.

11 Take a cup of luncheon meat, chopped fine, and mix it into your regular receipt for baking-powder biscuits. Bake as usual and serve them hot. These go best with a vegetable plate, a soup or a salad—sort of a meat course in disguise.

12 How could we get along without peaches? The answer is, we couldn't. But put two peach halves together sandwich fashion with a filling of softened cream cheese beaten up with a little salt and sugar and enough almond flavoring to taste. I mean taste, so go easy. Serve the peaches with a butterscotch sauce.

13 Here is one you can put in the much-put-upon luncheon pail, or serve at the most lace-spread or Dresden-china tea table. Drain 1 can skinless and boneless sardines and mash them up with a fork. Add ¼ cup crumbled crisp bacon, 1 teaspoon grated onion and enough mayonnaise to make a good spread. For the sandwiches, use any bread you like except raisin. I can't imagine raisins and sardines getting chummy.

14 Salted almonds used to figure as just something to chew on between courses or to fill up an empty space on the table. But now they have taken their place in the front pew and figure in a big way in lots of things.

15 For instance, take ice cream (but take a small portion and leave most of it for me). Over the ice cream pour maple sirup liberally laced with chopped salted almonds. Just before you serve it, sprinkle with the salted almonds in what is known as "profusion."

16 Doesn't seem as if walnuts could be improved. But just try heating walnut meats in the oven for a few minutes. Seems to emphasize their goodness.

17 Well, here we go. Make up a receipt of lemon pie filling according to what it tells you on the box. Have ready as many freshly baked apples as you have people to serve. Pour the hot filling over the hot apples. There's a dessert composed of two of the loveliest, tastiest fruits.

18 The prolific green bean has come through the summer and is still green in the gardens. Weary of a steady diet of beans? They taste like something else if you sprinkle nutmeg over them when you season

19 Lemon Toast: *Part I:* Cream ¼ cup butter or margarine and ½ cup sugar. Add the grated rind of 1 lemon and ¼ cup lemon juice. Toast 8 slices bread under the broiler on one side, turn, and partially toast the other.

20 *Part II:* Cut off the crusts and cut the toast into inch-wide strips—spread the toast with the lemon-butter mixture—run under the broiler until a golden brown. Serve hot and at once. Here you have lemon toast, a marvelous creation for certain soups, most salads, and one that certainly belongs on the tea table. And that's a good life for any piece of toast.

21 Everybody's looking for something to pour over ice cream. I find ice cream good enough as is. But if there must be a sauce, here is one that is easy and sure to be popular. Just melt 1 package chocolate-peppermint wafers over hot water and gradually add ¼ cup light cream. Stir until smooth. For vanilla or chocolate ice cream.

22 Let's hop to another sauce for ice cream, since we seem to be saucy-minded, in a nice way. And this one goes for ice cream, baked custard or rice pudding, which often needs a sauce if it's not made nice and creamy the way I like it. The receipt follows:

23 Put ¾ cup corn sirup, ¼ cup water and a pinch of salt in a saucepan. Bring to a boil. Cook over low heat five minutes. Cool thoroughly. Add ⅓ cup crunch-style peanut butter and beat until smooth.

24 In my life, research never ceases, and so I have come upon the idea that brown sugar and a touch of cinnamon added to whipped cream to be used on hot gingerbread is better than plain sweetened cream.

25 Following my own good advice, I find also that a mere whisper of clove instead of cinnamon has a place in cream for gingerbread. Either of these spices used discreetly with softened butter also goes well if you like butter on your gingerbread as well as I do.

26 If you belong to the group that goes in for icebox cakes, here is a simple one that you can surprise 'em with. Bake or buy a loaf cake. Slice it the long way into three layers. Mix enough whipped cream with drained crushed pineapple to make a good filling, flavor lightly with lemon. Use between layers and on top and sides of the cake. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts and chill two or three hours.

27 Here I am again right back at the sandwich table with a dandy sandwich that goes for any occasion. To 1 cup finely minced cooked chicken, add 1 cup ground almonds, and about ½ cup cream. Season well and make into a good spread. This is a nice neat number.

28 Of the making of deviled eggs there is no end. For a real change, add some finely chopped cooked shrimp to the usual egg-yolk-and-mayonnaise filling.

29 There is an affinity between ice cream and baked custards, and I am equally fond of both. For a pleasant change, try a molasses custard made this way: Beat 3 eggs slightly, add ¼ cup molasses, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Stir in 2 cups scalded milk. Bake in a pan of hot water as usual.

30 "Thirty days hath September." That's the end of summer, they say, but out in the fields and woods summer lingers on. She does not easily give up. She does not readily relinquish her grasp on beauty in this, one of the loveliest months in all the year. But now good-by, September says, until I come again.

By ANN BATCHELDER



School Days are SOUP DAYS

Lunch at home? Lunch at school? Give them good hot soup

BY Anne Marshall



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

How youngsters do burn up energy . . . always on the go! Most of you mothers know this, and try to practice what food experts "preach". You see that your children have school-day lunches that are substantial and nourishing, always including one hot dish. And for this, soup is simply ideal. It's satisfying, sustaining, warming and cheering. And children love soup.

So be sure your children have good hot soup at noon. It's easy to serve at home, and it "travels" well in a vacuum bottle. Soup helps give variety to lunches, too—there are so many delicious kinds to choose from.

A good cook keeps a full Soup Shelf



SOUP offers you so many tempting noontime lunches

The hearty soups shown above—tomato, vegetable, chicken noodle—are favorites with youngsters. So are the sandwiches and salads surrounding them. Combine them in various ways to suit your child's tastes—add a glass of milk—and you have a nourishing lunch.



You hate to see it—your skin getting dull, losing its fresh look



You can do something to change your skin

A fascinating, immediate change

Do women have to put up with these?...

A skin that looks coarse?

Its color muddied?

A skin that looks harsh and rough?

Every so often you see a woman with a skin so absolutely beautiful you just can't keep from staring at her.

YOU can do something about *your* skin.

Skin deprived of its natural beautifying oils is *bound* to get coarser, with a dismaying drab, harsh look. And if, unknowingly, you are cleansing your skin too harshly—yet not *deeply* enough—your skin loses its softness and freshness even more.

You don't *need* to let this happen to your face—not one of you reading this page.

It is a most exciting fact that you and every woman can, easily and simply, bring a beauty to your skin it does not have right now.

Free your skin... replace what it is being robbed of

Fatigue, anxiety, tensions, wind, dry air—*all* continuously rob your skin of its precious natural oil and moisture. Resistant dirt—from soot, dust and old make-up—*sticks* in tiny pore-openings.

To sweep pore-openings clean of embedded dirt . . . to replace needed oil and moisture—there is an exclusive formulation of *skin-helping* ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream.

Together—these ingredients work on your skin *as a team*—in inter-action.

As you swirl Pond's Cold Cream on generously (be sure to use gentle, firming strokes) you get the good effect of this inter-action on *both* sides of your skin.

On the *outside*, embedded dirt is loosened and lifted from pore-openings. And *at the same time*, your skin is given special oil and moisture that leave it softened and smoothed.

On the *inside*, the circulation is stimulated, bringing up color in your skin, helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.



You can feel your skin responding



You owe it to yourself to bring out the beauty of your face

can come over your face...

Feel the dry surface of your skin take on wonderful smoothness

As your skin takes up the re-freshening oil and moisture in Pond's Cold Cream—oil which just *suits* your skin—oil which is not too heavy and not too thin—you can *feel* the tired little tensions ease away. You can *feel* your skin getting back its flexibility. You can *see* a clearer color coming into it.

To replace the continual thieving of your skin's freshness—*each night* give your skin this special oil-and-moisture treatment—to cleanse it *rightly*, *deeply*—to replenish it:

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—generously. Swirl *up* from throat to forehead. Tissue off well.

Soft-rinse quickly with *more* skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly. *Look at your face.*

This *double* Pond's Cold Creaming *replaces* smoothing oil and moisture *as it cleans* your skin *immaculately*. At the same time, it *quickens* circulation, livens your skin.

(Note: Thousands of women find that *in the morning* another quick Pond's Creaming starts their day with a delightful new freshness.)

Look your loveliest and you send out a happy-hearted confidence to all who see you

You will see the wonder of this skin-helping cream—*immediately*—after your very first Pond's Creaming.

Use Pond's Cold Cream *every* night (remember, the *constant* robbing of your skin goes on *every* day). As you use Pond's, you will delight in your lovelier skin—and you will gain an attractive new self-confidence.

So many women are discovering the amazing effect of the interaction of Pond's Cold Cream on their skin, that more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Go *today* to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Start using it this very night.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor—People always notice the exquisite look of her skin. Mrs. Astor says: "I've used Pond's Cold Cream since my early teens. It is my most helpful and most necessary cream."

LESLIE CARON co-starring in M.G.M.'s **"THE STORY OF THREE LOVES"**
(Color by Technicolor)



Woodbury face powder makes you prettier, too!

Petite Leslie Caron chooses Woodbury Natural to spice her flower freshness. *Your* skin color will bloom, too, with fragrant Woodbury Powder! A secret color blending process makes Woodbury shades the most exciting ever... with a just-right shade for *every* skin type. A special ingredient makes it cling longer, look smoother... never "powdery." The loveliest day of your life is the day you try Woodbury! New big 50¢ size... also 15¢, 30¢, $1.00 (all plus tax).



new woodbury liquid make-up... tints, smooths, glorifies! Devastating alone, doubly so with your matching shade of Woodbury Powder. 59c, plus tax.

More beautiful women use Woodbury—why don't you?

GIANT

(Continued from Page 68)

Leslie moved from group to group, from room to room, from crowd to crowd. Sometimes she did not try to identify herself, sometimes she said, "I am Mrs. Benedict."

"Which Mrs. Benedict?"

"Jordan. Mrs. Jordan Benedict."

Mystified for a moment, they would stare. Then, "Oh, Bick! Bick's wife. Sure pleased to meet you. Say, it's pretty lucky Bick's got you now, keep him from being low-spirited. He's sure going to feel Miss Luz being gone. She was more like a mother to Bick than a sister."

She had telegraphed to Virginia the news of this family tragedy. Her father had offered to come to her, as she knew he would. Do you want us to come, his telegram had said, Mother and I can start immediately. Don't come, she had replied. It's such a journey the funeral is day after tomorrow I am well Jordan is well enough but terribly shocked how strange and terrible that it should have been My Mistake.

Her husband was a stranger whom she could not reach. She was someone living in his house. It seemed to her that there was no cousin so remote but he or she yet seemed closer to Jordan Benedict than his wife. He was sodden with grief and remorse. In his stunned mind was a confusion in which Luz and Leslie and My Mistake and the morning of the roundup and his years of deep and hidden resentment against this dominating woman were inextricably blended. Leslie tried to comfort him with her arms about him, with her intelligence, with her sympathy her love her understanding of this emotional shock whose impact he did not grasp.

For the hundredth time, "She just wanted to ride out to the roundup with us," he would say. "Why didn't she? Why didn't she come with us?" He wanted her to say it.

"We wanted to be alone. And that was right."

"If I hadn't bought My Mistake she'd be alive today."

Leslie decided on stern measures. "Yes, if you hadn't bought My Mistake your sister Luz would be alive today. And if papa hadn't cured the ulcers of the horse's original owner he wouldn't have wanted to show his gratitude by giving papa the horse. And if Wind Wings hadn't wandered into the wrong paddock, My Mistake never would have been born. If you want me to go on with this, if papa hadn't been a surgeon, and if he hadn't married mama and if I hadn't been their daughter—well, you can go back as far as you like, Jordan darling, if you really want to torture yourself."

SHE was shocked, she was in a way frightened, when she learned that by Jordan's orders Luz Benedict's saddle, her boots, her Stetson, her riding clothes and even the tragic hoop skirts of family tradition were to be left untouched in her bedroom as in a shrine. *How he must have hated her*, Leslie thought. *Guilt is an awful thing, it can destroy him, I won't let it.*

So she went from group to group, from room to room, always with an eye on Bick. To anyone who had known her in the past it would have been amazing to see how she took charge of this vast household. The obsequies had assumed the proportions of a grim public ceremonial.

The Girls were wonderful; and of The Girls Vashti Snyth and Adarene Morey were twin towers of strength and efficiency. They knew their Texas, they knew their Benedicts, they were the daughters and granddaughters and great-granddaughters of men and women who had wrestled and coped with every native manifestation from drought and rattlesnakes to Neiman-Marcu and bridge.

"I'll do it, Leslie. Just you sit down."

"I don't want to sit down. I can't."

"I know it. I don't mean really sit down. mean let me do this and you make out lik you're listening to all these people kee bawling at you, it'll take all the strength yo got." This from the salty Vashti.

Adarene and Lucius Morey had arrived a midnight the day after Luz's death. The entered the Big House, they took ove Servants. Food. Telegrams. Telephones.

LESLIE, with a scant week of Texas experi ence to guide her, moved among the mourn ers trying hard to remember Texas names Texas faces, Texas customs. The Placers that was easy; and Bowie and his wife an Roady and his wife and even a niece or tw and a couple of nephews. But the others, mil lions of others. *Let me remember. . . . Uh Mrs. Jennings. . . . Somebody Beezer . . . Il Something Motten . . . Mrs. Jakes . . . Kling*

Vashti Snyth insisted that food was th panacea for grief. She kept plucking a Bick's sleeve, she grasped Leslie's arm, sh motioned in the direction of the dinin room from which came a sustained clatte accompanied by rich and heavy scents.

"You got to eat if you're going to keep your strength up. How you going to expect to go through tomorrow if you don't eat!" she would say. "Leslie, Bick looks terrible. . . . Bick, why'n't you eat something, you look real peaked. Leslie, come on have a cup of coffee and a cake."

Adarene Morey came close to Leslie, her voice low in the midst of the clamor. "Relax. Bick's all right. It's good for him to have all these people around. Don't work so hard. Let them do the work. They're curious about you, you know," she told Leslie. "Even more than they are about seeing Luz, and how Bick behaves."

"Why?"

"The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen! If she can take it."

"I can take it."

There was a stir at the doorway, there was an acceleration of sound. "What's that? Who's that?"

Uncle Bawley's arrival was something of an event. Uncle Bawley who kinged it alone in splendid squalor at the Holgado Division. As he strode through the welter of relatives, guests, neighbors and officials, Leslie was shocked. His eyes were streaming with tears, they washed down his cheeks and dropped off his chin. This was all the more startling because Uncle Bawley towered even above these Texas men who seemed to fill the rooms to bursting with their great shoulders, their pyramidal necks, their leather-colored faces, their leather-colored clothes, their enormous hats, their high-heeled boots, their overpowering maleness.

Yet there was about this gigantic man a grace, an air of elegance. He was wearing a dark suit and black boots and Leslie's knowing eye was quick to see that these garments had been born of the needle and shears of a New York tailor, or even perhaps of a London magician of men's clothes. They almost hid the slight bulge that, at nearly seventy, was just beginning to mar his waistline.

Leslie felt she could not bear to face this giant with the streaming eyes. Those eyes were a faded blue, and the lids crinkled so that lines, etched by the sun and the wind, radiated from them fanwise at the temples. She knew he had been a Ranger in his youth, with gun notches and all the rest of the fabulous fanfare that went with stories of pioneer Texas times. Even now, in spite of his

(Continued on Page 76)

Hokku

By Hannah Kahn

Child, give me your hand
That I may walk in the light
Of your faith in me.

meet the new

"wizard" of U.S.



most wonderful
new girdle
in America...

meet the girdle for freedom...for happy sitting, standing, running, playing ...a girdle only long enough in front to do a good smoothing job...but nice and long on the sides to give you a lovely long hipline. Lithe boning positioned by a Jantzen wizard holds it down on the sides without binding or twisting even if you stand on your head. Lithe boning also holds up the special Jantzen "breathing-top" famous for making waistlines two inches younger...10.95...at most stores.

for a lovelier lift, for "forever uplift"...
try a Jantzen "forever uplift"
concentric-stitched bra...
cotton or nylon 2.25 to 3.95.

for a lovelier, fuller bustline...
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I enclose ..... in coin for your decorating book at 25c each. (CHECK YOUR CHOICE) ☐ Modern ☐ Old Colony

Name.....

Street.....

City & Zone.....State.....

(Continued from Page 74)

city suit, he was startlingly like a figure in the romantic fables of the region.

He came across the room, threading his way toward Bick, making slow progress because of the outstretched hands and the spoken greetings, muted but hearty with affection. She knew that he had refused to stay at the Big House or at the old Main House. He was quartered in one of the nearby line houses.

Later, when she knew him better, she had remonstrated at his uncomfortable quarters. "You should be staying here, in the Big House."

"Me here! Like to choke to death living in this pile. Just as soon sleep in the Egyptian pyramids."

At a gesture from Bick he turned to face Leslie. There was no escaping him, his gaze was upon her and now as he came toward her Leslie was dismayed to see that he mopped his eyes with his handkerchief and she marveled that his features were so composed under this fountain of tears. He took her hand in his and looked down at her from his towering height.

INADEQUATELY Leslie murmured, "I know what she must have meant to you—your eldest niece. I am so terribly sorry for you and for Jordan and for ——"

He dabbed at his eyes with his free hand. "Don't pay this no mind," he said, and his voice was gentle and low. "I ain't bawling. This is what they call an allergy. Took me better than forty years to find out about it."

"Allergy!" she repeated after him, stunned.

"That's right. I'm allergic to cattle. Makes my eyes water quarts. All my life a cowman and the whole Benedict family first and last for a hundred years or nearly. And then a kid at Johns Hopkins finds out I'm allergic to cows."

Leslie was utterly fascinated. She forgot about Luz and mourning etiquette and bereaved relatives-by-marriage. Temporarily she even forgot about Jordan. With a hand tucked in Uncle Bawley's arm she maneuvered him toward a quiet corner of the vast room. A huge couch was angled away from the room proper, by some mistaken whim of a decorator. One corner of this engulfed Leslie though she sat with one leg crossed under her.

"This is wonderful," she said, and looked up, up at his towering height. "I'm—well—I know now what my mother meant when she used to say I-haven't-sat-down-today."

"Nothing can beat you out quicker than a houseful of people come for a funeral, specially if they're choused up like this. And you're new to it here. Bad enough if you're a Texian."

His shoulders relaxed against the back of the vast couch, his long legs sprawled across the polished floor, his feet turned toes up, slim and arched in the beautifully hand-tooled high-heeled black boots. Leslie regarded him with anticipatory relish.

"I must tell my father all about you. He'll be enchanted."

"Enchanted with me?"

"He's a doctor."

"He here?"

"No. No, he's home. I mean he's in Virginia where we—where he lives. He'll be so interested. Please tell me a little more about it. The allergy, I mean. Do you mind if I call you Uncle Bawley—though I must say it doesn't suit you."

"I'd just purely love for you to do that. Leslie? I don't know as that suits you, either. Usual thing I go slow with Yankees using their given names. They're touchy."

"That's funny. I think Texans are touchy."

"They're just vain," Uncle Bawley said in his soft almost musing voice. "Vain as peacocks and always making out like they're modest. Acting all the time, most of them. Playing Texas."

She stared at him, she broke into a laugh, then checked herself, horrified. "How refreshing you are! I hope you don't mind m saying that, Uncle Bawley. Jordan told m about you, but not enough. Why didn't yo come to our wedding?"

"I never go to weddings. Waste of tim Person can get married a dozen times. Lots folks do. But a funeral, that's different. Yo only die once."

He took from his coat pocket a folde handkerchief, white and fine, and as h wiped his brimming lids Leslie caught th pricking scent of eau de Cologne. Sh sniffed the tangy scent now and beame upon her new-found relative. This giant o the leathery skin, the gentle voice, the fin linen, the glove-fitting boots, was somethin of a dandy.

Now he glanced at her, a sharp sidewis look. "Maybe you think it's funny, a cow man getting himself all smelled up pretty.

"No, I like it. I like fastidious men."

"It's made me a heap of trouble. First of my real name's Baldwin—Baldwin Benedict Then along come this crying and that cinche it. I was Bawley Benedict."

"Oh, Uncle Bawley, I'm so sorry. Wha would you like me to call you?"

"That's all right, I'm used to it. But I had to fist-fight my way through school and col lege. At Harvard I was fullback and heavy weight boxer just in self-defense. I like to wore out my knuckles proving I wasn't a sissy."

"Harvard?"

"We all go a couple of years, didn't Bick tell you? And a trip to Europe young. Tho girls go to some school in the East." His tone his diction took on a complete change. "Just to prove to the world and ourselves that we aren't provincial."

Pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.
—JOHN RUSKIN

She leaned toward him "Please don't think I'm rude. But you talk—I mean Harvard and Europe and everything—and just now you—but most of the time you talk—well, the only ones who don't are Jordan, and Maudie Lou. And now you—when you weren't looking," she told him.

"I know. Sometimes we forget to talk Texas."

"But Uncle Bawley, it's regional, isn't it? A kind of dialect just as the Boston people speak one way and the deep South another and the Middle Westerners another."

He had not mopped his eyes for a full five minutes. "Partly. That's right. Down here it's a mixture of Spanish and Mexican and Nigrahs and French and German and folks from all over the whole country. It settled into a kind of jargon, but we play it up. Like when I was a young squirt visiting New York there was a girl named Anna Held, a French actress. She was all the rage, milk baths and pearls and so on, by that time she could speak English as good as you and me, but there she was a-zissin' and a-zattin' because it was good publicity and cute. That's us. Mostly, we know better. But we talk Texas because it's good publicity and cute."

"Uncle Bawley," she said earnestly, "I love talking to you."

HE blushed like a girl. "That's funny."

"Why?"

"I hardly ever talk to a woman. I got out of the habit. No women up to the Holgado Division, hardly, except two three of the section bosses live in the line houses with their wives and kids. But most of the cowhands are single; we don't use *vaqueros* up there, too near to the border. Course there's all the Mexican families in Montaraz, that's the town just outside the ranch."

She hesitated a moment, but only a moment. The habit of wanting to know was too strong. "But didn't you ever marry?"

"What girl would have a man who stands there bawling with the tears running down his face while he's asking her to marry him!"

Leslie was staring at him, she was scurrying about in her mind, putting together bits and pieces as her years with her father had taught her to do. "Cows!"

"How's that?"

"Allergic to cows."

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"That's right."

She was looking into his face with the most utter concentration. "Uncle Bawley, did you want to be a cowman? Did you want to be head of Holgado and a big Benedict rancher and all that?"

"Hell no, honey."

"What did you want to be?"

"Funny you should ask me that. I haven't thought about it in years. What I wanted to be was, I wanted to be a musician. Pianist." Leslie's head turned toward him as if it had been jerked on wires. But the big pink face was bland, almost dreamy. "There's always been music in the family, one way or another, but the minute it shows its head it gets stepped on."

"Uncle Bawley, do you mean you wanted the piano to be your career?"

"Well, I don't know's I looked at it square in the face, like that. But when I got to Europe I studied there with Levenov till they made me come home. Big rumpus, there was. The whole family. You'd thought I wanted to run a roulette wheel or marry a Mexican. Pa got after me. Bick's pa too. They got me out roping and branding and one thing another. Nothing spoils your hands quicker than that. For piano, I mean. Time they got through with me I was lucky if I could play Chopsticks. About that time Brahms was just beginning to catch on, I was crazy about his —— Well, you know, you can't fool around with anything like that, I sat there at the piano looking at my fingers, it was like they were tied on with wires. That was when I quit."

"Oh, Uncle Bawley dear!" She was terribly afraid she was going to cry. She looked down at his great sunburned hands, splotched with the vague brown spots of the aging.

Apologetically he hurried on. "How'd we get onto that! Well, there was Holgado to run and I was picked to run it. Let me tell you something, Leslie. If your kids get a real notion they want to do something, you see to it they do it."

"I will, Uncle Bawley. I promise I will."

"You get Bick to bring you out to Holgado for a nice visit. In the spring it's real pretty. When the Spanish dagger is out. And summers, after the seasonal rains."

"Is it a success? Does Jordan—do you and Jordan think it's successful?"

"Holgado! Why, say, it's the money-maker of the whole outfit. Course I don't stock all the newfangled stuff Bick goes in for here at Reata. Not that I don't think Bick's a smart boy. There's nothing he don't know about a ranch—horn, hide and hair." He smiled at her, a singularly sweet and childlike smile. "I ain't talked this much to a woman in years."

"You're just fascinating," Leslie said. "You're wonderful. I love you."

FROM behind her shoulder came Maudie Lou Placer's high hard voice. "There are people coming in all the time, they are asking for you. It seems to me that you and Uncle Bawley—well ——"

Leslie sprang up. "Oh, Maudie Lou, I am so sorry. I wasn't thinking."

"Rilly!" said Maudie Lou in her best borrowed Eastern accent.

The big room was now so densely packed that just to elbow a way through it was a physical effort. Nowhere in all this vast desert could one find an oasis of peace and quiet. A clamor of talk here, a rumble of sound from the adjoining rooms and the great hall. She made her way to Bick standing there near the doorway with a group of men. She slid her arm through his.

"I've been talking to Uncle Bawley. He's marvelous."

"Yes. Uncle Bawley's a great guy."

"Jordan, have you eaten anything?"

"Yes. I had some coffee."

"Coffee! You can't live on coffee. I haven't had anything either. Won't you come with me?"

Gently he took her hand from his arm, he shook his head. "One of the girls—Maudie Lou will go with you—here's Adarene, right here." He turned back to the men.

And here was Adarene. "You look kind of funny," said Adarene. "Are you all right?"



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Leslie clutched her arm. "Adarene, would they think it was queer if I just went up to rest in my own room a few minutes?"

"Of course not."

"Will you come with me?"

Guiltily they wormed their way through the hall to the stairway up and down which people she never before had seen were purposefully tramping. It was like being in a museum on a free exhibition day. When she opened her own bedroom door would she find a score of strangers there?

"Here we are," said Adarene, and turned the doorknob. The door was locked. The two women stared at each other.

"Who?" demanded Leslie fiercely. "Who is in there?"

SHE glanced apprehensively over her shoulder. There was Lupe coming swiftly and soundlessly toward them. In her hand was the cumbersome key that fitted the massive door. Her dark eyes were lively and understanding, she jerked her head meaningfully toward the swarming crowd. The key grated in the lock, she flung the door open.

"*Entre, señora.*" She handed the key to Leslie and vanished, closing the door behind her.

"They're the ones who'll really mourn Luz," Adarene said. "Did you hear them last night?"

"No. Hear what?"

"The Mexicans will have their own mourning ceremonies for her. Lucius and I could hear them last night, long after midnight down in the barrios, playing the guitar and singing her favorite songs. For weeks they'll be saying *rosarios*—evening prayers. She was hard on them but she understood them—the older generation anyway—they respected her. . . . Why don't you lie down and shut your eyes, rest awhile? Do you want Lupe to bring you a cup of tea?"

"Not now. Just to sit here away from the crowd."

Briskly Adarene said, "Anyway, it's given you a chance to meet the State of Texas. Ordinarily it would have taken a newcomer weeks and months and years. They're all here—large and small. Old Texas and new Texas."

"I wish I knew half of what you know," Leslie said. "It would be better for Jordan."

"You were pretty vivacious over there talking to Uncle Bawley, weren't you?"

"I didn't realize."

"You're on exhibition. Uncle Bawley's never been known to talk as long as that to any woman. He's woman shy."

"I didn't mean to be disrespectful to—to Luz. He was enormously interesting."

"Luz was a bitch and a holy terror and kind of crazy too. Everybody knows that. But she was Luz Benedict. *Madama.*"

Leslie walked to the window and glan out between the jalousies and came back a sat at the edge of the bed. She smoot the coverlet a bit with her hand, a little ai less gesture. Then she lay back and pres her forearm over her eyes.

"I'm kind of scared."

"No wonder. You've had quite a we But you'll get used to it. It's the ranch tha got you scared."

"Oh, Adarene ——" Leslie began. Th was a smart knock at the door. The t women exchanged glances. Leslie stood u "Maybe it's Jordan. . . . Who is it?"

"Girls! Girls, can I come in?" Vashti.

"Damn!" said Adarene, under her breat her eyebrows went up in rueful inquiry. Le lie nodded.

And there, when the great key had be turned, was Vashti bouncing in with t overeager uncertain look of a little girl wh tags along unwanted by her playmates. saw you go up and then when you didn come down I thought, maybe there's som thing the matter. Is anything the matter?

"Thank you, Vashti," Leslie said. "Not ing's wrong. I just felt I had to rest a mi ute."

"I guess," Vashti offered, "you'll be gla when this is all over."

Adarene Morey took charge. "Vasht stop talking like a dope. Do people usuall like to keep a funeral going on around th house?"

Vashti moved about the room hummin gently to herself, which was a habit sh had—Leslie was later to learn—when sh had a bit of gossip to impart. "I guess Jet Rink will be too," she observed airily "Glad."

"What has Jett Rink to do with it?" Leslie asked, though instinct told her not to

VASHTI now assumed the air of an ag grieved little girl. "Well, I just meant wha they're saying downstairs, the men and all They're saying around it was Jett got Mis Luz to try riding My Mistake in the firs place and it was him said he bet she coul put on a hoop skirt like her grammaw and rope anything running in a roundup, and why didn't she do it and ride out just to show you ——"

"Me!"

"Well, I'm just saying what they said he said, I don't know. So sure enough what does Luz do but go up to the attic trunks and get out that hoop skirt and a big old Western saddle with a horn like a hitching post. And the minute that horse felt that saddle and glimpsed that hoop skirt he was like possessed it took three to hold him and she hardly'd climbed on Mott said when he was off like a bat out of hell and they're saying

(Continued on Page 80)



"But that isn't your new brother. That's the taxi driver."

over and over again



in war and peace.
in brightness and disaster
love comes . . .
the only certain thing
in all the years.
And always with the
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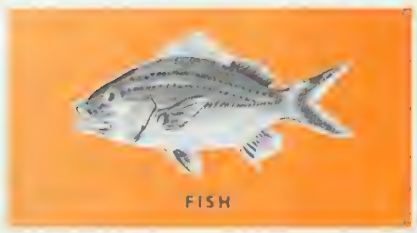
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Each of these can cause an allergy

A FEW GRAINS of ragweed pollen, for example, may cause "hay fever"—a disorder that affects more than 4 million Americans.

In addition, millions of other people in our country have asthma, sneezing spells, digestive upsets, or skin rashes because they are allergic to a wide variety of seemingly harmless things.

Allergy is a *sensitivity* to certain substances which cause no trouble for most people. While allergies are seldom, if ever, fatal, they can cause great discomfort. Moreover, if allowed to go untreated, they may undermine good health. This is particularly true of asthma.

Medical science has developed increasingly effective ways to control allergies. For example, inoculations against "hay fever" help many people to avoid this seasonal ailment entirely, or make it much milder.

Treatments for this condition are most beneficial, however, when taken well in advance of the pollen season. In fact, at least 85 percent of the patients are relieved through early treatment, but only 40 percent are helped when inoculations are delayed.

Relief from allergies due to obscure causes generally requires much "detective work." This is why the doctor asks detailed questions about when, where, and under what circumstances the condition occurs. Such questions give him clues to the identity of the offending substances. They also help him to determine if other factors—such as emotional upsets—may be involved.

Once he has found what causes the allergic reaction—through the history of the case supplemented by diagnostic skin tests—appropriate treatment can be started. These tests may be made by applying certain substances to the skin either directly or through a small scratch, or the substances may be injected directly into the outer layer of the skin.

The treatment for an allergy may be simple. If, for instance, a patient's sensitivity is caused by feathers, relief may be had by substituting a pillow made of rubber or other materials. Sometimes, however, treatment may be prolonged, especially if an allergy is caused by a sensitivity to many different things.

There is no "sure cure" for any type of allergy, but prompt and proper treatment may lead to its control. So, if you are bothered by an allergic condition, even a minor one, consult your doctor. He, or a recommended specialist, may help you avoid further reactions through treatment that effectively relieves three out of four cases.

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(Continued from Page 78)

around that after Bick shot the horse, why, Gill noticed there was a kind of funny-looking spit, like, around the horse's mouth ——"

"Gill?"

"The vet. The head vet. Gill Dace. He made some tests in the lab and sure enough somebody must have given him something hopped him up, Gill said it was enough to hop up a whole herd of Longhorns."

Idiotically Leslie muttered, "Don't say him. My Mistake's a filly." But no one heard her.

Adarene Morey attempted to stay the flood. "That's just a lot of stable talk, I don't believe a word of it, anyway Jett Rink wouldn't dare." She thought Leslie looked very odd, feeling around like that for the edge of the chair behind her before sinking down on it.

"He would so. He and Luz hated each other like poison and then when Cora told Luz about her and Jett, why, Luz said she'd turn them both off the ranch, you know the way she wanted to run everybody's business her own way and seemed she couldn't bear for anyone to get married, even if they had to, like Cora, look at the way she behaved about you and Bick ——"

Leslie stood up very tall and straight. "Thanks so much for coming up with me, it was sweet of you. I'm going down now. Are you coming?"

"Sure," Vashti agreed briskly. "I just came up to see if I could help. The boys are saying Bick gave Jett ten minutes to get off the ranch and they say he's going to take that piece of land away from him he gave him that time old Rink turned up missing, but he can't do that because Jett was smart, he's got it down on paper it's his. They started a terrible fist fight only if Gill and those hadn't pulled them apart."

Leslie was moving toward the door, she proceeded rather grandly, giving the effect of wearing a long train which definitely was not in evidence. The key turned with a great clunk. She opened the door. "Petra!" she called above the din below. "Lupe!" She put her hand on Adarene Morey's arm. "Listen. Get hold of Lupe, will you? Tell her—here's the key—to bring here to my bedroom some cold chicken and a bowl of fresh fruit and a pot of hot coffee and some bourbon and ice and a quart of champagne—and if they haven't any champagne in this big damned arsenal I'll scream my head off."

"They have, honey."

"I'll be back. I'm going to get Jordan."

DOWNSTAIRS she found him exactly as she had left him, a strangely shrunken giant surrounded by other giants who seemed to have gained in height and breadth in the half hour that had elapsed since last she saw them.

She came close to Bick, she spoke very low in his ear. "Come with me dear."

He shook his head. "No. I'm all right."

She faced the men. "Jordan is exhausted. He hasn't slept or eaten. I'm trying to have him rest before the evening." Appealingly she looked up into those big tan faces. "I feel quite faint myself—but that doesn't matter."

They rallied with a boom. "That's right Bick, you go 'long. . . . You got to think of yourself and the little girl here. . . . Now you mind the missus and go 'long."

Toward the hall, toward the stairway, her hand on his arm. In the hall melee they encountered Uncle Bawley battling his way toward the open outer door. "Uncle Bawley! Where are you going?"

"See you all tomorrow." He dabbed at his eyes. "Crowds aggravate it." They were ascending the stairs when he came up behind them, he grasped Bick's arm, he jerked a thumb toward Leslie. "This girl is an unexception," he said earnestly. Was off down the stairs and out the door.

Lupe had been partially efficient for once; the bowl of fruit was there, the bourbon, a bottle of champagne in a nest of ice.

"What's this?" Bick asked testily.

"This, darling, is what's known as and drink, and the rest of it will be along minute. I hope."

The great brass sun was descending no the vast tin sky, she opened the jalous little, she wished she could open the do that the Gulf wind would meet the draft funneled through the house, and at move the air with a semblance of coolne

Bick stumbled into the bathroom as P flung open the bedroom door without kn ing, a habit that from the first moment lie had found maddening. Petra and L carried trays. She saw with dismay that chicken she had envisaged as a platte delicate cold slices in a nest of crisp g was a vast hot boiled fowl, its huge th turned upward, steaming. There was a b of hot mashed potatoes and a wet gree mass that looked like boiled beet tops. Th bowls she picked up, one in each hand, gave them to Petra and Lupe. "Take th Take them away."

BUT they shook their heads, they pla the bowls again on the tray; Lupe, the ol spoke in Spanish. Leslie caught a fami word or two—"*patata . . . con carne . . señor.*" The señor likes potatoes always w his meat. *All right.* She smiled, she nodd she urged them from the room.

The bathroom splashings and puffings ceased. He emerged, his face seemed clea the sagging lines were partly erased.

"What's this?" he asked, viewing table with distaste.

"It's chicken," she said briskly. "I dered it cold and t brought it hot. This potato, I can't imag why, and that's some s of dreadful greens. A this is your wife. Reme ber?"

You can't hold a man down without staying down with him.
—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

She came to him, stood before him, placed her cool slim han on his cheeks. He bent head and kissed her p functorily and walked away and seated hi self in a chair by the window.

"A drink," she said. "You can have bou bon or you can have champagne, one or t other. You can't have both because one grain and one is grape and they say y mustn't mix them. The French say so."

He looked down at his hands. "T French, huh? They sure ought to kno You're hell-bent on civilizing me, aren you?"

"Champagne, I think," she said, ar plunked ice into the glasses to cool them ar gave the bottle a twirl. "Bourbon las longer but champagne's quicker. Open thi will you, dear?"

"Celebrating, aren't you?" he said h eyes ugly.

I'm going to take over now, she told hersel *I'm going to go right straight through, I'm g ing to jolt him out of this.*

"No. I just wanted to make you eat a li tle and rest a little because if you don't you' be ill. And because I love you. I wasn thinking of Luz at the moment."

He passed his hand over his forehead an brought the hand down and wiped its palr on his handkerchief. "I didn't mean — I'm all mixed up today."

"But now you've brought it up, the trut is that it was Luz or us. And it is better tha it was Luz."

He brought his head down to his tw clasped hands. She came to him and knelt o the floor and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Jordan, after this is over and everythin is quiet, Jordan darling couldn't we clos this house or just use it for guests? Couldn' we open the old house—the little Mai House—and live in that, you and I?"

"Why? What for?" He had raised hi head. He was listening.

"I like it. It's a house. I'd love to live i it."

He looked around the room now. "What' the matter with this house?"

"It's like living in a big public institution. It's got everything but high stone walls and

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sentries. It's Alcatraz—without charm. Do you feel sentimental about it?"

At last he was jolted out of his numbness. He stood up as though jerked to his feet. "I hate it. I've always hated it. Ma hated it too. The only person who likes it is—was—Luz." His head drooped again.

Now, she thought. "I want our son to be born in the little old house."

"Son!" he shouted.

"It's just bound to be a son. No real Benedict would consider anything but a male first child. And I want him to be born in the house where his father was born."

The Girls said she ought to get away. "It's fierce here July and August, even for us Texians. Your condition and all, Leslie."

"My condition's fine. Fine and normal. My adrenal glands are working like a pumping station, Doctor Tom says. I'm a mass of energy."

"Yes, but just you wait," they predicted darkly.

"I'll have to. Unless they've modernized that old nine months' schedule. It's odd—isn't it?—but the heat seems to stimulate me in some crazy way. Jordan says I whirl so fast that he has to go out in the pasture and look at the big windmills to rest his eyes."

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Benedict were moving out of the Big House and into the old Main House. The county rocked with the news. Together Bick and Leslie were supervising the reconstruction of the ancient dwelling. But it was Leslie who majored in the project. Leslie had plans to redecorate and refurnish from eaves to root cellar. She whisked about all day with rainbow-hued swatches of cloth in wool silk canvas felt denim linen chintz dangling from her fingers. She knew exactly what she wanted, her decisions were almost instantaneous, her taste unerring.

HER supercharged energies encompassed Spanish lessons as well. She had discovered in the town of Benedict a sad-eyed professorial man of middle age who worked in some obscure capacity at the Ranchers and Drovers Bank.

"Pure Spanish," Bick assured Leslie. "Onate's got no Mexican in him. He's as Spanish as Alfonso."

"M-hm," she said musingly. She supplemented the Onate hours with alternate lessons in the more colloquial Mexican-Spanish, lessons given her by the new schoolteacher who ruled in Cora Dart's place. "Señor Onate's Castillian Spanish is all very nice in Madrid court circles, but I notice that when I go lisping around the Mexicans don't know what I'm talking about. Though all you need to do, really, is to speak Texan."

"What d'you mean, Texan?"

"Even if you don't know a word of Spanish you can't talk to anyone in Texas five minutes without using words borrowed from the Spanish. Or Mexican. How about Reata! Retama. Remuda. Corral. Ranchero. Stampede. Mesa. Canyon. Rodeo. Sombrero. Pinto. Bronco. Thousands of words."

"Well, naturally. Everybody knows that." He regarded her fondly. "You really feeling all right, Leslie?"

"Simply superb. And so do you."

He laughed. "Me! Well, that's different. I'm not exactly—uh ——"

"Yes you are, in a way. Because you're in love with me and I'm in love with you. We're one. We're three in one, really. What you feel I feel, what I feel you feel, you're really as pregnant as I am."

"Say, honey, for a girl brought up the way you were you're pretty rough-talking, aren't you?"

"Rough? It's a biological fact that two people in love ——"

"All right all right! Suits me fine. Say no more." His arms about her, his vital being engulfing her.

Leslie and Vashti now had a common bond. These first weeks of pregnancy were not, however, flattering to Vashti. Panting and uncomfortable, Vashti eyed her *enceinte* neighbor with an expression as near resentment as her placid features could convey.

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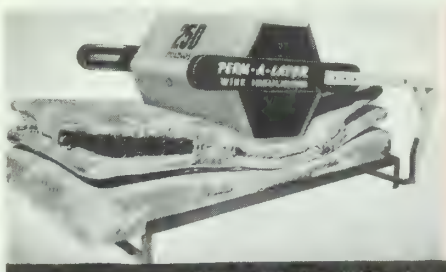


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"Lookit the way you look, and then me. It's made you pretty, almost, your complexion and eyes and all. I got spots and my hair is stringy no matter what I do with it, and you don't even show."

"It's because I'm tall and skinny," Leslie assured her. "What you all call ganted. Never mind. We'll both look worse before we're better."

But Vashti, moist and lumpy, was a disconsolate heap in one of Leslie's bedroom chairs. She sipped her ubiquitous coffee. "It's all I can do to sit up, let alone run around the way you do. Run run run with all those samples and stuff. What do you want to go and live in the little Main House for anyway, honey? All these lovely rooms here in the Big House, it's a palace."

"Palaces have gone out. Like the people who used to live in them."

Chip-chip clink-clink hammer-hammer went the tools of the workmen as they pierced the rocklike clay walls of the old Main House, transforming small dark rooms into luxurious bathrooms, adding servants' quarters, devising closet space, building the wide veranda that Leslie stubbornly insisted would be like an outdoor dwelling added to the house itself.

"I won't sit indoors all day, like a cave dweller. And it will be cool, with this everlasting breeze, if we shade it and plant a sun shield of trees, and lots of vines, and have everything cool canvas in pale greens and pinks and blues. They do it in the tropics. Why not Texas!"

The old house had originally been built by slow hand labor, its stone-and-adobe walls were two feet thick, even the fierce shafts of the brush-country summer sun could not pierce this century-old fastness. It was cooler than the Big House ever had been.

Luz Benedict gone. Jett Rink gone. Cora Dart gone. Harmony. Peace. Home.

Not gradually, but quite suddenly, she felt that she belonged. She was part of the community. Her unabated curiosity about every aspect of Reata Ranch life and the life of the town and the county and the far-flung state itself was a source of mingled amusement and irritation to Bick. He would greet her with a groan and, "Here's that Why Girl again," when she appeared at unexpected moments in unlikely places: when he and Gill Dace, the chief vet, were deep in some bovine experiment at the ranch lab; or in the midst of one of the rare sales of choice Benedict breeding bulls, attended by only the most serious and solvent stock breeders within a radius of five hundred miles.

In the evening Bick would say, "Look, honey, what did you want to come down to the tent for! That's no place for a woman. In your condition."

"My condition's simply elegant and I don't even look out of drawing yet. Anyway, Luz used to take part in all that, didn't she?"

An apology is better than an explanation—and quicker.
—WILLIAM FEATHER

A muscle in his cheek twitched. "That was different."

"I'll never huddle in the harem and nibble poppy seed and sew a fine seam. You know I was a nosy girl when you married me. I didn't deceive you, sir. From the first moment we met I couldn't have been more unpleasant."

"True, true," he murmured. "I only married you because I hoped I could slap you around and bully you into being my little woman."

"Your mistake. You're stuck with me. Anyway, you know you're crazy about me."

Half in earnest, "Only your grosser self. That fine mind you inherited from your father is pretty repulsive. In a woman that is."

"It'll come in handy when we're old goat and gammer."

Up and down the ranch. In and out of Edict. The tradesmen and the townspeople recognized her and greeted her in open friendly Texas fashion. She drove her own car now, for short distances. The working of the little town, the pattern of its life, of the county life, of the Texas way of living and thinking, began to open up before her observant eye and her keen absorbent mind.

"Jordan, what are those streams and streams of old broken-down trucks and Fords that go through town with loads of Mexicans. Men and women and boys and girls and even little children. Swarms of them."

"Workers."

"Workers at what?"

"Oh, depends on the time of year. Cotton pickers. And vegetables and fruit. In the Valley."

"Where do they come from?"

"If they're Mexicans they come from Mexico. Even a bright girl like you can figure that out."

"And when everything's picked where do they go?"

"Back to Mexico, most of them. A few sometimes hide out and stay, but they're usually rooted out and tossed back."

"Where do they live while they're here with all those children and everything. What are they paid?"

"Leslie!"

"I just want to know, darling. This is all an everyday bore to you but I'm brand-new and everything's different and strange to me. I can't help it. I am that way."

"I don't know. Very little. Couple of dollars. Whatever they're paid, it's more than they'd get home in Mexico."

"Where do they live?"

"Camps. And don't you go near, they're a mass of dysentery and TB and every damn thing. You stay away. Hear me!"

"But if you know that why don't you stop it! Why don't you make them change it!"

"I'm no vegetable farmer, I'm no cotton grower. I'm a cowman. Remember?"

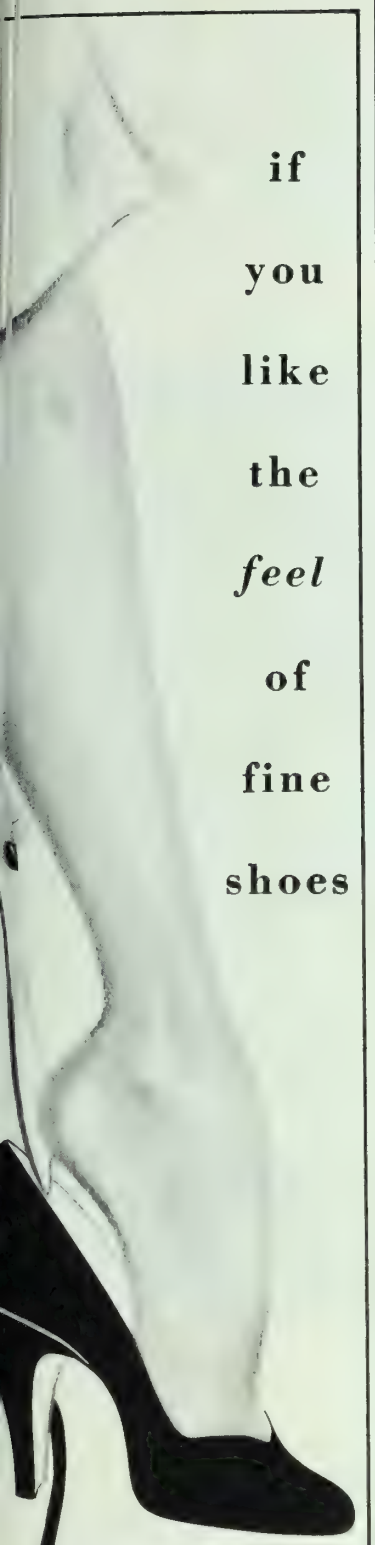
Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 62 & 63

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"What's that got to do with it! You're a Texan. You've been a great big rich powerful Texan for a hundred years. You're the one to fix it."

He shook his head. "No, thank you very much."

"Then I will."

"Leslie." His face was ominous, his eyes stared at her cold with actual dislike. "If you ever go near one of those dumps—if I ever hear of your mixing into this migratory mess ——"

"What'll you do?"

"I swear to God I'll leave you."

"You can't leave Reata. And to get me out you'd have to tie me up and put me in a trunk or something. And I wouldn't stay put. I'd come back. I'll never leave you. I love you. Even when you glare at me like Simon Legree."

"And you'd look like Carrie Nation, barging around stuff that's none of your business. I've heard that women in your condition sometimes go kind of haywire, but I never thought my wife would be one of them."

He clumped out of the room, she heard the high-heeled boots clattering down the hall, the slam of the door, horse's hoofs on sun-baked earth.

He's gone. Where? Not far. Gill Dace. The Dietzes'. Old Polo. If Luz were alive he'd be rushing to her. And she'd tell him he's right, he's always right. Should I do that? You're a wife your uh individuality should be submerged in the I don't believe it I can't I must be myself or I am nothing and better dead. I'm not going to sit home and drink coffee and talktalktalk and play bridge in a Southwest harem the rest of my life Jordan was really furious this time I suppose I really am a kind of nuisance to him my darling Jordan. It is still early morning who will drive with me? Vashti? No. The new schoolteacher that Miss Minto, no. Besides, she has to teach school don't be silly.

"I'll go alone," she said aloud. "Why not! After all, the Valley lies just the other side of Nopal, it won't take more than two or three hours."

In her shining little car in her neat silk dress, exhilarated and slightly short of breath from excitement she tooled along the wide bright road in the wide bright morning. Through Benedict, familiar now, past the fences and fences and fences that were still Reata, into the gray-white somnolent little town of Nopal. The office of Fidel Gomez. That was the thing. He was the one to take her to a camp. He brought them in in droves. Let him explain what it was that Jordan didn't want her to see.

A WOMAN in a black *rebozo* came toward her. Leslie stopped her car, she leaned out and called in her stumbling Spanish, "*Oficina Señor Fidel Gomez. Favor de—uh—decirme.*"

The woman looked at her she looked away she muttered "*Yo no comprendo,*" she walked on.

A man then. A small dark man with a resigned suffering face and graying hair in the black. "*Favor de decirme Oficina Señor Fidel Gomez?*" The man stopped dead, his eyes swiveled past her, he shrugged, he hurried swiftly on.

Well. What was the matter with everybody! Or what was the matter with her Spanish, more likely, she decided. Perhaps he didn't have an office. He had been hanging around outside that wineshop or whatever it was, that last time. Maybe that was the place. But Jordan wouldn't like that, her going there. She would just park outside and blow the horn. Up one dusty little street and down another. Bodega. There, that was it.

At the second blast of the horn, a figure leaned far out of the doorway and it was magically Fidel Gomez. Leslie decided not to try a lot of *favor de* this time.

"Come here, Mr. Gomez."

With a nervous backward glance he came forward, removing his great Stetson. As before, she noted that his eyes were wide with apprehension.

"I am Mrs. Jordan Benedict. Remember?"

"Señora, can you ask ——"

"Yes, well, I was talking to my husband this morning and I told him I wanted to see one of the camps—you know—where the

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Mexicans work—the pickers I mean. Where they live. Will you get in and we'll drive to one. You'll have to show me the way."

He shook his head, smiling as one would gently chide a child. "No, señora, you would not want to go there."

"But I do."

"I will first telephone. I will call your husband."

Briskly, "He isn't home. He's—he's way out on the range or whatever you call it, somewhere. Get in the car, Mr. Gomez."

Fidel Gomez pointed to a large bright scarlet automobile blazing proudly under the rays of the Southwest sun. "My automobile is there."

"Oh. Well?"

"If you will permit I will drive before you and you will please to follow me. We will stop at my house if you will honor me and my wife. We will drink coffee."

"No! Really no. I don't drink much coffee ——"

Very gravely, "It is ten o'clock. My wife will be honored. She will, of course, come with us."

He bowed now, he entered his car and preceded her, a small solemn procession, down the street.

The Gomez house was a neat square white box. Mrs. Fidel Gomez was a neat square dark box. Mrs. Gomez spoke absolutely no English, the Coyote informed Leslie when she tried to assure Mrs. Gomez that coffee was not necessary and that Mrs. Gomez's presence on this expedition was not necessary.

"My wife is happy to accompany us," Fidel Gomez assured Leslie. "She is honored. She will come with us. First we will have coffee."

In Mrs. Gomez's round olive Latin-American face and in Mrs. Gomez' round black eyes Leslie detected a faint flash of Anglo-American wifely resentment. She then vanished briefly while Leslie, in a quiet fury, and the Coyote in a pattern of correc etiquette, sat on the edges of their conversed.

"I am interested in everythin Texas," Leslie babbled, feeling "And Mexican, of course. Whole fa those trucks. Even babies and old n women. They can't work, can they dren of seven or eight, they seemed."

"Excuse me," said the Coyote. "Or ment only."

"It's no use your telephoning my band. He's not there."

"Excuse me. One moment only."

When he returned, "What are paid?" she asked relentlessly.

Mrs. Gomez appeared, carrying a She had changed from her neat house to a tight and formal black. They drar strong black sweet coffee eying one an over the cups' edges, crooking their fingers, fuming and smiling. *He is bein rect,* Leslie realized. *He is following an lutely correct plan of conduct for a coy ward a Benedict. He is just trying to ta time for some reason. Jordan.*

Abruptly she rose. "I am going no you wish to come with me, come. Bu needn't. I can find a camp alone."

At a word from him Mrs. Gomez gat the cups and in stately silence carried away. A moment later the three stood f the two cars by the roadside.

"Would you and Mrs. Gomez like t with me? Or ——" She sensed there some sort of protocol here.

The stiff and unconvincing smile st his face. "It will be more comfortabl you if my wife and I we drive in my c show the way. You will follow in your In that way ——"

Each in the burning-hot front seat of Off. A mile, two three four. There wa Gomez hand flipping a stop signal at th of the red car. And there was a des

(Continued on Page 86)

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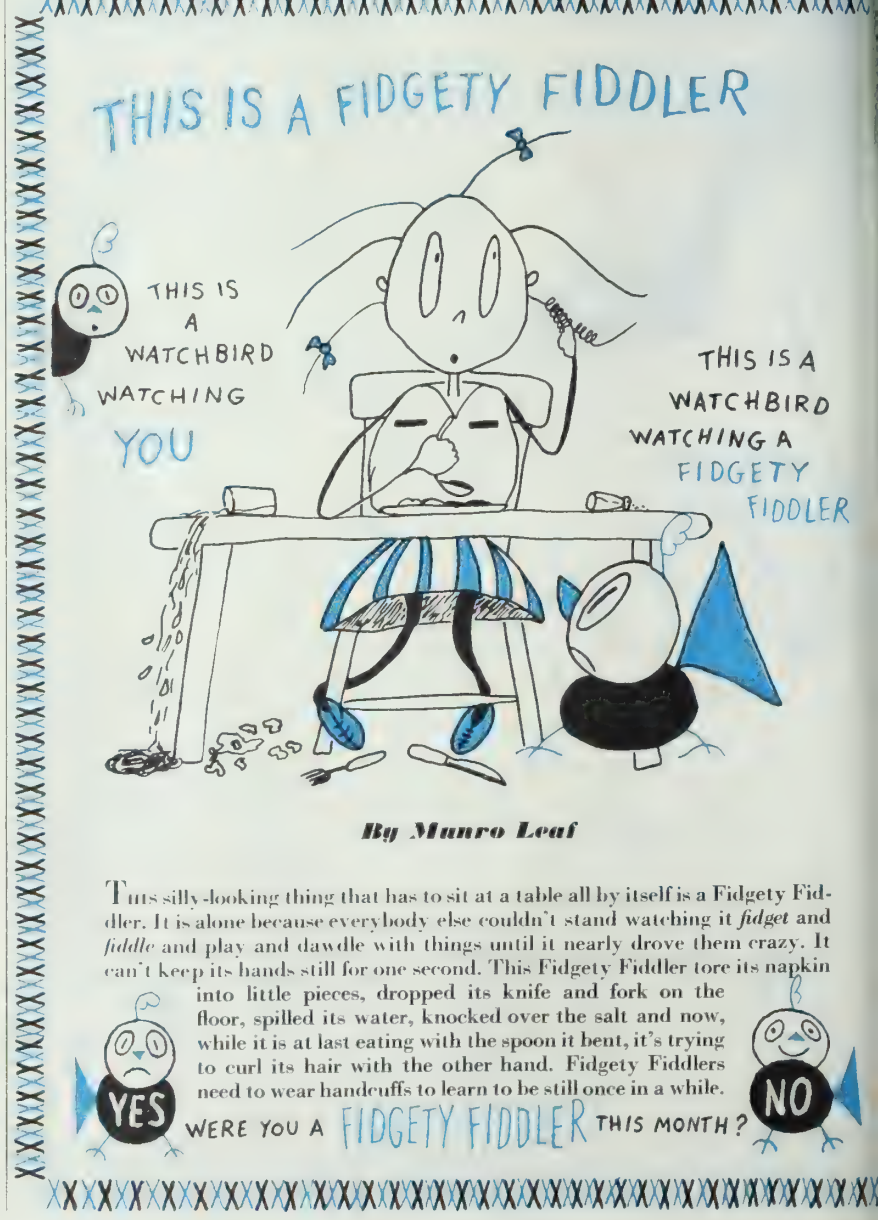
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By Munro Leaf

THIS silly-looking thing that has to sit at a table all by itself is a Fidgety Fiddler. It is alone because everybody else couldn't stand watching it *fidget* and *fiddle* and play and dawdle with things until it nearly drove them crazy. It can't keep its hands still for one second. This Fidgety Fiddler tore its napkin into little pieces, dropped its knife and fork on the floor, spilled its water, knocked over the salt and now, while it is at last eating with the spoon it bent, it's trying to curl its hair with the other hand. Fidgety Fiddlers need to wear handcuffs to learn to be still once in a while.

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(Continued from Page 84)

trampled piece of land by the roadside. And there were the broken camp shacks and the sheds. A low-slung crawling dog, lean as a snake. No human thing moved in the camp.

Fidel Gomez came around the back of his car and stood at the door of Leslie's car as it stopped. "It is not worth to get out," he said. "There is no person there."

"Why not?"

"What is here is working, picking. The season here is near the end."

Sharply she jerked the brake, locked the car. "I'm going to get out and see the place."

Her challenging eyes met his flat depthless black ones and in that instant she saw two little red points leap at the center of his pupils. *Two little red devils,* she told herself. *How strange. I've never seen that before.* She stepped out, shook her rumpled skirts.

SHE walked down into the roadside ditch and up the other side and into the smothering dust of the bare field. Now she saw that there were ragged small tents beyond the sagging sheds. She walked swiftly toward the nearest shed. She heard his footsteps just behind her. She peered into the splintered shelter. Empty. A mattress or two on the floor; blankets too spread there as though the sleepers had risen from them and left them as they were; some sagging collapsible beds. Two or three rusty stoves, open and unlighted, stood in the open field.

"You see," came the voice of Fidel Gomez, "there is no one, they are all busily at work in their jobs."

Gingerly, and feeling somehow embarrassed, she peered into one of the ragged pup tents. A woman lay on a mattress on the ground. Squatting on her haunches at the side of the mattress was an old woman.

The two looked wordlessly, without a sign of resentment, at the chic silken figure that held aside the open tent flap.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Please excuse me," Leslie murmured idiotically. And stood there, staring. Then, over her shoulder to Gomez, "There's someone here. Please tell them in Spanish I'm sorry to have—I mean intruding like this——"

"I speak English," said the girl on the mattress.

"Oh, how nice!" Leslie said. "Are you ill?"

"I have had a baby," the girl said.

"How lovely!" Leslie said.

"He is dead," the girl said.

Leslie took a step forward and let the tent flap fall, so that she stood within and Gomez outside. The heat under the canvas was stifling. "When?"

"Last night." Then, at the look in Leslie's eyes, "They took him away this morning, early, before my husband went to work, and the others."

"Let me help you. Let me —— Where is your home? Are you Mexican?"

"I am American," the girl said.

"I have my car here. If you're able—could I somehow take you home? I'd be glad to help. You and your . . . mother?"

"My home is Rayo. Near the border. There is no one there. We are all here, working. This"—with a little gesture of formality—"is the mother of my husband."

"Working," Leslie repeated dully. She began to feel strange and unreal. "Who?"

"All of us. Tomorrow I will work, or the next day. My husband and my brother and my husband's brother and my sister and my husband's mother."

She had to know. "How much? What do they pay you?" She heard a little stir outside the tent.

The girl did not seem to find the question offensive or even unusual, she answered with the docility of one who never has known privacy. "Together it is six dollars a week."

"All?"

"Sure all."

Leslie opened her smart white handbag. Sick with shame at what she was doing. A crumpled little roll of bills there—ten twenty—she didn't know. Miserably s stepped forward, she stooped and placed on the mattress. "Please," she said. "F the baby. I—please don't mind."

The girl said nothing. The old woman sa nothing. Abruptly Leslie turned and stur bled through the tent flap into the blindi sunshine, she bumped into the man stan ing so close to the flap but she went on u heeding until a stench that was like a phys cal blow made her recoil. There were th open latrines, fly-covered, an abominatic beneath the noonday sun.

The early-morning quarrel, the drive, th shock, the heat, the stench now gathere themselves tightly together like a massiv clenched fist to deal Mrs. Jordan Benedic an effective blow to the diaphragm. She wa violently sick on the dust-covered scabland

Delicately Fidel Gomez turned away.

No, he had not come in at midday, the told her. But then, he rarely did. White and shaking, she put herself to bed: She lay there in the heat of the day, quivering a little now and then with an inexplicable chill. She dozed a little. Words drifted through a mist. "*I have had a baby.*" "*How lovely!*" "*He is dead.*" Leslie turned over on her elbow and began to cry, ceased to cry and fell asleep.

She awoke refreshed, she bathed, she dressed herself in one of her trousseau tea gowns. She read and listened. She wrote a letter and listened. The crude clangor of the dinner gong. The voices of guests in the hall, the tap-tap of high-heeled boots. He had not come up and when she went downstairs, her head high her spirits low he was not there.

Good humor may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society.
—THACKERAY

They sat at dinner, eleven in all, she could see the doorway and the great hall beyond but he did not come and she ate quite a surprising dinner and talked and listened and said I hope you will excuse me I have been a little not really ill but under the Texas weather. With a society laugh.

Back in her room she took up her book but a slow hard hot kernel of anger was forming in her vitals. *I really hate him,* she said. *I hate all of it. I loathe and despise it.* She leaned back and looked straight ahead, her eyes wide and staring. She relaxed, slowly. She slept again, worn out by emotion and the heat.

WHEN she awoke Bick was seated across the room. He was looking at her, his arms hanging loosely on either side, his legs sprawled. In silence they stared at each other. She stood up. He stood up. They came together, they were not conscious of having walked or run or even moved. They were together. She could not be near enough.

"Closer," she demanded insistently. "Closer closer." Flushed and disheveled then she lay in his arms. "That Gomez telephoned?"

"Yes."

"What's so terrible about it! What's so terrible about going to look at a Mexican work camp?"

"Sh! Never mind. I talked to Adarene."

"Here?"

"No, Dallas. I called her. She thinks you're due for a change. So do I. Let's go up to Holgado for a few days."

"Oh, Jordan! When?"

"Right away. Adarene said they could start tomorrow, if we can. But I said day after tomorrow."

Her disappointment was like a knife thrust. "Can't we go alone, just you and I? It would be so wonderful if we could go alone."

"It would. I know. But there are a lot of things I've got to talk to Lew about. Luz's will and a lot of things. He knows the whole family setup. And Vashti and Pinky are ——"

"No no no! Please! Not the Snyths too!"

"It's ranch business, honey. I thought we'd drive as far as San Antonio. The Mor-

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eys will come down from Dallas and meet us there. I don't want you to take a long trip by automobile. From there we'll go by train."

Before they slept she told him of her day at Nopal. It was cleansing to her, like a confessional, until he said:

"But it's got nothing to do with us."

"But it has! It *is* us!"

Sadly, almost desperately, he said, "Are you going to keep on being like that? Are you always going to be like that?"

"Always," she said.

There at the little station was Uncle Bawley towering yet blending into the landscape like the mountains themselves. Leslie walked toward Uncle Bawley, she did not extend her hand to him she kept on walking and quite naturally walked into his arms and stayed there a moment with a feeling of having come home to someone she had known for a long long time.

"Well, there's something Holgado never saw before," Bick said. "Uncle Bawley with his arms around a girl."

"If I'd knowed it was so easy," Uncle Bawley said ruefully, "I'd of started earlier."

They piled into the waiting car, a glittering costly thing, elegant and sleek as Uncle Bawley's boots, but even the women recognized it as a model of vintage make. Over the roads at a fearsome Texas speed. The air seemed a visible opalescent shimmer, there was about it a heady coolness, dry and bracing as a Martini.

LESLIE gazed about her. "I don't wish to seem too annoying, but I am going to take a number of very deep breaths." In the middle of one of these she stopped and pointed dramatically as they sped along. "They're real mountains!"

"What did you think they were? Cream puffs?" Bick said.

"I mean they're high. They're really mountains."

Bick produced statistics. "Baldy's over seven thousand feet. Sawtooth's almost eight."

Seen from the road as they approached it, Holgado seemed a village in itself, a collection of adobe houses, whitewashed, squatting on the plain. But presently the main house took on dimensions, sprawling like the old Main House at Benedict in a series of rooms and patios. Here were the offices, the bedrooms, the dining room, the big living room whose waxed and shining tiles were strewn with Mexican rugs and the skins of mountain lions.

Though here, as at Benedict, stuffed animal heads complete with horns manes fangs and ferocious eyes glared down from the walls upon the beholder, Leslie could regard them impersonally. They seemed to suit this house and region.

"You have some coffee on the train?" Uncle Bawley asked. "Breakfast is ready any time you are. You folks probably want to go to your rooms first—you girls specially."

The thick-walled house was incredibly cool, no sunlight penetrated the deep window embrasures. Neat white bedrooms opened off a neat white gallery; neat white bathrooms, a neat Mexican chambermaid a neat Mexican waitress, a neat black male cook in a very starched white apron and towering chef's cap.

"Well!" Leslie exclaimed coming into the cool dining room and feeling strangely fresh and gay considering the journey and the hour. "You pioneer Benedicts certainly rough it. What's that heavenly smell?"

"Ham and eggs and biscuits and steak and fried potatoes is my guess," Bick said; "if I know Uncle Bawley. And probably sausage and pancakes and maybe chicken."

"No, I mean an outside smell. I got it as I came along the veranda. A lovely scent, fresh and sweet."

"We had mountain showers," Uncle Bawley said. "That's the smell of wet greasewood and *piñón* and grass, it's a nicer smell than any French perfume."

In came the steaming breakfast dishes in fantastic profusion, they were ranged on the

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long side table against the dining-room wall. "Oh, how lovely and lavish!" Leslie said. "Do you think it's the altitude makes me feel so gay?"

"Let's say it's that and the company," Bick suggested. "And maybe Uncle Bawley's coffee, it's notorious, they say a pound to a cup is his rule."

"No such thing, it only tastes like that because up here folks are already pepped up with the air," Uncle Bawley said. "Down in the brush country you got to hop yourself up with coffee to keep going."

"By now, Leslie," Adarene Morey explained, "you've probably noticed that West Texans look down on East Texans, and South Texans think nothing of the Panhandle crowd up north. Central Texas snoots the whole four corners, and the only time they all get together is when an outsider belittles the entire darned state."

Blandly Lucius Morey inquired, "Bawley, you're going to show Leslie and the girls your house, aren't you?"

"You well know I ain't."

"But isn't this your house?" Leslie asked.

"It's my house. But I don't live in it." He pointed past the veranda to an adobe house perched on a little rise a hundred feet back from the main house. A rather shabby old structure, its veranda slightly off plumb, its windows curtainless. "That's the house I live in."

"Oh, Uncle Bawley, do let me see it. You must have wonderful things in it."

A shout went up.

Bewildered, Leslie looked from one to the other. "Jordan, have I said something?"

"No, honey. I thought I'd told you that no woman has ever set foot in Uncle Bawley's house, even to clean it."

"Especially not to clean it," Uncle Bawley corrected.

It was more than five years later that Leslie finally saw this male retreat in which old Bawley Benedict nursed his loneliness and unfulfillment; this welter of newspapers, saddles, boots, saddle soap, pipes, gourds, trophies, pans, massive silver punch bowls, empty peach tins, time-stained copies of the Breeder's Gazette.

Five years later, when Jordy was four and Luz three a female entered this sanctum. Leslie had taken the two children up to Holgado for the cool air and the altitude. The three-year-old Luz was missing one frantic afternoon. There was a galloping here and there by cowboys, a calling and a searching before they came upon her. She had made her way up the little hill to Uncle Bawley's house, and there they found her rummaging ecstatically amongst the heaped-up scraps and piles of waste like a sparrow in the dust of the road.

Now Leslie was never to forget these first ten days at Holgado. The clear lightness of the air exhilarated her after the humid heat of the Gulf Coast country. The mountain showers seemed to bring up from the earth a sweet freshness, reticent but haunting.

"It smells like white freesias," Leslie said.

"None of those around here," Uncle Bawley said, "and I don't know's I'm familiar with that brand of flower. But we've got a blossom up here comes out in the spring. It's called the Spanish dagger on account of the sharp spikes of the plant. To my notion it's about the prettiest flower there is anywhere." He paused, then went on: "If you can liken a person to a flower, why, I'd say you put me in mind of the Spanish-da flower, Leslie."

This compliment delighted her, she peated it to Bick that first evening w red-eyed and yawning, he came to their r where she was sitting up in bed, reading

"Jordan, what do you think? Uncle B ley is turning into a ladies' man. He told about the Spanish-dagger flower and he he thought it was the loveliest flower in world. And then—pardon my pointing— said I was like the flower. How's that f misogynist!"

"Uh-huh. He meant spikes and all, I s pose?"

SPIRITEDLY she said, "I hope so. Who wa to be merely white and sweet, like a bla mange!"

The first evening after the very good d ner, and on each succeeding evening, four men gathered into the tightest of kn in one corner of the great living room. Th talk was low-voiced but their tone had timbre of intensity. Occasionally a w wafted itself over to the three semidesert women. Election . . . commissioner . . . tax district . . . oil . . . C gress . . . Gomez . precinct.

After three evenin of this Leslie drift casually across room and sat down the couch beside Bi Conversation ceased

"Aren't you men ing a bit too cozy

Bick's left ear, s noticed, was a bright pink than usual. "T is ranch stuff, Les Business."

"How fascinatin I'll listen. And learn lot."

Lucius Morey lean toward her, he patt her knee in a strange paternal gesture for man of his years. "No now you don't want fret your head abou such talk."

Bick's voice was fl and hard. "This isn only business. It's pol tics. Men's stuff."

"But darling, I w brought up on pol tics," she told him "You lads talk as you hadn't heard tha women have the vot Jordan, you know our house was cramme with political talk and career men. Go on Talk. I love it."

They were absolutely dumb. Uncle Baw ley broke the silence. "My, that's a pretty dress you're wearing, Leslie."

In disappointment she looked at him "You too, Uncle Bawley!"

The gaze of the handsome old wreck of giant met hers and to her amazement hi faded blue eyes suddenly were deeply blue black with the burning intensity of a young male in love.

Leslie stood up. She was furious she wa confused. "You men ought to be wearing leopard skins and carrying clubs and living in caves. You date back a hundred thousand years. Politics! What's so dirty about your politics that I can't hear it! Gomez! Jett Rink! Gill Dace! And all of you. Smiling and conniving ——"

Bick Benedict rose, he seemed to tower above her. "Leslie, you're not well ——"

"I am well!" she told him. "I'm well in body and I'm well in mind. But mildew is going to set in. I can feel it. That slimy white sticky stuff that creeps into all the corners and closets down there unless you open the doors and windows and let the sun in."

Feeling rather triumphant though strangely shaky she walked across the room to where the two women sat.

(Continued on Page 90)

September

By Jessamyn West

Yesterday the pears were hard,
Too green for raiding;
Today they're honey in the mouth.
Summer is fading.

Yesterday green leaves
Dappled the lawn,
Now green leaves are russet,
Summer is gone.

Yesterday was blade-bright
Beneath a metal sun;
That bronze is hazed today,
Autumn is come.

Bronze haze and pear juice,
Cold till after ten;
Autumn is a new year,
Let's begin again.

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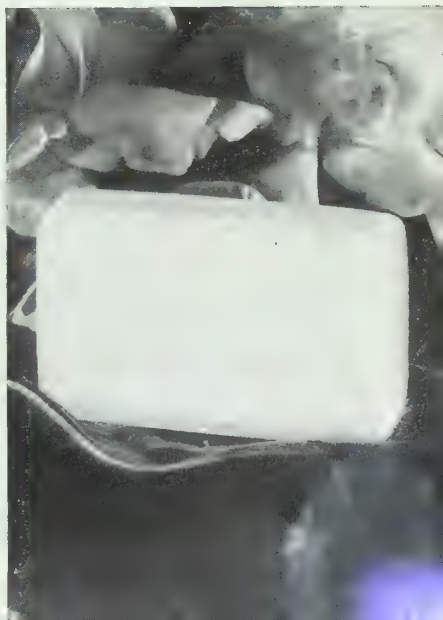
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(Continued from Page 88)

Uncle Bawley called, "What do you girls say we have a sunrise breakfast tomorrow, ride up into the hills? And I'll cook."

Vashti's childlike squeal: "Ooh! I'd love it! Let's."

"Well, then, you girls better get your beauty sleep," Pinky said. "Or we won't be able to rout you out come daybreak."

Shrewdly Leslie called to him over her shoulder, "Yes, send the idiot children to bed so that you massive brains can talk in peace."

The men managed a tolerant laugh but Leslie hoped she detected in it a touch of malaise.

ADARENE again began to ply her needle, in and out, in and out. She did not look up. "If you think anything you can say will make a dent in the tough hide of Texas."

"I'd like to crack their skulls together like coconut shells."

"I'm going to get me a snack before I go to bed," Vashti said. "I'm eating for two."

"At least," Adarene agreed. "Look, Leslie, just pay them no mind. It's the elections coming up this autumn. With Luz dead and Jett Rink off the place and that Fidel Gomez getting uppity they say, there are lots of important things to straighten out. I heard that Jett Rink was trying to make trouble with the ranch hands."

"What's that got to do with elections?"

Adarene took three or four careful stitches. "You've never seen one of our elections, have you? Sometimes it gets sort of—uh—dramatic. The Mexican vote is pretty important."

Vashti looked up. "It's real exciting at election. They lock the gates and guard the fences, nobody can get out."

"Who can't?"

"Everybody. The Mexicans. The ranch hands."

"Vashti. Uh—look, Adarene. You two girls forget sometimes that I'm new to Texas. I love to know about things. They lock the gates so that people can't get out at election time. Why?"

In a tone of elaborate patience, as one would speak to a backward child, Vashti said, "So they'll vote right, of course, honey. So they won't go out and get mixed up with somebody'll tell 'em wrong. This way they vote like they're told to vote."

"Told by—who tells them?"

"Depends. Our place it's pa and two three behind him. And now Pinky too, of course."

"Of course. And at Reata, who?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't pay much attention to men's stuff like elections and so on."

Adarene Morey stood up. "Girls, I think I'll go to bed, get my beauty sleep if we're going to get up before dawn. How about you, Vashti?"

"I ain't really sleepy. It's this mountain air and all, I guess."

"Listen a minute, Vashti. What offices do they vote for? Local? State? National?"

"H'm? Oh. I don't know, rightly. Do you, Adarene? Commissioners, I guess. Anyway, for around here. Of course everybody is tied up with the ranches, miles and miles around. Why, they wouldn't be alive if it wasn't for us, it's their living, hauling cattle, working cattle, supplies and stuff and all that goes with it. Then of course Roady being in Washington and all. I don't know, don't ask *me,* Pinky says I'm a nitwit about stuff like that. Why'n't you ask Bick? I'd like a sandwich, wouldn't you girls? Let's raid the icebox."

Leslie glanced toward the four men. Their heads were close together, their voices low. "No, I think I'll take Adarene's advice and go to bed. And read."

Adarene laid a hand lightly on Leslie's arm. "Stop looking like Lady Macbeth, honey. Take Texas the way Texas takes bourbon. Straight. It goes down easier."

"All I know is," Vashti now was prattling on, "Mott says less'n ten years from now about six men'll be running the whole of Texas. Gabe Target he says, and Ollie Wi... side if he gets judge, and Lew and a cou... Bick and Pinky—Mott, I mean."

At ten o'clock Leslie, reading in h... smelled the scent of coffee, the state ni... cap. She must have dozed a bit for sudde... Bick was in the room, he was pulling off ... boots with a little grunt.

"Jordan! I must have dropped off lik... dozy old lady. It's this heavenly air."

Bick Benedict did not reply. He regard... his bride with a hard and hostile eye. She h... closed her book, one finger inserted to k... her place. *He's angry,* she told herself, *... cause I wanted to hear the talk. And I supp... I wasn't very polite.*

"Sorry about my cave-man spee... darling. I'll apologize tomorrow to the othe... first thing."

"That's big of you." He came to the f... of the bed and stood glaring at her. "Y... certainly distinguished yourself this e... ning."

"Sh! Jordan! They can hear every word ... every room along this veranda."

"That's fine. And we heard every wo... you said in there too, tonight. Dirty politi... And we date back a hundred thousa... years! Who the hell do you think you a... Joan of Arc or something!"

She held her breath as the words ra... through the little stark white bedroom. ... said I'm sorry about the name-calling. It w... impolite. But in principle I was right."

"You come down here and try to tell us h... to run the ranch! And t... town! And the state! ... swear to God I thi... you're crazy! Insulting n... friends. You're my wi... you're Mrs. Jordan Ben... dict. When the hell a... you going to settle dow... and behave like ever... body else!"

A chip on the shoulder is the heaviest load a man can carry.

She got out of bed the... and stood facing him, t... book still in her hand, pressed against t... lace at her breast. "Never."

They stood glaring at each other. Aut... matically his hand came up. He stared dow... at it. Dropped it to his side.

"I almost hit you."

"I know. My darling."

"You're running around in your bare fee... Cold."

"It doesn't matter."

"Get back into bed."

Shivering she crept between the cover... He turned out the light.

SILENCE in the little room, silence in all th... little rooms, silence in the dark fragran... Texas night so full of turmoil and unrest an... conflict.

"Oh, Jordan, I wish we could live up her... in the mountains. I wish we could stay u... here and Uncle Bawley could run Reata... Couldn't he? Couldn't he?"

"Get this. If you can understand anythin... that isn't Virginia and pink coats and hunt... dinners and Washington tea parties. Just ge... this. I run Reata. I run Holgado. I run the... damn wet Humedo Division and Los Gatos... too and a lot you've never heard of. I run... everything and everyone that has the Reata... brand on it."

"Does that include me?"

"Dramatizing yourself, like a cheap... movie." Silence again. He spoke, his resent-ment hung almost a palpable thing in the darkness. "Tired. The hardest kind of day's work doesn't wear me down like ten minutes of this wrangling. I'm not used to it."

"You're not used to marriage. . . . Jordan, who was it said that thing about power? Papa used to quote it. He said ——"

"Papa papa! Forget papa, will you!"

She lay very still, concentrating. The cool still fragrant mountain night. Suddenly she sat bolt upright. Her low vibrant voice hung in the darkness. "Power corrupts. That's it. I can't remember who said it. An English statesman I think. He said power corrupts. And absolute power corrupts absolutely."

But he did not hear her. He was asleep.

(To be Continued)

SCIENCE REPORT

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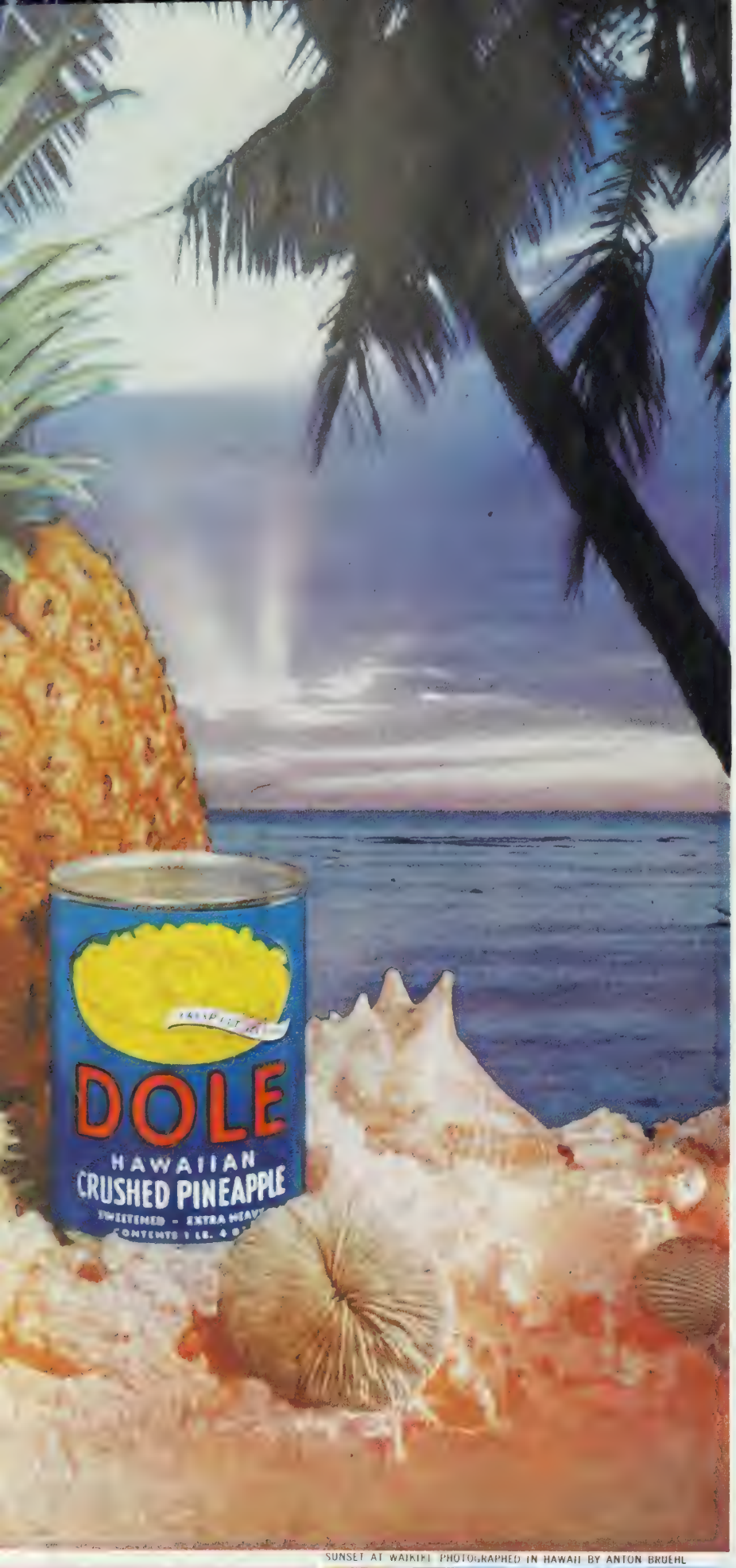
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Phil Rizzuto and a young friend.

eating with the Big league

The kind of food *all* men go for and *all* women like to cook for their men

By ANN SAGAR

"SCOOTER" RIZZUTO plays shortstop for the Yankees. To him, dinner is a time to relax and eat a "hefty" meal. "I don't get much lunch very often, so by six I'm pretty hungry." As his mother was Italian, he knows and loves Italian food, "the richer and spicier the better." At home or in a restaurant, "one of our favorite dishes is spaghetti with lobster sauce and a mixed green salad. I love garlic—especially in salads."

SPAGHETTI LOBSTER SAUCE

Sauté 3 cloves garlic and 2 medium onions, chopped, in ¼ cup salad oil. Add 1 large can Italian peeled tomatoes, one 8-ounce can spaghetti sauce, 1 small can tomato paste, a pinch of basil, and salt and pepper to taste. Boil 2 live lobsters in boiling salted water 20 minutes. Split open, being careful to save the juice. Take lobster meat out of shells and break up into small pieces. (Canned lobster meat is almost as good. You'll need two 6-ounce cans and water to make up for juice.) Add juice and some of the water lobster was cooked in to tomato sauce. (There should be about 1½ cups, including juice.) Simmer very slowly for 1½ hours. Add lobster meat in last 15 minutes. Serve with freshly cooked spaghetti. Makes enough sauce to serve 6.

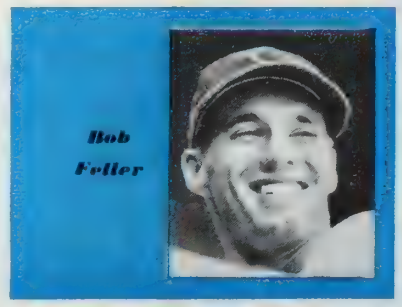
Phil likes a good dessert to round off his meal. One of his favorites is cheesecake. "My wife makes a cheesecake that's just about right."

CHEESECAKE

Roll ¾ of a 6-ounce package (18 pieces) zwieback into fine crumbs. Add 4 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and pat into a deep round 9" spring-form cake pan, covering bottom and sides.

Cream 1 pound cream cheese with 1 tablespoon vanilla and 2 tablespoons sugar. Add 4 tablespoons flour and ¼ teaspoon salt. Cream until the mixture is light and fluffy. Add 4 well-beaten egg yolks to cheese mixture. Beat until smooth. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 cup heavy cream. Mix well again. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff. Add 4 tablespoons sugar gradually, beating constantly. Fold into cheese mixture.

Pour into cake pan and bake in moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 1½ hours. Turn off heat and let cake rest in oven ½ hour before removing.



Bob Feller, pitcher for the Cleveland Indians, likes simple food no matter where he is, whether in training or not. "I always love steak, medium rare." With his steak, he likes barbecue sauce,

French-fried potatoes, salad and apple pie à la mode. "My wife makes wonderful salads—my favorite is her Caesar Salad."

BARBECUE SAUCE

Sauté 1 cup chopped onions in ½ cup butter or margarine. Add 1 can condensed tomato soup, ½ teaspoon chili powder, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire, 2 teaspoons vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt, and pepper to taste. Add ½ teaspoon dry mustard and ¼ teaspoon paprika and 1 cup water. Simmer 10 minutes or until sauce is heated through.

CAESAR SALAD

Soak 1 clove garlic in ½ cup salad oil overnight. Wash, drain and chill 3 heads romaine lettuce. When ready to serve, tear greens into eat-easy-size pieces. Put greens in salad bowl. Add ¼ cup garlic salad oil, freshly ground black pepper and salt to taste, and 4 heaping tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Drop a raw egg on top of greens. Squeeze the juice of 2 lemons directly over egg. Toss salad thoroughly. Just before serving, add 1 pint bread cubes that have been browned in some of the garlic salad oil.

Twenty-year-old Mickey Mantle, a Yankee star, doesn't like "fancy-cooked" foods, dishes that are highly seasoned or strange to taste. He likes American-type meals "without the trimmings." For that special first night home, he wants his favorite dessert, pineapple pie. "Mother makes it with meringue on top." A ham-and-navy-bean casserole is high on his list too.



PINEAPPLE PIE

To 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple, add ½ cup sugar, a pinch of salt and ½ cup hot water. Add 2 egg yolks, beaten until lemon-colored. Dissolve 3 tablespoons cornstarch in 2 tablespoons cold water, and add to pineapple mixture. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Cool. Fill a 9″ baked pie shell, using your own pastry recipe; cover with meringue (2 egg whites, ¼ cup sugar) and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15 minutes to brown the meringue slightly.

HAM-AND-NAVY-BEAN CASSEROLE

Soak 1 package navy beans overnight. Drain beans and save liquid. Make a tomato sauce using ¾ cup catchup, 3 tablespoons brown sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Combine with beans. Put beans in a heavy casserole or bean pot. Add water beans were soaked in—enough to cover (about 3 cups)—and bake, covered, 4½ hours in a slow oven, 300° F. A half hour before they are done, stir in ½ pound cooked ham, cut into ½″ pieces. In last few minutes, remove cover and turn oven up to 400° F. to brown beans on top. Serves 4–6.

Jackie Robinson, idol of Dodger fans, spends a lot of time traveling, a lot of time eating in restaurants. Back from a week on the road, he likes to sit down to a home-cooked meal. "My wife's a real good cook—everything she makes tastes good, especially her butter rolls."

When the Robinsons were in California, they had a Mexican dish every Saturday night. One of Jackie's favorites is tamale pie served with green salad, butter rolls and a fruit sherbet.



TAMALE PIE

Chop 2 or 3 peeled medium onions and 2 or 3 seeded green peppers. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a skillet. Sauté onions and peppers with 1 pound ground round steak in the hot fat until brown, and season with 2 teaspoons chili powder. Add 1¾ cups water. Blend 2 tablespoons flour with 2 tablespoons cold water; add to meat and vegetables to thicken gravy, stirring until smooth. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon garlic salt, and pepper to taste. Add 1 can whole mushrooms and juice and 1 can pitted black olives, drained. Simmer until onions and green peppers are tender.

Soften 1 cup yellow corn meal in 1 cup cold water with 1 teaspoon salt. Add 3 cups boiling water. Cook over low heat 15 minutes until thickened, stirring constantly. Add 1 cup grated American Cheddar cheese, and stir until it is well blended. Pour meat mixture into a shallow two-quart casserole and spread corn meal on top. Bake 30–40 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., to brown on top. Serves 6.

BUTTER ROLLS

Sift 4 cups flour with 1½ teaspoons salt and 2 tablespoons sugar. Dissolve 2 packages yeast, compressed or quick dry, in ⅓ cup lukewarm water. Scald ½ cup milk and add 1 cup butter or margarine. Stir until melted. Add milk-and-butter mixture to flour to make a stiff batter. Beat 2 whole eggs and add to the batter. Then beat in dissolved yeast. Put in refrigerator to rise about 1 hour, but no longer. Add enough flour to dough (1 cup) to make it easy to handle. Roll out on floured board ½″ thick. Spread with melted butter or margarine (about 2 tablespoons). Roll up like a jelly roll about 1½″ high (2 turns of the dough). Slice in 1″ pieces. Place on baking sheet cut side up. Brush lightly with melted butter or margarine. Let rise 1 hour or until double in size. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven, 450° F., until rolls are a crusty brown on top. Makes about 1½ dozen.



Swiss Surprise

It's tempting . . . and tangy with tomato

This Swiss steak will really melt in your mouth. Folks just "gobble" it up . . . it's *that* good!

2 to 2½ pounds steak (round or chuck cut 1½ inches thick)
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
¼ cup shortening, melted
1 cup chopped onion
2 large cloves garlic, minced
2 cans (2½ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup

Pound flour and seasonings into meat with the edge of a heavy saucer until flour is absorbed. Brown steak in hot shortening in an oven-pan or skillet. Add onion, garlic, and cook until limp. Blend in soup; cover. Cook in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 1½ hours, or until meat is tender. Serves 6.

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WHO CARES?

(Continued from Page 51)

choice of our ablest men as Presidents, governors, senators and congressmen is to see that the best and most responsible citizens share in party meetings at the community level. There vital decisions are made. There cynicism is bred if voters are apathetic; out of that soil of cynicism no national Government can bring strong and healthy fruit.

Women begin to realize they cannot blame "THEM" any more for bad government. They must begin to blame themselves—or do something about "THEM."

The only place the ordinary beginner can really influence party politics is at the local level. But that is the important place. That is where state and national politics are rooted. That is where the wholesomeness or the rot in the fruit begins.

That is why the JOURNAL is proud to print these women's pictures. Their contribution, as individual citizens, is great. Their significance is greater. They represent literally thousands of unphotographed, unreported women ready to give honest, unsparing and continued effort as citizens.

The world certainly is in crisis. We're all staggeringly aware of that. Democracy is not now what it once was, the bright, dreamed-of goal for all oppressed and struggling millions everywhere on earth. Democracy is being questioned. It must prove itself to all the world, not by demagoguery, not by easy promises in party platforms made to win votes in November and to be ignored next year. No such hollow pronouncements will help us now. The eye of the world is upon us, a measuring, often skeptical eye. Democracy must prove itself by promises made to be kept, because they will build a good society, honest, fair to all men.

To build such a society is a great and worthy task. It would be pleasant to believe that by merely voting the straight Democratic or Republican ticket this fall we could solve our own, and the world's, ills. It would be pleasant, but it would not be true—and it is the truth, finally, by which we live.

The character of the men whom we shall elect, in November, as our next President and as our other officeholders, is of grave importance. But far more vital, far more impressive to the world, and to our enemies, will be the relentless expression of the will of the people, in force and numbers, upon all the candidates in all contests, even local, precinct contests, during the next two months, and upon all officeholders after the hullabaloo of election day is over.

The rest of the free world looks to the United States for leadership. That leadership must come, in its basic nature, from the people. From you; from all of us. We are a government, as Lincoln says, of the people, for the people, by the people. As long as we remember that, and remembering, act on it, this nation shall not perish from the earth.

THE EDITORS

SEPTEMBER SPREAD

(Continued from Page 66)

half an hour. Strain through cheesecloth—and I guess you had better use more than one thickness. Now have your bouillon very hot, garnish with thin slivers of raw cauliflower. The cauliflower may be eaten, and it looks pretty and does no harm.

Men must be fed. In this receipt you will find both oysters and beef; you will recognize the oyster in spite of its remote and retiring disposition. Not wanting to be seen, and being the most silent of creatures, it nestles in complete anonymity in the depths of its protecting blanket of—of all things—beef. Oysters and beef; get used to that one, if you can. This is where the oyster enjoys one of its best moments. And so now we come to the secret of a delicious and unique combination in the guise of:



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BEEF-AND-OYSTER ROLLS

For this you'll need 2 pounds beef sliced very thin. You should see to it that the man behind the counter gives you what you asked for, which should be the best top round. You will also have to have 1 dozen oysters—and don't let him give you any little culls, but good fat eating oysters. Remember it's not an Irish stew you're making where you can get away with anything. Cut the beef into pieces about 3" x 6". Make a dressing by moistening 1½ cups day-old bread—that means bread you bought yesterday—crumbled up about as you do for stuffing a bird, with ⅓ cup chicken broth, 1 beaten egg, ⅓ cup melted butter or margarine. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, about ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 2 teaspoons sage. Put a raw oyster and some dressing on each piece of beef. Roll up the beef and fasten with toothpicks. Now roll them in flour, and brown in a large frying pan with ⅓ cup butter or margarine.

When they are nicely browned, but not too much so, put the rolls in a 2-quart casserole. Add ¼ cup flour to the fat in the frying pan, stir to make a smooth paste. Be sure there are no lumps. You know by this time how I feel about even one lump, let alone two or three, so I won't go into that now. Stir in 2 cups canned chicken broth and 1½ cups light cream. Stir until smooth and thickened. Season with salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Be sure that everything is nice and smooth and not too thick. You can always add a little more chicken broth if you need it. Don't forget the tasting. It's very important. If too much tasting makes you fat, there are plenty of remedies, such as fasting for a spell. Cook the gravy for 3 to 5 minutes, stirring all the time. Pour the gravy over the "birds," as called (you remember the birds?). Cover the casserole and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for one hour.

If you'd rather keep your eye peeled on these things-on, you can simmer the beef rolls and gravy in a skillet on top of the range for an hour. This does just as well and relieves your mind of the saves opening up the oven, which is likely to make you do bending exercises more than you had figured on. Or maybe you should be doing them because of the tasting.

Along with this main course, serve hot rolls and grape or currant jelly. You know, I came across some beach-plum jelly, not long ago. Hadn't seen any for years and it certainly is real good. Rather nice to make if you have a beach and some beach plums, otherwise it comes neatly put up in jars. You can always get currants, but I leave the whole thing to you. You have many receipts for jells, so just use the one you like best, and that may be a ready-made one.

I remember, I remember. No, I am not referring to "the house where I was born," or when Thomas Hood dreamed that up, lads had never been heard of and, incidentally, I had never been heard of either. In fact, I was quite a girl before I ever saw a salad. Now we have them on each and every occasion. Any and every little thing around the refrigerator may, by shutting one's eyes and by a sort of legerdemain, be turned into a salad.

For our little supper, we provided a simple salad of greens, laced with strips of carrot and suchlike, more for the color than anything else. So toss up whatever you find with a good oil and vinegar, salt and pepper dressing and you have a salad. From here you can go on forever, like Tennyson's brook. And, by the way, I believe that salads came in just about the time that Tennyson went out.

Something old has been added. This is one other than our old friend, zucchini. As the result of long research on my part—and you know how devoted I am to research. Some of you will remember the work I did on the hen and the lobster and things I found out about griddlecakes.

Well, to get on with zucchini, this Italian vegetable, I find, has nineteen different spellings, twenty-one pronunciations, and nobody knows how they got started and grew to their present popularity. But they did and they are good in many ways and with many other vegetables, including corn, which everybody likes.

CORN AND ZUCCHINI

Slice quite thin 1½ pounds zucchini. Add this to ¼ cup hot butter or margarine in a large frying pan. Add the kernels scraped from 5 ears fresh corn; or if you are unlucky enough not to have fresh corn, you can always use the frozen corn—you know about that. Add 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper and 2 tablespoons chopped onion. But don't add any water.

Cover the frying pan and cook slowly about half an hour, stirring occasionally so it won't stick. You don't want it sticking to the pan and turning brown. Now add ¼ cup light cream, 1 teaspoon salt and a little pepper. Heat a few minutes. And that's about all there is to this—except the eating, which is awfully good.

Seen and not heard. The curious name for this dessert is Apricot Ripple. It ripples and yet it doesn't. But that only makes it more intriguing and more delicious. It has nothing to do with rippling brooks or shady nooks. Nothing whatever. It just ripples along, and when it eventually reaches its destination you will know why it was given this name and how good it is, especially with an old-fashioned spicecake. Everyone should have at least one good receipt for spicecake, so I have put one in.

Woe to the person who rears not a child of his own.
—IRISH PROVERB

APRICOT RIPPLE

Wash one 11-ounce package dried apricots. Cover with water, bring to a boil and cook for 10 minutes in an uncovered pan. Now cover and simmer 15 minutes more, adding ¼ cup sugar during the last 5 minutes of cooking. Press the apricots and juice through a sieve or contraption made for such work and perfume with ½ teaspoon almond extract. Cool it.

Have ready 1 quart vanilla ice cream. Treat this as you would a marble cake by making ribbons of the purée between spoonfuls of ice cream. Refreeze in the refrigerator tray until firm.

LEMON SPICECAKE

Cream together ⅓ cup shortening and ¾ cup sugar. Add 1 egg, and beat well until very light. Sift together 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ginger and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Add the dry ingredients to the creamed mixture alternately with ¼ cup water mixed with ¼ cup lemon juice.

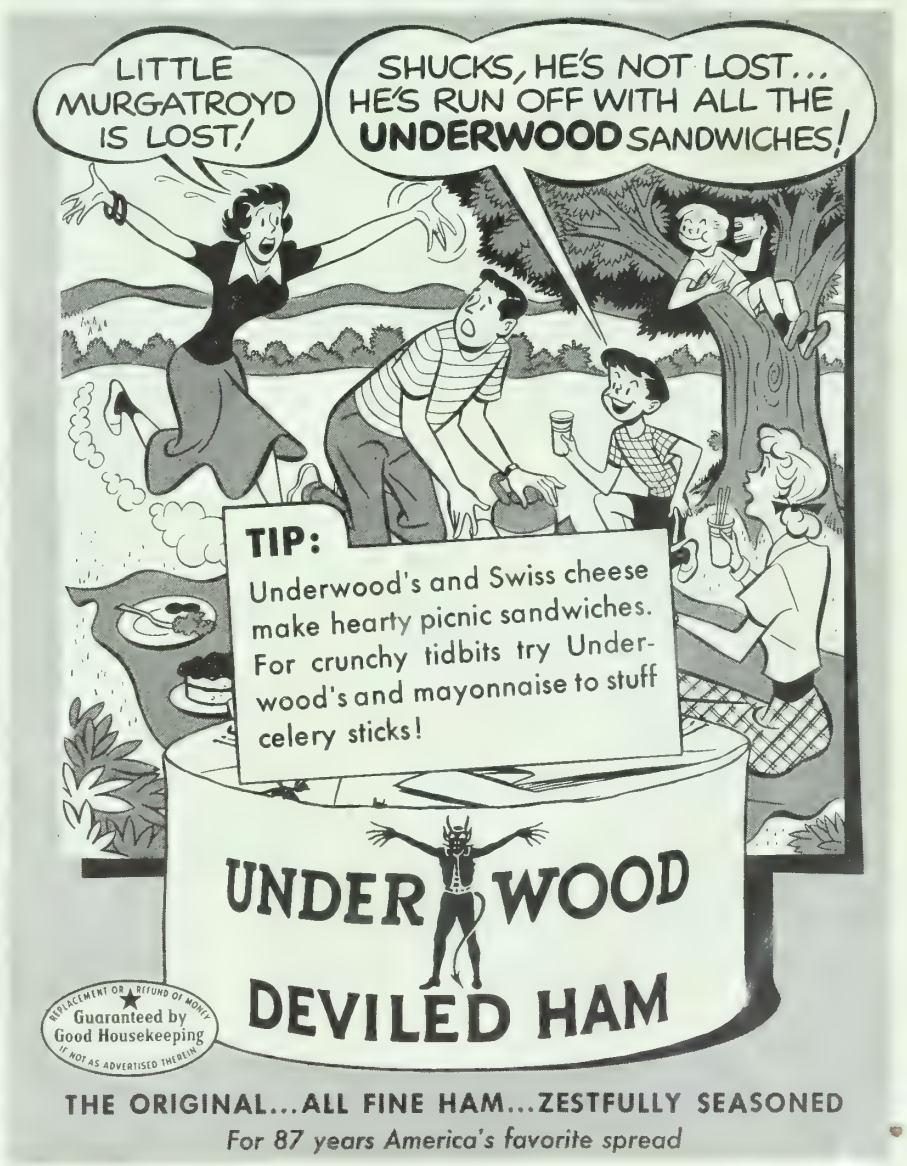
Now mix in ½ cup seedless raisins very lightly dredged with flour—and I mean lightly and not doused. There is a great gulf fixed between dredge and douse. Watch it and don't get dizzy. Now add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and ¼ cup walnuts, chopped medium fine.

Pour into a greased and, here again, lightly floured pan, 8" x 8" x 2". I always grease and flour the pan for cake, or line it with paper, so that the butter or whatever you grease it with takes over and keeps the cake from sticking. I know that most of you know all these things, but there might be someone who didn't and she might get into trouble and call for help.

Now after you have your batter ready, mix together with a fork 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup light brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ginger, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons flour. Toss this together and sprinkle it evenly over the cake batter. Not being satisfied with this sprinkling, you can do it again with ¼ cup finely chopped walnuts, as a last layer. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 50 minutes. Cool on a rack. Do not turn out of the pan. Cut into squares.

THE END





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YOUNG INDIA

(Continued from Page 48)

soon-forgotten strictures of the harassed college chaperons.

"My sister would help me in any serious trouble," Uma says. Then she laughs and looks apologetic. "But the trouble is—I don't *have* any serious troubles!"

Uma knows that there are other women even farther along the road of what she calls "advancement" than she is, that there are women doctors, nurses, teachers, social workers, journalists and politicians. But these are so few as to be conspicuous—a terrible fate to a nicely brought up Indian girl. Of the 50,000 doctors in India who have had training in Western medicine, for instance, only 1500 are women; of the thousands of journalists in this verbally prolific land, perhaps 20 are women; to cover all of India's 366,000,000 people there are only about 500 qualified women social workers; because of an old prejudice against nursing, there are still only about 10,000 nurses. (This works out to one nurse for every 37,000 persons; in the United Kingdom there is one nurse for every 300 people.)

These brave pioneers are as strange to Uma as her American teen-ager, and as remote. More real to her are the village women of India, like Abhikor in the village of Machari, near Uma's home, and all the other millions of women who live lives of a poverty and ignorance which to Uma are appalling. Once Uma went on a trip with her college historical society to visit a village near Delhi, sister city to India's capital, New Delhi. It was the first time she had really walked through a village and looked at it, and she was shocked. "We told them not to be so dirty, and how to be clean," she said, with the lack of understanding of village mentality so often shown by upper-class Indians, "and they were surprised and interested. . . . After I am married I would like to do social work in a village," she added. "Now, of course, they would only think I was immoral if I went alone to a village—and besides my parents would not allow it."

Uma does not realize that such work in India demands specialized training, and that many well-intentioned women with no background but good will and a general education in humanities have tried again and again "to teach the villagers to be clean" and have met nothing but stubborn resistance to their good intentions, their immaculate white saris, and their lack of comprehension of economic realities.

FOR Uma this is a disillusion to be discovered after she is married—when, in her eyes, life really begins. For it is only after she is married that she will be permitted to move about freely, as a respectable married woman. And the basic reality of her life, the fact which makes her life so different from that of Western women and perhaps accounts for her poise and her composure, is the sure knowledge that she eventually will be married. There is no question about it, because the marriage will be arranged by her parents, and pretty Uma, with her college education and her reasonable dowry, will not lack for would-be grooms. She can be sure of only two things: her husband will be a professional man, and he will earn a "decent" income (that is, at least $50 a month, which is a good salary for a young Indian starting out in the world). Whether he is handso gentle and gay, as Uma hopes he will be, pends on luck and the persistence of father in searching for these qualities.

Sometimes husbands or wives are fo through delicate inquiries among frie sometimes by the insertion of a sober adv tisement in a respectable newspaper: "A Samaj bachelor with B.A. degree earning least rupees 250 sought for wheat-colo girl with B.A., sweet disposition trained household arts." But whatever method Narangs eventually choose for finding U a husband, it is still for the future, the fut which so often appears in Uma's daydrea inextricably mixed with a vision of an electric kitchen crammed with the gadg she sees advertised in American magazine

"LET her have her youth now," says h father indulgently. "Let her finish her ed cation in peace, and then we shall think getting her a good husband."

So in peace and r ative contentmer Uma is finishing h education, along wi some 500 other gi in Miranda House Delhi Universit whose parents ha also decided that good education for girl brings in a highe salaried husband the long run, a probably doesn't the girls much har at that.

Uma's life has n always been peaceft for she is one of th 6,000,000 refuge who came to Ind from the area whic is now West Pakista following the part tion of the subcont nent in 1947. Um still remembers, a though she was onl twelve at the tim the Moslem agitatio which led to the pa tition and the crea tion of Pakistan, and of how the flamin hatreds it created spread down to th school children. Her most vivid memor of this period is of the day when som Moslem girls climbed a tower at schoc and raised the Pakistan flag. The Hindu girl stormed the tower and fought the other girl bitterly until they succeeded in tearing dow the Moslem flag and replacing it with th flag of India.

At that time Uma lived with her father mother and her elder sister Kamal in a spa cious bungalow and large garden in Lahore where she grew up climbing trees, playin ball and learning to ride a bicycle. Her fathe was the manager of a large sugar factory Punjabis are a gay people, laughing and ex troverted, and it was good in those days t be young in Lahore, to have a purple English doll named Kitty, to have hundreds and hundreds of colored glass bracelets—which Uma loves to collect.

Uma's father, Mul Raj Narang, has seven brothers and two sisters. Her mother, Bhag has seven sisters and one brother. From this prolific family have come about 100 cousins for Uma, all of whom, in keeping with Indian tradition, are regarded as brothers and sisters. In the old days in Lahore most of these relatives lived with or near one another, and the family operated more or less in the tradition of the joint Hindu family.

But then came the riots and bloodshed of 1947; Moslem lives were in danger in the East Punjab, Hindu lives in danger in the West Punjab, where Uma's family lived. The big Narang clan managed to get out

(Continued on Page 98)

FEIGNED DEATH

Opossums are not the only creatures that "play possum." Insects and birds and snakes, on occasion, save their lives by pretending to be dead. A robber fly that was being bested in a fight with a bumblebee suddenly fell on its back as though mortally stricken, only to revive when its adversary flew away. Monarch butterflies sometimes fall over on their sides apparently lifeless when they are imprisoned within a hand. Birds, too, occasionally play possum when captured. And that sham of the serpent world, the familiar hog-nosed snake, will throw himself over on his back in a feigning of death when escape is cut off. Turn him right side up and he immediately comes to life, flopping over on his back to assume once more his shamming of death.

—EDWIN WAY TEALE

"Longest split-second of my life!"

"I had to hold this 'fast action' trapeze shot for what seemed hours," Betty Hutton explained, "and repeat the pose again and again with the ropes chafing my hands. You can easily imagine how red and raw and sore that left them!



"I used 'chalk' on my hands so's not to slip. Actually it's a resin a hundred times more drying than household cleansers. Believe me, soothing Jergens Lotion was a blissful relief after such a session. My skin fairly drank up its softening moisture.



"I was proud when Cecil B. De Mille gave me his special 'award' – a lucky half dollar – 'for performance beyond the call of duty.' And Jergens Lotion deserves one, too, for *fast* performance. See why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .



"Apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand you've smoothed with wonderful Jergens Lotion as it will with oily lotions or creams that just *coat* the skin!



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Use Jergens Lotion to keep *your* hands lovely too. You'll find it gives you complete protection against roughness and winter chap – for only pennies a day. Jergens Lotion only costs 10¢ to $1, plus tax.

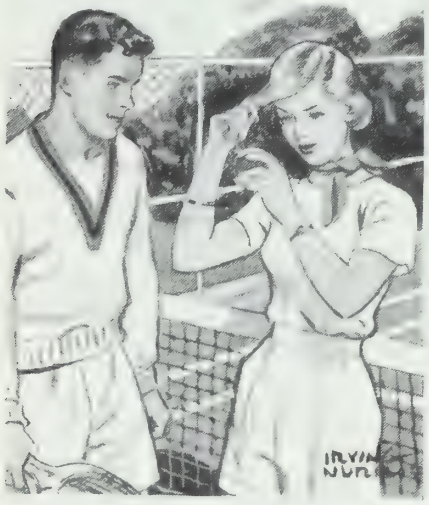


Are you in the know?

For a back-to-school ice breaker try —

☐ *A new romance* ☐ *A Leap Year dance*

New term—new faces; and it's up to you femmes to start the shy guys social-whirling. Plan a Leap Year dance, with ample eats; each doll inviting a new classmate. And for a quiet riot—feature a cut-in, where the gals tag and lead! "Ice breaking" is a matter of forgetting about yourself. As you do (at certain times) with Kotex—knowing those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. Further, you get extra protection with that special *safety center!*



If you're a problem blonde, should you —

☐ *Brush up* ☐ *Brighten up*

Towhead, woehead!—when shadowy threads bedim the gold. Brushing helps undarken the roots: draws up excess oil. Also, tinted shampoos (wash-outable) brighten topknots—safely. You'll always be the fair haired gal, if you watch your grooming; guard your daintiness. On problem days choose *Quest* deodorant powder, best for napkin use. Safe. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors.



Do smart school belles treat teachers —

☐ *Like people* ☐ *With kid gloves*

Oke. You don't aim to be a P.C. (privileged character). But you needn't be a B.P. (bored plenty) either. In or outside the "ivy halls", why not treat your teachers like *people?* Be friendly. You'll find they're interesting, helpful . . . fun! And don't pull the "calendar absentee" gag—for Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*, keeps you really comfortable. Try *all 3 absorbencies.*



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

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How to prepare for "certain" days ?

☐ *Circle your calendar* ☐ *Perk up your wardrobe*
☐ *Buy a new belt*

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic — this strong, lightweight sanitary belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. Buy *two—for a change!*

(Continued from Page 96)

just in time (Uma had to leave Kitty and the bracelets behind); and the individual families spread in different directions into the safety of India and found jobs where they could.

Mr. Narang was lucky, for he landed a job as manager of the Diwan Sugar Mills, Ltd., at Sakhotitanda in the state of Uttar Pradesh, sixty miles north of Delhi, where his family has lived for the last five years and where Uma's younger sister, Ranju, was born shortly after the Narangs arrived.

Sakhotitanda was quite a change from the sophisticated city of Lahore, and the Narangs still feel the difference keenly. It is not even a town or a real village, for there is nothing there but the big sugar mill with its towering chimneys, the one-story brick quarters of the millworkers, and a muddy street lined with small bazaar shops. Around it lie the flat fields of India, dotted with small mud villages from which come the endless chain of bullock carts carrying their loads of sugar cane to the mill.

IN one of these villages lives Abhikor, the daughter of a farmer named Dharma. Uma has never met Abhikor, and although the village girl is also seventeen the two would not find much to talk about if they ever did meet, for they have little in common beyond, perhaps, the worship of the god Rama. Yet Uma must come to understand Abhikor and girls like her if she is ever to do the work she hopes to do in the villages, and we must understand Abhikor if we are to measure the height to which Uma has risen. For Abhikor and her village of Machari are the base on which India rests. There are 500,000 such villages in India, and 80 per cent of the Indian population lives in them.

Abhikor lives in an atmosphere of courtyards and crumbling mud walls, flies, rats, strips of sugar cane littering mud alleys, the wailing of babies and the swarming of children, faded colors under a blinding blue sky, and tiny dark rooms, like caves, lighted only by a small hole in the roof.

In one such room Abhikor, her five brothers and her young sister were born, the children of Sudras—which is the lowest, or laborer, caste among the four great castes of India. In Machari there are four Brahman families (who run the village), four Kshatriyas and seven Vaisyas (traditionally warriors and merchants but now cultivators like the rest of the villagers), and six Sudras. There are also eight untouchable families, who live in a separate section of the village and who are allowed to enter the caste area only in order to clean the ditches, which are the only form of village sewers.

When Abhikor was a little girl there was an itinerant schoolteacher in the village, and for a while she studied with him. But then the villagers, agitating for a real school, chased the schoolteacher away. They never got the school and now they send their boys to a school in a village one mile across the fields. (Girls are not allowed to leave the village limits unless they are with their families.) Abhikor forgot the little she learned, and now gaily admits she is "completely ignorant."

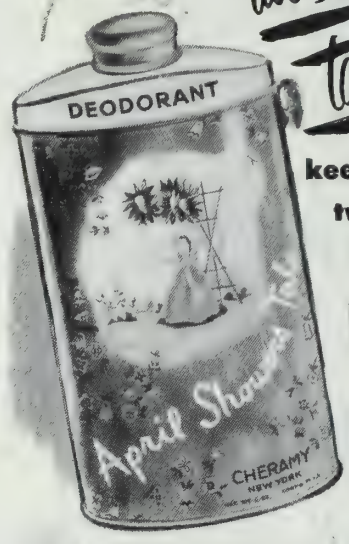
Abhikor's lack of knowledge of the outside world is profound—and the outside world begins where her village ends. She has heard the word "government," but says, "It is in the distance and it means nothing to me." The only political names she has ever heard are Gandhi, Nehru and Mme. Pandit. She has never heard of Communism, America, Russia or China. All foreigners to her are "white people" and she hasn't the slightest idea of where they come from, nor the curiosity to ask. She does not know the name of the Indian state in which she lives, and she believes the world is flat.

"Sometimes the men talk about these things," laughs Abhikor, "but they're always sitting off by themselves smoking the hookah, and we women don't pay much attention to them. Anyway, they're not really educated either. Maybe they know a little more than we women do, but not very much more."

Yet Abhikor, with all her ignorance of facts which to Uma are commonplace, knows

new!

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by CHERAMY PERFUMER

e about the realities of life than Uma will w for many years. For Abhikor was one hose oddities of Indian society—a child ile who became a "virgin widow," and r, because old prejudices against widow arriage are beginning to disappear, a married widow."

Abhikor was married for the first time en she was thirteen. She never saw her band's face, for he came from another age, their heads were veiled at the wedg, and he went back to his village immedily afterward because she was considered young to go with him. He died within six nths; the cause of his death is obscure to hikor, but she thinks it might have been erculosis.

NOTHER six months later, when she was t fourteen, Abhikor was married again—er a long search for a man who did not ject to a widow, and whose horoscope reed with hers. (Unless you are born on esday yourself, you must never marry a n born on Tuesday.) There was a six-hour emony in the community cattleshed, ain with covered faces, and after a day of sting the groom and his family went back their village. Six months after that, her protection period" completed, the four-n-and-a-half-year-old girl went off to live th the husband she had never seen.

"I knew nothing about marriage," she ys shyly. "In the village, when a cow is ing to have a calf it is locked away from e sight of children. And when my mother as going to have a new baby she sent us to latives until the baby was born. And I was ways too shy to ask, hen I returned, where the w baby had come from. o it was all very frightning."

When Abhikor was fifen and a half she gave irth to her first child, a n. But two months later e child died of whooping ough. Now she is staying ith her own family for a while, as a kind of onsolation. She does not know when they ill decide to send her back to her husband.

Abhikor seems to accept these tragedies as atural events of life (as indeed they are, in ndia). One thing she does resent, however, s the matter of her skirts—the swishing fifty ards of flowered cotton which cost $10 each nd are a village girl's pride and joy.

Before her first marriage she owned two skirts. When she was married these were given away, since a bride must always have new clothes, and she was given two new skirts by her own family and two by her n-laws. So she had four, and felt very rich ndeed. Then her husband died, and according to the custom when calamity hits, she had to give away three skirts to relatives. She was left with one skirt.

When she was married for the second time her family gave her another two skirts, and her new in-laws one. Four skirts again. But then the baby died, and she was forced to give away three skirts, and was back to one again. Luckily, however, her parents took pity on her and bought her another, so at the moment she is reasonably happy with two skirts, two shirts and four veils—her entire wardrobe.

Abhikor's day follows the same round in Machari that it does when she is with her husband's family. She rises before dawn and grinds flour on the grindstone, she sweeps the house with a bundle of twigs, drinks a hasty glass of milk, and prepares food for her elder brother who works in the mill and her smaller brothers who go to school. The rest of the morning, as the youngest woman in the family, she washes clothes in the courtyard while her innumerable aunts—withered old women with glinting eyes and toothless laughing gums—crouch on the roof of the house above her, gossiping and shouting to neighbors.

At noontime she eats a hasty meal of lentils and boiled vegetables, takes food to the men in the fields, and perhaps helps them carry in the heavy loads of sugar cane. In the afternoon she relaxes awhile with the other women, before preparing the evening supper, of lentils and vegetables again. Sometimes she finds a few moments to pray to the little image of Rama, enshrined in a household niche. "But there is never much time for praying, except on the big festival days," she says.

This is the basic pattern of life in the Indian village, but even here it is changing. Abhikor points out, for instance, that Brahmans are now beginning to take the short cut which runs through the untouchable part of the village, which they never did before. "After all, the untouchables are human beings, and they are our brothers," she says, showing an attitude which is radical for any villager. And without understanding any of the issues in the general election last winter, she noted that some of the political workers were women. "I would like my daughters, if I have any, to go to school and be educated," she says, "so that they, too, can work for government."

Such girls as Uma are as far removed from Abhikor as advanced career women are from Uma. Abhikor has probably never seen Uma, but perhaps her menfolk have, on the days when they have brought sugar cane to the mill, and waiting in the long line of bullock carts have glimpsed Uma's sari-wrapped figure slipping quickly from the railway station to the door of her nearby home.

"They do not approve," says Mr. Narang sadly. "The villagers and the workers are suspicious because I send my daughter away from home to be educated. And they think she is a wicked girl because she wears her hair in two braids down her back instead of one, and because she sometimes lets the veil slip from her head when she walks outdoors."

He knows not his own strength who hath not met necessity. —BEN JONSON

Because of this suspicion, and because the most important thing in life for the Narangs is to preserve their daughters' reputations, when Uma is in Sakhotitanda she is secluded from the outside world. When she was younger she was allowed to play outside the house, in the little vegetable garden and the fields beyond, as five-year-old Ranju does. But now that Uma is grown she is confined, when she is home, to the house and its courtyard, hidden from curious eyes by high walls and a thick door.

Uma lives here with her family from the end of April, when the college session ends, to the end of July, when it begins again—months of blistering heat when the temperature soars to 118° and the house becomes a brick oven under the brazen sky.

It is a small house: three rooms, each about eight by ten feet, all in a row—a neat, stiff little living room, a bedroom for the Narangs and one for Uma and Ranju. Outside are a narrow covered veranda and a large open courtyard with cement walls and a few carefully nurtured rosebushes. Off the courtyard are a bare bathing room, a latrine, and a small dark kitchen with a low shelf for brass and aluminum utensils and a clay stove with a hood above it to catch the smoke, which it rarely does. Mrs. Narang does most of the cooking, but a servant, Balwant, comes in to do the washing up and to eat the leftover scraps.

HERE, during the summer months and the two-week winter vacation, Uma lives a life of relative contentment, bored and a little lonely, but nevertheless happy, with her mother, whom she affectionately calls "Biji," her little sister, known as "Pappu," and her hard-working and kindly father.

Uma says of her parents' marriage, "My mother's word is final in the home, my father's in his business, though each listens to the other's advice. That is how it should be in marriage—both should have equal rights and one should not be greater or less than the other."

Mr. Narang has rigged a swing on the veranda, and when the days are not too hot Uma spends a lot of time swinging Pappu

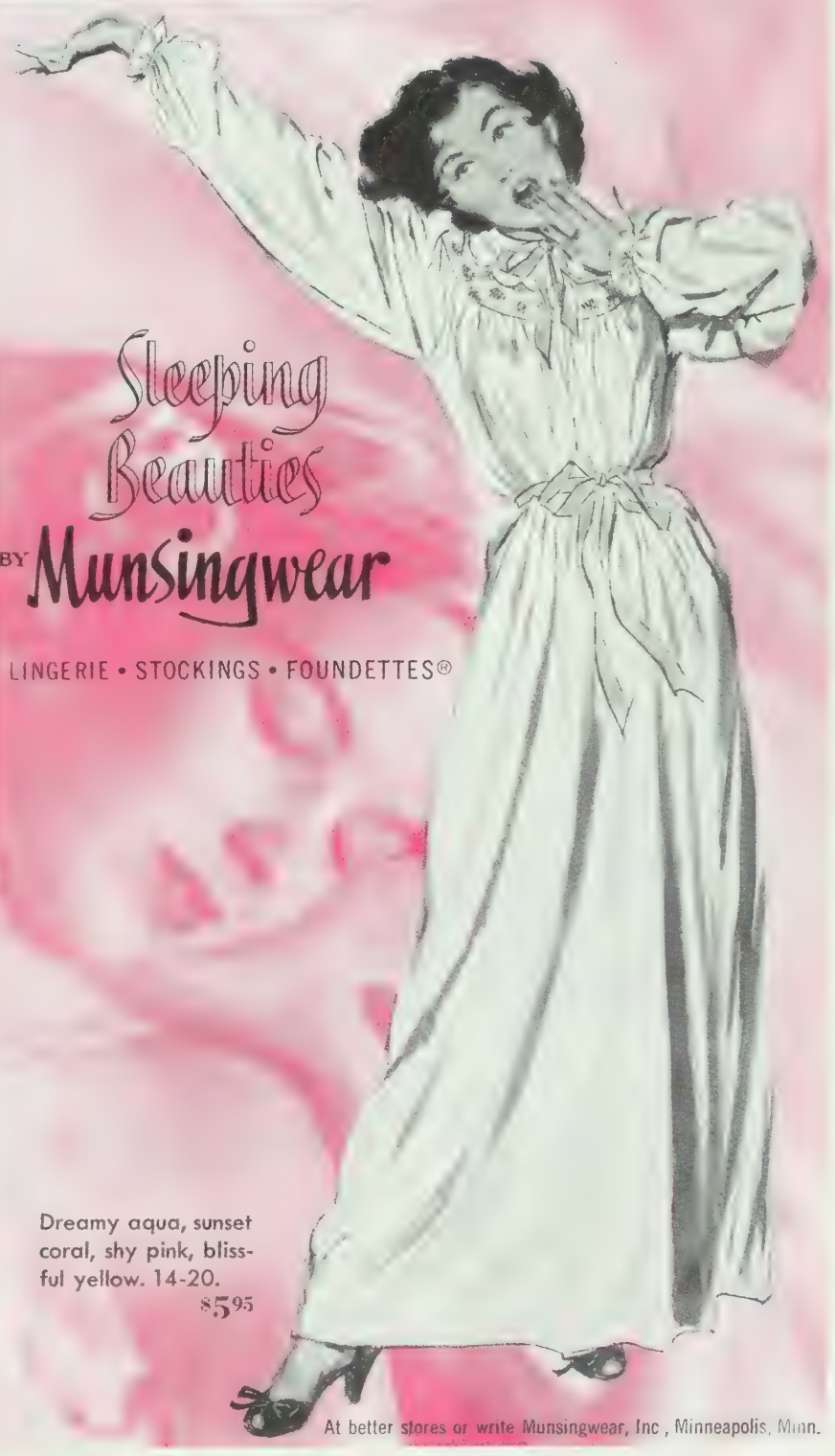
(Continued on Page 101)



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PEACH LEMON BREAD PUDDING

- 2 cups milk
- 4 cups stale bread cubes, lightly packed
- 2 egg yolks
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- Grated peel and juice of 1 lemon
- 2 tablespoons butter, melted
- MERINGUE: 2 egg whites
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 No. 2½ can DEL MONTE Peach Halves
- Jelly

Pour milk over bread. Beat egg yolks with sugar, salt, nutmeg, lemon peel and juice. Add butter and gently combine with bread. Spread in well-greased 9" baking dish, about 2" deep. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 min. Make meringue: Beat egg whites until stiff, add sugar gradually while continuing to beat. Remove pudding from oven and arrange well-drained DEL MONTE Peach Halves on top. Pile meringue unevenly all around peaches. Return to oven 15 min. to brown meringue. Serve warm, garnished with bits of jelly, if desired. Serves 6.



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Del Monte Peaches

BRAND

(Continued from Page 99)

g up to the wooden rafters, amid trills of g les and excited screams. When both girls e tired they collapse on one of the string cs, called "charpoys," which are stored ainst the courtyard wall, and Uma teaches pu her English letters. Mrs. Narang aches Pappu in Hindi (as she did Uma in bad days after partition when there was school nearby), but she knows no Eng- f. Although English is gradually being placed by Hindi in Indian schools, Uma l her father, like most upper- and middle- ss Indians, still feel English is a necessity an educated person. Uma's command of English language is almost perfect.

"I wanted so much to be a doctor," says na. "But I couldn't do the required sci- e because of the riots and partition. Now ther says perhaps Pappu can grow up to a doctor. As for me, I would be happy if father would choose a doctor for me to urry—then we could work together." She ns back against the courtyard wall for a oment, and clasps her ns around her raised ees. "We would end the days in the llages, working," she eams. "Then we uld come home to r all-electric flat on arine Drive in Bom- y, and I would cook e dinner and wash the shes, just the way ey do in America, ithout any servants bother me. And en we would go danc- g in a hotel ball- om."

Pappu is preoccu- ed with her dolls, ma's father is deep in e afternoon siesta on e other side of the urtyard, and her other's sewing ma- hine hums busily on he veranda. Uma picks p the flowery embroi- ery which is her favor- te hobby and untan- les a thread.

"I don't want more han two children, or naybe three," she nuses. "Any more would interfere too much with my social vork and my social ife."

Uma's social life at home is far from the pattern of her future dreams. It consists largely in the visits of her innumerable relatives, or sedate family trips to tea with the wives of other officers at the sugar mill. There are no girls of Uma's age in Sakhotitanda. No one in the Narang family smokes, and Mr. Narang long ago gave up liquor.

"I tasted alcohol once," confesses Uma, with the guilty, happy air of one who has strayed far up the primrose path. "One of my uncles drinks, and once at his house, after the men had gone out and the servant had not yet come to take the glasses away, my cousin's wife and my aunt and I each took a spoon and tasted it. But oh, it was awful—so bitter!"

UNMARRIED girls should not drink or smoke, Uma believes. "But if they are married and their husbands approve, then it is all right in moderation."

Uma and her family are members of the Arya Samaj, a reformist sect of Hinduism founded about 100 years ago. They do not believe in caste very strongly (although they still believe to a minor degree in untouchability) and though they are Kshatriyas, the second-highest caste, they prefer to call themselves just "Indians." Nor do they practice the worship of idols, as do the majority of Hindus. For this reason the Narangs rarely go to temples, where idols are enshrined, preferring instead to worship quietly at home.

In the old days in Lahore the Narangs used to perform the *hawan* ceremony every morning. Now, with the family divided and life twisted from its old patterns, they gather for the ceremony on rare Sundays or festival days. In a square iron bucket they place logs of sandalwood; around the bucket are vases of green leaves and platters of roses and jasmine. Incense burns, and everyone sits cross-legged on the floor around the bucket. Fire is lighted, Mr. Narang pours spoonfuls of clarified butter (called "ghee") over the fire and reads in Sanskrit from the Vedas (sacred scriptures), while the others slowly drop the brown powder of sacred roots on the fire, until the powder is gone and the fire flickers to ashes.

"WE do not worship fire," explains Uma. "But it is a symbol to us of God and life."

To Uma, religion and belief in God are as natural as breathing, and do not need much ceremony to express themselves. Every morning she recites two little prayers: "Ram, Ram, Ram"—the name of the one God in which the Arya Samajists and many other Hindus believe—and another in Sanskrit, which roughly translated means, "Worship God, because God is everything."

Religion has taught her, she says, that the greatest sin in life is to hurt others and to be cruel, and that the greatest evil in the world today is the lack of faith of people in one another, which creates wars. As for the personal influence of religion: "When I want to do something selfish or unkind I think, no, I mustn't do that, because if it is wrong God will punish me."

Arya Samajists have cut down the long Hindu wedding ceremony, which sometimes lasts for several days in orthodox families, to two hours. But they have not yet managed to cut down the heavy expenses which a wedding incurs for the father of the bride—expenses which often get the father into debt for years.

Last year, for instance, when Uma's elder sister Kamal was married to Dharam Vir Teneja, of the Punjab National Bank, it cost Mr. Narang about $5000, or approximately twice his yearly income. It was a wonderful wedding, the most exciting day of Uma's life, and everyone was terribly happy—but she was shocked at the cost.

"I do not want my own wedding to be so expensive," she says. "But everyone says it must be like that because it is expected."

Kamal, who is five years older than Uma, has lived in Delhi since her marriage, and is Uma's closest link to home when she is at Delhi University. Kamal is an adored elder sister, guide and counselor to Uma. It is Kamal who first told Uma "the facts of life," who comforts her when she thinks she's going to fail an examination, who teases and spoils her, who leads her gently toward womanhood.

In one of Uma's Hindi textbooks there is an eighth-century quotation which well expresses Uma's feeling for her sister: "She teaches me all her secrets, that it is better to soak our cheeks in snow water, that the powdered root of lemon grass brightens our teeth, that nothing is better than the juice of green strawberries to ripen our breasts; but not the secret of that charm which shines through her like the luster of the pearls."

When college is in session Uma does not have much time to visit Kamal, for her days

The Forsaken Girl

(after Mörike)

By Randall Jarrell

Ere the cock has crowed,
The least star dwindled,
I kneel here at the hearth
Till the fire has kindled.

The warm light is beautiful,
The flames soar eagerly.
I stare unseeing
Sunk in my misery.

All at once I remember:
The whole night through,
Dear one, wicked one,
I have dreamed of you.

As I remember,
The tears come one by one.
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If only it were done!

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are filled with classes, games, talk sessions with her closest friends, and "social functions," as she always calls the college parties.

Miranda House is the women's college of Delhi University (just as Barnard is the women's college at Columbia). Built only five years ago (after twenty-five years in makeshift quarters), the university sprawls below the hilly ridge near India's capital, a handsome conglomeration of red brick buildings still unsoftened by shade trees or age. Miranda House, where the girls live and study, is set a little apart from the rest of the university, as is proper in a country where higher education for women is a matter of the last few decades and is still looked upon with suspicion by the orthodox.

("Why do you want to go away to a university?" asked one of Uma's aunts. "Anything could happen to you—you might even meet a boy and talk to him!" Uma's mother laughed, and stroked Uma's hand. "Uma does not talk to boys," she said confidently. Uma said nothing.)

Considering the fact that Miranda House offers possibly the best general education available to women in India, the cost is remarkably low: $156 a year for the 92 girls (of whom Uma is one) who live in the hostel, and $40 for the day scholars. Almost all the girls are from the upper classes and upper castes, and some of them, who come from *nouveau-riche* postwar families, tend to boast about the number of American automobiles their families own, and the number of refrigerators. Uma, whose family by Indian standards is by no means poor, feels these girls are "not democratic" and calls them "aristocrats" in a tone which makes the word a strong condemnation.

"Sometimes my sister and I used to wish we had more money," says Uma, "but when we see much richer families quarreling and without discipline, then we think, well, it is better not to be rich but just to be well off."

Uma spent one year at the university in a preparatory course, which would roughly correspond to the American freshman year. The regular college course, for which she will receive a Bachelor of Arts degree, takes three years to complete. Uma, if she passes all her examinations (which she sometimes doubts), will be graduated in April, 1953, when she is eighteen. In India children go to school at four years, the grades are compressed, and thus university students are always younger than students in equivalent classes are in the West.

All the university's education is based on Western teaching (as, because of the long British influence, education is throughout India). This is changing slowly, and India is beginning to experiment with new, Indianized forms of teaching. But the change will come from the elementary schools up, and it will be a long time before the universities are affected.

THUS Uma is studying philosophy, economics, Hindi and English, and of these only Hindi has anything to do with her life as an Indian. In ethics, for instance (which she hates), she reads Kant, J. S. Mill, Sedgwick and Herbert Spencer—but she reads nothing of the great ethical discourses of Krishna and Arjuna in the Bhagavad-Gita, nor of the ethical revolution of Buddha, nor of the profound influence on Indian and world ethics made in her own lifetime by Mahatma Gandhi.

With a system of education based on the classic British model, little effort is made to encourage classroom discussion or to help the girls realize that what they learn has anything to do with their lives. All the teachers are women, and they follow the required textbooks to the letter.

"The professors don't like us to dis anything not in the course," says U "Sometimes we want to discuss differ religions, for instance, but the professor g upset and says, 'Oh, you can't talk ab that. It's not in the curriculum!'"

It is a tribute to her English teacher t one day Uma went out on her own bought three books in English: Maugha The Razor's Edge, Tolstoy's Anna Kareni and the Holy Bible. Most of her spare-ti reading, however, is absorbed by West movie magazines and "romance and lov publications. Aside from these possibly representative publications, she has read American literature. Nor has she studied a American history. (From movies and str reading, however, she knows more abo America than most American girls know India.)

HOMEWORK takes less than an hour average days, and perhaps three hours a d in the month before examinations. Yet ev when she fulfills this somewhat light sched Uma is considered overconscientious by h friends, a group of lighthearted girls giv to boasting of the number of times they c cut class and get away with it.

"Uma is too serious," one of them sa "She does her homework, she never slips o of class, and she pays attention even wh she's bored like t rest of us."

Uma works at h education, not b cause she is interest in anything she studying (except ec nomics, which, su prisingly, she like but because s doesn't want to di appoint her family b failing. Her real inte ests are directed t ward her friends an the activities in whic they are frequentl involved.

Her happiest day are those when th girls are asked to volunteer for duty i some public event. Last winter, for in stance, she was an usher at the Statis tical Conference to which delegates cam from all over the world. Later the girl were given a picnic at a park outside Ne Delhi by some of the young men in th External Affairs Ministry who had helpe at the conference; the girls didn't actuall talk much to the boys, but they played joking game of cricket with them, an listened to a phonograph. To Uma and he friends it was all sheer magic, and they re lived it for weeks.

Another time they went to sing the na tional anthem at the opening of a patriotic noncereal cafeteria. During the Asian Olym pics, which were held in New Delhi, they helped to entertain Asian athletes at a re ception which was held in their honor at the university.

"I like to talk to foreign men," says Uma. "They speak nicely, and they ask me inter esting questions about India. One of them, a Burmese boy, wrote to me after he went home, and I answered him even though my parents don't like me to have men pen-friends. But Indian college boys don't always behave nicely—they make you feel embarrassed."

Just as in America, favorite talk-session topics are religion and sex, with sex far in the lead. Until Kamal told her the truth just before she came to college, Uma, like the other girls, confidently believed that the doctor brought the baby.

Sentimental love, the girls have decided, is the relationship to be desired above all others, and it can rarely be reconciled with sexual love, which they feel must merely be endured. Their idea of sentimental love is a compound of Hollywood and Indian movies, both of which they adore, and the romance magazines. Few of them know of the ancient Indian concept of love, which healthily advocated the union of body and soul; their

When any church will inscribe over its altar as the sole qualification for membership the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both Law and Gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and with all my soul.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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profoundest hope is that after marriage they will be able to fall in love with the man whom their parents have selected.

Of the 500 girls in the college, perhaps 75 "date." But the vast majority of the girls, including Uma, look with disapproval upon these renegades because, as Uma says, "they must be disobeying their parents, and that is not a good thing to do."

So Uma has never had a date, and unless her parents change their minds (which is unlikely) she never will. By and large she placidly accepts this situation, but sometimes she looks wistfully from her window at the college boys rolling by on their bicycles, and wonders if they are all as dangerous as she has been told.

"The trouble is," she says, "that boys are not used to talking to girls, either. And when we meet them at a social function they act silly and make personal remarks and sometimes even try to hold hands!" And with a hopeless shrug of her slender shoulders, she adds, "They all perform flirtism."

Since competition for dates is absent in their lives, discussion of clothes is a relatively minor topic of conversation among the girls. Like most of the others, Uma wears the universal dress of the college girl on the campus: white cotton pantaloons, a long fitted tunic (usually a plain color, or flowered), and a matching scarf worn backward over the shoulders. Under this she wears only a brassière. For parties or excursions off the campus she wears a silk or chiffon sari, with a contrasting blouse—often one she has embroidered herself. Her ears are pierced, and she has worn the same little gold-and-pearl earrings for the last two years, without removing them. She has sixteen saris, twenty tunics, twenty scarves, fifteen pantaloons and nine pairs of sandals. Her best sari, of green-and-black shot silk, was bought for her sister's wedding (it cost $50) and was too special to bring to college. It will be part of her dowry when she is married. She wears no lipstick, but occasionally powders her nose—rubbing it vigorously afterward so that it won't show it's been powdered.

SOMETIMES, but very rarely, Uma's thoughts turn toward politics—but only when some splashing headline has caught her eye as she flicks her daily paper open to the sports page.

When she was asked what communism meant, she answered, with the air of a student who has learned her recitation for the classroom, "We can say that communism wants equality and that capitalism should be abolished." She was unable to say what America wanted, but remarked with obvious sincerity, "If there is a war India should help America, for friendship's sake, because America is now helping India." After long cogitation she admitted, laughing at her own confessed ignorance, that she could not name a single member of the Indian Central Parliament.

None of the girls, says Uma, are interested in politics or ever talk of war, but all of them, she thinks, have worried at one time or another about the problems of poverty, disease and ignorance in India.

"We all want to help change these things," she says. "But we feel so frustrated when we contemplate the obstacles in the way of our helping, and see how society prevents us, as unmarried girls, from doing anything constructive. So after a while we just give up thinking about it."

Uma is aware, however, that India is moving forward in the villages and in the cities; that social pressures, although still strong, are lighter than they were in her mother's day.

"Mother couldn't go to college," she says. "But I do! Mother couldn't even talk to a boy when she was young—but I do! Women used to go about with their faces veiled—here in the city I go about with a bare head." Uma laughs, and carefully draws a fresh tilaka mark on her forehead. "You will see," she says. "I will work in the villages with my husband and go to dances at night. Pappu will grow up to be a lady doctor. And who knows what my sister's baby will do for India?"

THE END



PICTURE OF

BUSY WOMEN SAVING SHOPPING TIME



The women at the party pictured here are having fun. But they're also being practical. These busy housewives are combining pleasure with comfortable, time-saving shopping at a STANLEY Hostess Party. While hostess and guests enjoy themselves, a friendly, independent STANLEY Dealer demonstrates STANLEY's many QUALITY PLUS Products to make housework easier and to improve personal grooming. More than 11,000 convenient STANLEY Parties take place in U. S. and Canadian homes every day, many right in your own community. Why not give one of these popular Parties in your home soon?



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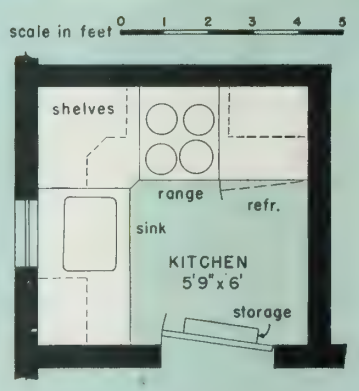
Stanley Home Products of Canada Ltd., London, Ontario

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add to less than $600.
Space makers on the shelves
include a rubber-covered
dish rack, a wire rack
for spice jars, an adjustable
little turn-around in the
corner. With plywood
partitions, baking pans
are filed vertically,
and hanging rack holds
oddments at supply center.

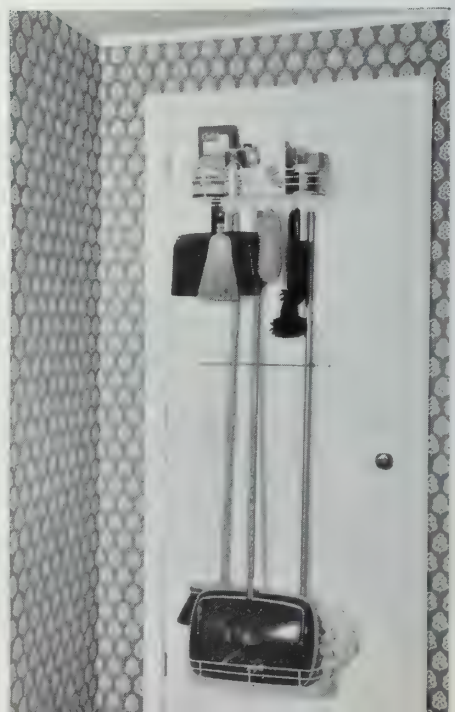


Big Little

By GLADYS TABER

IT is wonderful what a kitchen you can have in such a limited space as this—it isn't quite six by six, but 5′ 9″ by 6′. It has room, nevertheless, for a cabinet sink, a four-unit apartment-sized range, and an under-counter refrigerator with four cubic feet of cold storage below and work space above. The sink cabinet has cupboards for utensils, drawers for linen and cutlery. In the corner the handy man built a counter and tray rack. . . . Many kitchens have big idle wall spaces just asking to be useful. But here there are simple open shelves tiered so the narrow ones are at the bottom not to bang you in the eye, and wider ones at the top. . . . Color works its magic in making the room seem spacious, restful, yet gay. The soft green of the coated wall fabric with its quaint leaf design is accented by red counter, floor linoleum and Venetian blind. And by a crisp white organdy ruffle at the window. In this happy kitchen I could hardly resist reaching for a big golden-pinky onion to chop!

Even the door
doubles as a cleaning
center. Racks and hooks hold
supplies—spring keeps
long handles in place.



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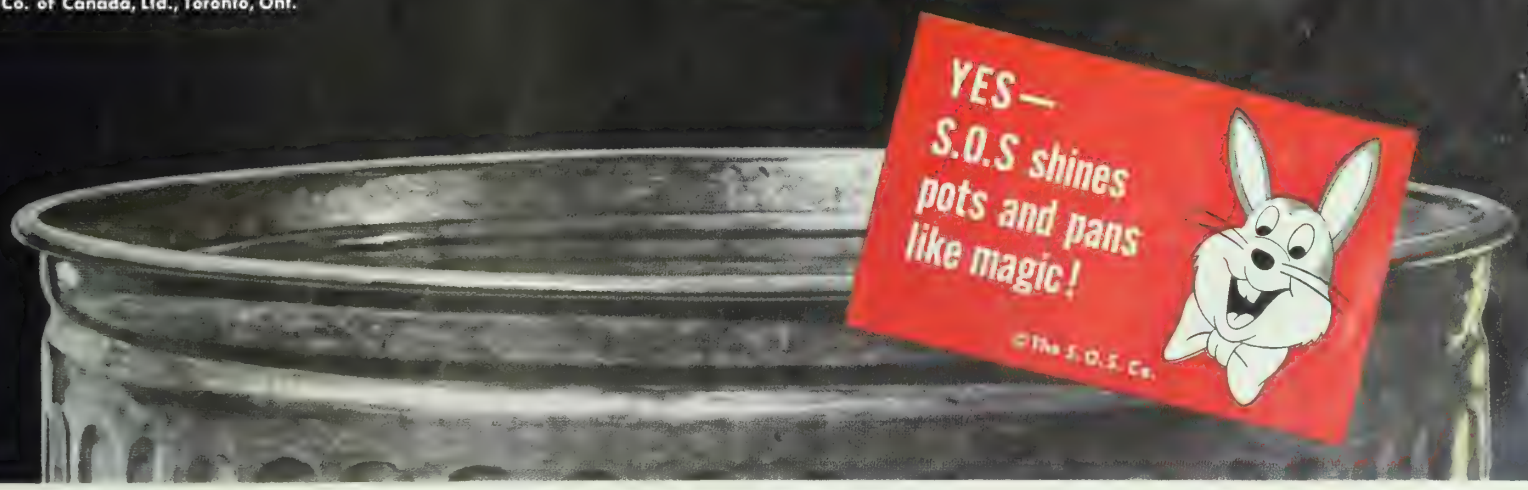


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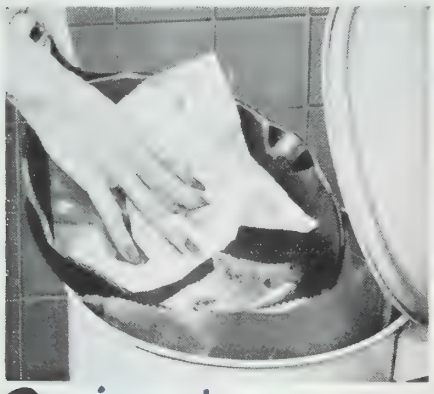
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1-flour fish for frying on a fresh, clean ScotTowel. Then brush excess flour from towel—and ScotTowel is ready to use again. ScotTowels save you work and save time and energy in dozens of kitchen chores.



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150 SCOTTOWELS TO A ROLL

THE OTHER ELIZABETH

(Continued from Page 39)

"Then I'd be delighted to stay," said Elizabeth.

"*Bon!* I'll send in Worth to fetch your luggage." She pushed open the double doors to her own suite. "Dinner will be at seven and quite informal, so ——" The doors swung shut, obliterating the rest of her words.

Elizabeth stared after her in bewilderment. Not knowing what was expected of her now, she sat and waited, inspecting the ornate parlor.

The stout, elderly woman who bustled into the room was the one who had admitted her to the house. "I'm Worth," she said. "The Lady told me to fetch your bags."

Elizabeth gave her the address, adding, "There's only one bag, Mrs. Worth."

She eyed Elizabeth shrewdly. "The Lady says you're a writer. Does that mean from the newspapers?"

"From Chesterton Yard," the girl answered. "A publishing house. I'm to help the baroness with her memoirs."

"Maybe I ought to show you around the house, miss, so you can choose your room."

Elizabeth hesitated. "I can manage alone, thanks."

"Well, suit yourself." The servant moved on.

Fearing she had offended, Elizabeth hastened after her. "It's just that I don't like to be any extra bother ——" But without replying, Worth closed the door on her.

Sighing, Elizabeth climbed the steep stairs and wandered through the shuttered twilight of the rooms. Somewhere a clock chimed five. A strange conceit, Elizabeth thought, to keep clocks going in these deserted rooms where time had ceased to matter. She hastened on, oppressed as much by the heavy elegance as by the isolation.

It was with relief that she found one room decorated by little but the fading sunlight. Its high, white-washed walls were free of the gilded tiers of pictures, and the floor was barren plank like the deck of a frigate. There was nothing to distract her, nothing either to admire or to avoid. With symbolic acceptance, she took off her scarf and hung it in the empty wardrobe cabinet.

On the oak panel of its door, she noticed a smudged crimson fingerprint. *Blood,* she thought, but without actually believing it was more than ancient paint. Impulsively, she put her finger to the red mark.

"Sure now, you don't want this room!"

ELIZABETH whipped around. It was only Worth, carrying the shabby valise.

"The back rooms are nicer," the servant continued, "and second room front on the third floor is cozier. Has the Winslow collection of glass shoes."

"I like this," Elizabeth said shyly. "It's so simple and . . . without fuss."

"It would be," said Worth. "It was his."

"Whose?"

"Mr. Wrenn's."

"Marius Wrenn?"

The servant nodded, and Elizabeth studied the room with fresh interest.

"Was this his studio or bedroom?"

"Both. Painted here, slept here too."

"And died here?" Elizabeth asked, glancing at the narrow cot.

"No." Mrs. Worth set down the valis "He drowned."

"How did it happen?"

Worth opened the door. "Most likel she'll tell you about it, when the mood strik her, miss."

"Her?"

"Mrs. Wrenn," the servant said. "Th baroness."

ALONE again, Elizabeth opened her valis Her possessions were sparse, but she u packed them with meticulous care. Upo the desk she stacked three books: Keat Shakespeare and a sheaflike volume, slende as its own shadow, called Dark Pantomime- her lone venture in print. Absently, sh flipped open the cover and glanced at tha name on the dedicatory page: "For Harr Mellett."

In her thoughts, she once more stood be side Mellett that afternoon a week ago. H had not summoned her to his office at Ches terton Yard, as usual This had been a spe cial invitation. Chat ting, they strolle down the galleries o the Modern Museum in New York, and she felt the drumming of her heart even in her finger tips.

In judging him Elizabeth made a common mistake Mellett was not ex traordinary-looking His hair was brown cropped short, and his face lean, tan lined with white from squinting in the sun. His animation, however, and the directness of his eyes easily persuaded one he was handsome.

"I'm worried about you," he said.

"Why?" she asked happily.

"Because you haven't gotten back to work yet. No new poems for me."

"Do you think it's because my book was a failure that I'm not writing any more?"

"Isn't it, Elizabeth?" Mellett asked.

"Certainly not!"

"Don't you want to write any more?" he asked gently.

"Yes. Oh, very much!"

"Good." They resumed their stroll, stopping before a powerful portrait of a girl reflecting her nudity in a cracked mirror. "I suppose this is my favorite picture here," he said.

"'Study of Emma'?"

He nodded. "Like it?"

She hesitated. "Why, yes, as a matter of fact, I do. Only I've seen it reproduced so much, I never really stopped to think."

"Know much about him? Wrenn?"

"Not really."

"Neither does anyone else," Mellett mused. "Curious chap. I've been crazy to put a book out on him since his work's gotten so popular. But no luck. There just haven't been enough facts to go on. Nothing, except what the newspapers printed during the scandal, and that's mostly nonsense."

"What scandal?" she asked.

"Well"—he laughed—"maybe it isn't so scandalous today, but it was too much for Boston, early in the century. Wrenn ran off with some senator's wife. It resulted in the messiest divorce case of the decade, but the two of them braved everything to be together and get married. I've always thought it would make one hell of a book, if I could

(Continued on Page 108)

COULD YOU SAY IT WITTIER?

EDITED BY JOHN HENRY

One thing we like about babies is that they don't go around telling bright things their mothers and fathers have said. —Great Bend, Kansas, Tribune

Women can keep a secret just as well as men, but it generally takes more of them to do it. —The Pipe Line

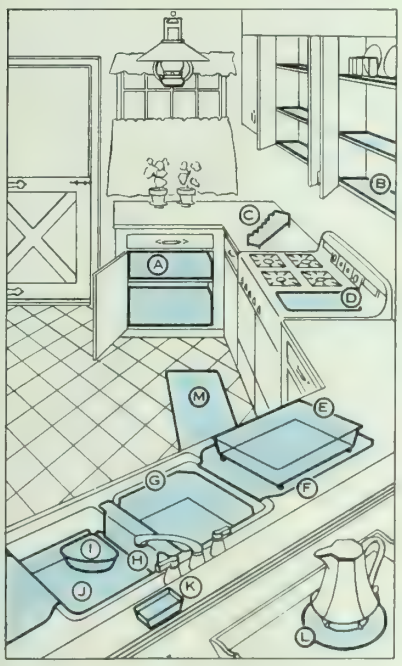
The girls stick to the scales as proof whether or not they are gaining weight. I like my own method. About twice a year I try on my wedding dress. —Gracye Dodge White in The Coos County Democrat, Lancaster, N. H.

Middle age has arrived when you can look back and realize your mistakes and wish you could make them again. —Terre Haute, Ind., housewife

If you want to really know what a family is like, peek in its medicine cabinet. —Mona E. Kessinger in Junction City, Kansas, Republic

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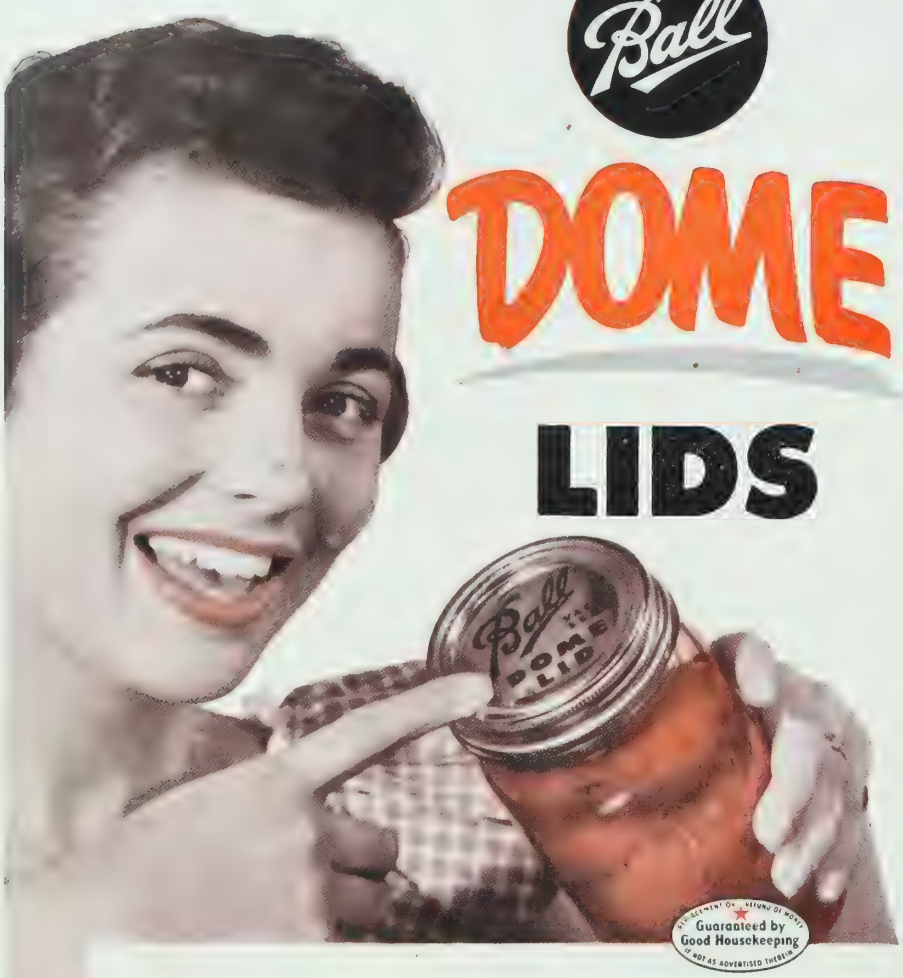
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(Continued from Page 106)

get hold of the real facts. But only his widow can give those, and she's always refused."

Elizabeth was immediately, almost indignantly, defensive. "You can't blame the poor thing for wanting privacy ——"

"Well, she never got it," Mellett said. "She was always in the headlines—great beauty, rich, old Boston family. Besides, she married three times, always spectacularly." He added, casually, "She returned to this country about four months ago."

Elizabeth glanced at him sidelong. Suddenly, she knew it was for business, after all, that he had invited her out, this day.

"What is it, Harry?" she asked. "What have you up your sleeve?"

"OH!" He grinned. "Well, I went up to see her last week. Scarcely mentioned Wrenn. It was her I emphasized. Look—most of her life she's fought for obscurity, struggled to live down all the gossip and scandal. Well, now that she's succeeded, my bet is she misses the drama. I think she's lonely. And that's what I played on. This book would remind the world just who she is—but, for once, sympathetically."

"Go on," she prompted resignedly.

"Well, naturally, she has no knack for writing. So I had to promise her someone first-rate to ghost-write the autobiography." He watched her face carefully. "Got any suggestions?" he asked.

"Can't think of a soul."

"How about yourself?"

"Why me?"

"I need a poet. I need the insight and sensitivity of a poet and a woman. This book has to have heart."

"But why me?" she persisted. "Surely you have other writers, more successful."

"But I believe in you."

She flushed and, nervously, snapped her purse open and shut. "I'd have to live in Boston, wouldn't I? Well, I couldn't."

"Is there someone here who ——"

"No!"

"Then what's holding you here?"

Her voice tightened with anger. "Is that why you asked me out today? To cross-examine me? I don't want the assignment, and I don't feel obliged to explain."

He met her defiant eyes, then shrugged. "O.K." They moved on in silence.

"Are you angry with me now?" she finally asked.

"No. Just a little surprised at all that passion."

"If you think I'm so cold," she said, "how could you imagine I'd be competent to work on a love story?"

He turned on her sharply. "You certainly have a point there!"

Although she had goaded him into it, Mellett's remark rankled Elizabeth, and challenged her. Grudgingly, she returned to the museum the following afternoon, and once more paused before Wrenn's powerful study of Emma. The brushwork was bold, masculine; yet as she gazed at the face she became aware of the tenderness, the delicacy and understanding, as in a clumsy, but infinitely loving, caress.

She moved on to another of Wrenn's paintings, a dark sea storming a bleak but resistant wharf. The scene so precisely reflected her own turbulence and obstinacy that she stood fascinated before it.

She left the museum with curious exhilaration and returned the next day. On the fourth day, she called Mellett.

"I don't know why I want to do the book," she said, "but I'd like to try."

Dinner was no triumph of conversation, Madame von Schillar being too absorbed by thought. Occasionally, and with exquisite grace, she would punctuate her silence with questions about Elizabeth, but the answers usually quite escaped her attention.

"Are you quite through now?" asked the baroness. "With your dinner, quite through?" Elizabeth nodded, and Madame von Schillar tinkled her spoon against goblet. Worth appeared at the pantry do "I think you might serve coffee now, Wor Perhaps in my room, eh?"

Madame von Schillar's suite was, in its a miniature biography, cluttered with fo notes to each phase of her extravaga career. A collection of painted fans cover one wall; a baronial crest emblazoned worn red velvet, another. Upon tables, de and mantel were nests of silver-framed ph tographs: friends and celebrities from Was ington, Paris, Rome. Dominating all was superb portrait of a young Titian-hair beauty rising in the smoke of tulle and t ice of satin. With a rush of recognitio Elizabeth glanced from it to the barone

"But surely Mr. Wrenn didn't paint this Elizabeth said.

"Sargent, my dear. John Singer Sarger I thought we could use it as a frontpiece my book." She stretched out on a chai longue and lifted an obese black spaniel on her lap. "Theo Carver—my first husband fell in love with me from seeing that pictu even though we'd never met."

Elizabeth waited attentively for th baroness to continue. Madame von Schilla however, was preoccupied by her dog.

"Her name is Jabot," Madame von Schi lar announced. "Because her has a patch white under her chin." Then, with tha charming indolence she employed to softe her habitual bluntness, sh demanded, "What hav you found out about me?

"Why, nothing ——"

"No research? N checking old newspape and tabloids?"

"Not yet."

"Then don't waste you time. Not an ounce of trut in the lot. But tell m what you want to know and you shall have it."

Elizabeth answere gravely, "I want to know you. I mean—t know you as . . . you know yourself. So whe I finally write a word, it will be the wor you might choose and not I."

Madame von Schillar studied her. "Wha a curious child you are." Then, shrugging "Where shall I begin?"

"Why not at the beginning?" Elizabet suggested. "You were born ——"

"So I am told," drawled the baroness "Here in Boston—well, at the turn of th century. Father was Asa Winslow, whose an cestors practically invented glass ——"

For the good are always the merry, save by an evil chance. And the merry love the fiddle, and the merry love to dance.
—WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

WITH that irreverence possible only to pride, she outlined her forebears' shortcomings, this interrupted by her memory of how in Paris, people used to stand on chairs to see her enter a ballroom. This, in turn, inspired some data about her debut party, and then of her disastrous fondness for gambling. Yet, as she spoke on, she began to falter, swerving away from events like one crossing the street to avoid acknowledging a former friend. Her voice sank until she lay back with eyes closed. When she spoke again, it was with freezing courtesy.

"Good night, Miss Deveny."

"Aren't you well?" Elizabeth arose in alarm. "Can I do something?"

"Just go away," the baroness whispered. "Just leave me alone."

Extracts from Elizabeth's notebook:

Although Madame von Schillar still clings to such courtly phrases as "Pray be seated" and "I fancy ——" she occasionally makes great show of bad grammar: he don't, they was, etc. I suspect she flaunts these mistakes as a minor challenge to convention—to prove she can get away with what would condemn as uneducated any lesser person.

She hates Boston; longs to return to Europe, but cannot, due to what I suspect is a ruinous gambling debt.

In 1907, when Senator Carver was courting her, he invited her to grand opera, procuring, as was customary, three seats, one for the chaperon. When he arrived to fetch them, however, she appeared with an enormous doll, introducing it as her best friend, Dorothy, who

(Continued on Page 110)

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Young Mother Wins Sweepstakes Award in Cooking Competition

With her young son and daughter, Mrs. Doralee Walsh looks over a scrapbook of her cooking awards. Mrs. Walsh is the first woman ever to win three consecutive sweepstakes at the Minnesota State Fair. Her third sweepstakes ribbon was awarded just last fall, along with several other cooking prizes.

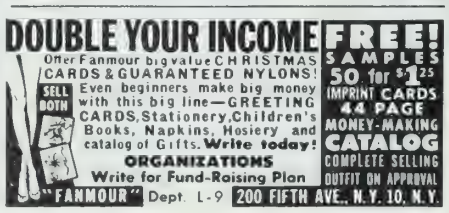
Mrs. Walsh, of St. Paul, Minn., is another of the many prize-winning cooks who praise Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. "It's the best ever," she says. "So fast rising . . . and it stays fresh for months so I can always keep a supply on hand."

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(Continued from Page 108)

simply loved opera and would keep a careful eye on them. The senator finally persuaded her to leave the doll at home, but she would not consent to take her maid along to chaperon her. She told him, "If your intentions are so wicked that I need a chaperon, then you're not fit company for a pure-minded woman like Worth." The third seat at the opera remained unoccupied that night. "And I've always felt sure that's why Theo proposed so soon after," the baroness told me. "He felt that by escorting me in public without a chaperon he had compromised me."

Her only child, born in her second year of marriage to Carver, lived only a week. The baroness went into mourning for an entire year.

There was page after page of such notes. Elizabeth leafed through them, and with a sigh of discouragement added this notation:

For two weeks now I have talked daily to the baroness, trying to understand this woman's motivations, and so interpret her actions. But I can find neither motivation nor meaning. There is nothing but a glittering surface of whim and caprice.

Yet surely, Elizabeth thought, lifting her pen, *there must be warmth, depth and sensitivity in this woman to have attracted a man like Wrenn. The fault is not with Madame von Schillar. It is with me.*

She shook her head. Turning the page, she wrote, "Dear Harry—I've tried, but it's useless. I can't get to work, can't seem to concentrate."

"Why?" he would probably demand. "What's the matter?"

And would she dare to answer? "You're the matter! How can I write, or do anything, when all I can think of is you? If I could just settle my mind, just know, one way or the other, if you could ever care for me ——" Could she write that to him?

Her mouth tightened. Ripping the page from the notebook, she crumpled it, flung it into the fireplace.

The baroness paused for breath, then began afresh. "I was thrown out of finishing school, y'know," she said. "Not because I was a bad student. Actually, I was naturally gifted in mathematics and debating. But the poor and the plain think intelligence is their special compensation, and it infuriated my teachers that I should have brains as well as beauty and wealth."

THEN the baroness laughed. "I was thinking—oh, it was funny. Every spring, the Misses Matson, who ran the school, let us have a ball and, my dear, it couldn't have been more funereal. We girls done up to the chin in pastel organdy. I had a new black gown from Paris which uncovered my shoulders and arms. I told Kitty Leighton—she was my roommate—I was going to wear the black. Kitty said I wouldn't dare.

"Well, that night, I entered the ballroom, all prim in pink silk. Oh, such a pretty little dress, and such a pity, I had to spill punch all over it. The Misses Matson immediately ordered me to go upstairs and change.

"So I did. I slipped on the other gown, the black one, and just for good measure put a heart-shaped beauty mark on one bare shoulder. Well, my dear, if I climbed to a new high with the boys that night, my popularity with the Matson sisters thudded to a record low. They took a dim view of the whole matter. So did father, and the following week I was carted off to Europe.

"FATHER considered traveling part of my education, so it wasn't allowed to be fun. There was nothing for me to do. Father could attend to business matters over there—he manufactured glass, y'know. And it would have been so easy for him to let me help him—be his secretary."

"You?" Elizabeth said, with an incredulous smile.

"Why not? I knew all about glass. As much as father did; and much more about management. Once I drew up a plan for distribution that would have saved him thousands, but he just laughed. Business wasn't for anything so soft as a girl; he never tired of telling me that. Besides, nice women didn't think. Not in Boston!"

She leaned back in her chair, studying her rings. "Maybe I had delusions of grandeur. I just took it for granted, from childhood on, that someday I'd be a titan like father. Maybe that's why I married the senator."

As she listened, Elizabeth's eyes fixed on a glass dome which sheltered an arrangement of jewellike flowers on the mantel. It was no wonder, she thought, that this woman had been considered a *fleur de mal*. Under the glass bell of convention, young ladies were expected to be mere ornaments; but the Winslow heiress, fed by deep-rooted executive drive, and with no outlet provided her vitality, had been impelled to break through the invisible restriction. There had been no authority she had not challenged, no convention she had not defied, until, at last, she burst free. For a moment, Elizabeth glimpsed the woman as Wrenn must have seen her—forceful, impetuous, rebellious. It was inevitable that he, who had burst from a similar prison, the orthodoxy of art, should recognize and adore her.

She stood up abruptly. "Will you excuse me?"

"Where are you going?" the baroness demanded.

"To work," Elizabeth said.

Through the night and into the next day, she kept to her room, studying the notes and trying to visualize events through Madame von Schillar's eyes. At last, chameleonlike, she began to assume the rich hue of the material she touched, so that when she set down the first chapter, it might have been the quintessence of her own girlhood rather than Madame von Schillar's.

Haltingly, Elizabeth opened the door to the attic and ventured in. The air, long imprisoned, was stale, hot.

"The Winslows were true Yankees," Madame von Schillar had warned. "Never threw away anything."

It was on this statement that Elizabeth counted. Intently, she opened trunk after trunk until she came upon the heavy hamper spilling with dusty papers—correspondence, legal records, ancient invitations, yellowing newspaper clippings. She bent to her task

(Continued on Page 113)

Closing the Island House

By Hortense Flexner

Blankets on the line
To be folded with sun in them,
Oil in the door lock
(Why bother the spider now?),
Pillows brought in from the porch
(Spray from the Atlantic shall fly here,
The gull take refuge from the northeaster),
The woodpile left dry in the shed,
Logs lichened and bearded
(The red squirrel shall find this cover
And listen to the winds howl).

On the kitchen shelf, the canned fish,
Preserves, baking powder,
Yes, and a little flour in the crock,
A little sugar in the jar,
Since no stiffening ant
Shall make his way here.

Going from room to room,
I feel the cold waiting,
Know how icy to touch
Will be my pancake turner,
And hear in the frozen dark
The crack of the witch-hazel bottle.



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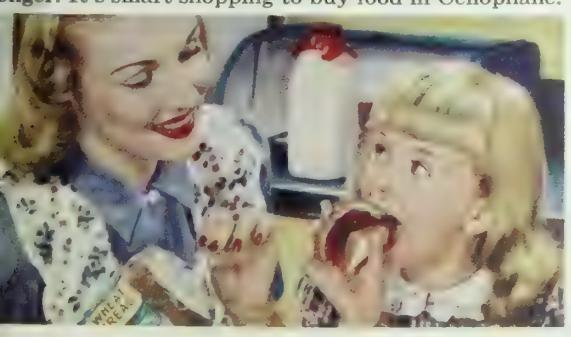


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ARMOUR 85th ANNIVERSARY



(Continued from Page 110)

rly, hoping to find some letters from
tor Carver for her chapter on his court-
h.

ven with the windows open, there was
ly enough light, and soon her eyes
aching. Nor did the hamper yield much
mpensation. She found several letters
Carver, but they little revealed the
Sincere he undoubtedly was, but it sel-
escaped the stricture of formality. More
cative was a note without salutation
igned only "Q" which, in its entirety,
"Have you completely lost your mind?"
ound also some tumultuous letters from
aron, each, without exception, headed
ochen," but saved from monotony by
xtreme variety of his spelling.

EN, as she opened another letter, the
she had been suppressing was cut off.
as signed by Wrenn. As she read, her
stiffened. The lines were addressed to
lf:

izabeth, Elizabeth: I cannot say how many
a day I repeat your name, summoning
commanding you, conjuring you. Eliza-
Elizabeth. It is my prayer and my pen-
Sometimes when I say your name enough,
bring your face to my mind. I suppose
should be enough for me, but it isn't. I
to see you, talk to you. I know this would
nwise just now; but if we dare not speak
ly yet, at least let me see the form of your
ls: A letter, Elizabeth. Even one word to
sh my hope that your thoughts are secretly
ng MARIUS MARIUS MARIUS.

urbulently, Elizabeth read it a second
, and only then remem-
d that the baroness
ed the same name as
elf.

rowning, she again
lied the letter. An at-
pt to visualize Wrenn
le her acutely conscious
t, as yet, she knew
hing about him.

What was Mr. Wrenn
?" she asked the bar-
ss, at luncheon.

Madame von Schillar fixed her with re-
achful eyes. "He was tall."

"But I mean, what kind of man was he?"

"Have you finished the chapter on the
r senator already?"

"Not yet."

"Well, when you have," the baroness said
ietly, "we can start discussing Marius."

Chastened by the gentleness of this admo-
ion, Elizabeth withdrew into silence; but
re and more, she found this difficult to
intain. As she now knew every word of
letter by heart, she was impatient to
d the rest of his letters. Yet she hesitated
ask if she might be allowed to see his cor-
spondence. The invitation would have to
me from Madame von Schillar herself.
mehow, that idea would have to be in-
lled in her mind.

At dinner, that night, Elizabeth led up to
e matter with trivial questions. Who, for
stance, was "Q"?

The baroness frowned thoughtfully. Did
is "Q," she finally demanded, sound like
admirer or a relative?

"All the note said was, 'Have you com-
etely lost your mind?'"

"That could be either an admirer or a
lative! But I don't recall ever knowing
y 'Q.' Why do you ask?"

"It's helpful to know all these details."
lizabeth was very glib. "I think if I could
t hold of more letters, I wouldn't have to
ther you with so many questions. So I'm
oping you'll let me read the rest of your
tters."

"Those are all I have. In the box in the
tic."

"Oh. I thought you might keep your more
recious letters separately."

"Precious letters from whom?"

"Oh—the baron. Or Mr. Wrenn."

"The baron never wrote precious letters,"
Madame von Schillar said dryly. "And as
r Wrenn, I don't believe he ever wrote to
e. Or if he did, I burned his letters."

"But why?"

"Why do you think? The dear senator was collecting evidence to divorce me. As it turned out, he only ruined himself. What with the scandal he let loose, he never got re-elected."

Ordinarily, Elizabeth was governed by a desire for perfection in her work, but since discovering Wrenn's letter, her curiosity drove her forward to finish the chapters on Senator Carver. To her exasperation, however, Madame von Schillar would not be rushed. For the first time in her life, the baroness admitted, she was actually enjoying spending time with the senator.

"Read aloud the part where I describe his *faux pas* at the British Embassy," she would say; or "Don't forget to put in how he was afraid of the dark."

"Do you really think we should?" Elizabeth ventured. "I mean, the man's dead now ——"

"You think I'm being petty?"

"I think it isn't worthy of you."

Abruptly, Madame von Schillar jerked her head away so Elizabeth could not see her face; but her voice, authentic in its emotion, betrayed her. "I don't care! He said worse things about me while he was alive. If there's a library in hell, I hope he reads my book and learns just how much I hated him. I want everyone to know that, so they'll understand that when I finally met a man who was *really* fine and good, I had to fall in love with him, whatever the cost."

It was the moment Elizabeth had been waiting for. "Where, actually, did you meet Mr. Wrenn?" she asked.

"At a friend's house. I'll tell you about our meeting when the time comes."

"But ——"

"When the time comes," the baroness repeated sharply. Then, patting Elizabeth's hand: "But, to please you, we won't jeer at the dear senator. Only not you or anyone will ever make me forgive him."

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

In her craving for information about Wrenn, Elizabeth turned hopefully to Mrs. Worth.

Tidying the room, Worth indicated Elizabeth's few books with her dust rag. "You don't read much for an author."

"I don't have much time when I'm working," Elizabeth said.

"That's the way with you artistical people, I guess," Worth stated. "Like with him. Books stacked up on the floor and under his cot. I'd say, 'Mr. Wrenn, let me put them downstairs in the liberry.' But he'd never let me. Only, like yourself, he never left himself time for much but work."

"I wonder what sort of things he read?"

"Couldn't say, miss. Never had the notion to look. Myself, I'm partial to the New Testament."

THE conversation lingered with Elizabeth. A person's taste in books being a competent guide to character, she felt that it would be possible to obtain a concept of Wrenn through the books which had influenced his thoughts.

"You know, it's funny," the girl began, perhaps too casually, that afternoon, "you've never asked to see the work I've been doing."

The baroness stroked her spaniel indolently. "Mr. Mellett recommended your work. I trust his judgment. Anyway, reading hurts my eyes."

"Would you like me to read aloud to you, sometime? I don't mean the manuscript. You have an enormous library across the hall."

The baroness lifted her hands in horror. "Nothing but lawbooks, my dear. The senator used to be a lawyer."

"But your other husbands read, didn't they?"

Madame von Schillar uttered a high-pitched sound, a fragment of laughter. "Flix—that's the baron—I don't think he ever cracked a book in his life. And Marius



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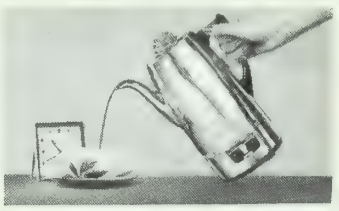
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never kept his for long. He was always loaning books. They were mostly from the public library, but he'd loan them just the same. Or mutilate them! He scribbled notes all over margins or tore out leaves so he could carry in his pocket something he wanted to study."

Acting on the wisp of evidence she had salvaged from the conversation, Elizabeth went to the north study. Methodically, she selected a book, quickly leafed through it, replaced it and repeated the process with its neighbor.

By midnight, she had found nothing more enlightening than a copy of Dante, whose flyleaf proclaimed it the property of Kitty Leighton. The name was curiously familiar to Elizabeth, although she could not identify it. Not till some days later was the name again brought to her attention.

"It used to make me scream," the baroness said lazily, "people forever criticizing me, and then they'd do just as bad or worse and get away with it. Like Kitty. Always telling me I was going too far, and then she upped and married ——"

"Kitty?"

"Kitty Leighton. She's Kitty Wallach now. My roommate in school. Back in town again, I've heard, though I haven't seen her in years. Why do you smile?"

"I came across one of her books the other night," Elizabeth said. "A copy of Dante."

"Dante, Dante," Madame von Schillar murmured. "It was one of ——" She broke off abruptly and flung Elizabeth a fierce glance. "Again?" she said coldly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You know what I mean! Prying, prying, prying. Don't think I haven't noticed it. Always trying to jockey me into blurting out something." She slapped her hand against the table. "Leave me alone!"

White-lipped, Elizabeth marched upstairs. Her face remained expressionless as she packed her bag: it was only when she drew Wrenn's letter from concealment that she faltered at all. She read it several times. Abruptly, she sighed and began to unpack.

Within an hour, she was summoned back to Madame von Schillar's suite. Her voice was gentler than Elizabeth had expected, and her words more startling. "Have you ever said 'I love you' to a man?"

"No, madame."

"Neither have I. That does not mean that I have never loved a man, for I have. But even so, I could never tell him 'I love you.' It was as if, by putting it into words, I'd have let something out of me. Something I didn't dare lose." She stumbled into momentary silence. "D'you know what I'm trying to say? I'm not quite ready to let free some things from my life yet, and Marius is one of them. Once I tell it, some of the fragrance will be gone for me. And I want to keep that—just a little while longer." She arose and patted the girl's hand. "Can you understand that?"

"Yes, madame, but I want you to understand something. I wasn't trying to trick you into anything. I confess I have tried before; but I had no idea when I started talking about Kitty Leighton and the Inferno that it also involved Mr. Wrenn."

"Oh!" The baroness looked at her blankly. "Well, if that's true, I've made a rather foolish evening of it, eh? I'll tell you all about it, one of these days. But I'm tired now."

Elizabeth also went to bed early; but Kitty Wallach's name, echoing in her mind, kept her from sleep. At last she crept downstairs and traced it in the telephone directory.

The following evening she was waiting in the hall of an apartment house. The door at which she had rapped was opened by a white-haired woman.

"I'd like to see Kitty Wallach."

"Yes. I'm Mrs. Wallach."

Elizabeth stared at her in surprise. Mrs. Wallach was gentle, rather motherly, her years unfortified by artifice. Elizabeth thrust a package into the woman's hand.

"What's this?"

"A book of yours."

Mrs. Wallach undid the paper and opened the copy of the Inferno to its flyleaf. "So it is. Where did you find this? Come on in."

"I can't," Elizabeth blurted. "I just came to bring back the book." But she entered the apartment.

When she left, an hour later, she carried the address of a Miss Edith Harper.

So began a chain of interviews and letters which, alphabetically indexed, Elizabeth carefully hoarded. Night after night she pieced these fragments together, as one might a jigsaw puzzle, always hoping the next day would yield up the detail needed to complete the picture of Wrenn, and the romance which Madame von Schillar so passionately protected.

Extracts from Elizabeth's index (in alphabetical order):

A. *Ayers, Dorothy Jefferson*

She told much the same story as her brother but added:

"Even now, I dislike discussing that part of his story though I was too young to know Cousin Marius well. But apparently, rumors began reaching the family about his conduct. Those dreadful Spanish girls. And that Thauly woman! Finally, my mother went to see him and reproached him for his behavior. He said, 'Well, don't be afraid. We were in love but we've decided not to see each other any more.' My mother asked what he was talking about and he said, 'Didn't you come here to scold me about Elizabeth Carver?' That was the first mother knew of it. She made him promise never to see Mrs. Carver again, but it did no good because they ran away together a month later."

C. *Carver, Miss Sarah*

I went several times to her Beacon Street home, but her housekeeper always said she was out. Finally, I said I'd wait, and the woman said, "She's always out, miss. She hasn't received anyone for over twenty years."

E. *Encyclopaedia Britannica*

"Wrenn, Marius (1882–1915) American painter, born in Boston (Mass.) March 3, 1882. He ran away from home at an early age to work on barges and in canneries along the New England coast. These experiences furnished the scenes and types of his most popular pictures, 'Portugee Girls,' 'Wharf at Midnight,' 'The Captain,' and 'The Bathers.' He was married in 1914 to Mrs. Elizabeth Winslow Carver. He did not live to see his work recognized, meeting death in a boating accident, July 1, 1915."

Ezterhausy, Jay

Painter, critic, and close friend of Wrenn's. He was killed in the bombing of Coventry.

H. *Harper, Miss Edith*

"I only met this Wrenn a few times, I'm grateful to say. My family knew his—not the Wrenns, they were nobody—but the Jeffersons, who had excellent connections. Well, old Mrs. Jefferson was most distressed because all her grandson ever painted was the dregs of humanity, and she asked my mother to introduce Marius to some proper people, so he'd want to paint their portraits instead. We took him to Kitty Leighton's. That was enough. Why, we'd have been laughingstocks if we'd tried to foist him off on decent society.

"Why? Why, indeed! He was a tramp. Oh, handsome, but in an uncouth fashion. He stammered too. That is, when he talked at all. Didn't talk to me much. But of course I didn't have red hair and a fast reputation. Elizabeth Carver got what she deserved."

Next Month

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Hyltie, Captain

Also alluded to as "Hiller" or "Hilton." I believe Wrenn lived with him and his family for some time after the scandal, but I can find no trace of him now.

P. *"Portugee Girls"*

Esther and Josafina Azores. Posed for Wrenn in 1909, and for a time his constant companions. Rumor connected him with Josie. She is now thought to be dead, and I can find no trace of Esther.

S. *Sprague, Bentley*

"Wrenn? Yes, I knew him and I taught him what I could, but it was wasted. He had no talent. Posterity will prove that."

Sprague indicated a sentimental portrait above his mantel—a gypsy maid coyly masking her smile with cards spread fanwise.

"See that? I painted it. Beautiful! Know who the model was? Josephine Azores. Can you believe it? The same girl Wrenn painted in his Portugee thing, only he made her common and squat. Typical of him. I guess making Josie hideous was his revenge on her. She'd never let him touch her, you know.

"He fooled some, but not me. A volcano passing itself off as Mt. Olivet, there's a portrait of him. Emma Thauly, for instance. I'll tell you a secret, but you can quote me: she was his mistress! That's why I say he was a fraud. And the biggest hypocrisy of all, seducing Mrs. Carver. I introduced them. I'll let you put that in your article. Bentley Sprague introduced them. I can't be blamed, though. I always disapproved of their escapade.

"After the scandal, I didn't care about seeing him. But a few weeks before he died, he came back from the Cape for a week end. Elizabeth's house was closed for the season, so he stayed here. That's when I learned how low his taste for ugliness had led him. Oh, the things I could tell you ——"

Sprague told me nothing more, however; merely assumed a manner most mysterious and secretive which, I suspect, was to mask the fact that he had nothing more to tell.

T. *Thauly, Emma*

A chambermaid at the Statler. Stout, middle-aged.

"I can't think which one he was," she said. "I posed for a lot of them fellows. I had more of a figure then. But since, I've had four kids. I got married early, you see. Ed—my husband, Ed Thauly—was a blacksmith, but horses was going out, so I started modeling. So I don't remember this Mr. Wrenn, particularly."

The next time I saw Mrs. Thauly, I brought a small print of the famous "Study of Emma."

"Yes, that's me," she said. "You can tell I had a fine figure then."

As delicately as possible, I asked Mrs. Thauly if she had ever been intimate with Wrenn. She understood at once, without surprise or indignation.

"No," she said. "Ed wouldn't have liked that. I was just buddies with all them painters. And anyway, this Wrenn was all tied up with someone else. I never seen her, except for her portrait, and he scrubbed that down with turpentine and used the canvas to paint me on over it.

"Well, one day his buddy with the funny name [Ezterhausy] come in and give him a letter. Funny-name don't want him to read it, but my artist does, anyways. 'You going back to her?' Funny-name wants to know. 'No,' says my artist. 'That's all over.' Only after a while, he reads the letter again. Next morning he says he's done with the picture and won't need me no more. Next thing I know, I see by the newspaper that he and the redhead run away together. I never seen him after."

W. *Wallach, Kitty Leighton*

"It was Edith Harper who brought him to my house," she told me. "Edith and her mother. I think they wanted to introduce Mr. Wrenn to people who might commission a portrait. I wasn't interested, myself but it made me think of Elizabeth. Artists loved to paint her and she adored being painted. I asked her over.

"Well, in she swept, alone since the senator was in Washington. She looked so lovely—her auburn hair and a big hat brimming with green lilacs. I thought it would be a treat for Mr. Wrenn; might even stir him into conversation. As I remember, however, he spoke only when spoken to, even after Elizabeth arrived.

"But do you think she helped the situation along? Not at all. She became very withdrawn, as if overwhelmed by his silence. I began to talk just to fill in the gaps. That's how we came to discuss the Inferno. I loved Doré's illustrations. Marius opened up and spoke magnificently—not much in favor of Doré, but in

(Continued on Page 117)



. . . What goes on . . ?

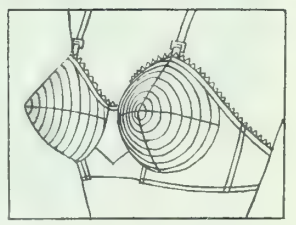
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(Continued from Page 115)

pise of Dante. And suddenly he arose and sa he must go.

Elizabeth asked him to escort her to her hse, as it was getting dark. The next day she dpped over, and asked to borrow my copy of th nferno. Eventually, I heard he was paintir er portrait, but I didn't put two and two te her until I saw her in the park one day. It as so evident she was in love—she all but sled it out every time she spoke.

I was afraid for her, but what could I say? Elizabeth was so headstrong, so impetuous. And ve n the worst did happen—the divorce—I va n't even here to stand by her, being in Eur on my honeymoon. We were in New York ve n Marius died. Right after the funeral, she le for Europe. My husband and I drove her to t boat. I'll never forget that ride. She was hvily veiled, rigid, and oh, so silent. Crushed. I see, Elizabeth had always loved power—I n't mean that maliciously, for you've prob- noticed it yourself. And Mr. Wrenn had ut breathed power. With his strength taken y from her she was lost and frightened. I k she's been looking, ever since, for that e happiness she knew with him. And I pray t someday, she may find it."

Vednesday afternoons, Madame von Schills hairdresser came. Thursdays, exquily gowned, the baroness waited by her aming tea service for visitors who rarely gned to call. The balance of the week, ry afternoon, the two women sat in their al chairs before the fire, Elizabeth listen- intently, the baroness chatting.

This Tuesday afternoon might have been e of many, except for the sudden tension Madame von Schillar's e. Her eyes were fixed on Worth in the doory.

"Who?" she demanded easily.

"Mr. Hereford," the rvant repeated. "Shall I y you're out?"

"I don't know, I don't ow." Madame von chillar glanced at Elizaeth, then crossed to her irror. "Oh, my hair!"

"Can I help?" Elizabeth Deveny offered. Madame von Schillar did not turn from e mirror. "Matter of fact, you can, my ear. I think you might run up to your room r a while. I have some business to discuss ith . . . someone. Use the back stairs, eh? here's a dear!"

Quickly, she slipped into another gown, uckled a bracelet on her wrist and scented er throat and palms.

He was facing the fireplace, his back to er, as she entered the parlor.

"Quincy!" she cried.

As he turned she caught the glint of his lasses, the gleam on the dome of his head. He had a mustache now, but so gray it blended into the wasted pallor of his face.

He bowed with that inevitable correctness. "It's been a long time, baroness."

"Alas, it has," she said, "if you've forgotten you called me by my first name." Her tone was the more gracious to hide the shock of seeing how old he had become. "Sit down, Quincy."

"I suppose you're wondering why I came."

"No. Old friends often see each other. But I was beginning to think you'd forgotten me, what with Eleanor and all. Her name is Eleanor, isn't it?"

"Elaine. I have two Elaines now."

"Daughter?"

"Granddaughter. Oh, yes, I have three grandchildren."

She arose. "Well, my dear, it's been sheer heaven seeing you, and we must do it often. But I'm not a free woman, just now. I'm hard at work, so if you'll excuse me ——"

"Wait!" He stood up. "It's about this work of yours that I've come. Please sit down again."

She did not sit down, however, in order to keep him standing and so ensure his brevity. "Well?"

"They say you're writing your memoirs. Is it true?"

"Yes. Is that all you want to know?"

"Are you going to say anything about me?"

She tipped her head and smiled. "I don't know. I really haven't decided."

He made an uneasy attempt at joviality. "I don't suppose I could persuade you to have a lapse of memory? I'd make it very worth your while."

Her shoulders stiffened. "What can you offer me that I don't already have? An invitation from a full-blooded Cabot, mayhap? Or the approval of the Watch and Ward Society?"

He spoke with effort. "I ask you to forget it all just out of common decency."

"Common decency," she retorted, "is so uncommon as to be absolutely indecent. I learned that when I naïvely expected a little common decency from you."

"It's just that I have Elaine to consider, and the family ——"

"And your position! And your tradition! And the Porcellian Club! And sacred Boston! Oh, how familiar that sounds, coming from you. Well, who knows, my dear—maybe my book might give you a new tradition. Matter of fact, my secretary came across one of your letters a few weeks ago. Very impetuous and signed Q. It might make interesting copy."

"Haven't I been punished enough, all these years?" he demanded.

She declared cheerily, "As I said, I haven't decided what I'll do about you. See for yourself when the book comes out. That ought to be within a year."

"Am I not to know until the book comes out?" he asked. "Must I wait a whole year?"

"I waited longer than that, once." She tugged the bell cord for Worth. "Good-by. I won't urge you to remember me to your wife. That would not be discreet, eh?"

An old-timer is a fellow who remembers when he could buy a pound of steak for a dime, but forgets he had to work an hour to earn the dime. —ANON.

Thoughtfully, restlessly, she paced back and forth, next afternoon. At five o'clock Corinne, her hairdresser, arrived. Usually, Madame von Schillar enjoyed being pampered with lotions and the warm, fragrant oils, but today she snatched the comb from Corinne's hand and flung it across the room.

"Been dieting?" the blond woman asked.

"Hold your tongue!"

"Need more sleep, I guess. Or how about a facial? That ought to relax you." Then she winked at the baroness. "Some man's been giving you trouble, I bet."

Madame von Schillar glanced up. "Yes," she said suddenly, "that's what it is. Apparently you've been listening to gossip."

"On my honor, I haven't, baroness."

"I'm so weary of being gossiped about," Madame von Schillar continued wistfully. "That's why I'm on edge today. This new beau of mine has heard some rumors, and now he's wanting an explanation."

"Say no more, dear!" Corinne waved a plump hand. "I've been through the same thing. This was with my husband." Corinne's voice sank to a tone more in keeping with confidence. "Just before we got married. I'm afraid to lie and risk him finding me out. But he'd raise hell, maybe leave me, if I told him the truth. So first I got him sympathetic. Told him I'd been foolish once and that I'd suffered for it. Then I told him a few unimportant details—just enough to keep him satisfied. That did the trick! Matter of fact, it made us closer than ever before."

"Very interesting," the baroness murmured. Then she added, "I think you'd better fix my hair very softly about the face."

When Elizabeth came to her suite that night, Madame von Schillar was in bed. "My dear," she said slowly, "this book poses a difficult problem for us both. Let us look at it in unromantic terms. I'm an adulteress. I lied and cheated, with no excuse in the world, except that I was in love and selfishly believed nothing else mattered. I couldn't see an inch beyond my heart. As a result"—she passed a weary hand over her eyes—"the world punished me and the shame and suffering still burns me." She raised imploring eyes to

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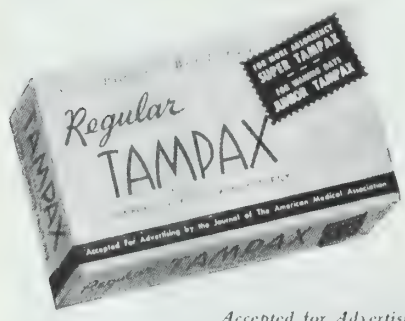
or Mrs.?

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Elizabeth. "Forgive me if, in discussing my love affair with Mr. Wrenn, we go slowly. Can you understand this, my dear?"

Such a question was needless. The luminosity of Elizabeth's face made clear that the baroness had made her point. She reached over and patted the girl's hand.

"Thank you, my dear," she said, "for your understanding heart. Now I can feel perfectly free."

Smiling, Elizabeth took out her notebook.

Madame von Schillar moistened her lips. "From the beginning?"

"From the beginning."

"It was in nineteen eleven. Winter, I think, at Kitty's. I don't know why I dropped in at Kitty's that day. Maybe she asked me."

"Was anyone else there?"

"I think we were alone, we three. Kitty, me, and this young man. Wrenn. Oh, I thought he was a strange one. I wasn't bored, but I just couldn't seem to talk. And it was funny, because Marius told me later he'd thought I was as socially inept as himself, and that's what first interested him."

Her voice began to drone a little. She told the story like one feeling his way in the dark:

"Well, I didn't see him again. Not right off. It wasn't that I forgot about him, but . . . something about him frightened me. He was strong. Not just physically, but . . . he knew what he wanted to do. I began to want to study to be an artist too. I borrowed a copy of the Inferno and read it, because it was something he admired. I finally dropped Wrenn a note. Said I wanted my portrait done, and for him to meet me on such-and-such an evening. Of course I didn't dare bring him into the house, since the senator didn't approve of him. So, that evening, I waited for him, outside ——"

"Where?"

"Across the street, in the little park. That's where I always waited for him."

As Madame von Schillar continued, Elizabeth sat in an attentive attitude, but the tide of her imagination had swept her far out.

It was dark where she waited, and the rustling of the dry branches might have been the manifestation of her own nervousness. It was not cold, but she shivered slightly. Then she heard movement and, half in fear, half in hope, she arose. The next moment, he stood before her and spoke her name. In defiance of the timidity she felt, she lifted her eyes ——

The vision dissolved and, involuntarily, Elizabeth uttered a low cry. The baroness drummed her fingers on the table.

"What's the matter? Is it too close in here? You're pale."

"No," Elizabeth murmured. "Please go on."

She tried to follow Madame von Schillar's words back into that sense of excitement, but without success.

"You *are* pale," the baroness insisted. "Better go to bed. I haven't anything more to tell now, anyway."

Elizabeth arose. "I was wondering if maybe you'd let me see a photograph of Mr. Wrenn."

"A photograph? Why, I don't have one. I don't think I ever did. There are some, I believe, at the Gardner Museum."

"He never gave one to you?" Elizabeth asked incredulously.

"Why would he? We were always together, and I thought we always would be."

Elizabeth returned to her room, plagued by a sense of incompleteness. *I'll go to the museum tomorrow*, she decided.

Suddenly she was eager for morning to come, and, to hurry it along, immediately went to bed; but this very impatience warded off sleep, and the hours dragged by, little installments of eternity.

Her excitement seemed to feed on weariness, however, and such was her impatience at breakfast, the following morning, she promptly overturned a tumbler of water.

The baroness asked, scrutinizing her, "Are you ill?"

"Just tired. I didn't sleep."

"You're in no condition to work, that's plain. Better take the morning off and get some rest."

"Don't have time," Elizabeth said. "I've got to go out to do some research."

"On what, pray?"

"Well, I was going to a gallery and . . . look at Mr. Wrenn's paintings. You can't tell a person about them. They have to be seen ——"

"Tosh!" The baroness swirled her spoon in the coffee, then pushed the cup away. "What am I supposed to do with myself while you're gone?"

"Oh, I think you'll manage," Elizabeth laughed. "Anyway, it's Thursday. We never work on your at-home day."

Madame von Schillar's eyes lit up. "Yes," she murmured, "maybe it would be better if you did run along to the gallery."

Elizabeth's release from the house had the excitement of an escape. She hailed a cab and directed it to the Gardner Museum.

When she reached the great mansion on the Fenway, she forced herself to get a catalogue and pass from room to room, studying the paintings. At last she came to the broad corridor, lined with cabinets like glass-topped coffins, where photographs and letters of yesterday's immortals were interred.

Her recognition of his handwriting was accompanied by a resounding in her ears, like the vibration of faraway cannonade. She faltered, daring to lift her eyes no higher than the jagged signature: Sincerely, Marius Wrenn. Then, with quiet decision, she looked upon his face.

The likeness was primitive and beginning to darken, as if dusk had caught the young man unaware. His pallor burned through the surrounding shadow, but his intense, wide-set eyes were in league with darkness.

Getting married is like gathering mushrooms. The only way to find out whether you have got the real thing or poison is to swallow it—and wait. —NAT GOODWIN

She searched his face intently, impressing each detail on her mind. His forehead was cleft by a lock of black hair; his eyebrows were black, too—dark comets in danger of collision. The jaw was hard, the nose strong, slightly thickened at the bridge, as if once broken; but his lips were still boyishly soft. In his broad, ugly hands he carried a boating cap at which Elizabeth stared, transfixed. The young man unknowingly clenched a symbol of his death.

It was midafternoon when she left the museum. For several hours she wandered aimlessly around the city, but thoughts of Wrenn weighed on her like an outraged conscience.

Weary at last, she turned homeward; yet her steps faltered as the great house loomed before her. Unwilling to enter and submit to its gloom, she retreated to a bench in the little park across the way. It was a silent hour and the premature dusk of winter was lowering. Elizabeth's body relaxed, and she found herself waiting. In her mind she began forming those words, as the letter had begged, "Marius, Marius, Marius ——"

And at last, she said it aloud, because he was before her. It was twilight now, but she knew his face, knew the pallor that burned through shadow.

"I didn't know whether or not you'd come," she faltered.

"You asked me to, didn't you?" He sat down beside her.

There was a pause, and presently she murmured, "You're not a very talkative person."

"Are you?" he asked. "You didn't talk much at Miss Leighton's."

She smiled faintly. "I know."

"Were you uncomfortable there too?"

"No."

"I thought you were. I thought, here's someone as lost as me."

"Then why didn't you try to help me out?" she cried.

"I did. I talked about Dante's Inferno, remember?"

His eyes searched hers. That same i she had sensed when first they met stirred her again.

"You mustn't," she said.

"Mustn't what?"

"Look in people's eyes that way. It is nice!"

"But how else am I to know about people

"By listening to what they say."

He laughed. "And live in ignorance?"

She looked up at this. He was still watchi her. "What do you see?"

"You're not like that portrait by Sargen

"I've been told my portrait was a ve good likeness."

"The features, perhaps. But it might be almost any fashionable woman."

"Isn't that what I am?"

"I don't think so. Not when you forget

"The senator fell in love with me fro seeing that picture."

He glanced at her piercingly and started speak, but did not. Looking down, he rubb at a spot on his shabby coat. Rain began fall, and he noted this almost with relie "We'd better go," he said.

She arose. "You can walk me to the gate As they walked, she continued, "And do yo think you could do a better picture of m than Mr. Sargent?"

"I think I could catch what you are, be ter than he did. But it wouldn't be stylish.

At the entrance to the street, they pause "You will do my portrait, then?" she asked

He stared over her shoulder into the a cumulating darkness of the park. "I' afraid it wouldn't be worth your while," h finally said.

"But if I think it would?"

"Then you would be mistaken. Good eve ning." He turned and started away.

"Mr. Wrenn," she cried. He stopped glanced back. "I may convince you yet. Per haps if you're in the park tomorrow, at thi time, you'll let me try."

"Good night, Mrs. Carver," he said.

"Until tomorrow, Mr. Wrenn?"

He hesitated. "Until tomorrow."

She watched until he was lost in the shadows. Then, slowly, she crossed the street to the great stone house.

The tea table was still immaculately laid out with untouched cups and cakes. The baroness, sitting alone, was having a cocktail. "Look at you!" she cried. "Soaked to the skin! Where have you been doing your research? In the river?"

"The museum. And then I walked for a while. It was lovely."

"In this weather? Go change for dinner. I'm getting ravenous."

"I don't think I care for any dinner," Elizabeth said. "I'm too sleepy."

When she was safe in her room, she sank onto the cot with a drowsy smile.

"I wonder," she mused, "if he'll be in the park, tomorrow?"

Then she sat up and laughed aloud. It was tribute to the power of her own imagination, she thought; for a moment, she had almost been persuaded that she had actually met Wrenn this afternoon.

The following morning, however, this same elation seemed, in retrospect, ridiculous, almost childish. She worked quietly all day; yet when twilight came and the lamps in the street dimmed up in the mist, she arose from her desk and left the house.

Twice she walked around the park, and then, self-consciously, entered by the gate and sat down on the bench beneath the dark elm. As the shadows deepened, enfolding her in twilight, her restlessness eased away.

And after a while, he came to her.

Extracts from Elizabeth's notebook:

It happened again today. I cannot call it hallucination, yet it had power beyond any daydream. Never have I imagined anything so vividly. I want to note down, while still fresh, the qualities of Wrenn as I pictured them.

Elizabeth Carver was waiting in the park—no, I'll say, rather, that I was waiting in the park, since I was putting myself in her place. At last, I heard his footsteps. He takes full strides, as if knowing exactly where he is going; and

(Continued on Page 120)

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(Continued from Page 118)

neither too fast nor too slow. He wore a most outlandishly battered boating cap, and his hands smelled of turpentine. I pronounced him Bohemian and asked if the artist's life was as wicked as reputed to be. He replied that he only knew from hearsay, as he was too busy painting to be an artist.

I cannot tell what was the matter with me today. I do not fancy myself as being without experience or poise, yet I could not have behaved more like some chambermaid with her first swain. I was afraid he wouldn't talk, and I was afraid to say anything, myself—so I chattered interminably. I dared not stop, lest he grab that opportunity to excuse himself and escape. This humiliating prospect grew larger in my mind. At last I stood up and, before he could speak, cried, "Good evening, Mr. Wrenn," and started down the path.

He came hurrying after me. "What is it, Mrs. Carver?" he asked. "What's the matter?"

"Please to let me pass!" I cried.

He released my arm and stepped aside. "I'm dull company, I know ——"

"Oh, damn!" I cried. "It isn't you. I've been babbling like an idiot, and I hate it, and can't help it ——"

He smiled. "Mrs. Carver, maybe we can learn from each other. Because I get silent when I'm ill at ease, just as you become a chatterbox. Together, we might make for moderation."

I sat down again. Now, however, I could think of nothing to say. I made the mistake of glancing up at him and our eyes met—so strange a sensation. A tingling shot up my spine like the ascent of a skyrocket and burst a spray of sparks at the roots of my hair. Perhaps I blushed, although it's scarcely my habit, for he looked away suddenly, and his smile was gone.

"It's getting late," he mumbled.

"I know."

"I've still got work to do."

"Of course." I arose. "And for all my talking, I've said not one word I intended." I quickly added, "About the portrait, I mean."

He fingered his cap. "I'm afraid that will be impossible. I don't have much free time."

"Of course." I cannot tell why I felt so relieved.

There was nothing more to be said, and yet we lingered, both of us.

"It's been very pleasant ——" he said.

"It's been so nice ——" I said.

We laughed, but it had a strained sound. "It's not likely," I added, "that we'll meet again ——"

"No. Not likely."

"Although I always stroll here about five, every afternoon."

"I'm always at work then."

"Yes. Of course. I must go. This time I really must."

I flung him a glance over my shoulder as I started away. He did not even smile to assure me he would be in the park tomorrow. Well, for all that, I'm not certain that I'll return either!

All day today, I kept thinking of things to tell Marius. Could scarcely wait for twilight. While dressing for dinner, I kept glancing out the window toward the park to see if, perhaps, he'd come after all. Once, the senator asked what I found so interesting outside, and I answered very quickly, that the sunset was lovely (which was absurd, as it was already dark).

I try not to be uneasy. I'm sure no accident has befallen him, although every thought presses this suggestion.

He was not there again today, although I went to our bench an hour early and stayed long I was late to dinner. I wrote him a little note; didn't send it. To be so forward might frighten him away. Of course, it makes no great difference to me whether he comes or not. Actually, it is only because I'm bored that I spent any time on him in the first place.

Later: In my heart of hearts, I know this is all for the best. He will not come back again. Ours could never be a real friendship. Yet I think of his face, of the way his eyes look into mine, of the strength of his fingers when we shake hands, of the way his hair tumbles over his brow—well I shall think of this no more.

Midnight: I have decided that, under no circumstances, will I meet Mr. Wrenn again.

My will has been likened to tempered steel. Today was the test of it. I coolly resisted every thought of Marius and even accepted an invitation to tea in the late afternoon. Yet when five o'clock came, in the middle of a sentence, I excused myself and hastened homeward.

And how glad I am that I yielded to the urgency. For when I came into the park Marius was waiting.

"I'm glad you came," I said.

Without reply, he lit his pipe. Other men beg a lady's permission to smoke. He is, as always, independent. We paced up and down, he on one side of the path, I on mine. As we passed one bench, I saw, stowed away behind the elm, his blue duffel bag.

Somehow I contrived a safe voice. "You are making a trip, Mr. Wrenn?"

"No. I'm returning from a trip."

"That sounds pleasant. Did you go far?"

He shook his head. "I jumped boat in New York."

"I don't know what 'jump boat' means."

"I'd signed aboard a freighter."

He volunteered no other explanation, neither why he had run away nor so suddenly returned. My heart supplied me the reason, however; and that the same torment is in his heart, he soon verified. It was when he got to discussing this clarity he worships in color.

"It must be pure," he said intensely. "Not muddy or adulterated ——" This last word barely escaped his lips. He stopped and quickly tried to substitute some other word.

I changed the subject, though I cannot swear to what sense I made, for this word disturbs me too. A hundred times a day, it slips by the guard of my mind. I confront it with all kinds of excuses—that I do no wrong in just seeing Wrenn, that I will not be ruled by other people's morality, that love needs no excuse . . .

(Continued on Page 123)



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(Continued from Page 120)

Here Elizabeth lowered her pen and f wned. That was true. Love needed no ju tification; but deception did. Yet how was s o justify it? She brought this problem to Madame von Schillar.

The baroness looked at her in astonish- t. "Justify myself? What do you mean?"

"I mean—weren't you troubled about be- ing the senator?"

"Troubled?" She laughed. "Mercy, no. I 't think I gave him a second thought."

"Oh, I can't believe that," Elizabeth cried. "Are you planning to lecture me about my , dear?"

"No, I'm only trying to understand."

The baroness patted her cheek. "Well, 't bother your head about this. It's not ortant."

s Madame von Schillar would not ex- n her attitude, Elizabeth had no way of erstanding it. Yet until she could under- d and duplicate it in her own heart, the ir with Wrenn could not reach the cul- ation she so longed for.

I can't understand what's gotten into !" Baroness von Schillar lent a charming olence to her criticism. "You've been nge as can be these last few weeks. All s fidgeting and darting out for air, disrupt- our work in midafternoon."

"I never leave until five, and we scarcely r work past four."

Madame von Schillar laughed. "Oh, go e your walk!" As Elizabeth left, however, called out with sudden testiness, "But 't think you're getting out of anything. 'll have to work tonight and make up for

"I'll be ready if you will," Elizabeth said, d closed the double doors. She hastened wn the hall, slipped on her coat and tugged her galoshes. Already her thoughts had ed in anticipation of meeting Wrenn.

So absorbed was she that it was some mo- nts before she realized a tall, freckled man was walking alongside her, repeating, Miss? Miss? Please?" For a fraction of an stant, Elizabeth could not distinguish if is was part of her imagination or reality. The woman, mistaking the confusion in r face, quickly identified herself. "I'm ith, Miss Carver's housekeeper. Remem- r, you come to ask Miss Sarah questions, d I couldn't let you in ——"

Elizabeth nodded. "Yes ——"

"Miss Carver would like to see you."

"I'm afraid I couldn't go there now. I'm te for my appointment."

"But we're right here." Faith indicated a ng black car which was slowly cruising ongside them in the street.

The automobile stopped and the door ung open. "Come in," cried a voice. "Come , please."

ELIZABETH glanced longingly at the park nd then climbed into the car.

"It's quite all right," said the woman in e car. "Faith is following orders. I wished o speak to you alone." Her voice sank. Kindly close the glass partition. I don't are to have the driver overhear." When lizabeth had obeyed, she continued, "I uppose it is not necessary to introduce my- lf."

"You're Miss Sarah Carver."

The woman nodded. "I very much regret aving been indisposed when you called. ince then, I have received a letter saying hat a book was being written which might oncern my brother. Am I correct in assum- ng that you came to me for information bout him?"

"Yes, partly."

"Very good. I will see that you are sup- lied with his history."

Her highhanded manner irritated Eliza- eth. "I don't think I'll need it now," she aid. "At this point, I'm only interested in ow he concerned his wife and Mr. Wrenn."

Miss Carver's arrogance fell away. "Is my rother to be sacrificed to them?"

"No, indeed," Elizabeth said. "I've been ery careful to include his point of view."

"But how could you know it, unless I tell ou?"

"Why, from what Madame von Schillar tells me."

Miss Carver dismissed this with a wave of her hand. "I'm afraid she is in no position to give you a correct summation of my brother."

"She was his wife."

"A title she repudiated. Of course it would be useless for me to talk to her—but I must know what is being said about Theo in this book. He is gone, and only I can protect him now."

"I can't be of any help," Elizabeth said. "My work is, naturally, confidential."

The woman permitted herself a smile. "I understand," she said. "I expected as much. So I came prepared." She opened her purse.

"Do you wish me to leave this car at once?" Elizabeth cried.

Miss Carver faltered. "I think you misunderstand me, my dear. I can see you are a young woman of integrity. It is on that I am placing my hope." She snapped shut her purse. "May I ask that you hear his side of the story?

"I knew him better than anyone else. I even learned to work a typewriting machine to be of use to him. And I was of use! His famous speech in nineteen hundred and nine—the 'chaff and wheat' speech against immigration—I helped him write it. You can imagine how it was when my brother married this Winslow girl. The whole marriage was a mistake from the beginning. She was utterly unworthy of my brother, mentally, socially and morally."

One of the chief reasons that widowers get married so quickly is because they find out that it bankrupts them to pay for the work that a wife has done for her board and clothes. —DOROTHY DIX

"Please!" Elizabeth protested. "I really cannot ——"

"Of course, of course," Miss Carver placated. "Please don't think I disliked Elizabeth personally. She was not only very beautiful, but she had become part of our name. I tried to protect her when the town began to gossip. I wrote a little note—unsigned, of course, as I didn't want to be implicated—warning this Wrenn that their secret was out. It did no good. I even tried to reason with my brother when he decided to carry things to court. I told him, 'Theo, whatever the woman did, remember your position. She's not worth jeopardizing that for.' But he answered, 'Sarah, if I keep her, I will jeopardize everything I possess—my name, my position, my integrity and my principles.'"

She knotted her fists until the seams of her gloves strained. "I thought once he was free of her that he and I could resume our old way of life and work undisturbed, but ——" She spoke with effort now. "Oh, when I think how his future was ruined—just because of this woman, whose flagrant immorality was in itself a negation of the responsibility of womanhood ——"

"I have told you," Elizabeth interrupted, "that I will not listen to any abuse of her ——"

"Abuse? It's the truth. She was totally unscrupulous. A cold woman, incapable of loving anything but herself."

Elizabeth rapped against the glass partition. "Driver! Let me out right here."

Miss Carver placed a restraining hand on the girl's shoulder. "Young woman, please do me the courtesy of hearing me out."

"I'm sorry," Elizabeth replied stiffly. She opened the door. "I could no more accept an attack like that on Elizabeth Winslow than I could on myself."

"Apparently I have not made clear just what she did, or you mightn't care to defend her."

"She doesn't need to be defended." Elizabeth slammed shut the door and hurried away. She could hear Miss Carver rapping the car window with her cane, but she did not turn back.

As she passed the park, she hesitated, then entered and sat down on the bench. For a time, she scarcely moved, her eyes shut. Her mind still echoed with Miss Carver's angry accusations.

She pressed her hands to her ears and closed her eyes again. It was no use. She could not become Elizabeth Carver. Sighing, she arose and went back into the great house.

The two women sat at the dinner table, dallying over their coffee. Candlelight lent the scene a serenity entirely independent of their moods.

Elizabeth took a breath and moistened her lips. "I met Miss Carver today!"

Madame von Schillar glanced up sharply. "Where?"

"She was waiting outside. She'd heard you were doing the book."

Madame von Schillar's green eyes blazed. "What did she tell you?"

"I didn't listen long."

"Tell me what she said," the baroness demanded. "Every word!"

Elizabeth met her eyes. "She said you were a cold woman, incapable of loving anyone but yourself!"

The baroness sat up stiffly. "How dare she judge me! Dried-up old maid!"

SHE arose restlessly and, after a moment, cried, "How could she ever understand a woman like me? Men never gave her any trouble. But me—even from the time I was a child." She dipped into a chair beside Elizabeth. "Once when I was only twelve, I was standing with my governess in the foyer of the opera house. It was crowded, and a man . . . touched me. I was frightened. Later, when I asked my mother about it, I think she was more distressed about my mentioning it than about the man putting his hand against me. She never answered my question until I was twenty, and by that time—believe me—I had discovered the motives of men. Naturally, I developed a certain cold attitude. But inside, I was just like any other young girl, wanting to love and be loved.

"Well, I was sure the senator was different. To me, he represented everything solid and high-minded and strong. Well, he wasn't! I don't have to go into any details about my wedding night. Later, he tried to explain by saying he loved me so much, he'd kind of gone out of his head. But by that time, I hated him. That time in Washington when he was sick, I used to sit by his bed and pray he'd die. Die and leave me free. I was still young, and I was beautiful, but my whole life seemed to be over."

She seemed about to cry, but instead forced a short, metallic laugh. "Well, I was cold with Theo, so Sarah told you the truth. But it doesn't make any difference, because I'm not going to mention all this in my book. And yet"—she fixed her eyes on Elizabeth—"somehow, we've got to suggest what happened, so people won't condemn me for looking for the love I knew had to exist, the love I was entitled to. A gentle, quiet man, who ——" She fumbled for a phrase, and Elizabeth prompted:

"—— who saw more in you than just the beauty of your face."

"Perhaps."

"And you recognized him as being that man, the moment you met?"

"The moment."

"He was kind and gentle, wasn't he?"

"Wonderfully so."

"Yet all disguised behind a roughness ——"

"Roughness?"

"I mean, he was blunt, abrupt. He didn't care what people thought."

The baroness frowned. "Who?"

"Mr. Wrenn."

"Oh! Yes, I guess so."

"Almost indifferent, at first, wasn't he?" The baroness nodded, and Elizabeth continued softly, "Because he didn't want to love you, he was afraid to love you."

"I expect that's how it was."

"But when did you know for sure? That he loved you?"



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"I don't remember. It must have been just before he started my portrait. Anyway, a month or so after we began meeting." Then seeing the girl was preparing to ask another question, she cried, "No, that's enough! I'll have remembered a lot more by the time we've finished our chapter on the dear senator." She did not leave the room, however, but lingered at the door. "The important thing," she added anxiously, "is to make sure you're not still worried about what that fool Sarah said."

"No. I'm not worried. I'm glad I met her."

"Why, for heaven's sake?"

"Because now I know why you had to fall in love—and why you didn't have to justify yourself—why there needn't be any more delay ——"

"Delay?" The baroness cocked her head. "How do you mean?"

The girl flushed. "In my work," she said quickly.

Elizabeth hurried down the dark path. Wrenn was already waiting at the usual bench

"I had to come back," he said. "I was worried when you didn't show up this afternoon."

"I had to spend it with the senator and Miss Sarah. And I don't have much time now. I said I was just going to run over to Kitty's, for a minute."

Thunder rumbled faintly, and, somewhere in the distance, someone was playing the same bars of Schumann over and over. At once restless and languorous, the two arose and began walking in silence. Elizabeth paused by the frozen fountain and gazed about, as if to suspend this moment in her mind forever. Her heart was hammering, yet she seemed to breathe not at all. Their hands touched, locked together. Suddenly, he stepped away. Startled, she opened her eyes.

"Someone's passing," he said, in a harsh whisper.

They drew back deeper into the darkness. Soon a figure, preceded by a long shadow, trudged by. Only when he was gone from sight and from sound did they release their hands. Her forehead was moist.

"Who did you think it was?" she whispered. "The senator?"

"It could have been."

"But it wasn't, so let's forget it."

They were standing close together again; but anticipation had changed to apprehension, and the moment was lost. She turned away. Then, for fear silence would widen even farther the intangible breach between them, she bridged it with quick reassurance. "We mustn't be afraid."

"It's no use," he said. "I am afraid. We're in the wrong ——"

"No, we're not," she protested.

"Aren't we? Didn't you know that from the start? Isn't that why we meet here rather than in your husband's house? You can't love and fear at the same time. Fear always wins out and kills ——"

"THEN we mustn't meet by stealth any more." She considered this, added quickly, "You could paint my portrait. There's a little room upstairs with a good light. We could be together there, and no one could question that."

He shook his head. "It would only make it harder to say good-by. And that's all the future can hold for us."

"I thought you were a rebel," she cried fiercely. "I thought you could dare and chance and fight!"

"It's not hard to fight when I see something wrong," he answered slowly, "but when I know it's me who's wrong, I'm defenseless. Soon we'd be blaming and resenting each other."

She raised her head and, looking into his eyes, knew his anguish was no less than her own. "Then is that the only way to keep what we have? To ——"

Her voice wasted and, almost inaudibly, he supplied, "To say good-by."

There is not only a good deal of fun, but even religion in a hearty laugh. The lower animals can't laugh and the devil won't.
—JOSH BILLINGS

Rain began falling lightly, streaking the tense faces. Elizabeth touched his hand to l it say the farewell she could not articulat and suddenly, magnetized by contact, th were in each other's arms. Ignorant of t thunder's repeated warning, they clung t gether, and only when rain began to pe them did they release each other.

"Run," he ordered huskily; and th raced to the gate. He ducked aside into t shadows. "I'll wait here till you're gone."

"And tomorrow?"

"Yes. I'll come. If you're not afraid, ho can I be?"

"My house, then?"

He nodded. "We'll begin the portrait."

"Oh, my dearest ——" She kissed hi quickly, then hurried across the street.

WHEN Elizabeth was in her room again she took off her wet coat. It was nearly te o'clock.

Humming the little Schumann theme, sh undressed and brushed her damp, dark hai It would be in this room, she thought; th room that would become his studio. *And I' sit by the window where the light is good. He' stand over there ——*

She slipped on her nightgown, then la down on the cot. She did not sleep, howeve Eventually, she arose and lit the lamp. Th pen scratched as she wrote, but she did no notice:

I thought four o'clock would never come; bu when it did I suddenly felt unprepared. I wa beautifully groomed, it i true, but he never notice that. The woman he does see however, the woman within was all unsettled, unsure.

Worth had already ushered him into the little room up stairs. I entered, careful t leave the door ajar. H was unpacking his port folio; when he saw me hi hand faltered. I said a few meaningless words of wel come very loudly and then whispered, "My darling!"

Seeing he was still uneasy, I sat by the win dow and picked up the volume of Dante to read aloud until he was calm. Soon, he sat down and began making preliminary sketches. I put the book down.

He was watching me. "When did you first know?" he asked, at last.

"I'm not sure. I think I knew when I first saw you. And you?"

He shook his head. "There was no one moment. It built like—a coral reef, one tiny cell upon another, until—it lifted out of the sea, a mountain ——"

"And you steered onto it, wrecking yourself ——"

"I wasn't going to say that."

He came over and kissed me. "I love you," he whispered.

"Why?"

"I don't know. Does anyone ever know why? It's only important to know that I do."

Elizabeth wrote on. The room was silent except for the scratch of her pen.

The third week in February always found Madame von Schillar in low spirits, culminating on the twentieth day, when Worth reminded her with cake and candles that she was a year older.

"How old would you say I looked?" she asked Elizabeth, after dinner.

"I've never thought of it," said Elizabeth; then to counteract this lie, added truthfully, "When you came in the door, that first day, I thought you were perhaps forty."

With half-closed eyes, the baroness studied a mirror. "I don't look too grim," she mused. "In Rome, I could still make a man look twice. Three times, if the light wasn't too good."

"I'm sure those who love you don't really know what you look like, anyway," Elizabeth comforted. "The closer you get to a person, the less perspective you have."

"May be some truth to that," the baroness agreed. She moved nearer the girl. "That's why I've been so slow about giving out details of Marius," she told her. " I knew him too well."



"Like painting a portrait," Elizabeth suggested eagerly. "Sometimes you love a person so much—the sweetness, the understanding, the real person—that you forget the actual appearance. And that's why he could never catch the exact likeness of you."

The baroness was watching her with that air of lazy mockery. "If you please, dear," she begged, "whatever might you be talking about?"

"The portrait. How Marius did it over and over and never could get it right. Remember?"

"Yes—he never finished my picture."

"Why not?"

"People had begun to whisper about us."

"You sent him away?"

"I had no choice."

"But how could you?" Elizabeth cried. "It was only love that mattered. You told me so yourself. What did you care what people said?"

"I didn't care! Well, maybe I did! Oh, I don't know. I couldn't think. I was afraid." She looked away from Elizabeth. "I can't discuss that part now. It's still too painful."

"But could I know how long you stayed apart?"

"I don't remember," said Madame von Schillar. "It seemed like a hundred years."

"And then?"

"When I couldn't stand it any more, I dropped him a note."

"He came back?"

"Yes."

"And then?"

Madame von Schillar arose and wandered restlessly around the room. When she turned, the girl was waiting with that soft luminosity which, more than once in these past weeks, had piqued Madame von Schillar's curiosity. "You know so much about me, and I know nothing of you," she said suddenly. "Tell me about yourself."

"MYSELF?" Elizabeth spoke like one newly awakened. "It's not very interesting."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"You look rather older." Madame von Schillar glanced at her reflection in the pier glass, then turned away with a shrug. "But I wouldn't be twenty-eight again for anything," she said sharply. "An ugly year."

"How do you mean?"

"That was when the senator divorced me. Oh, and the newspapers just couldn't seem to let me alone. Needless to say, all my friends began cutting me dead. I'd get anonymous letters ——"

"But even so, you had Marius. You were free to marry him, after that."

Madame von Schillar examined her scarlet fingernails. "But we were talking of you," she said. "Where do you come from? Who are your people?"

"I was born in St. Louis," Elizabeth said. "My father was a broker. We had a big house with green mansard roof, and I used to play in the attic—play I was Rapunzel, or Joan of Arc, or my mother ——"

"Why your mother, for mercy's sake?"

"I suppose because she was so beautiful. She and my father were very much in love—not just loving companions, like most people who've been married for quite a while. When I was about fifteen, my father lost everything in speculation. That same year, he died. My—my mother wouldn't live without him. She took an overdose of sleeping tablets ——"

"How sordid," the baroness said. Then, more gently: "Not that elements in my own life haven't been. So—continue."

"I—I went to live with relatives. They'd also been hit financially. So quick as I could get a work permit, I began taking jobs, just anything—waitress, switchboard operator; sometimes, at night, I was a baby-sitter. That's when I first began writing poetry. I gave my earnings to my aunt, and I suppose it helped her out, but I was never made to feel I belonged there. I'd get home late, when the others were asleep, and I'd go out early before they were up. Sometimes, at the switchboard, I'd listen in on the conversations and pretend someone was talking to me ——"



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Beginning to be depressed herself, Madame von Schillar interrupted: "Perhaps we'd better finish our little talk another time. It's getting late, and we haven't done a lick of work yet."

It was long after midnight when Madame von Schillar finally dismissed her. Dejectedly, Elizabeth trudged back to her room and lit the lamp. She refilled her pen, sharpened pencils, put on her nightgown, washed out her stockings—well-established ruts of action which might channel away her unhappiness.

Abruptly, in the midst of a task, she covered her eyes and whispered intensely, "Marius, Marius." A moment later, she peered through her fingers. Her brows drew together in perplexity, and she repeated aloud and more urgently, "Marius?"

She stood silently, waiting, the line of her mouth tensing. "Don't leave me alone," she whispered. "Don't stay away when I need your strength."

She had forbidden herself to cry, but loneliness and despondency overruled this mandate, and she began to sob, cupping her hands over her mouth lest any sound betray her. At last she hastened to the bureau in search of a handkerchief; but it was something else her fingers touched. She drew out a pair of man's gray socks, neatly rolled into a ball.

This was the latest acquisition to her scant hoard of Wrenn's possessions. A tape, sewed in each sock, was inked with his name. While seeking material to patch her blue dress, some days before, she had come upon these in the rag bag. Automatically she lifted the gray wool to her eyes and dried her tears with them. Then, on sudden impulse, she unrolled the socks and slipped her hands into them like gloves. The heel of one had been worn through. She smiled and took out her sewing kit. Sitting by the window, she began to darn the sock.

It had been her own fault, she thought. No wonder Wrenn had not responded. Love cannot communicate when the mind is clamorous with insecurity, resentment and doubt. It was probably in just such a way that Elizabeth Carver had lost touch with Marius, that time early in their romance. Madame von Schillar's words echoed in her ears: "I don't know. I couldn't think. I was afraid." Again the girl nodded knowingly.

She looked up from her sewing. Now, at last, Wrenn was there, standing by his easel.

"Well, I'm finished with these." She bit through the yarn and rolled up the gray socks. "What a shock it would be, if people only knew."

Marius looked up abruptly. "What?"

"If people knew the senator's wife was a seamstress in secret."

"Oh!" His attempt to laugh made her uneasy.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "What did you think I meant?"

For a moment, Wrenn studied her over the corner of his canvas. "Suppose people did know? I mean, about us?"

"I'd be proud as Punch. After all, we've done nothing wrong, have we? Lots of women have their portraits done."

He looked up from his work. "It is bothering you, isn't it?"

"Why should it? A lot I care about public opinion."

"I think you care a great deal. Because you fight against it so hard."

"I don't give a fig for the whole of Boston." She braced herself against a faint wave of nausea. Presently she asked, "Are you afraid too?"

"Isn't that the price of loving like this?" he asked.

She lowered her eyes to her restless hands. "People knowing about us, talking about it . . . makes it so ——"

"I know," he comforted.

"And when it gets back to my husband—and it will ——"

"Yes," he said, "it will. Tonight! I'm going to tell him, myself."

"Are you insane? It'll be the end of everything."

"No, the beginning, Elizabeth. I want to marry you. Ask him for a divorce."

"Oh, my darling, do you think I haven't many times? He won't even discuss it."

"Does he know you don't love him?" he asked.

"Of course he knows. And refusing me a divorce is just one of his ways of punishing me for not loving him. If he learns about us, he'd make my life a hell. And ruin yours. You don't know Theo ——"

His voice rose. "I'll fight for you, Elizabeth. But it's got to be in the open. That's the only way, isn't it?"

She did not reply, nor could she meet his eyes. At last, he turned to the easel and lifted down the wet canvas. It seemed more final than any word they had spoken.

He put down the canvas and held her in his arms until she stopped trembling. "It won't change things," he whispered. "I love you. I will, if I live to be a hundred ——"

She turned from him with a little cry. "I wish it were a hundred years from now." He did not answer. "Marius?" She turned. He was gone.

It was after a long time that she went to her desk and, drawing out her journal, began to write. How long she wrote there, she could not judge, but it was terminated by a knocking at the door. Worth peered in.

"Why, you're awake already," the servant cried, in surprise. "Well, breakfast's on the table." She withdrew, closing the door.

"*Breakfast?*" Elizabeth murmured. She arose and threw open the shutters. Her eyes, prepared for evening, blinked at the influx of light.

If we are indifferent to the art of dancing, we have failed to understand, not merely the supreme manifestation of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life.

—**HAVELOCK ELLIS:**
The Dance of Life (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

As she turned away, she glimpsed her reflection in the windowpane. Startled, she peered at it closely. It was not a beautiful girl with red hair that she saw, but a slender, dark woman, whose startled eyes stared back at her.

The shock of recognition anchored her senses. She looked down at herself. Her feet were bare. She was standing there in her nightgown; Elizabeth Deveny, standing by her bed, and it was morning. She had just awakened, she decided, but with fragments of her dream still clinging to her in defiance of daylight.

She quickly dressed. As she prepared to go down to breakfast, she discovered some freshly penned notes on her desk. They were in her own handwriting. She glanced at a paragraph, and the color drained from her face. If she had really been asleep and her parting from Marius merely a dream, when had she written about it in such detail?

She stepped back in confusion and her foot grazed something—the rolled-up gray socks on the floor.

"Were you here, then?" she asked tensely. "Were you really here?"

Holding herself rigid against panic, she tried to remember the passage of the entire night, to identify fact, to distinguish it from fancy; but she was frightened.

"Marius Wrenn is dead," she said aloud in desperation. "Dead before I was even born. I am not Elizabeth Carver. I am Elizabeth Deveny!"

Her mouth tightened. Striding to the desk, she ripped page after page from her journal, swept the pile into a drawer and turned the key.

It was night again. Elizabeth returned home from a walk, but felt too restless for sleep. These last days of interview with Madame von Schillar had yielded much talk, but its concentrate was worthless—facts had already heard, or trivia whose sum co not equal the Wrenn she had known in locked imagination.

More and more, she began to wonde Madame von Schillar would ever consent share more than the superficial aspects her romance with Wrenn. She took his let from its hiding place and studied it. *If t were only more letters, I wouldn't have to pend on Madame von Schillar,* she sigh *They could tell me the whole story.*

Sighing, she turned off the lamp a stretched out on her bed; but sleep was to be lured by these patterns of habit. discipline her thoughts into monotony a so induce sleep, she tried to imagine mechanism of knitting—to chant the lita of purling and to count the stitches. At la hypnotized by routine, she heedlessly work in a strand of illusion, until her web becai half consciously imagined, half dream. S found herself knitting the memoirs. Th with a silent cry, she discovered in t fabric a dropped stitch—a sentence s had not caught up and placed correct "I burned his letters," the baroness h said.

Elizabeth sat up suddenly. At first, s recalled, the baroness had flatly denied th Wrenn had ever written to her—clearly lie. "Or if he did, I burned the letters." W not that a lie too? How likely would t baroness be to burn the letters of the m she loved, whatever the danger? No! It w merely a device to preclude sharing the treasures with anyone.

"She didn't burn them," Elizabeth wh pered. "She hid them."

Tensely she sat on the edge of the c staring into darkness. *But I'll find the lette* she promised herself. *Maybe tomorrow.*

From the moment breakfast was throu Elizabeth waited impatiently for Mada von Schillar to leave her rooms so she cou search them. Gradually she realized th except for meals, the baroness seldom left h suite.

At lunch, Elizabeth excused herself fro the table before coffee. Her time was t scant, however, and when Madame v Schillar entered, her petulance at Elizabeth interruption of the meal made clear that th ruse could not be repeated.

"I don't know how you ever find an thing in this desk," Elizabeth said. "W don't I put it in order while we chat?"

"I don't care," the baroness yawned.

The desk was not large, but it held a su prising clutter of papers, among them i surance policies, stock certificates and cu rency clipped together with bobby pins. S found, however, no letters.

Smiling tautly, Elizabeth held up one the securities. "Don't you have somepla to put valuable papers? A secret drawer the desk? Or a safe?"

"No. Just put them where they are, so can find them again." After a moment, how ever, she took the valuables from Elizabet and folded them into a brown envelop "Turn your back," she ordered.

Elizabeth obeyed, but in the reflection a mirror she witnessed the baroness tuckin the envelope behind the Sargent portrait.

That night, she called on Kitty Leighto Wallach. She told the older woman, "I war to ask why you never visit Madame vo Schillar. She used to be a dear friend yours, and I know you're above this pett idea of punishing her, like her other s called friends."

It was not difficult to persuade Mr Wallach. Three o'clock was the hour set fo the visit, and all through the next da Elizabeth waited impatiently. When, how ever, Worth announced that Mrs. Wallac was waiting in the parlor, Madame vo Schillar only groaned.

"People ought to remember I don't r ceive except on Thursdays." With elabora reluctance, she entered the parlor. "Kitt darling," Elizabeth heard her carol. "O my dear, how lovely to see you again."

Quickly, Elizabeth slid her hand in bac of Madame von Schillar's big portrait. Th

(Continued on Page 128)

New "snowy" the powder bleach

that safely bleaches fabrics you could never bleach before!



Now for the first time science makes it possible to...

bleach nylon and rayon-safely!

Have you noticed your nylon and rayon lingerie losing its original sparkle—little by little, week by week, taking on a gray film that dulls its beauty?

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Different in its powder form, different in its gentler, more patient action, "snowy" is also *used* differently.

Use "snowy" bleach every wash! Make nylon and rayon whiter with every bleaching!

"snowy's" action—safe and gradual—continues every time you wash. A few bleachings, and gray lingerie starts to sparkle again. For *new* lingerie, use "snowy" from the first wash and *keep* that new look!

The same gentleness that makes "snowy" safe for fine fabrics makes it safe for brightening tub-fast colors and prints. Wonderful for baby's delicate things too. Not irritating. Kind to your hands. And "snowy" has a clean, fresh fragrance!

Use gentle "snowy" *every* wash. Use a full 20-ounce package, then see the difference!

Only "snowy" bleaches With 3-Way Action:

1. **Conditions water.** More suds . . . easier washing.
2. **Dissolves gray film.** Film floats away with water.
3. **Bleaches gently, gradually, safely.** With clothes clean, "snowy" works with SAFE bleaching action.

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- To avoid "wind-blown wildness"
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

There's only one SPRAY NET! It's made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty

(Continued from Page 126)

brown envelope was there, but nothing else. She hurried to the next picture, expectantly, and lifted it from its hook ——

It was an hour later when Madame von Schillar returned to her suite. Everything was in order, and Elizabeth was sitting in exactly the same chair as before. She glanced up glumly.

"Have a nice visit?"

"Grim. Kitty's let herself go snow-white." She chatted on volubly, but Elizabeth, staring straight ahead, heard not a word.

If she discontinued her search of the house after that day, it was not because Elizabeth had relinquished hope of finding Wrenn's letters; she was inspired by an easier plan of getting at them.

The following morning, an elevator lifted her to the loggia of the state library. She thumbed through bound copies of prominent newspapers, dated 1912. Curiously enough, the Carver divorce was mentioned only once, a brief paragraph. An attendant supplied the reason.

"Decent papers didn't print that sort of thing," he explained. "In those days, particularly about our best families ——"

"But were there no scandal sheets?"

"Oh, to be sure. The Reveille, for instance."

The yellowing sheets of the Reveille were brittle, the edges flaking in her fingers as she turned each page. Here, the Carver divorce proceedings were generously in evidence. As she read, Elizabeth's nostrils pinched. Had there been any doubt in her mind before, none was left as to why the baroness feared print. No love letters were printed as evidence, however.

With dragging footsteps, Elizabeth returned to her room. She tried to write, but every page she began was soon crumpled.

She mopped the perspiration from her brow. Why, she asked herself, why seal the imagination when it was all she had to work with? She had turned from fantasy to fin Marius, but it was in fact that she had los him. If love and understanding were to b found in illusion, then to insist upon realit was madness.

"Give in," she whispered. "Give in." I seemed to be Wrenn's voice, instructing pleading.

She leaped to her feet, pressing her hand against her ears. A moment later, she dragged her suitcase out and began flinging he clothes into it. Her breath still came fast a she wrote a note of good-by to Madame vo Schillar.

Yet as she reread it, the words seemed un reasoning, hysterical. With a sniff of wry amusement, she crumpled the note. *I can jus as easily wait for morning to say good-by*, she decided. *I'm calm now—out of danger.*

Even so, in falling asleep that night, she reached out and gripped the handle of her suitcase for reassurance.

Either she awoke or dreamed she did. It was still dark. Although the room was chilly, her nightgown was damp with perspiration. Drowsily, she pushed aside the shutters and glanced out at the silent, ice-polished park. It was empty. Of course it was empty. Her throat constricted and she turned away.

In crossing back to her bed, she stumbled against something. It was a suitcase.

"Maybe I was going to run away with Marius," she mumbled.

She pondered this, then sadly shook her head. Marius did not even know she still longed to see him. Marius. Perhaps at this very moment he was awake, too, thinking of her, summoning her, conjuring her. "Sometimes, when I say your name enough, I can bring your face to my mind." He had said that, once. "I suppose this should be enough for me, but it isn't. I want to see you, talk to you. A letter, Elizabeth ——"

The tears had come to her eyes, and suddenly she picked up a pen. The moon provided enough light to write.

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

EFFICIENCY is lighting the birthday cake from the center candles first.

It is possible to make room in the refrigerator for a watermelon your husband brings home unordered, but you can never divide the summer guest who arrives unexpectedly.

Bride's voice out of apartment: "I'm pretty sure there's something you do to macaroni before you bake it."

A girl is a creature who can go around for a week in a bathrobe, yet end up on Saturday with a tubful of laundry.

Whenever her son gets into a boyish scrape, a certain mother consoles her family with, "It's never the nicked cup that gets broken."

The parsimonious "saver" predicts a flood instead of a rainy day.

A child knows whether or not an adult *really* loves him, just as a plant knows the difference between a bucket of water thrown over it and rain from heaven.

The meanest man I've ever heard about was the one who stood over his critically ill wife and demanded, "What did you say to the Browns that made them take their business away from me?"

My husband's idea of painless picnicking is eating in a good restaurant.

My Aunt Annie affirmed her faith with, "I do not understand how anyone can look upon a newborn baby and not forever afterward believe in God."

Major periods of crisis in family life:
Putting in a garden.
Putting up a Christmas tree.
Putting aside the income tax.

Perhaps the second daughter is really being aided in weeding out one or two suitors by her father's setting them to digging postholes, when they arrive for a long week end.

One understanding teacher, after passing out each pupil's supply of fresh paste: "Any child who wants to find out what it tastes like may do so now."

The ten-year-old son of the neighborhood's most progressive couple was overheard saying to his mother, "*You* may choose the TV programs today, mother, since it's your birthday."

Whenever I desperately need a safety pin I look in the hems of the youngest's skirts.

Neighbor's daughter: "We had ten-minute steak and partially boiled potatoes."

I remember thinking that I was grown up when I could no longer get my hand in and out of a lamp chimney.

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Marius—Forgive me. I hadn't the courage to go on before, but now I haven't the strength to go on without you. It's too late to think of cost now. And nothing could be worse than the torment of these last weeks. I'll be in the park tomorrow night at nine. Be there, I implore you.

ELIZABETH.

She sealed this into an envelope and was scarcely aware of the time it took her to find a stamp or to finish the addressing. Pulling on her coat, she crept down the stairs. The front door creaked as she opened it, but above caution and without haste, she slipped out and across the silent park to the mailbox.

Whether this had been a dream or fact, Elizabeth could not distinguish when the morning light awoke her. More substantial was her knowledge of surrender. Humming softly, she unpacked her suitcase.

Her work with the baroness, that day, was shot through with nervous excitement.

"Happy today, aren't we?" the baroness drawled.

"Within an inch of my life," said Elizabeth gaily.

"And so gloomy yesterday! Really, my dear, one could get quite seasick trying to follow your emotional ups and downs."

Dinner was at seven. Elizabeth barely touched her food. Continually she eyed the clock which seemed to be in conspiracy against her eagerness.

She dressed, that night, with infinite care. She let herself out of the house, crossed the street into the little park. After brushing the snow from the bench beneath the familiar elm, she sat down. Several times she glanced at her watch. Abruptly, she straightened, hearing his step. Then he was beside her, whispering, "Elizabeth, Elizabeth."

"Thank God," she gasped. "How long has it been?"

"A hundred years."

"No, it's been a hundred years just while I've been waiting here, tonight. We won't be apart again, ever, will we?"

"Have you the courage for that?"

Her smile was wistful. "I don't seem to have much courage at all, any more. That's why I need you so."

"Then we'll find a way," he promised. "Somehow, we'll find a way."

It was an hour later when Elizabeth returned home. As she hurried toward the stairs, the baroness appeared at her door.

"You flounced out without a good-by and pop back in without saying hello," she accused.

"Can I do something for you, now?" Elizabeth asked.

"Nothing! Don't bother about me. It doesn't matter if I get lonesome," said the baroness wearily. "Where've you been, pray?

"Out walking." Elizabeth nodded graciously and swept upstairs.

Within a week, the chapter on Wrenn was well in progress. No longer able to discriminate between what was fact and what was fancy, Elizabeth blindly included both in her narration of the romance. Never once did she question this, for her identities of Elizabeth Deveny and Elizabeth Winslow Carver were not separate viewpoints, but, as two eyes, blending a singleness of vision.

"You're mad!" cried the baroness. "Absolutely mad!"

Even though this was a telephone conversation and she was unseen by the other speaker, her face was alive with smiles and her eyes practiced a subtle coquetry. She hung up and turned to Elizabeth.

"Harry Mellett," she stated. "He's in town on business and wants to take us to Symphony tonight."

"That'll be nice."

Elizabeth's absence of excitement did not sap Madame von Schillar's. She dipped into a chair. "You'd better call my hairdresser. And tell Worth I'll need her to do some pressing. The Schiaparelli. Haven't worn it for ten years. But its cut will be daring a century from now. It ought to make the Back Bay boil!" She smiled. "Lots of people I used to know may be there, and—well, Mellett *is* good-looking."



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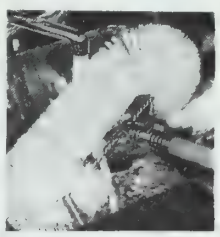


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"I had no idea," said Elizabeth gently, "that you were so fond of music."

The baroness swiveled around. "What are you wearing, incidentally?"

"I don't have much choice. My long black skirt and a white blouse."

"Nonsense!" the baroness cried. "Go look in my closet. Pick out something. I can't have you tagging along looking like our chaperon."

Indifferently, Elizabeth selected a drapery of smoky chiffon, stippled with silver. As the bodice was too large, she was forced to alter it, her needle the clumsier because she resented taking time from the book to prepare for an evening which did not interest her.

Watching the girl try on the dress before a mirror, Madame von Schillar judged, "You look a little more human now, my dear." She stretched comfortably. Her hair was pinned flat against her scalp in moist rosettes, and her skin tingling from massage. "If you'd only let Corinne do something with that hair, we might even marry you off to a Cabot."

ELIZABETH submitted without much protest. Mellett was due for dinner at seven. By six, the women had transformed Elizabeth. She stood before them in the gray-and-silver gown. Soft curls hid her forehead, while her back hair swerved high, exposing the nape of her slender neck.

"Pretty as a picture," said Corinne. "Don't you think so, baroness?"

"I suppose so." Madame von Schillar glanced at her own reflection, then asked, "What color powder has she got on?"

The artist in Corinne was instantly displaced by the salesman. "It's called 'Gingergilt,' and honestly, baroness, it's made for miracles."

Deftly, Madame von Schillar applied some to her face and neck, then stood back from the mirror. Her eyes darted sharply from her reflection to Elizabeth. Her mouth tightened. "You kept me under the drier too long," she snapped. "I think I'm going to have a headache." Then her eye was caught by Elizabeth slowly revolving before the long mirror. "For mercy's sake, stand still! You'll have that dress torn to shreds in ten minutes. And slick up your back hair ——"

The criticism did not end there and, as quickly as possible, Elizabeth withdrew. She edged up the stairs stiffly, fearful of stepping through the hem or snagging the delicate tissue of the gown. Nor was there respite in her room. She dared not sit down and risk wrinkling the dress. Although she was sewed into one of Madame von Schillar's gowns, and her face colored with the same cosmetics, never had she felt less like Elizabeth Winslow.

Mellett arrived shortly after seven. The baroness timed her own appearance a few minutes later.

They had begun cocktails when Elizabeth came downstairs. Both watched her descent with wonder. The girl's face had been scrubbed until it gleamed like polished bone. She wore a white blouse and long black skirt. A wet comb had eased out the curls, and her dark hair swung free and shining to her shoulders. She advanced, smiling with perfect poise, holding out her hand to Mellett.

"Elizabeth," he cried admiringly, "you look positively sinful!"

The baroness slipped an arm around Elizabeth's waist. "Much, much better, my dear," she whispered.

At dinner, Madame von Schillar invested the brightest treasure of her charm in conversation. In the shadow of this gaiety, Elizabeth sat silently, content to listen. Mellett, too, sat in silence, watching Elizabeth—the fragile curve of her lips, the shadow cast over her eyes by the burnished bangs. Once, as he watched, her eyes lifted to his. Always before, she would wrench away her glance with a shyness allied to hostility. Now her brief attention was casual; pleasant, but without emphasis. He cocked his head wonderingly, and his face held both smile and frown.

They were late to Symphony Hall, and the entrance Madame von Schillar had awaited all afternoon was lost in the darkened auditorium. Only the girl appeared to be engrossed by the music. Her eyes were gleaming, her lips half parted, and her head majestically erect. Yet the symphony was not the focus of her thoughts; she was entirely absorbed by Wrenn's nearness.

When the program had concluded and they had, somehow, captured a cab, Mellett said, "We've still got business to discuss. Let's find us a nice, quiet little café ——"

"Whatever for?" cried Madame von Schillar. "When I've a perfectly good kitchen at home?"

"Lady," he said, "don't tell me you can boil water!"

"Dear man," she drawled, "I make soufflés and blintzes lighter than an angel's conscience. But scrambled eggs is what you're going to get!"

No sooner had she reached the kitchen, however, than she regretted her offer. The responsibility of fixing the supper exiled her to the stove, across the room from Mellett's quiet conversation with Elizabeth.

"Dearest," she called, at last, "that headache's coming back. Would you be a dream and do the eggs?"

Even in an apron, with a skillet in her hand, Elizabeth retained the quality of unconscious elegance. Mellett tried discussing the merits and faults of the first chapters with Madame von Schillar, but he was consistently distracted by the girl's movements.

"Actually, she isn't beautiful," he suddenly told the baroness, "but damned if she doesn't act as if she were."

"Who?"

"Elizabeth," he said. "You've been a wonderful influence on her."

The conception of two people living together for twenty-five years without having a cross word suggests a lack of spirit only to be admired in sheep. —A. P. HERBERT

"Really?" Madame von Schillar's smile was a little tight. When Elizabeth brought over the plates, she arose with a yawn. "My darlings," she said, "I've sad news. I'm not hungry now." She crossed to the door, glanced back, her smile at Mellett tinged with mockery. He would see how long Elizabeth's "beauty" lasted once the "wonderful influence" had withdrawn. "It's been heaven, my dears," she cried. "Good night."

While it is true the brighter force of conversation left with the baroness, a more leisurely pace gave Mellett the opportunity he'd awaited. "You've changed," he announced.

"Ah?"

"Well, haven't you?"

"We live," Elizabeth said, smiling, "in a state of flux." Then: "Is there enough salt on your eggs?"

"Yes. Now, be serious."

"Very well." She arranged him a face of long-drawn solemnity. "As for changing, Harry, have you considered it might be you who's changed?"

"Me?"

"You. I don't recall your ever being so abrupt before. You didn't demand answers to silly questions. You took me as I was. And it was very pleasant that way." She held out a crushed package of cigarettes.

"Well, one thing hasn't changed," he growled, accepting one. "You still smoke the most beat-up cigarettes in the world."

He left shortly after, but returned the next day, prior to leaving Boston, on pretext of discussing the unfinished business. His frown, when told that Elizabeth was not home, was scarcely flattering to Madame von Schillar.

She sharpened her words against her smile. "Elizabeth isn't always to be accounted for, any more. The way she goes mooning about ——"

"I hadn't noticed the mooning."

"How could you miss it? It's been going on for weeks. She keeps denying she has a young man in one breath, and in the r she hints she has."

"So that's it!"

"What?"

He reached for his hat. "The reason the change in her."

The baroness nodded. "I know you're glad for her as I am."

"Yes," he said. "Of course."

Madame von Schillar had only sugge the romance to punish Mellett for his tentiveness to Elizabeth, but now that words had been spoken, she began to wor if she had not hit upon the truth.

When the girl returned that afterno the baroness watched her carefully. Mellett had pointed out, there was a cided change in her manner; romance co easily have been the catalyst. Elizabet love! Madame von Schillar tugged at pearls, not knowing whether to laugh o frown.

The baroness sat at the piano, her ri clacking against the ivory keys as fumbled out a waltz whose great popula had coincided with her own. Then, abrup someone spoke her name and, startled, fingers jammed out a discord.

"Merciful God," she cried, glancing up Elizabeth. "Scare a person to death!"

"You asked the senator for a divo again before you and Marius ran off, did you?"

"Yes." Her hands withdrew from keys. "On bended knees."

"And he refused again."

"Yes." Her face hardened. "That part of his plan. To force me into some c perate act, so he could disgrace me publi Why do you ask?"

"I just had to be sure." When she sp again, her voice was decisive. "It's time me to go to Cape Cod."

Madame von Schillar glanced up at h "What do you mean, it's time for you?"

"I mean—I've written everything up the time you and Mr. Wrenn eloped to Cape."

"So why do you have to go there, pra There wasn't a soul there who knew me w enough to tell you a blessed thing ——"

"It's not the people I want to see, but to know what the wind feels like there, a the air, and how the clouds look ——"

"Is she writing my autobiography or weather report?" the baroness asked of one in particular. "Well, go along, if y must. But I don't think you'll stay long. I a dull place."

"You didn't always think so."

"No." Softly, she resumed her playir "But then, you see, dear, I wasn't alone

Although April had arrived, the weath was sharp that morning. Laden with g ceries, and with the key from the real-esta man in her pocket, Elizabeth trudged o beyond town to the silver-shingled cotta by the shore. It had been closed sin September and smelled of oilcloth and ke osene. By the time she had unpacked h bag and made up the bed, it had grov darker. Although the summer tenants h left the lamps filled with oil, she did not lig them, finding more pleasant these shadow

SHE fed the driftwood fire in the hear and let it illumine her solitary dinner. nine o'clock, she arose and went into the be room. Outside, the tormented surf flung fo ward, enfolding the shore; surging, pulsin with rhythms too subtle to distinguis sweeping back with a gasp only to thrust fo ward again. All through the night, hauntin Elizabeth's dreams and her wakefulness, t ocean's thunder and whisper warned he and there was no escape from it; the se Wrenn's beloved sea, would one day tak him from her arms.

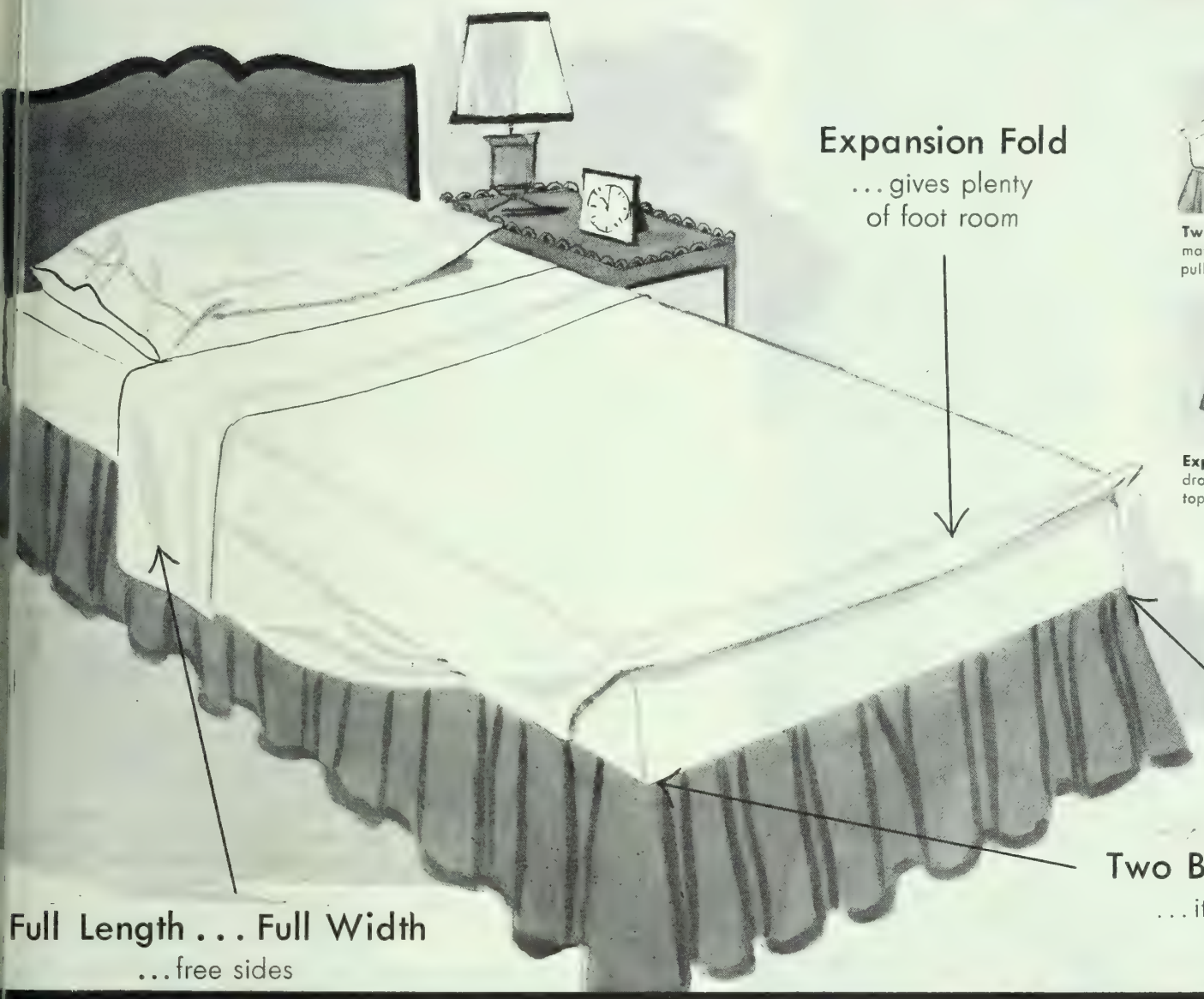
The storm passed, taking winter with i The sand was left smooth and clean, stitche with long, dry grass stalks. Although th sun was still dim, the weather was pleasan and Elizabeth took advantage of this. E cept for those encounters necessary marketing, she avoided everyone. The town

(Continued on Page 132)

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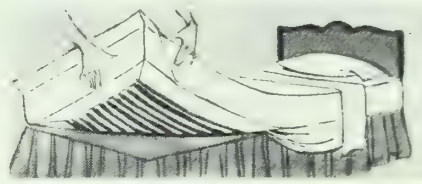
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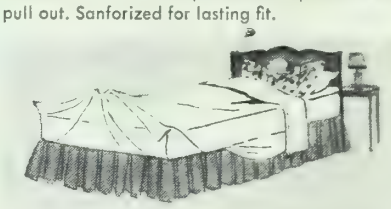
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Expansion fold puffs up for l-o-t-s of kick-room . . . drops flat when bed is made. A quick tug at the top hem straightens the sheet.

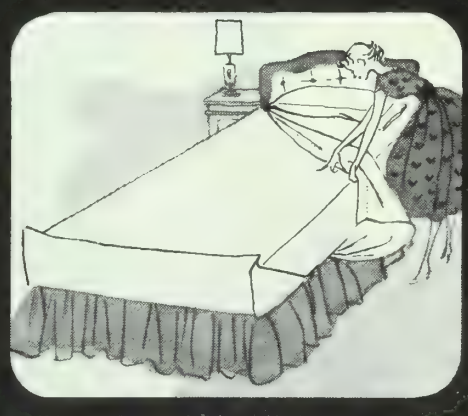
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*(*Plus Federal Tax.)*

(Continued from Page 130)

folk, however, always suspicious of alien intrusion, were highly aware of her. They competed in speculation about this proud, slender girl who walked alone by the outer flounce of low tide, whispering to herself.

It was on her fourth day at Shilleth. She took her lunch in a basket down near the surf. Today, however, Elizabeth could not smile. A dark undertow of expectancy surged through her.

At last, unable to endure the waiting, she swiftly turned around. Three men were coming over the dunes. The intruders were only some village men soothing their curiosity by asking directions which they already knew. Elizabeth answered, but like a sleepwalker anguished by dreams. The three men glanced at one another, shrugged, and ambled on down the beach.

Elizabeth, scarcely aware that they were gone, stumbled back to the cottage. Although she felt ill from the experience just undergone, and her hand was unsteady, she wrote until long after dark. When, at last, she fell into an exhausted slumber, she had completed, in rich detail, the chapter describing the flight to Shilleth, the idyllic days alone with Wrenn, and, at last, the grimly polite apprehension by Senator Carver and his henchmen. The words she had flung at them still echoed in her sleep: "I'm in love with Marius Wrenn."

She was awakened by the pound of waves. The morning sunlight, reflecting in a mirror, shone in her eyes. Not bothering with breakfast, she packed her clothes and bolted the shutters. Walking along the shore, she looked out at the ocean, pleadingly. "I'm not afraid."

No need to think of July, now. When the time came, she would know what to do. If the earth could not afford them an eternity together, the sea could. When he was gone, she would follow him.

She stepped forward, suddenly, and let the tide swirl about her bare feet; reached down and cupped the chill water in her hands. There would be no parting. Infinity—out to the horizon, and beyond—belonged to them.

The day Elizabeth left for Cape Cod, Madame von Schillar had a visitor. She swept into the parlor where he waited. "Well, Bentley, this is unexpected! You pro... not to bother me again, when I helped... out."

"Helped me out! My dear! I wo... have taken a penny, unless I had thou... was purely a business transaction ——"

"Then you're not living up to your e... the bargain," she interrupted.

"Circumstances force me," he sighed. ... beloved grandchildren ——"

"Starving again, no doubt!"

"But absolutely starving!" He flick... speck of lint from his lapel. "After al... dear, your name may go down to post... thanks to dear Marius. But my gran... dren are my only hope for immortality... must insure their welfare as best I can... ing such treasures as I have."

The baroness remained expressio... "How you must hate Marius," she m...

"Hate poor Marius?"

"Because he became great, and ... didn't! Listen, my friend, your grandchi... aren't starving. You're merely tryin... punish Marius through me, and paper ... pockets as well."

"That's an injustice," he cried, raisin... hands in mock horror. "I adored Marius ... after all, when your book comes out, p... will want to know even more about hi... dare say some magazine or newspaper w... pay me a pretty penny for my recollect... Of course I should hate revealing t... things. But a man must live."

"If you published a word, I'd sue,' ... said. "You have no letters, no evidenc... back up your fool statements."

"Do you," he asked, "have any evid... to prove that my story is false? Of cours... don't."

She flicked him a contemptuous gla... "It seems a pity that you never concentr... your cleverness into your painting, inste... your intrigues. Maybe, then, you woul... be reduced to blackmailing old friends.'

"Temper," he warned coldly, "is i... tious. I beg you, don't make me lose ... too. As for blackmail, that's such a n... dramatic word. All I'm asking is that ... buy a picture so I can afford to live in q... seclusion as a gentleman should."

She stood close to him. "Now, Ben... it's not that I don't want to help you;... that I can't. I'm almost stony now."

JENNIFER



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"But you're going to have a best seller," he reminded her.

She slapped her hand against the tabletop. "Well, you're not going to get a cent of it, be sure of that!"

He met her hard, green eyes. "Then I must write a best seller of my own."

"It'll never reach the light of day."

"No? Who'll stop it?"

"Can't you guess?"

Their eyes met.

"I wonder," Sprague said thoughtfully. "I wonder, if instead of putting him to all that trouble, I could persuade him to become a patron of the arts."

"He could afford it better than I," said the baroness. "And who knows—he might even enjoy your little paintings. He's so fond of the conventional."

He bowed. "Let me congratulate you, dear. Your genius for passing the buck, at least, has not deteriorated with age."

"Nor your avarice, my dear. I only hope it will not be too taxing for even his fortune."

"If it is," Sprague said, going to the door, "he can borrow."

"Of course. He has strong connections everywhere." She spoke carefully. "The banks, the city hall, the police force, the district attorney's office ——"

Sprague halted at the door. "How's that?"

"I said, he has lots of influential friends, if he needs help. Undoubtedly they'll see you're well taken care of. Good afternoon, Bentley."

Her triumph at outbluffing Sprague buoyed her well into the next day, but when this wore thin, she found herself spoiled for less challenging occupations.

By nightfall, she was literally praying for Elizabeth's return. In these last months, without realizing it, she had come to depend on the sympathetic audience which the girl provided.

ON the third day, the baroness saw no possible way to face another hour by herself. She loathed being alone, loathed this enforced idleness, and before long she was blaming Elizabeth for it all. What right had the girl to run off to Cape Cod? For research, Elizabeth had said, but the more the baroness considered this, the less likely it seemed. It occurred to her that Elizabeth had gone there for a few quiet days with her lover.

She arose abruptly, mounted the stairs. She began sorting through Elizabeth's possessions. They were scant—the drab clothes in the wardrobe, the neat, inexpensive cosmetics on the washstand. She turned to the desk. There were no letters; only the carefully penned manuscript. As the baroness had not yet read this, she flipped open the pages.

A moment later, she sniffed and reached for a pencil. The girl had made a mistake that must not go uncorrected. Then her eye traveled farther down the page. "Impossible!" she snorted. "I never said such a thing in my life!"

With mounting fury, she read on until, gasping for breath, she hastened downstairs and put through a call to New York.

"Mr. Mellett," she said when he was connected, "I want you to come here at once."

"Is something wrong?"

"Of course, it is. I hope I may expect you tonight. Otherwise, we'll simply have to forget about my book."

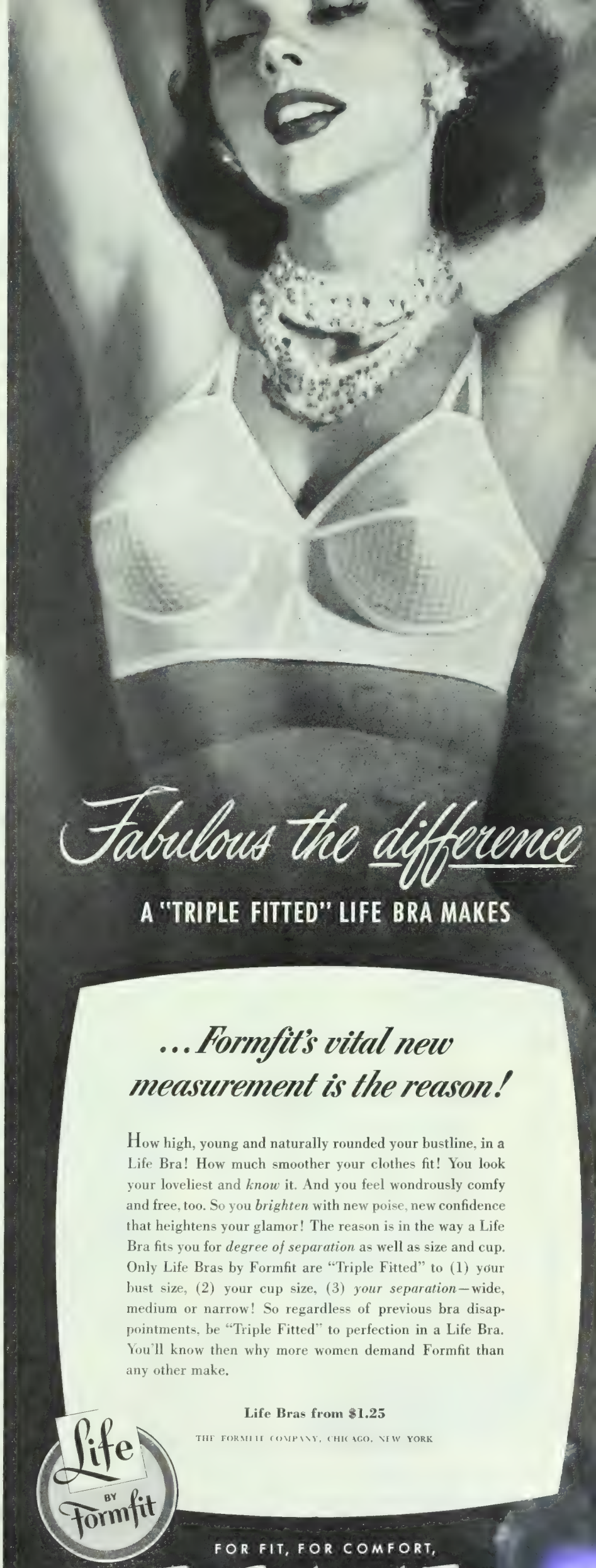
Harry Mellett arrived shortly after ten. A rough trip by air, added to Madame von Schillar's imperious command, left him in no mood to toy with social amenities. "Now then, what's the trouble?" he demanded.

The baroness was not to be rushed. She studied Mellett. "That girl is an idiot!"

"Not entirely, baroness," Mellett smiled. "Just a writer—a lesser degree of idiocy. Is she around?"

"Naturally not! She's hiding out on the Cape for a week. For research, she said, but I rather fancy she is not researching alone. Her private life does not concern me." She indicated the manuscript. "Read this. It will speak for itself."

He picked up the manuscript and settled back in a chair. Impatiently, Madame von Schillar drummed her red nails on the table-



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top. She eyed Mellett uneasily. While the young man skimmed rapidly over the sentences, she silently rehearsed her grievances.

When, at last, Mellett put down the final page, Madame von Schillar was ready. "Now do you see? What are you going to do about it?"

"Congratulate you. It's a remarkable work. Believe me, you and Elizabeth have done a really superb job. How soon can you get your book finished?"

"I don't think it's likely to be finished, ever!" She waited for his explosive reaction, and was not disappointed.

"Not finished!" he cried. "Now listen. I know how hard it must be for you to open your heart to the public. But whatever the pain was and is, I beg you, don't deny us this story. What famous lovers has America produced? We're a nation with a great capacity for love, and yet we've produced no great true love story. But here we have one, at last—the tragic love story of a great artist and a famous beauty, wonderfully remembered, alive, intimate, poetic, and burning ——"

She studied his face. "You found this treatment . . . convincing?"

"Yes. Most convincing. It reads as if it were torn from an inspired diary. There are moments—as when you describe your reunion in the park—when I could almost feel your breath and see the way you looked ——"

She turned from him. It was hard for her to put aside the drama of wrath, but this demanded immediate revaluation. Suppose she allowed this astonishing galaxy of lies to be published? Surely it was prettier than the truth. And it was safe enough, since few were left capable of exposing it as fabrication.

When she turned back to Mellett, her voice was gracious, her manner already that of a legendary heroine. "Perhaps," she said. "I will try to finish my book."

"I suppose it rained the whole time you were there," the baroness said, when Elizabeth returned from Cape Cod.

"Only the first night. It was lovely. I had a wonderful time."

"Now, now," reproved the other slyly. "It couldn't have been all that wonderful. There's nothing to do there."

"But I had my work—finished the chapter on the elopement."

"And that's all you did? Just worked?" Madame von Schillar's smile was knowing, but without malice. She did not follow up the matter. She was content, for the moment, to let the girl keep her little romance as secret as she pleased.

As the week progressed, Madame von Schillar refused to become annoyed by Elizabeth's air of preoccupation. This she interpreted as the manner natural to the artist at work. She felt not a little awe and respect for this young woman.

SUCH a mood was not to last. Monday brought a strange letter. It was addressed to Marius Wrenn, and the envelope heavily annotated by the hieroglyphics dear to postal bureaucracy. Madame von Schillar read the contents:

Marius—Forgive me. I hadn't the courage to go on before, but now I haven't the strength to go on without you. It's too late to think of cost now. And nothing could be worse than the torment of these last weeks. I'll be in the park tomorrow night at nine. Be there, I implore you.

ELIZABETH.

First bewildered, next indignant, she reread the message and then, crumpling it, cast it aside. It was not so easy, however, to cast it from her mind.

She gave the envelope careful scrutiny. Having been addressed merely, "Marius Wrenn, Boston," an official notation had been appended: Insufficient address. Below, someone had scrawled in pencil: Deceased; next to this, stamped in purple: Return to sender. Frowning, she glanced at the back. Under the initials, E.W.C., her own address was written.

"Someone's playing a joke," she insisted aloud. Her eyes narrowed. Abruptly, she went to the telephone.

It was a half hour of eternity before her door opened to admit Bentley Sprague. "I came as quickly as I could," he said. "You sounded mysterious, dear lady."

She stared at him. "It won't do, Bentley!"

"How's that?"

"If it's revenge, it's pretty poor stuff. Don't start things you can't finish."

He held out his hands. "For God's sake, Elizabeth, what is it?

She pointed to the letter.

He read it, shrugged. "It's charming, but how does it concern me?"

"Don't bother play-acting," she snapped. "You sent it!"

"I didn't, Elizabeth. On my honor. Anyway, what's blackmailable about that letter? Undoubtedly you wrote him often, no one doubts that."

Good Will on Young Legs

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

I cannot see the boy who wakes
  This morning like a slender bell,
But he believes in every man
  Who passes, anyone can tell.

He is not old enough to keep
  Happiness to himself, he cries,
"Hi, man!" and every tired and stooped
  Milkman, laundryman replies.

Every man along the street
  Blossoms out with "Hello, son!"
The boy with morning for his mind
  Becomes the son of everyone.

Offspring of so many men,
  The shrill small boy cannot keep still,
He overflows his yard, his street,
  The universe with pure good will.

Each weary unbelieving man
  Turns tall believer as he goes by,
Dares to be father to good will
  On two young legs. And so do I!

"But *this* letter ——" She turned her anguished face from his gaze.

"I see" he said, at last. "Whoever knew enough to write that letter would obviously know everything else too." Thoughtfully, he peered again at the letter. "Couldn't it be, dear lady, a warning?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Think," he urged. "A warning that your secret is no secret. A weapon, as it were, to discourage you from continuing with the memoirs."

"Rot!"

"Is it? Surely there must be rather a pack of people who don't want that book published. Oh, not just those directly involved. There are others ——"

"Such as?"

"I don't know their names. But I can think of their reasons."

Madame von Schillar sank into a chair. "If I only knew who sent it, I could map out some defense. I could be all prepared, ready to bargain or fight."

He shrugged. "Well, if I can be of further aid, you know where to find me."

For a long time after Sprague left, Madame von Schillar sat at her desk, sifting and listing the names of those who might benefit by suppression of the book. Quincy? She shook her head. Much as he dreaded implication, it was not in his character to block her so deviously. Hyltie? It was doubtful that he knew anything, and besides, he was not clever enough.

There was a tap at the door. It was the girl.

"I can't do a thing right now," Madame von Schillar cried. "I've got something on my mind."

"Can I help?"

"No, you can't. You don't have to share all my thoughts, you know."

Elizabeth looked so startled, the baroness had to laugh at her own vehemence. "Oh, dear, I am in a state today, aren't I?" The baroness glanced at the clock. "I've changed my mind. Let's get on with the book, right this minute. Where did we leave off?"

"WHERE the senator had begun his divorce proceedings." She opened her notebook and read: "'—— and one by one, all my friends began to drop me as if I had leprosy.'"

"Go on," ordered the baroness.

"That's all. You got mad there and sent me off."

"And no wonder! It was the most sickening period of my life. Did I ever tell you of the letters I'd get? Usually unsigned. Calling me filthy names or threatening ——" As she spoke, she turned her eyes back to the pensive girl. "Where were we? What was I saying?"

"I don't know," Elizabeth answered. "I'm afraid I was off thinking too."

"About what, pray?"

"I was trying to imagine how I'd feel if I got abusive letters through the mail."

"Well, I can tell you how it feels!" Madame von Schillar's voice was unhesitating. "It's ghastly and humiliating." Her eyes narrowed. "I learned a lesson then, and it's still so today—whatever you want to do, there's always someone who'll try to stop you. But you go on, just the same! Whatever the cost, *you go on!*"

Although no threat could force the baroness to abandon the memoirs, that curious sense of waiting for a trap to spring, of girding for an unknown battle, prohibited the concentration necessary to the book's progress. "Give me time to think." She waved the girl away. "Come back later."

Her uneasiness intensified and, instead of dinner, she took a sleeping tablet. It was not until nearly nine that she awakened. A game of cards with Elizabeth would be fun, she decided; would distract her enough to permit continuance with the work.

As she entered the parlor, however, Elizabeth was just opening the front door. "You're not going out!" the baroness cried.

"Just for a while."

The door closed. Madame von Schillar slumped into a chair. Then, slowly, she sat upright. Suppose, she thought, this man that Elizabeth met every night was an enemy, taking advantage of the girl's loveless existence to trick secrets from her?

She stood up and, sweeping aside the velvet portieres, peered out the window. Elizabeth was disappearing into the shadows of the park. Abruptly, the baroness returned to her suite. She tore the strange letter to Wrenn into bits.

Even with the letter destroyed, however, uneasiness continued to nag her the following day.

After lunch, she sent Elizabeth upstairs on some pretext, and, herself, stayed on for another demitasse. "Worth," she said, as the maid refilled her cup, "can you think of anyone who'd be bothering me with letters to Mr. Wrenn?"

Worth stared at her. "Oh, ma'am, she's not up to that, again!"

"Who?" demanded the baroness sharply.

"Miss Deveny."

"What do you mean?"

"About those letters. She come to me once, asking if I knew where the letters from Mr. Wrenn was hidden."

"No, no," sighed the baroness. "Not letters from Wrenn, but *to* him."

"To him?" the servant echoed.

"I know it sounds silly, but that's what I received, yesterday. A rather strange letter to Marius and signed Elizabeth."

(Continued on Page 136)

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(Continued from Page 134)

"Oh, I'm sure she wouldn't try to forge nothing, ma'am, strange as she is. Unless she's got the brain fever. Or spiritualism."

"Spiritualism?"

"Like in a trance. Automatic writing. The spirits guide your hand, and you just write ——"

"Tosh! And anyway, I'm not accusing Miss Deveny. It's likely from someone who hates me."

Worth bent closer. "To be forward, ma'am—what did this letter say?"

Pressing her finger tips to her temples, the baroness tried to reconstruct it from memory. She repeated, "'I'll be in the park tomorrow night at nine. Be there, I implore you. Elizabeth.'"

And Elizabeth had been in the park at nine o'clock!

She stared into Worth's face. Was that what Elizabeth had been doing in the park by herself, each night? Holding séances and communing with the spirit world? Something was wrong here.

She followed Elizabeth into the park, that night; crept up behind the bench where her long shadow would not betray her presence. It was chilly, and she hugged her furs closer.

The girl was standing alone in the moonlight, moving her lips in a conversation too hushed to hear. She seemed to listen, and then she smiled. Slowly she promenaded up the path, escorted by her shadow.

Something like a smile crossed Madame von Schillar's face. Not until she had stolen back home, however, did the release of laughter come. It was not wholly scornful, this laughter; there was relief, too, in knowing that the letter had not been written by some dangerously informed outsider, but only by this blundering, amateur mystic.

Shortly after ten, she heard the front door creak. "That you, Elizabeth?" she called.

"Yes, madame."

"Well, good night. Sleep well. I've a feeling that tomorrow we're going to get a great load of work done."

That was the important thing: the book. Putting up with the girl's eccentricity was a small price for the treasure she was turning out. Where it mattered, Elizabeth had proved her ability to deal with reality—the truth about the romance with Wrenn.

HER jaw tightened. *It is the truth,* she assured herself. As she undressed and cleansed her face, she kept whispering this. *It is true. It is!* Yet it was no longer possible to delude herself so easily. *I just won't think of it,* she resolved.

Her face was stern, cold, that of a puritan resisting temptation. At last she shut her eyes, crushed her hands over her ears, but those words seeped like water through her fingers: *Why, oh God, why?*

This echoed in her mind, usher to other memories. As in a flash of lightning, she saw Marius, that hideous day in the garden pergola, his white face contorted, his arm swinging up to strike her.

"That isn't true," Madame von Schillar protested. "That's not the way it was! It was beautiful, just as she wrote it."

But the memories persisted.

The baroness was still too unnerved to begin work, the following morning.

During the late afternoon, Elizabeth dropped in—"just to see if you felt like some talk," she said.

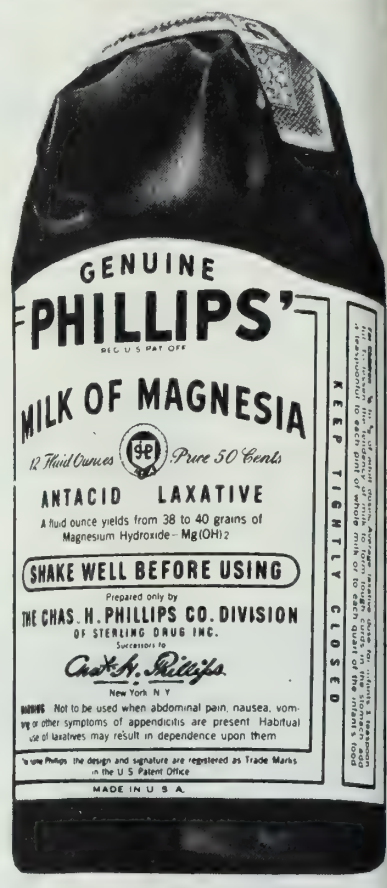
"Don't rush me," said Madame von Schillar. "I'm as eager to get on with the book as you are. So let me think a while longer. Until after dinner, anyway."

When Elizabeth left, Madame von Schillar sat no less tensely. Again and again she moistened her lips, and her fingers pinched at her lap robe.

The memory of the scene in the pergola had lain dormant in her mind all day; it charged back, again and again, to torment her. Helplessly, she saw the goblet shattered, saw the pool of lemonade on the table, and the flies already gathering.

"I won't think of it," she whispered. "I won't think of that part. I'll just remember the good things." She spoke quickly now,

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

m a oud: "I was wearing a white silk dress. Cha silk, with a pale green sash, because it wa springtime, early May ——"

u the other words persisted beneath the of her words: *Why, oh God, why?*

— and Marius was wearing a blazer They were all the rage that year. And sky was so blue, not a cloud ——"

didn't want you to know, but now that co, we'll just have to make the best of it.

a desperation, Madame von Schillar ewed a cut-glass bottle and shook out ink sleeping tablets and washed them with a gulp of brandy.

What's the matter with me?" she led. "Overwrought and hysterical, like Mustn't think of these things."

ercifully, the drowsiness soon began, the e, relentless spiral down into darkness e regret could follow only in disguise. e clocks chiming the noon hour awak- her. She mopped the moisture from her and with effort sat up; then she fell . Uneasily, she tried to take her own .

Shall I call a doctor?" Worth asked.

'll be all right," she whispered. "Don't any doctor."

night, however, she still felt too ill to Elizabeth. "Tell her to go out for her ," she advised Worth weakly. "I'll see when she comes in."

Shouldn't you ought rest?"

Yes, I ought," Ma- e von Schillar said, t I've got to get the k finished—and then, , I can rest!" As the ant was leaving, she ed, "Worth, you don't pen to recall the names any of Mr. Wrenn's ies, do you?"

Don't recall him re- ving many visitors, am. Except that Mr. erhausy. Him and the captain."

Yes, I remember." The oness chipped the scar- lacquer from her nails. leed, she remembered ltie. He and Marius d to go fishing together. d it was Hyltie who d called her when Wrenn's body had been nd on the shore. She longed to see him, to ar him tell about Marius, to let the bright- ss of his devotion light up the past with w colors. "I wonder what's become of poor ltie," she sighed.

"Couldn't say, ma'am."

"He used to have a boat called—called e Rosalie—something. A tug. Do you nember anyone else?"

"No one that comes to mind, ma'am." She dismissed the servant and lay back in d. Soon, her face was gleaming with rspiration. She groaned and pressed her nds to her ears. At last she hammered a oon against the table until Worth came nning in.

"Sit down awhile," she begged. "No fun be alone when you're sick."

WORTH seated herself. "I could read to ou, ma'am. Get a book from the li- rry ——"

"No. I don't care much for —— Yes, you uld! Read aloud from my memoirs."

Worth did not read aloud with ease or the ightest variance of expression, yet it satis- d the baroness. From time to time she dded to herself, smiling, and once, surrep- tiously, brushed at her eyes.

This comfort was soon jolted, however, by scene the girl had recently added, where renn joined Elizabeth Carver in the park.

"How's that?" the baroness interrupted. Read that over again."

Worth traced her finger down the page, en read: "'You don't have to go so soon, Iarius. You just got here.'"

Madame von Schillar frowned. "Funny. on't understand, at all ——"

"There's lots not to understand here," Worth said.

Madame von Schillar shrugged. "It doesn't matter. Go on reading."

Worth did not continue. She looked at the baroness with troubled eyes. "Ma'am, it's been on my mind to ask—is this the work Miss Deveny's been at?"

"Yes, of course."

"But, ma'am—it's falsity!"

"It certainly is not," Madame von Schillar protested. "I met Marius in the park, I posed for him, we ran away to the Cape—all that really happened."

WORTH put aside the manuscript. "But there's other things, ma'am. Where she writes how Senator Carver catches you sneaking out in my hat and coat ——"

"Yes. And didn't that actually happen?"

"It did. But, ma'am—one night I come on her standing in the upstairs hall, and it's my brown hat and coat she has on, whispering to herself. I said, 'Why, miss!' and she says, 'I'm just going over to Kitty's!' Then she startles, like she'd just woke up. And there's something funny about how she always talks to a person about Mr. Wrenn. Like he was a religion. Or her sweetheart. And some things are here in black and white."

"No!" the baroness cried. "I won't have you saying such things. I'm too sick, I tell you. I mustn't think of it."

Yet she could think of nothing else. Details, uncomprehendingly accumulated, now fused into an unmistakable design.

"She thinks she's me!" the baroness whispered. "The fool thinks she's me. Those séances ——"

Grabbing up the manuscript, she leafed through the pages, hoping to find something to contradict this; but the more she read, the stronger became her conviction. Elizabeth was not only in love with Marius, but had usurped the baroness' identity to make it possible.

Worth was still waiting, watching her intently. "Ma'am, I don't think that girl's a conscious liar," the servant said. "But if we let her go on, we're the guilty ones. For good or for bad, she ought to know the truth about Mr. Wrenn."

Madame von Schillar sat up. "She does know the truth. That's what she's been writing. She's quite all right."

"I think she needs a rest, ma'am."

"And stop our work? Stop the book? I couldn't bear it. Besides, she's getting into it just exactly what I want."

"But, ma'am, it's dangerous, this living in make-believe."

"Dear friend, I know, but I can't do a thing to interfere with her finishing the book. When it's done, we'll tell her everything—just as you wish." She smiled at Worth and patted her hand. "Is that a bargain?"

Worth did not look up. "I'm sorry, ma'am. I can't bargain about a person's immortal soul."

"And have I none?" the baroness cried. "Am I to be left in hell?"

Worth shook her head. "No, ma'am. Tell her. Get it all out of your heart. Free yourself."

Madame von Schillar gazed at her, then, very quickly, nodded. "As you say, my dear. But I must have time." She lay back in bed. "Open the window before you leave, eh? Oh, and put the manuscript back in Miss Deveny's room"

The baroness' control lasted only until Worth left the suite; then she slumped back among her pillows, weak from the effort. Breath rushed into and out of her mouth too quickly, forcing her to gulp and swallow for air. Eventually the spell passed, but her fists remained clenched.

Dragging herself up, she made her way to the kitchen. A cup of tea would be just the thing! A cup of hot tea ——

Calvin Coolidge was once host to a prominent Englishman who ostentatiously took a British coin from his purse and remarked, "One of my ancestors was made a lord by the king whose picture you see here on this shilling."

Coolidge went into a pocket and brought forth a nickel. "One of my ancestors," he said, "was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see here."



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The kitchen seemed unbearably hot. The kettle began to whistle, but she did not hear it; yet when a key grated in the front-door lock way out in the foyer, she struggled to her feet. Half blinded by the stabbing lights, she stumbled into the parlor. Elizabeth had closed the door, was starting toward the stairs. The baroness took another step forward. "Wait!" she ordered; then feebly added, "Dear."

Elizabeth turned, came into the parlor.

Madame von Schillar waved vaguely at a chair. "Sit down. Back to work."

The girl looked at her strangely and came closer. Involuntarily, Madame von Schillar inched away.

"HURRY," she whispered. "We must work. Get your notebook." Elizabeth did not move. "Your book, girl!" Her words came echoing back to her ears. "No," she said thickly. "Not your book. Mine! My book."

The blood was pounding in her head. She clutched a chair, trying to steady herself. Elizabeth reached out quickly, caught her arm. With a gasp of alarm, Madame von Schillar wrenched herself free, and, as if in self-defense, whipped her hand across the girl's face. Elizabeth did not move. It was the baroness who retreated. She stared at Elizabeth as if at some stranger.

"Get out," she whispered. "Get out of here!"

The threatening darkness was edging in on her again. Unsteadily, she turned, and lurched back into her suite.

It wasn't until later that she remembered. Not until she had been put into bed, and the girl sat close by, tightly holding her hand.

"Don't go," the baroness begged. "I need you." She began sobbing again. She clung to Elizabeth's hand, as if by physical force to drag her along into the swirling darkness and delirium.

The shutters were closed, the portieres drawn. There was no light in the suite except for the flicker from the fireplace. Madame von Schillar raised her head from the pillow. Without knowing why, she sensed Elizabeth was near. "Is it morning?" she whispered.

"Afternoon," Elizabeth said, rising.

"I overslept. I don't remember much about last night ——"

"It was two nights ago. But we don't have to talk about it now. Just rest."

Madame von Schillar sighed and lay back in bed. "The doctor came to see me, didn't he?"

"Yes. Doctor Campbell."

"If he drops by again, send him packing. I'm not going to have any quack persuade me I'm ailing." But she made no attempt to rise from her bed. Only when Elizabeth crossed to open a window did she push herself up again. "You're not going to leave me alone ——"

"No."

She moistened her lips. "I'm always talking to you about Marius. Why don't you talk to me about him?"

The girl smiled. "What can I say that you don't already know?"

"That doesn't matter. I just want to hear about him. I want to be like some stranger who's never heard of him, and you'll tell me all you know. Go on, dear, please."

Elizabeth described Wrenn's appearance, his manner, the pictures he had painted, and the idyllic days at Shilleth.

"And did he love her very much?" the baroness would interrupt, from time to time. Or she would inch closer to Elizabeth, urging, "Say that again—about the tenderness and understanding—how did you say it?"

"Bound them together like each other's arms ——"

Eventually, however, the details became sparse, the narrative more disjointed.

"Go on," the baroness urged.

"I can't," Elizabeth blurted. "I don't know any more. You haven't told me what happened after the divorce case, and—well, I've got to know. I've just got to, if I'm to go on writing."

Madame von Schillar turned her head away. "I can't tell you now. I still feel too weak to talk much. So you go on."

"But I need facts first," Elizabeth protested. "Did you and Marius stop meeting after the divorce?"

"Of course not!" the baroness cried "Why would we?"

"What did happen then?"

"Well—maybe we did stop for a while," Madame von Schillar said tautly. "Yes, of course. We didn't dare meet as often."

"Then that's the reason."

"Reason for what?"

"Nothing," the girl said quickly; and added, "But it must have been agony, not being able to see him."

"Tell me about it," begged Madame von Schillar.

"Well—I'm just guessing, of course—but when night would come, and loneliness would well up in you, then you'd go across the street to the park and wait—knowing he wouldn't be there, and yet you couldn't stay away. There was always the chance that he might show up, and you sat there, hoping he would. Every time someone would pass on the sidewalk, your heart would thunder and your head would swim. Only the footsteps were never his. And soon you'd hear the clock in the church strike ten, and then ten-thirty. You walked back to the house in a daze. And all through the next day you'd wait, with your heart timed for nine o'clock, because, this time, he might come to you ——"

"Yes," the baroness said. "That's how it was. I loved him, but I just didn't dare see him, yet. That's how it was. More desperately in love than ever, but we didn't dare meet yet." Presently, she held out a pale hand to Elizabeth. "You've been such a help to me, today. I won't ever forget it."

The progress of democracy seems irresistible, because it is the most uniform, the most ancient and the most permanent tendency which is to be found in history.

—DE TOCQUEVILLE

"You just get well, that's all," Elizabeth said. "Get well, so we can go on with the book."

She went out about nine. The night was warm, and spring had stippled the trees in the park with buds; but Elizabeth had no eye for this. She sat on the usual bench in the shadows. From habit, she murmured his name over and over, even knowing it would be as fruitless as on the two previous nights.

"But he's got to," she whispered desperately. "He must come back tonight."

That was impossible, of course. They had sworn not to meet each other until it was safe again. Even so, she waited there, translating every whisper of foliage, each chirp of a cricket as a sign of his approach.

When the faraway clock struck ten, she suddenly knuckled her hands and pressed them against her eyes. "Come to me," she whispered. "Now! Come to me, now! *You must!*"

She opened her eyes. A shadow lay across the moonlit path.

"Marius?" she whispered. It was dark, and suddenly she could not be sure it was he. "Marius?"

"*You must go away! Go now!*"

For a moment, she could not tell whether it was his command or her own.

"*Go away from here. Leave while you still have a chance* ——"

"Marius!" she cried.

"*Do you hear? Leave Boston before it's too late* ——"

"Marius," she cried. "Marius ——"

There was no answer. After a moment, she advanced, her hands outstretched, like a sleepwalker's. The path was now empty, and she could not be sure he had even been there.

Despite her confusion as she fled home, she knew she could not come back again to the park. It was finished there. Without looking back, she entered the house, slammed the door behind her.

Someone was standing in the darkness of the hall.

"Who is it?" Elizabeth whispered.

"Just me, miss. Worth. Fixed some tea for you, but now it's cold. If you want, I'll make some more."

Elizabeth only stared at her uncomprehendingly. "Was it—were you outside, just now?"

"Miss?"

"Nothing," Elizabeth said uneasily. "Nothing important." Crossing to Madame von Schillar's door, she tapped, then entered the suite.

A lamp was lit, and in its glow the baroness lay sleeping, her mouth agape. Recklessly Elizabeth brushed a little silver frame from the table, and it thudded on the carpet. Madame von Schillar sat up.

"Who's there?"

"Me. Elizabeth. I came in to see if you needed anything, and I stumbled ——"

The baroness rubbed her eyes. "Bring me a glass of water. Mouth tastes funny."

Elizabeth hurriedly followed instructions, but when she returned Madame von Schillar was lying back in that drowsy borderland state which has neither the defense of consciousness nor the secrecy of slumber. Recognizing this, the girl bent over her and asked, "Why didn't you and Marius see each other, after the divorce?"

The baroness stirred. "I'd gone to France ——"

"How soon after the case?"

"Week."

"Did Marius urge you to leave town? How could you bear to leave him then?"

"It was my lawyer, I expect. He advised me to go.

"And Marius? Did he stay here?"

"No. He went to Maine. Lived on Hyltie tugboat. I want you to trace Hyltie. The Maritime Service might help. Hyltie Crisler, Captain of the Rosalie C. Wade."

Elizabeth nodded impatiently. "And how long did you stay abroad?"

"Years, it seemed. Anyway, until my decree was final. Then, I came running back ——"

"And married Marius."

"Yes."

"And then you came here to live."

"I'm getting sleepy," the baroness murmured.

"But you did live here, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And he carried you over the threshold?"

The baroness nodded. Watching the girl with stricken eyes, she cried out, "It was the happiest moment of my life. And the happiest of his. You believe that, don't you?"

"Oh, I do, I do."

"It's hard to talk about such moments. You see that, don't you?"

"Yes," Elizabeth said softly. "I see everything."

"DEAR," the baroness said to Elizabeth Wednesday morning, "it occurs to me that I need fresh air and rest, and—since the cottage is so handy—it might give you all kinds of local color, since Marius and I were there near this time, that year ——"

"Cape Cod?"

"Yes."

Elizabeth's face lit up. "How soon can we go?"

"Not so loud," the baroness cautioned. "We won't even tell Worth. You know how she worries about me."

Elizabeth studied the woman with concern. "Are you sure you're well enough to travel?"

"Strong as an ox," Madame von Schillar assured her. In proof, she tried to get out of bed. It cost her much breath, and she had to steady herself against the bedpost.

"There, there," said Elizabeth. "We'd better wait a few days more before we start. It's not because of you. I've still got some pages to finish here, but the minute they're through—off we go."

(Continued on Page 140)

BUY-LINES • • by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE



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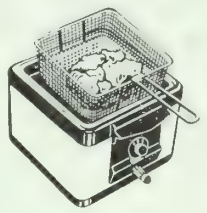
Mix 1-1/3 cups (15-oz. can) BORDEN'S Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, ½ cup smooth peanut butter and any *one* of these 6 ingredients: 2 cups raisins, 2 cups corn flakes, 3 cups shredded coconut, 2 cups bran flakes, 1 cup chopped nut meats or 2 cups chopped dates. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto well-greased baking sheet; bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 12 minutes or until brown. Remove from pan at once.

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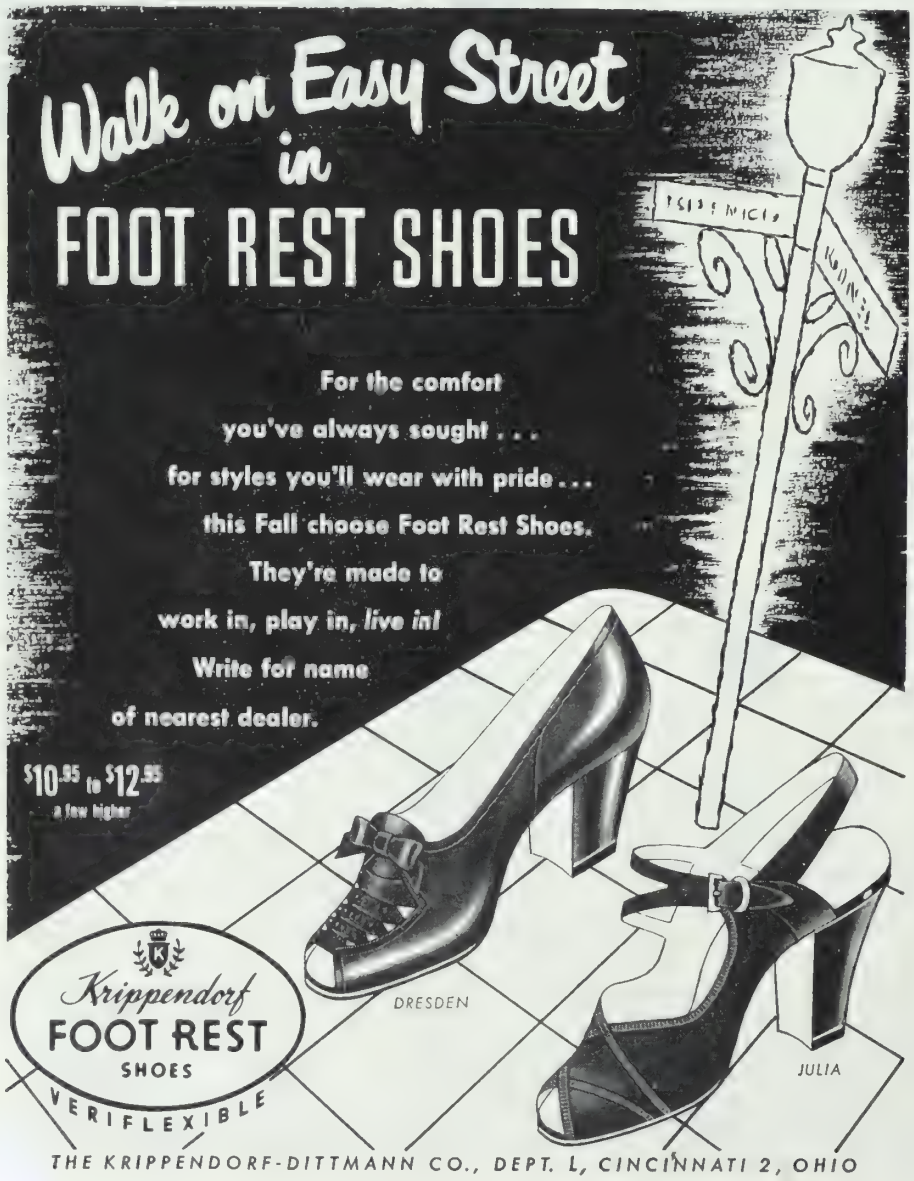
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(Continued from Page 138)

"Off we go!" The baroness lay back. "Is it 'the wide blue yonder,'" she mused, "or 'the wild blue yonder'? That off we go into?"

But Elizabeth, smiling to herself, was no longer listening.

It was afternoon again. The doorbell, ringing, startled Madame von Schillar from her reverie. "Who is it?" she asked, when Worth entered.

"Mr. Hereford again, ma'am."

The baroness glanced at a mirror, then grimaced. "I can't see him."

"That's what I told him, ma'am. But he's insistent."

Madame von Schillar sighed and pushed herself upright. "Well, if I must. . . . Draw the curtains. Make it dark. He can't see me looking so *négligée*."

As Quincy Hereford was ushered into the darkness, she briefly glimpsed his silhouette against the parlor light. "There's a chair in front of you," she warned. "Sit down, if you must."

She heard the creak of the chair, and then his voice. "I'm sorry you're not well, Elizabeth."

"I'm perfectly well. Just weary. I play too hard, y'know."

"I can't go on this way, Elizabeth. I can't go on being tortured every day, wondering if you're going to tell everything in your book."

"Everything about what, pray?"

"Now, Elizabeth, let's not be absurd!"

"I have no intention of being, my dear Quincy, and I'm trying very hard to keep you from being. I'm afraid you've been carrying a rather distorted impression, all these years."

"Distorted? That we were in love?"

"Were we in love? Did I ever tell you so?" She laughed softly. "Oh, my dear, you were charming, but—I've only loved one man in my life, and that, of course, was Marius. What I felt for you was something quite else again."

"Was it?"

"Yes. It was nothing but pity. You were playing the piano the first time I ever saw you. Chopin, I think. Your hair was all sunny, and you were so pale, so delicate. Lucy whispered that you had t.b. and suddenly —— Oh, well, it's unimportant."

"Tell me, anyway," he begged.

"Suddenly I wanted to hold you to my heart, as if you were my child—only you wouldn't even look in my direction."

"I thought you were beautiful."

"But a Hereford is cautious, eh? After all, a married woman! The wife of a United States senator!"

"And the mistress of an artist!" he added sharply.

"And glad to be!" she retorted. After a while, she added, "I wish we'd never met, Quincy. Or anyway, I wish our friendship had been worth while. I could have turned you into something so magnificent, if only you'd let me."

"If only I'd let you." He laughed faintly. "You'd have thrown me aside, my dear, just as soon as you'd proved yourself."

"Proved myself?"

"Gotten the whip hand."

"That's not true."

"I wonder if it isn't," he said. "You always had to show you were stronger than the man, didn't you? You had to prove yourself the dominant one, whatever the cost, and wherever it led you."

"Is that what you always thought?"

"Not then. I loved you, Elizabeth."

"You chose a curious way to prove it."

"I didn't love her. I do now, but I didn't then."

"But she was socially acceptable. She hadn't figured in any scandal."

"I married her because it was what my family wished. I dare say you wouldn't have wanted me without the mills. If I'd married you, I should have been disinherited."

"I wouldn't have cared. I have money."

"Yes, exactly. You would have had the money. The whip hand. I'd have been just your poodle. A sick poodle you could fuss over

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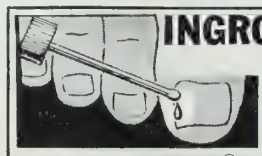
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il you got tired of seeing it jump through
's hoop."

"I'm afraid that sick poodles never held
y interest at all." She laughed, not un-
ir dly. "I tended more toward lions. One
o 1. Read my book, and you'll see."

"Then you're not going to mention me?"

"Mention you?" She spoke with some
s onishment. "Of course not. Do under-
nd, once and for all—you mattered very
t le in my life."

His sigh was of relief. "Then, thank you
ry much."

"For what?"

"I've reproached myself, all these years.
3it if you never loved me, then I have
thing to be ashamed of, have I?"

"Nothing," she agreed.

There was a pause as he fumbled in the
l rkness for the doorknob. "Then good-by,
lizabeth."

"Yes," she answered. "This time, I ex-
ect it is good-by."

He closed the door behind him. Madame
on Schillar waited for the sound of the front
oor latch, and then turned on a lamp. From
nder her green comforter, she withdrew a
heaf of papers—the new portion of the book,
escribing her home-coming with Marius
fter their wedding.

She read slowly, carefully. It would be
ice to be like the Elizabeth in the book.
tanding between her and that person, how-
ver, were too many unleavened memories—
nemories she was resolved never to divulge.
Yet, she realized, if she left them locked in
her heart, they would continue to fester, poisoning her life, while if she revealed but the vaguest outline, the girl would fill it in with her love and understanding. Suddenly, she struggled out of bed and tugged the bell cord.

"My dear," she said, when Elizabeth had been summoned, "I told you once that Marius and I had never quarreled. Now I want you to know the truth. We did quarrel! It was the last May before he—before he died. We were in the garden. In the pergola ——"

"Yes?"

The baroness folded her hands to keep them still. "We were having some lemonade and . . . just chatting. Nothing important. And then—somehow the subject came up—we began to talk about truth. Just to tease him I asked if everything in his life bore close inspection, and I ribbed him about some Portuguese women he used to talk about. Well—one thing led to another, and suddenly we were in the midst of the most hideous quarrel, until finally ——"

"Finally?"

"I'm trying to think." She moistened her lips. "Finally, I must have driven him too far. Because suddenly he stood up, overturning the lemonade and"—her voice broke—"raised his arm as if to strike me. Only he didn't. Just stared at me. Then he walked off ——"

"Are you sure?" Elizabeth cried. "He didn't say anything first? It wouldn't be like him to just walk away. Oh, I know he had a temper. There was violence in him, but there was forgiveness too."

"Yes," the baroness said thoughtfully. "Now I remember. He didn't walk away. Instead he looked at me, a strange look ——"

"He took you in his arms?"

"Exactly," cried the baroness. "He took me in his arms ——"

When, eventually, Elizabeth left, Madame von Schillar turned slowly and gazed at the curtained window.

"If it had only been that simple," she sighed.

"Some folks in the parlor to see you," Worth told the baroness. "You feel up to seeing anyone yet?"

"Is it Hyltie Crisler?"

Worth nodded.

"Good. I'm expecting him. Miss Deveny has gone out?"

Worth hesitated, then said "Yes."

Madame von Schillar smiled. She had calmly dismissed the news when Elizabeth had succeeded in tracing Captain Crisler. "We'll have to ask him over, one of these days," she had said. Promptly, however, she had dispatched an invitation, naming an hour when Elizabeth was always out.

"Worth," she directed abruptly, "go in and light the candles in the parlor. We'll have only candles tonight."

WORTH obeyed silently. When the candles were lit, she climbed up to the second floor and tapped at Elizabeth's door.

"Come in."

She entered. Elizabeth's suitcase lay open on the cot, half packed. The servant's voice was as expressionless as her face. "I made some gingerbread," she said. "Nice and hot. Come down and sample some, if you like. But come down quiet. The Lady's got a visitor. One of Mr. Wrenn's old buddies." She opened the door again. "It ought to be done in a few minutes. The gingerbread."

By force of habit, Madame von Schillar licked her scarlet lips, then whispered "crush" to form her smile, as she swept into the parlor.

Crisler was not alone. A woman was with him. The baroness had not counted on this. Men are easier to handle when alone. He stood up as the doors clicked shut, and stared in her direction, but without recognition. Advancing, she cried far too gaily, "Don't look at me, Hyltie. I've changed."

The woman, who had also arisen, pointed to her eyes, and her lips silently formed a word.

"She's saying I'm blind," Crisler rumbled. "Trying to keep it a secret from me, you'd think."

The woman was of mediocre appearance, graying, clad in a cheap brown coat. Madame von Schillar itemized her as the captain's nurse or daughter.

"Well, Hyltie," she cried, with forced gaiety, "it's been a long time since that last summer at the Cape. Do you remember?"

"It's my sight, not my mind, that's gone," he growled. "Yes, I remember, ma'am."

"What glorious days those were," she prompted. "The sun was always shining, remember? And how I'd freckle if I so much as poked my nose outside. I used to be so envious of you men—out in your little sailboat every day ——"

"It wasn't every day," Crisler corrected. "Only on Sundays, when I didn't work. We used to fish together on Sunday. Marius and me. As if I didn't get enough fish every other day of the week."

This set him off on descriptions of the fishing jaunts he and Wrenn had taken, and how, once, the artist had swum out in the bay to retrieve a bottle, hoping it might contain a message; and how they had walked along the beach at midnight, in search of phosphorescent driftwood.

The baroness sighed. She had expected to find new sustenance and comfort in these memories of Marius, but instead was only irritated by the old man's appearance and the way he spoke.

"Father," the woman said, at last, "it's time to go."

"Why do we have to go so soon?" he demanded. "I haven't blatted out anything ——"

"Hush," said his daughter.

"What does he mean?" Madame von Schillar asked.

"Nothing. Only he always gets talking too much about Marius, and I said if he didn't behave himself, this time ——"

"She figured you wouldn't want to be reminded," the captain rumbled.

"Why not, Hyltie?" Madame von Schillar inquired. "It was the most beautiful part of

(Continued on Page 143)

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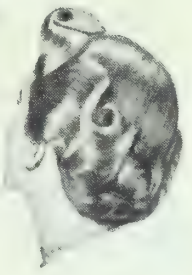


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(Continued from Page 141)

ife. But fate had its own designs, I sup- e and doesn't care how madly you're in ce ——"

Crisler snorted. "Madly in love!"

"We were, Hyltie. You, of all people, ld know that."

"I don't know any such thing," he re- ted slowly.

"Father!" the woman warned.

"You've forgotten," the baroness said. "Maybe you're past the age when love means ch."

"I reached that age early, where love ters, and I never let go, not yet any- s," he said. "I don't forget those things. y, I can bring to mind the color dress u were wearing the day Marius drowned self ——"

"He didn't drown himself," the baroness ected carefully. "It was an accident."

"Yes, an accident. Sailing out in that little t in fool's weather ——"

"Father," the other woman protested. fter all!"

"It was an accident, I swear," the baron- protested. "He went out in his skiff, and got stormy. I wasn't even there, that ——" She caught herself, then added ckly, "Anyway, it was fate, and he ldn't help it, and neither could I!"

"You could if you tried," Crisler boomed. ou shouldn't led him on that way, if you ver meant it. You shouldn't pretend to be e and good, getting him to think you was angel, if you didn't have any notion to ep it up."

"I didn't pretend anything," the baroness ed. "I was fine and good, and loved him ght to the end."

"Then why was that foreigner always nging around you? Marius knew about m too. And why was you carrying on with at other puppy, if you was so fine and od, with Marius eating his heart out? Oh, know all about it! Me and Jay Ezterhausy, e got him drunk once, at old Sprague's ouse. And we found out, the whole shame of , just as he'd got it from your own lips ——"

"Father," said Mrs. Sullivan uneasily, we must go ——"

He turned to her excitedly. "She never oved Marius ——"

The baroness spoke coldly, but a nerve be- an twitching under her eye. "Why would I arry him if I didn't love him?"

"*Why, oh God, why?*" dinned in her mind.

"I loved him very much," she cried, as if n answer. "I loved him from the moment we net."

"But for how long after? A week? A nonth? Until folks' whispering gets you cared, and you send him packing." He ad- dressed the room as though he believed some- one new had just entered. "Then she meets his Quincy and starts cheating with him. Only, old Senator Carver, he sets detectives on her. She knows if Quincy gets dirtied up n any scandal, she'll lose him. To throw her husband off Quincy's scent, she sends Marius his note. Sees him again a few times, then gets him to run off with her. So it's him she don't even love gets caught and blamed. She throws him to the wolves to save Quincy's hide ——"

"That's a lie!" the baroness shouted.

"But it didn't help, did it, lady?" he per- sisted. "Didn't tie that Quincy to you out of gratitude. He marries a decent girl and leaves you holding the bag. That's why you married Marius."

"It's a lie, a filthy lie!" the baroness cried.

"No, it ain't," Crisler shouted back. "It's just what you told Marius yourself, to spite him, out in the pergola that day ——"

"Damn you," Madame von Schillar ashed. "I loved him, I always loved him." Feverishly, she faced his daughter. "Can't you make him understand that? You under- tand, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I understand." She met Madame von Schillar's eyes. "I knew Mr. Wrenn when I was little. He lived with us on Daddy's tug for a year before he married you. He idolized you, ma'am." She helped the Captain to his feet. "I can't hate you like Daddy does. I just feel sorry for you."

Madame von Schillar spoke scornfully. "You sorry for *me?*"

"Yes, ma'am. Because you had to go so fast, you never got anywhere. I wouldn't like to be old and alone with memories like you got." She took the old man's hand. "Come on, daddy. We'll treat ourselves to a taxi."

As Crisler reached the hall, he paused. "Why'd you ever have to tell him? Why'd you have to let him know?"

"He was always wanting the truth," the baroness defended herself. "He was always saying so. Well, finally I gave it to him!"

When the front door had closed, Madame von Schillar had barely strength enough to pour herself some brandy. She sipped it slowly, pressing her hand against her breast to reassure her pounding heart.

At last she arose. Then she glimpsed someone standing in the shadows of the hall. It was Elizabeth. "When did you come in?" Madame von Schillar demanded.

"I didn't go out," Elizabeth murmured.

The baroness twisted at her pearls. "I had visitors. Old friends of mine. You remember

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we discussed Captain Crisler." There was a silence. The baroness clenched her fists. "You were eavesdropping!"

Still the girl was silent.

"Well, he was lying," Madame von Schillar persisted. "He scarcely knew Marius. He was just making it all up ——"

"And so did I," Elizabeth murmured. "I was just making it up."

Her pallor and stunned eyes frightened the baroness. She touched Elizabeth's arm gently. "Well, it needn't make any difference with the book. Just go on writing it the way you have been."

"Writing lies?" Elizabeth cried, stepping back. "Go on violating everything he tried to live by?" She covered her face. "That's what I've been doing. Looking for beauty, and—not the truth ——"

"Don't worry about that," the baroness interrupted. "I'll tell you what to write. I'll tell you how it was."

"How could you?" Elizabeth whispered. "You never really understood him. You never loved him."

"But you did, eh?" Madame von Schillar said scornfully. "You love him, you understand him! Oh, yes, I know about your pitiful daydreams and séances in the park." She turned abruptly. "I think we needn't meet again. Mr. Mellett can send me someone else to finish up my book. She crossed the room, opened the doors to her suite. "Good night," she mocked, without turning. "And needless to say—sweet dreams."

Once safe in her suite, however, she stumbled to a chair, gasping for breath. To the throbbing of her heart, thoughts spiraled about her mind until she was dizzied.

Stifling a cry, she slid down on her knees beside the bed. Although no words came to her, the very posture of prayer set the pattern for relief and hope. At last she was able to whisper, "You forgive me, don't you, Marius? You forgive me because you know I never meant to hurt you."

When she arose again, her pulse was steadier. Abruptly, she yanked the bell cord, and then, with growing alarm, hastened into the parlor, calling for Worth.

"Tell Deveny to come here, at once," she ordered.

"She's already gone, ma'am."

"But she gave you my manuscript, of course ——" Expectantly, the baroness held out her hands.

"No, ma'am. She didn't leave me anything. I went upstairs a minute ago to see if she was all right, but she'd already gone, bag and baggage."

"But she couldn't have taken the book with her," the baroness protested. "It doesn't belong to her. Get a cab and go after her. Try both stations."

When the door slammed shut, the baroness made a tempestuous circuit of the parlor. The manuscript, however, had not been left there. Desperately, she glanced up the steep flight; then, gritting her teeth, clutching the banister, dragged herself up, pausing breathlessly every few steps.

Elizabeth's room was stripped of personal belongings. Everything was open: the drawers, the wardrobe doors, the window. The desk was empty, except for a cast-off tissue carton. The wardrobe cabinet held nothing.

"Then she took it with her," Madame von Schillar groaned.

As she hastened toward the door, she suddenly understood the significance of the open window and the sharp odor. There had been a fire on the hearth. Unbelievingly, she knelt down and thrust her hands among them. The ashes were still warm.

Her face was chalky. She gazed at the handful of ashes. "No, no," she whispered.

Half blinded by the exertion, she tottered toward the stairs. As she tried to descend, a sickening dizziness swirled up at her, and the tightening stricture in her breast dared her to breathe. She dragged up her left hand and clenched it over her heart. Then, grabbing convulsively for the banister, she plunged downward.

It was nearly a week before Mellett learned of Madame von Schillar's death. The news magazine, open on his desk, summed up the sixty-eight years of her life in approximately as many words. Shocked by this news and exasperated by Elizabeth's failure to inform him at once, he put through a call to Boston.

"Miss Deveny, please."

"She's not here, sir. No one here now but me, the housekeeper. I'm closing the place up."

"Miss Deveny's left already?"

"Oh, yes! Last Friday, just before the occurrence."

"But if she left Friday, she'd be back here by now."

Worth's voice was troubled. "Is this the book gentleman?"

"Yes. Mellett. Did she say where she was going? Leave a forwarding address?"

"No, sir."

Frowning, Mellett hung up and glanced at his calendar. It was Thursday. Abruptly, he rang for his secretary. "Are you certain Elizabeth Deveny hasn't called me, this past week?"

"Deveny? I don't think so. But I'll check at the switchboard."

"And you might ring up that place where she used to have a room," he instructed.

His secretary returned. "She's not there, Mr. Mellett."

When, by Monday, neither telephone nor mail had brought word from Elizabeth, Mellett once more put through a call to Boston. Worth answered. He said, "This is Mellett again. Any news, yet?"

"Of Miss Deveny? No, sir."

"And you're sure she didn't give you any hint where she was going?"



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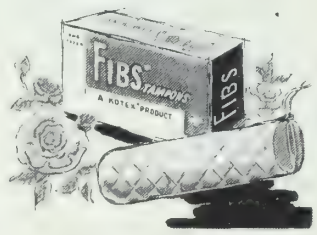
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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"No, sir. She needed a rest, and probably that's what she's taking."

"Where? That's what I want to know."

"I don't ——" Worth paused, then added abruptly, "They was going away, sir, her and the Lady. They didn't mean me to know, but Miss Deveny's suitcase was packed, and so was the Lady's."

"What was in it?" Mellett demanded.

"I haven't opened her bags, sir. I'm not supposed to touch personal things."

"Look in the suitcases," Mellett ordered.

"If you say so, sir."

Mellett tried to wait patiently. At last he heard the servant pick up the telephone again.

"There was just clothes in her suitcase."

"What kind? I mean, clothes that she might wear on a ship, or in New York, or what?"

"Well, sir, I did come across a bottle of sun lotion, and a pair of them high cork clogs, and some dark glasses ——"

"The beach!"

Worth did not answer.

"If she went to the beach, which one would she be likely to choose?"

The servant's voice was faint. "The Cape, sir. Shilleth. She had a cottage there."

"Might she have gone to Shilleth, anyway? Miss Deveny?"

"Sir," said Worth in great agitation, "I'll go there now. It's my responsibility!"

"Your responsibility?"

But she hung up without answering.

Mellett's call to Shilleth proved fruitless. Yes, the real-estate agent had received word from the baroness that she was going to open the house there, only she was dead now. Yes, he remembered Miss Deveny, the dark, slender girl. She had been here once, a month or so earlier, but she had not returned since.

On Thursday, when Mellett returned from lunch, there was a notation on his desk that Mrs. Worth had telephoned. Immediately he put through a long-distance call to Madame von Schillar's. The operator informed him that this number had been disconnected.

Trying to curb his impatience, he flew to Boston that afternoon. The windows of the great stone house were shuttered. Unable to locate the servant even through Madame von Schillar's lawyer, Mellet returned to New York.

MAY merged into June, and there was neither another call from Worth nor word from Elizabeth. June passed, and July became August. Regretfully, Mellett shelved plans for publishing the autobiography.

It was in mid-September that he received a note from Worth, enclosing a name and address where, she said, information concerning Elizabeth could be obtained. Mellett went to Boston at once.

The address was that of a shabby building in view of the harbor. He climbed creaking stairs to the top floor. A neat sign by the door read, "Sullivan. Bell out of order." He knocked. Soon the door was flung open, and a plump, ruddy-faced woman looked out.

"Mrs. Sullivan?"

She smiled. "You must be Mr. Mellett. Come right in." The room was neither large nor well furnished, but it was cool and spotlessly clean. Above the oilstove hung a reproduction of a Wrenn seascape.

Without preface, he demanded, "Do you know where she is, then?"

Mrs. Sullivan indicated a chair for him and drew up a rocker for herself. "I'll take you to her, directly. But first, we ought to talk."

"She's all right, isn't she?" he asked uneasily.

"She is now."

"But she's been ill? You should have let me know at once."

"How could I, sir?" Mrs. Sullivan asked. "When she come here, we didn't know where she was from, or who her friends were. Not till after Mrs. Worth come searching for her. Right off, I wanted to write you, but the girl wouldn't have it."

"Why not?"

"She wanted time to pull herself together. She'd been through quite a shock, you see."

"But now she wants to see me?"

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don't know you're coming, Mr. Mel-
t was a measure me and Mrs. Worth
was best to take."
at is it?" he cried. "What's been the
? Has she told you?"
, sir." She rocked her chair, frowning
. "I learned somewhat from Mrs.
But from herself, not a word. And
n't right. You're not really over a
reak till you can talk about it. So
why we called you. The girl sets great
by you, Mr. Mellett. Maybe she'll
p her heart to you."
lett stood up. "Could you take me to
w?"
led him down a dark, shelf-lined hall
ened a door to the narrow back room.
Sullivan glanced in. "Someone to see
Betty." She slipped away, leaving
t alone on the threshold.
abeth had turned from her desk.
as thin, and her hair was too long, but
elight which lit
r face when she
im was all he
d.
Harry! Harry
tt!" She grasped
nds, and when,
sively, he kissed
she kissed him
Still gripping
s, they looked at
other, their
s almost too big
eir faces. "Here!
own," she cried.
I you meet my
-?"
Your sailor? No,
n't."
You will," she
ised. "He's a
"
The man in your
"
e smiled. "You're
only man in my
Mellett, you know
."
Then who's the
r friend?"
Why, Captain
ler. Mrs. Sulli-
's father. They've
n such friends to
So kind, so pa-
t."
If patience is the
k of friendship,"
mused, "then I've
n your closest
nd. I've waited for
for months."
For the manu-
pt?"
Well, for that too."
I burned it,
rry."
I'm sorry. I
d it."
I'm afraid it wasn't worth much," she
d. "Just a lot of words, meaning nothing."
He did not smile, but only searched her
e. Presently he said, "Where've you been
this time, Elizabeth?"
Here."
You came right here from Madame von
illar's?"
Oh, Harry, do let's talk about something
!"
But I have to know. Why didn't you
ne to me? Or let anyone tell me where
were? I've looked everywhere for you."
And I was doing the same thing," she
lied. "Looking high and low."
For whom?"

E. I had to find me. Only I didn't know
. I couldn't go back to the old way. But
re was another way out. I'd destroyed
book because it was a lie; so why not my
?"
Go on," he urged. "When you left her
se ——"
I must have headed down here to the bay
nt," she said slowly. "Then I saw the
ne of this street. It was familiar. I tried to recall who lived here. By the time I remembered it was Captain Crisler, I'd realized that death wasn't the solution. I remembered the captain had tried to help Marius. I felt he could help me. So I climbed the stairs here, and ——" She shrugged. "*Voilà!*"

Still his face did not relax. Though his voice was gentle, he met her eyes unyieldingly. "I only know what you did after you ran away from Madame von Schillar's. You haven't told me *why* you ran away."

"SHE discharged me."

"And that made you want to die? Can't you tell me what it was?"

"Leave me alone," she cried, turning away.

"Won't you let me help you?" he begged.

"I don't need help."

"Elizabeth ——" But she did not answer, only gazed out the window at the harbor. He sighed. "All right. Sorry I intruded."

"You didn't, Harry. And I'm glad you came." She turned back to him with a smile. "You'll come again, won't you? Often. We'll still be friends."

He reached for his hat. "I wonder," he said, "if people can ever be friends with a wall between them."

"What wall?"

"A silence, a secret, keeping them apart."

She put her hands over her ears, not to blot out his words, but as if to recapture in silence words once spoken. "As he used to say," she murmured.

"Who?"

"Wrenn. The captain tells of him saying that. 'I don't want any secrets to keep us apart.'" She sank onto the bed. Presently she whispered, "All right."

He knelt beside her, his head close to hers, for her voice was low.

"Harry, I . . . fell into the same trap as Wrenn. He fell in love with an ideal, an illusion. And when he found out his ideal was based on nothing but lies, he couldn't survive it. When I found out that the love I was in love with had never existed—that I'd been in love with dreams and lies—I felt betrayed and shamed. I wanted to die, the same as he did." She lifted her white face to him. "That's all. I've said it all now."

He offered her his handkerchief, but she shook her head. "I'm not crying."

"Then it's really over now," he comforted. "You don't have to think of him any more."

"No. Not any more." She glanced at the desk, then stood up, the uncertainty in her face gone. "Although—I'm not afraid to, you know. I think I still want to do our book on Wrenn. I've all kinds of new material about him from the captain and some of his cronies." She sifted the papers on her desk. "There's nothing to stop me any more, is there?"

"Nothing," he agreed. "This time, you'll have no excuse if you let me down."

She drew a letter from her bureau and handed it to him. "As a pledge," she said.

"What is it?" he asked, opening the envelope.

"It used to be my passport," she said, "but I don't need it any more."

It was an old letter which began,. "Elizabeth, Elizabeth — —" THE END

WHAT IS THE USE OF GOD?

There will be no eager seeking after God so long as men and women believe that everything that happens, happens because it is the will of God. People who believe that believe the war, and Hitler, and concentration camps, the destruction of half Europe and much of Japan, were all the will of God. . . . I have found many people during the war much shaken in their faith because in this world such things can and do happen. They have said in effect, "What is the use of God?" And the answer that all of us need to learn is that man's freedom is indeed a terrible fact, and that when men misuse that freedom odious and terrible things may happen. But God does not interfere by force to prevent them. He shares all the suffering which they cause—"In all our afflictions He is afflicted"—but He does not take away man's freedom, because it is our possession of that freedom which gives us the clue to the real meaning of human life. Were freedom gone there would, indeed, be no sinners, but also no saints. There would be no personalities purified, refined and strengthened by carrying the responsibilities of life—no love, no pity, no heroism, no tenderness and no self-sacrifice. The glory would be gone from life. There would be no moral meaning in creation and in history: no men and women becoming fully sons and daughters of God through the discipline of the moral life. A. HERBERT GRAY, D. D.

The Secret of Inward Peace
(MacMillan, 1948)



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STAGE SET FOR LOVE

For Bob and Nancy Paschall, two young actors in New York City, it's love on a dime—and a dream!

by HILDEGARDE DOLSON

SLICE off one wall of Nancy and Bob Paschall's boxy, bright little Greenwich Village apartment, and you'd have the stage set for a play about young actors in love with the theater and each other. The usual cliché is *struggling young actors*, but as twenty-five-year-old Nancy says, "Struggling sounds so grim." The newly married, Southern-born Paschalls look about as grim as a rose-colored baby spotlight.

Nancy, who is still Nancy Watts in the theater, has the delicate blond prettiness of a Little Eva, but her wide, mobile smile and eager, rather husky voice have none of Little Eva's sticky pathos. When she mentions that she fainted from hunger after going without food a day and a half to pay her train fare to Virginia's Barter Theater, there's the same matter-of-factness as when a child tells you a story with the good and bad all woven into one entrancing whole. "I was so woozy I blew up on my lines and went blank at the Barter audition," she says, "but they gave me another chance—I could hardly believe my luck—and I met Bob that same day."

Twenty-nine-year-old Bob could be type-cast as a freshman halfback eager to tackle his first dummy or his first love, and his villain's curse is the "Sorry, you're too young" from Broadway producers and television directors. To remedy this, he wears conservative dark blue or gray suits that play down his almost six-foot, 190-pound blooming healthiness, and tries to brow-

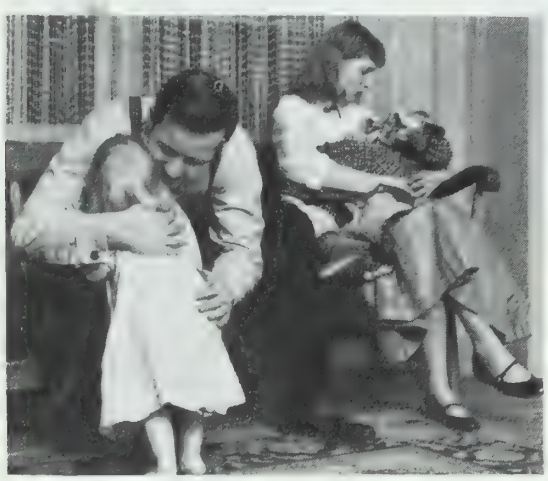
HOW AMERICA LIVES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL PERUTZ

Nancy, twenty-five, and Bob, twenty-nine: type-cast for happiness.



Breakfast, then the daily rounds to casting offices. The fearsome cat, Tony Jones, has plans of his own.



Nancy averages $17 a week from baby-sitting, keeps a hope handy that the children will belong to a big-name producer. This occurred once, but nothing happened.

Bob left law school for the theater, had first big break with the road company of I Know My Love. "When my father heard that, he thought I was famous!"

"We don't ever expect security from the theater, but we get it from being married to each other."

HOW AMERICA LIVES



Nancy's daily marketing on $1, sometimes $2, limit has two effects on Bob: he feels well fed, and proud. ("I ask you, how many brides are that efficient!")

beat his rumpled brown hair into a more mature mold, as befits a man who has played everything from ministers to hard-boiled photographer, the latter on tour with the Lunts in I Know My Love. Nancy has turned her five feet two to advantage by specializing in little-girl roles, and dressing the part in flat-heeled slippers, young white blouses and ballet-full skirts.

Though Senior members of Equity, with over 30 weeks' professional experience in summer theater and stock or road companies, the Paschalls' income as actors is still so precarious that Nancy's baby-sitting often puts the food in their mouths. The demand for baby-sitters being considerably brisker than the demand for actors, she averages $10 to $20 a week from the Part-Time Child Care Agency. Just once, she baby-sat with a radio producer's progeny, and says now, "I really knocked myself out being superefficient that evening, because I hoped the producer would be







Auditioning for a radio play, Bob and Nancy heed the director's advice. Nancy is "typed" for little-girl roles, Bob runs gamut from ministers to photographer.



Scene: housewife reacting to rain on washday. Nancy's pet extravagance? Says Bob, faintly baffled, "Blouses. All white." His? A big smile. "Photography!"



"We play a lot of chess—Nancy usually wins," brags Bob. She scoffs, "Oh, I do not." (Ah, love!) The Paschalls met during stock-company work in Virginia.

so impressed he'd offer me an audition. But all I got was my usual sixty cents an hour."

When Nancy and Bob moved into the two-room apartment last spring, and lugged their worldly goods up the dingy three flights, said goods consisted of two wooden benches scrounged from a property manager, an amorous alley cat with a cauliflower ear, the clothes that double as wardrobes for summer theater, and a passionately prized cookbook autographed to Bob by the author, a chef named Alfred Lunt. After paying the first month's rent—$38—the Paschalls were too broke to buy furniture, and bedded down cheerfully on the floor, although they paid a deposit to have a phone installed, because, as any actor knows, a phone is more essential than a bed. They also lacked such effete luxuries as window shades or curtains, but thought nothing of it until the building superintendent's wife said tactfully, "It's too bad



A little strenuous relaxation from study sessions with the Herb Nelsons, fellow actors. During rehearsals, Bob and Nancy exchange criticisms—"tact set aside."

About housework: Bob does dishes "all the time"—"occasionally" . . . depends on who's telling you.





Right now, the play's the thing, but plans and dreams overflow into the future, include a bicycle tour next year through Europe, "one baby soon—and maybe a couple later." Whatever the time, place or role, Bob and Nancy are living life to the hilt—and loving it!

Hard work, high hopes— and faith in each other.

some people are so nosy, but the neighbors have been asking me why you sleep on the floor." After her new tenants explained about their budget, which was even slimmer than ninety-pound Nancy, she insisted on loaning them a mattress. They now have a bed—and one sheet. Nancy, with a housewifely look in her hazel eyes, said, "Of course I take it to the launderette every week, and we plan to get more sometime."

If the Paschalls go in for buoyantly light housekeeping, at least it's a fifty-fifty load. Whenever the phone rings with a red-hot job tip, both Bob and Nancy leap into action and polish up the wardrobe of whichever Paschall has been tapped. "Bob's even ironed a fresh blouse for me to wear to audition," Nancy said, in a pleased tone. "He irons very well." Her husband explained modestly, "I'm best on flat surfaces." On the subject of cleaning, Nancy remarked comfortably, "Well, if company's coming, we hop to, and scrub floors and things."

This tender harmony doesn't apply to shopping. "The *(Continued on Page 158)*



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Acetate-and-rayon-faille dinner dress with satin collar, $17.95; velvet bag, $3.00; cotton gloves, 92c; pearl earrings and choker bought on sale for 60c.

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Nancy Paschall's role in real life is the romantic young wife, following the same career as her husband. She is a natural full-skirt and petticoat type and wears them all the time—tweeds with jerseys and cotton shirtwaists for casting-office rounds, traveling and baby-sitting, taffeta and velvets for dress-up. She loves picturesque big sleeves, schoolgirl collars, ballet shoes, and her favorite tricks are done with ribbons in sashes, bows at neckline, on hairdos, on her shoes.

By RUTH MARY PACKARD



Batiste blouse bought at antique shop for $1.50; velvet skirt, $8.95; ribbon, 36c.

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Wool-and-rayon tweed skirt, $5.95; cotton-and-wool jersey blouse, $3.95; belt, 94c.

Fitted gray wool winter coat with velvet collar, $39.95; red velvet hat, $5.95; red plastic bag, $2.98; suède pumps, $5.99.



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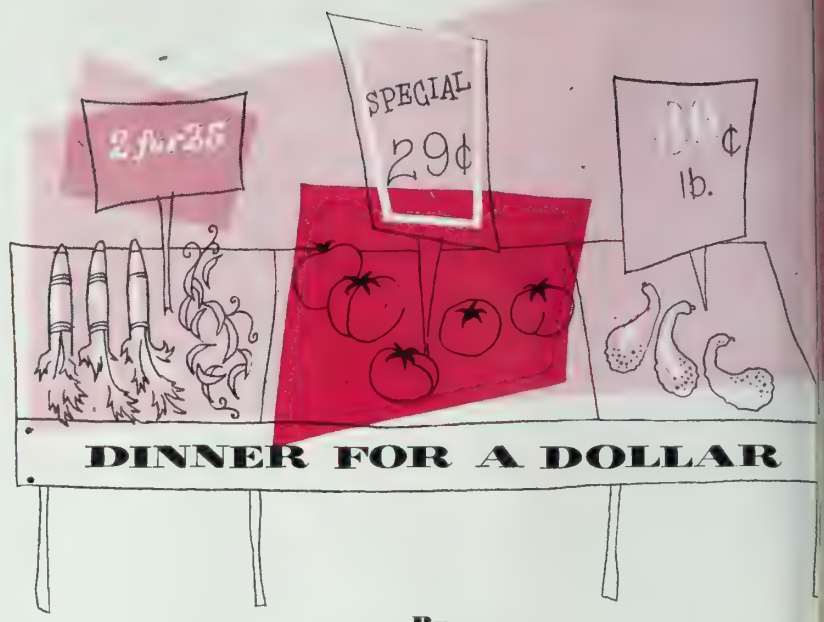
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By
NANCY PASCHALL

EVER walk into a chain store with a dollar—no more, no less—to liv on for a day? We have lots of times when the acting business is at standstill and baby-sitting's our main income. It's fun once in a while t see how interesting you can make meals on $1 a day. Milk toast for breakfast and soup and bread and butter for lunch leave enough money for meat potatoes and a vegetable at dinnertime. Here's a dollar's shopping list fo one day's eating: 1 quart of milk, 20c; loaf of bread, 15c; can of soup, 15c carrots, 10c; three potatoes, 5c; 2 pork chops, 35c.

Staples (sugar, flour, salt, pepper, and so on) last a long time and are bought when we have a windfall. We usually try to maintain a $2 eating budget to allow for eggs, fruit and greens. The following are typica dinner menus we've had that add up to a dollar.

Meat-Ball Stew
French Bread—Margarine
Green Salad
Milk

Meat-Ball Stew. Add 6 tablespoons milk to ½ cup packaged stuffing—you could dry your own bread, of course, and add your own herbs and seasoning, but you might want to make this dish right away tonight. Let stand 5 minutes and mix ½ pound hamburger into it thoroughly with a fork. Shape into 8 meat balls and brown them nice and evenly (achieved by a gentle tossing around as they cook) in 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. When done to your liking, push them to one side of the pan and sauté ¼ cup chopped onions in the drippings a few minutes. In goes a can of gravy and 4 small or 2 large peeled and quartered potatoes which have been cooked with 3 scraped carrots cut into 2″ pieces in boiling salted water to just cover. Simmer 15 minutes, and it's all ready to dish up. By letting the potatoes and carrots cook while the meat and onions are browning, you save a bit of time. No salt is really needed as gravy, stuffing and vegetables are already seasoned before combining. Add pepper if you like. This will serve 2 generously.

• • •

I OFTEN settle for a can of tuna. A favorite casserole dish of ours is made with potato chips and mushroom soup—one that many of you make frequently too. But here's another good tuna casserole with the vegetable built in. Serve with hot spoon bread and sliced ripe juicy tomatoes—at their cheapest and best right now.

Tuna-Broccoli Hollandaise
Spoon Bread—Margarine
Sliced Ripe Tomatoes
Fruit Gelatin
Milk

Tuna-Broccoli Hollandaise. Wash ½ bunch broccoli. At approximately 35c a bunch, you'll have plenty for another meal. Cut off the tough bases. (And here's a dividend: peel these ends, dice them and combine some night with a few carrots. They are really tender under the outer layer. Good raw in a salad, too, if sliced thin.) Cook the broccoli about 5–6 minutes in boiling salted water until tender. While it cooks, make this sauce: Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour and a good pinch of dry mustard until smooth. Add 1 cup milk and stir and cook gently until it's smooth. Season with salt, pepper and onion salt to taste. Add 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, a tablespoon at a time, and 2 teaspoons canned or fresh lemon juice. Drain the broccoli. It should still be a lovely bright green. Spread out in greased ovenproof glass pie dish. Drain off the oil from a can of tuna. If in big pieces, crumble it. Distribute over broccoli. Pour the sauce over all. Crumble a few crackers fine (about ¼ cup) and toss with a tablespoon or so of butter or margarine. Sprinkle over the top and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 25 minutes. Serves 2.

• • •

BOB and I make Southern fried chicken last two meals. Tony Jones, our pet cat, always got the chicken giblets until I discovered I could make a very flavorful jambalaya with them at



DI PIETRO

"I know how to stretch my food-buying dollar."

e small cost of a quarter. Teamed th Bob's special hearty salad and an ple apiece—all the dessert we want—is meal for two checks in way under dollar, giving me a bit of a backlog staple shopping.

Giblets Jambalaya
Bob's Salad
Red Apples
Milk

iblets Jambalaya. Simmer giblets om 1 frying chicken in water to cover, asoning with salt, pepper, onion and lery tops. Drain. Save broth. Cool nd dice giblets. Brown them in 2 ablespoons bacon drippings—I always ave mine for cooking. Add 1 small nion, chopped, 1 clove garlic, minced r crushed, and ⅓ cup minced green epper. Add ½ bay leaf, crumbled, ½ up washed raw rice, ¾ teaspoon salt nd a dash of pepper. Now stir in 1 cup f broth in which giblets were cooked. over and simmer over low heat until he rice is tender and the liquid is ab-orbed. This takes about 20 minutes. erves 2.

Bob's Salad is a version of one he ead about in a book titled, Joe, the Wounded Tennis Player. Starting with whatever salad greens I have on hand, e ad-libs with tomato, sliced cucum-bers, sliced radishes and one or two ard-cooked eggs, chopped. Before toss-ng with French dressing, he throws n a handful of grated Romano cheese nd another of toasted bread cubes.

• • •

WHEN I learned that I could buy ½ pound fresh fish fillets for 20–25c—nd no bones, tails or heads to worry bout—I began hunting through my ookbook for ways to serve them other han fried or plain broiled. The JOUR-NAL told me about a wonderful mari-nade—one of soy sauce and seasonings hat gives such a superb flavor to al-most any broilable fish. I tried it that evening and called the next day to re-port, "It's out of this world—and so easy!"

Oriental Fish Fillets
Spinach
Heated Rolls—Margarine
Apple-and-Celery Coleslaw
Milk

Oriental Fish Fillets. Mix together 2 teaspoons soy sauce, ⅛ teaspoon ginger—a good pinch, really—1 table-spoon brown sugar and 1½ table-spoons salad oil. Wash ½ pound fish fillets. Pour sauce over them. Cover and let the fish marinate in the sauce in the refrigerator about 2 hours. Lift out of the marinade. Lay in a flat pan and broil 5 minutes until nicely tanned. Do not turn. Serves 2.

• • •

WE actors have the old habit of late midnight snacks. It is our lunch of the day and usually it's sandwiches and milk. In spite of having had a good bit of it in the Army, Bob is crazy about canned pork luncheon meat. I cut off two thick slices and broil them with a frosting of horse-radish, mustard and brown sugar. There's always plenty left over for sand-wiches.

GI Broil
Dutch Green Beans
Sautéed Sweet Potatoes
Whole-Wheat Bread and Butter
Blue Grapes
Milk

GI Broil. Cut ½"-thick slices canned pork luncheon meat. Spread one side of each lightly with horse-radish and more generously with prepared mustard. Sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with butter or margarine. Broil 10 minutes to heat through and glaze nicely.

Dutch Green Beans. Add a little chopped onion to green beans when you cook them. When drained, season with salt, pepper, butter or margarine or bacon drippings. Add a little sugar and vinegar so they are sweet-sour.



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IF IT'S BORDEN'S—IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

LILLIAN BASSMAN





Here in our cheerful pink-and-turquoise offices, we put our heads together each day to sift, sample and streamline the beauty ideas and suggestions you read on our pages each month. At the left, Dawn Norman listens while the special advantages of a new home-permanent rod are outlined to her. Above, the rods are given a try. Dotty Robinson, editorial assistant, does the winding while Carolyn Robinson, guinea pig for the day, does the wondering!

"Enough of everything and not too much of anything" is the beauty refrain that runs through the . . .

Journal beauty workshop



"Enough of everything and not too much of anything" are words worth memorizing regarding your approach to beauty, especially to the use of make-up! Above, Dawn Norman selects from the beauty display cabinet behind her appropriate colors for blond, blue-eyed Nancy Paschall. Nancy's face brightens considerably, and *convincingly*, with: warm brown pencil and mascara for her eyebrows and lashes; a filmy make-up base and powder in the pinky-beige shades; a rosy-red lipstick. The softer shades were purposely selected to blend with Nancy's fair coloring.

Your air-mail letter flies across the country to us: "My husband due home from Korea in a month . . . how can I lose the extra weight I have gained while he was gone?" Your friendly note comes along: "My children are reaching the age where they are very anxious for 'mother to be attractive' . . . I do so want them to be proud of me." Your special delivery, brimming with excitement, reaches us: "I'll be in town for a week . . . can you suggest a new hair style? I'd like something special to surprise the folks back home."

Your requests reassure us in our belief that woman's desire for beauty emanates from her inner being and is carried forward in the knowledge that her achievement of beauty will bring happiness into the lives of others—as well as her own. Such longing for loveliness is a natural desire, and it should be encouraged in a natural way.

Here you see the JOURNAL beauty staff giving the sort of beauty counsel you might follow in your own home. It is sound advice based on simple procedures, for we know beauty does not come from straining and artifice. It begins with a dream of yourself as you might be—is arrived at by practical steps, faithfully followed. Most of all, it is achieved through recognition of your own inner possibilities. A warm heart, a generous spirit and a forward-looking mind quicken your own response to beauty—and the world's response to you.

Our Beauty Workshop is like an extension of your own home. We like to try out on ourselves and one another the beauty offerings devised by ingenious manufacturers. We live on the diets. We follow the exercises. You can do all that we do. An honest facing of facts, planning, and a willingness to do a little every day are all that are required. What better time to start than today?

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal





Who isn't interested in the subject of weight? Even ninety-pound Nancy is anxious to consult our ideal height-and-weight chart (reproduced on the right, for you). Although JOURNAL diets vary with seasons and seasonings, they have this in common: Their success depends on your recognizing your reducing or building-up regimen as a three-part program which counts on courage and conviction—as well as calories! *Above, right:* Even the slimmest figure needs exercise to perfect posture and to keep the body firm and flexible. Here, Carolyn Robinson demonstrates the JOURNAL's favorite waist-cincher to Nancy. Easy to do, this all-over stretch helps tone from top to toe. Try it yourself each morning!

Your weight as ordinarily dressed without shoes

HEIGHT (without shoes)	SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
4′ 10″	104 - 112	111 - 119	118 - 128
4′ 11″	106 - 114	113 - 121	120 - 130
5′ 0″	109 - 117	116 - 124	123 - 134
5′ 1″	112 - 120	119 - 127	126 - 137
5′ 2″	115 - 124	123 - 131	130 - 141
5′ 3″	118 - 127	126 - 134	132 - 144
5′ 4″	122 - 131	129 - 139	137 - 149
5′ 5″	125 - 135	133 - 143	141 - 153
5′ 6″	128 - 138	136 - 146	144 - 157
5′ 7″	132 - 142	140 - 150	148 - 161
5′ 8″	135 - 146	144 - 154	151 - 165
5′ 9″	138 - 149	147 - 157	154 - 168
5′ 10″	140 - 152	150 - 162	159 - 173

ADAPTED FROM METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S DESIRABLE WEIGHT TABLES FOR WOMEN AGED 25 AND OVER

Journal Beauty Commandments

Begin each day on the premise that a fresh body makes a fresh spirit. Count on plenty of soaping, scrubbing and scenting—as well as clean and tidy clothes—to get you off to a bright start!

Develop a proud posture and a graceful walk and you will feel younger and look younger too. Go forward with your head high, your shoulders erect, your spine straight. A sprightly carriage implies courage and confidence.

Look forward to (as well as back upon) a trim figure and the good health, becoming clothes and compliments that go with it. First, reach your ideal weight through diet. Then, *maintain it* by allowing yourself no more than a four-pound margin for error. A weekly weight-watch and a firm attitude against "extras" between meals and at the table will keep you in line.

Let your skin glow with a softly feminine look, by treating your face, neck and hands to the cleansing, creaming and protection they need each day to stay young and beautiful.

Coax your hair into a major expression of your good looks. Give it the daily brushing, regular shampoos and nightly pin-ups necessary to maintain its sparkling good health and good order. Experiment with a new length, a new rinse or a new permanent. Change the arrangement often enough to keep you feeling and looking like an up-to-date beauty!

Cheer yourself and those around you with a freshly made-up face, even if you use only a bright and well-aimed lipstick! For further embellishment: find the shade of powder which adds a pink or rosy glow; eye shadow in a soft shade which intensifies the color of your eyes; mascara to add sweep to your lashes! Apply your colors with a deft touch.

Let your sense of "fashion" extend to the things you wear around the house. Work won't seem so humdrum when you are wearing an apron in your favorite color, a house dress with a flattering neckline or "flats" in bright red leather!

Help yourself each day to these five free beauty treatments: Exercise. Relaxation. Sunshine. Fresh Air. Sleep! All designed to soothe your jangled nerves and give you strength to go on.

Encourage other people's interest in you by widening your own interests. Freshen up your days with new things to do. Devote your spare time to a new hobby. Cultivate your talents for becoming a gracious hostess. Have a ready smile and something pleasant to say. You'll soon enjoy more fun—and more friends!





Long hair needs extra rinsing after a shampoo. Dotty lifts Nancy's hair up and *away* from the head to get the clear warm water in close to the scalp. A "finger tip" from "manicurist" Carolyn: Use one of the new colorless base coats with added ingredient designed to prevent nail-splitting and breaking.

Nancy ends her tour of the Beauty Workshop on a note of glamour. The sleek chignon, veiling and ribbons were decided upon when Dawn Norman wanted to prove to doubting Nancy that there *was* something special she could do with her hair for dress-up nights. Our philosophy? Arrangements always should be becoming, easy to care for at home, and changed to keep you an up-to-date beauty!



Making ends meet is a problem these days, isn't it? Well, here's *real* help for your budget. You can cut your soap and detergent costs in *half* by using FELS-NAPTHA.

Yes, FELS-NAPTHA costs you only *half* what you pay for those high-priced "miracle" washing products.

And don't forget this! No other "soap" product, *at any price*, gives you more *real* washing help than FELS-NAPTHA.

It gives you two great cleaners in one . . golden soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha . . plus a wonderful "sunshine" ingredient that *banishes* "Tattle-Tale Gray."

For *thoroughness*, *gentleness*, *economy*, there just isn't any substitute for the Golden Bar with the clean naptha odor. Try FELS-NAPTHA and see.



Also available in Golden Chips

STAGE SET FOR LOVE

(Continued from Page 150)

most terrible fight we ever had" came about in Macy's, when the Paschalls were spending $150 to furnish their apartment. After spirited arguments, they had settled on the chintz love seat ($29) and two unpainted ladder-back chairs ($6 apiece), when Nancy fell in love with a Swiss cuckoo clock ($5). Bob said it was too silly to have in their house, and the battle was on. Describing this crisis now, Nancy said, "Of course Macy's is awfully public, and when Bob and I fight, we blow our tops and say absolutely evil things to each other." Pressed by her listener, a bit apprehensively, for a sample of the absolutely evil things she said to her helpmate on this occasion, Nancy explained, "I told him he was too staid and conventional." Naturally, after an insult like that, an actor-husband had no alternative but to stomp off in a dramatic exit—on the nearest Escalator.

The Paschalls' usual method of projecting cold fury is to sit in separate rooms. "Then whichever one feels guiltier comes to the other and makes up." Nancy glanced benignly at the carved clock on the wall, as a flighty wooden bird popped out and chirped *Cuckoo, cuckoo.* "It didn't take Bob long to see I was right," she added sunnily. "And now he says the cuckoo clock does more for this room than anything else we have." The fact that young Mr. Paschall kept a sympathetic straight face while she explained this may prove he's as good an actor as he is husband.

NANCY says he's fine on both counts, but, "When Bob's rehearsing, he's always sure he's the worst ever and that the director will fire him, and he tears himself to pieces so ruthlessly that I feel torn too." In spite of this, or maybe because he works it out of his system before an opening, she says Bob is "wonderfully even-tempered in the theater, and gets along so well with everybody." Her tone was a bit severe as she went on, "He gets along almost *too* well with other people, though. For instance, he loves parties, even when we hardly know a soul there, and he always wants to stay hours longer than I do." Nancy, who prefers soft drinks and small groups of close friends, sometimes goes home without him. "And he talked much too long to some female at the last party," she said.

Bob countered with a masculine show of virtue. "But I was sounding that woman out about work. And don't forget I got the tip on the job with the Lunts from a girl I met at a party after you'd gone home."

Nancy, radiant again, said, "That's absolutely true. And Bob is much better than I am about making the rounds of agents and producers."

Bob says the quality he likes best about his wife is that she's so honest with herself. "It's one of the things that make her a good actress." Her worst fault, he thinks, is procrastinating on job hunting. Coupled with this, he said, "She takes forever to dress and it used to drive me crazy and I'd keep heckling her. But now I just sit stoically and read The Wisdom of India and China, while I'm waiting."

"Now that he's so patient I make a real effort to hurry," Nancy remarked. "But when I get all ready and say, 'Do I look all right?' he mumbles, 'Sure, fine,' without even glancing at me." Both Paschalls laughed, and Bob said suddenly, "You know the thing I like best about being married to Nancy? She's never tried to change me."

When he first saw Nancy Watts in the dining room of the actors' dormitory at the Barter Theater, three summers ago, he kept on staring "because I thought when I saw all that blond hair she must be the new apprentice from Australia." The mistaken-identity plot became even more As You Like It when the *real* apprentice from Australia, who was sitting next to Nancy, poked her and muttered, "Doesn't that boy look like a movie star?" Nancy gazed at Bob, said "H'm-m-m" and went back to her food. Later, the object of their speculations of to show the newcomers around, and discovered that Nancy's home tow Charlottesville, Virginia, was a good closer than Australia to his own home of Waynesboro, Tennessee. It was E second year at Barter, and he was in th pressive status of $50-a-week actor-s manager, whereas Miss Watts was pa $25 weekly (sent by her older sisters room, board and the blissful privileg acting. "Paschall was very big-deal day," Nancy says. The next evening stopped by to invite Miss Watts to a hearsal. Miss Watts had just washed her but she came down to the lounge wit towel draped around her sodden locks, she and Mr. Paschall chatted for ho Both of them look rather surprised when they remember, "We didn't talk s as much as just finding out about e other's childhoods and all that." For actors, this in itself is a mark of dawning l

Even beyond their Southern backgrou they must have found a lot in common. B their mothers had died when Nancy Bob were under four. Bob's father, a goods salesman, traveled so constantly t Bob lived with his aunt and uncle, and says now, "I have a wonderful stepmot but I always stuck with my aunt and un and they get the credit or blame for the I've turned out." After four years at Col bia Military School, he entered the Univ sity of Tennessee in 1939, intending to b lawyer. Several things interfered, such as love of parties, frequent below-C grades, flunking algebra three times. (He and Na explain their algebra failures by quotin line from a character in a Tennessee Willia play: "Because I didn't give a damn wh *X* stood for.") From 1942 to 1945, Bob in the Army, and served as a T/5 medical man with the 91st Infantry Division in Ita

As a GI student, he returned to the U versity of Tennessee (prelaw school) a really buckled down. When he went to drama coach and asked to enter a spee contest, it was with the honorable intenti of improving his English grades. The coa asked Bob if he'd like to try out for a part the school production of Bill of Divorcemen Until then, young Paschall's only theatric experience had been as a Teddy bear in kindergarten play. ("My aunt couldn't fi any plain brown cloth for my costume, s may have been the only pin-striped Ted bear in the history of the theater," he sa now.) After Bill of Divorcement, in which played an awkward adolescent, he was every school production, and so flushed wi footlight fever that he left college the spri of his senior year, and applied for an appre ticeship at Barter.

NANCY says, "When I first knew hi there, one of the things I liked was that worried so much about my overworking an undereating, and it had been quite a whi since anybody else had worried much." A young children, Nancy and her sisters Poll and Sue were looked after by their gran mother until their father, a Chevrolet deale in Charlottesville, remarried. Nancy and he stepmother are now "very good friends, but as a child, Nancy thought the new Mr Watts was "sort of strict on discipline. Mr. Watts died when Nancy was fifteen; h will provided for the girls' educations. Aft finishing high school, and what she calls "terrible year" in a prenursing course Madison, Virginia, she went to work Washington, first as mail clerk and finall secretary (at $200 a month) in the W Assets Administration. She shared an apar ment with her sister Sue, and it was Sue wh galvanized the nineteen-year-old Nancy vague notions of becoming an actress by di playing a catalogue from the Schuster-Marti Drama School in Cincinnati. "She left it lyin casually on a table, because she's too sma to shove things down my throat. Oh, Sue's *slick*," Nancy says, with affectionate admira tion. "And it's like her to have picked what

I think is the best drama school anywhere."

After two happy years studying the Stanislavsky method of acting, and taking diction lessons that banished her Southern accent ("The best thing Schuster-Martin ever did for me"), Nancy graduated with a straight average; her entire class of six girls, three boys was hired for a summer stock company known as the Piper Players, at Cripple Creek, Colorado. "We were getting our board and room and dollars a week," Nancy went on, "but the first time our producer gave me my five-dollar salary, I tried to give it back, because I was so thrilled to be allowed to act I felt I shouldn't take money for it." She giggled. "I'm not that crazy any more."

Back in Cincinnati that winter, Nancy worked as receptionist-saleswoman in an art students' co-operative gallery, for $10 a week, and felt pangs, for both art's sake and her own, when she couldn't sell a single painting. Her only outside income, except for an occasional model's fee, was $35 a month from her father's estate, and room rent swallowed $6 of her $10. "But every time I tried to resign from the gallery, they'd make me feel real horrible by saying I didn't appreciate art." When she applied at Barter Theater, the artists graciously let her resign two weeks before departure, so that she could work in a department store long enough to get some nonartistic cash.

Having traded these compatible life stories as they sat on the lounge that June of 1949, Bob and Nancy worked in dungareed dynamos the rest of the summer. Late-at-night walks were almost their only chance to be alone, but by September Nancy was a proud $60-a-week member of the Barter troup, when they toured the South. That's when Bob and I really got to know each other." Reviews in Roanoke and other cities hailed Nancy's playing in The Imaginary Invalid with "She looks little-girl but her acting is big-time. . . . She's strictly adult in the art of make-believe."

When the tour ended the next spring, Nancy and Bob headed for New York, and auditioned at the Theater Wing. "It's for GI's, but luckily they needed a few females," Nancy says. She shared an apartment with three other girls, and the night Bob arrived to tell them he'd been hired for a part in the road company of I Know My Love, their amorous celebration woke every tenant in the building. Bob's memories of that evening start with his standing backstage trembling all over, before his audition. "Mr. Lunt's valet came over and said to me so gently 'Just remember that Mr. Lunt had to get a start once too,' and that calmed me down." He was less calm after the hiring: "I stood on Broadway and thought I'd pop right up into the sky." When he got to Nancy's, a well-meaning friend said, "If you haven't signed the contract yet, you'd better not celebrate." Nancy says now indignantly, "Imagine being that practical!"

Bob signed the contract all right, as actor and assistant stage manager at $100 a week. After working seven months with the Lunts on tour, he says reverently, "Nobody can touch them for acting." Nancy, whose own idols are Julie Harris and Harpo Marx, urged in a wifely tone, "Show the clipping of Mr. Lunt's interview in Richmond when he talked about you." Bob looked boyishly bashful as he pointed out the paragraph containing his hero's praise: "Bob Paschall has a tremendous amount of talent in both fields [acting and stage-managing] and how that boy has worked!"

He worked even harder the following summer, at Fishkill, New York, where he played the jilted fiancé in Philadelphia Story, "and nearly went insane as stage manager when we put on The Women with all thirteen sets." He also acquired the cat, which he found in a bar and named Tony after a Fishkill producer. Meanwhile, Nancy was playing small girls and ingénues at Windham, New Hampshire. Back in New York in the fall, with very little left of their $50 salaries, they decided that, "We'd probably never save enough money to get married on, so we might as well get married anyway."

They craved an out-of-town wedding, and chose the location by looking in the phone book and picking the town that had the cheapest toll rates, on the theory it would be thriftily close to New York. "We took Nyack because a night call is only twenty-five cents and we liked the name." On November 17, 1951, with a combined nest egg of $30, they bought round-trip tickets to Nyack where they registered at the best hotel and phoned the Presbyterian minister. "He said he'd marry us, but to hurry right over because he had a funeral."

They hurried so precipitously that the groom forgot to get change. "So he gave the minister ten dollars for marrying us," Nancy says, "and that wrecked our finances and I was furious, although of course I realize you can't ask a minister for change." Still in their wedding finery (an eggshell faille dress and a blue serge suit) they passed a movie theater offering American in Paris for 40 cents. "We couldn't resist seeing it at such a bargain." This canny move so depleted their remaining capital that they ordered the two cheapest dishes on the hotel menu for dinner: oyster stew and lobster salad. "But one of my roommates had given us a split of champagne, enough for a glass apiece," Nancy says, "so that was really festive." Back in New York the next day, they had exactly enough to pay bus fare to their new home, an apartment on West 85th Street.

Both Paschalls are exuberantly pleased with their current home on noisy West 4th Street, where Italian pizza, arty copper jewelry and artier poets vie for attention. Even the Paschalls' kitchen has jolly Bohemian aspects, in that it's also the foyer and Roman bath, with the bathtub ensconced on a wooden platform under the sea-blue drainboard. The adjoining lavatory "looked sort of dreary" until Bob painted it petunia pink and tacked up a cheery large-print copy of a Robert Service poem: The Cremation of Sam McGee. They're now having aesthetic discussions on whether to "lower the ceiling" of the small living room by painting it dark green. Bob built the window seat and bookcase, and designed the two charming tables, sheets of Lucite painted as chessboards and mounted on black iron frames—"they only cost eight dollars!" The bedroom, which is big enough to lie down in, has blue curtains Nancy made as her first real sewing venture. "Forty-nine cents a yard," she adds briskly. Both Paschalls can tell you down to the last red cent what they paid for things, but admit cheerfully that whenever they've "saved a big sum like a hundred dollars, we blow it in on steaks, clothes and theater tickets."

Last year, Bob earned $2700, as compared with the average actor's total of $780 computed by Equity. For the first five months of this year, his theater earnings add up to $148, and until he and Nancy started their summer engagement at Fishkill, at a combined $120 weekly, Bob's unemployment insurance

Next Month

WHAT happens when two people, who have needed and loved each other, admit that their marriage is failing? Richard and Eugenia Simons, of Los Angeles, California, have faced that crisis. Theirs is a story of wide personality differences accentuated by worry and financial struggle. It is, too, the inspiring story of a

HOME REUNITED

by Paul Marcus

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the October JOURNAL



"We have a small dog who had very bad breath!"



Yes, Ken-L-Products with Chlorophyllin End Dog Odors.

Here's Mrs. Harter's Letter!

"We have a small dog who had very bad breath. When we went away for a day we would put her in the cellar and she would make the cellar smell, too. I heard about Ken-L-Products so I thought I would try some. Within a week my husband and sons were asking me what I did to stop the dog smell. Everyone who comes in is surprised at the dog. I sure would not like to be without Ken-L-Products as it is a real pleasure to have the dog around now."

Mrs. John Harter
307 Winston Avenue, Elmhurst
Wilmington 14, Delaware

You too can feed away dog odors! Here's how: All three Ken-L-Products—Ken-L-Ration, Ken-L-Biskit, and Ken-L-Meal—now contain the magic odor-ending discovery called chlorophyllin. Regular feeding of any of these super dog foods will now end breath and body odors in any normal dog!

Complete nutrition, too! Your dog will love the meaty sniff appeal of these famous foods. All dogs thrive on them because they contain all the nutriment, all the vitamins and minerals that healthy pets need. The odor-ending chlorophyllin that is now added to Ken-L-Products is tasteless and harmless. Dogs can't tell the difference—but dog owners can!

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Thrifty, protein-rich—made with real meat meal. In 2, 5, 25 and 50 lb. sizes.

Happy?

Yes, he's new around the house and as happy as he can be about everything! And you can help him stay that way if you make certain now that the "money problems" which darken so many children's lives never cast their shadows over him.



The B. M. A. All-Ways Protector Plan is the ideal solution. You can build your own income protection plan by combining any of the following B.M.A. services to fit your family's particular needs.

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4. A plan to cancel the mortgage and refund all payments on principal in event of your death.
5. A plan to pay your family $1,000.00 in cash on the very day of death by emergency draft attached to your policy . . . then . . . provide an income for your wife and children during the important readjustment period while the children are growing.
6. A plan to guarantee funds needed for your children's college education.
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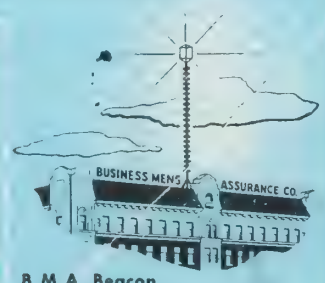
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B.M.A. Beacon
A friendly weather service for

($26 a week) was their largest steady income. Out of $55 he received recently for acting in a television-film commercial, he had to pay $39.75 for membership and dues in the Screen Actors Guild. The agent got 10 per cent, or $5.50; tax deductions were $12, and Bob was left with a deficit of $2.25. He grins ruefully reciting this tale of How to Get Rich Acting, but points out that membership in the Guild makes him eligible for more TV jobs.

Two of the Paschalls' most recent acting jobs have been nonpaying, although this doesn't in the least diminish their enthusiasm. Nancy played a snippy secretary (with mannerisms based on painful firsthand observation) in Actor at Large, done as part of the ANTA series called Six O'Clock Theater, given Sundays before an invited audience. Bob, one of four volunteer actors, appeared with an otherwise sightless cast in This Happy Breed, for The Lighthouse of the Blind. He and Nancy talk admiringly of the actors who rehearsed with large Braille scripts, and gave such fine performances.

The Paschalls sit in on each other's rehearsals whenever possible, to offer suggestions and criticism. "That's one time we don't bother with tact." They believe that acting should seem natural and not like acting, and quote Stanislavsky's "The search for the character should come from inside yourself." As an example, Nancy mentions the time she played the wife in The Show-Off, with a stock company in Massachusetts. "This girl was crazy about the awful goof she'd married, and I thought, 'But nobody *could* like that kind of man.' Then gradually I got the feeling of a wife blinded by love, and the boy who played the husband made him so understandable, instead of just a heel, that it helped me respond."

Bob says the most serious criticism Nancy has given him is that he sometimes gets carried away and plays solo, not responding to the other actors. "I try to overcome that, because it's a terrible fault." The Paschalls, with a half dozen equally serious actor friends, have formed a weekly study group, and from midnight to dawn they read plays and hash over each performance. In this way, Bob has been able to do the part he most hankers for: Mitch, the suitor, in Streetcar Named Desire. "Probably the only way I'll ever get to do it," he says wistfully.

How the Paschalls Spent Their Money Last Year*

Food	$ 700.00
Clothing	300.00
Rent	460.20
Utilities	48.00
Furnishing apartment	150.00
Medical, dentist, drugs	50.00
Recreation	75.00
Telephone	100.00
Magazine, newspapers	50.00
Cigarettes	150.00
Union dues	54.00
Carfare	140.00
Secondhand refrigerator	56.00
Total	$2333.20

*Because the Paschalls have been married less than a year, some of these figures are rough estimates.

EXCEPT for these all-night sessions, Nancy's and Bob's day ends around two A.M., after a snack of sandwiches and milk. They have breakfast about ten: fruit juice, coffee, cereal or eggs, and as an occasional gourmet treat, country sausage from Nancy's aunt in Virginia. Then they separate to make rounds (which Bob sums up as "Nothing today, leave a picture") and to meet actor friends in such congenial rendezvous as the lobby of the Astor, to pool information on jobs. Fifty cents apiece, doled out daily, covers cigarettes and subway fare. Nancy gets home by late afternoon to do the marketing. "I never allow more than a dollar for dinner, but the pushcarts have good cheap vegetables and there's even a butcher shop where I get two pork chops for thirty cents. When I bring in the groceries, Bob is usually home, and we open the bag and simply gloat over each thing." When Bob does the marketing, he's apt to go haywire on anchovies and cheeses, but it was he who made the dandy discovery of a place that sells three cans of cat food for twenty-five cents. Nancy does most of the cooking, with a rallying cry of, "See what Mr. Lunt says." After dinner, Bob often washes the dishes, because that's the chore Nancy hat most, and one she happily ducks out of, baby-sitting nights.

One of her employers has six children, ar on Nancy's first visit her wily young charg suggested a game of hide-and-seek. "Th had me hide, and I waited and waited to found, but they'd just gotten me out of t way so they could raise Cain. Now I'm n so easily fooled." Nancy really loves ch dren, and judging from her numerous retu engagements, she's a solid hit with bo parents and offspring. People with TV se often let the baby sitter's husband sit too.

THE Paschalls also have a standing T invitation from their building superinten ent's wife for fight nights, "because s knows we're fiends for boxing." Among the less bloodthirsty pursuits are riding t Staten Island ferry, and visiting the Museu of Natural History and the zoo. Bob, w was bitten with the camera bug when played a photographer, is the rapt owner o Rolleicord which he uses on these jaunt Sundays, the Paschalls play bridge or ch rades with their closest friends, Herb and Jo Nelson. They don't go to church, perha because both got "too much of a dose church and Bible reading" as children.

Their reading nc ranges from Shak speare and Thom Hardy to Hen Miller. Bob rea three newspape daily, scanning t theater news hop fully. From Equit the Paschalls g free tickets for sho about to close, a they're also ade in second-act cras ing. This is the a of mingling with t audience in t lobby at interm sion, and driftin with them into t theater in the hop of finding emp seats. Nancy say "That's the way study performanc and get familiar wi the shows. I kn it's kind of a racket, but Bob thinks doesn't do any harm if the theater's n sold out."

In discussing their own futures, Bob sa his ambition is to stage-manage a Broadwa show and play a small character part. Nan would be happy with a role in an off-Broa way group—"and we both love being on t road."

Their hunger to travel has just received dazzling promised feast: Bob inherited pro erty from his grandfather and has sold it f $2000. This sum (minus the $150 for furn ture) is being jealously guarded for a bicyc trip through England, France and Italy ne year.

When Nancy is thirty, she'll receive third of her father's estate—"Enough for to get a house and car." She lifted Tor the cat high into the air. "And Tony our child until something better com along." She and Bob would like "one bab soon—and maybe a couple later."

Tony, obviously resenting this threat dethronement, stalked out the window ont the fire escape. "We sit out there with hi on warm nights," Bob said. He described a evening when he and Nancy sat as the moo came up and somebody in an apartment b low played Claire de Lune softly on a pian "If I saw a corny scene like that in a movie, Bob went on, "I'd say, 'Oh, *no!*' But it wa really beautiful."

Talking about their life together, Nanc said, "This is the first time I've felt secure. Bob nodded. "We don't ever expect sec rity from the theater," he said, "but we get from being married to each other."

That, too, might sound corny in a movi but not in real life—on West 4th Street.

THE EN

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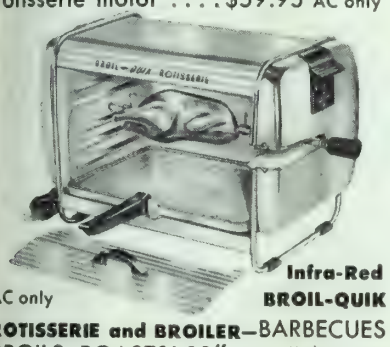
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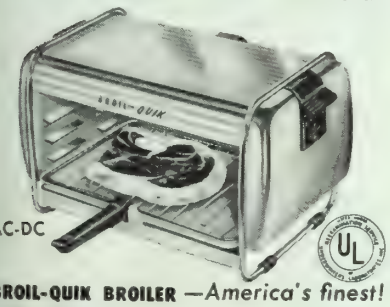
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WOMEN ORGANIZE FOR ACTION

Democratic Club

(Continued from Page 25)

party organization in March, 1950. Then they started to act on issues. This got newspaper and radio publicity. Husbands of club members were aroused and asked to join. One of them, Dr. Clarence Long, recently was elected president to succeed Mrs. Larkey. Several politicians have come to argue at the club's meetings and stayed to augment the club's membership.

The $1-a-year dues are really only a token payment, but they do give members a feeling of belonging to and working in a party club. They know it will be money well spent. Eventually, the club wants to be prepared for an all-out fight, with a campaign school for workers, a sight-seeing bus to take people on a tour of the precincts, a baby-sitting brigade for registration- and election-day work, and a motor corps to drive people to the polls.

This year the City-County Club launched its first real election work by organizing candidates' meetings. Members brushed up on the campaign issues by reading newspaper and magazine articles and holding informal discussion groups. Then a month before the state primary, the club invited its members

What a superb thing it would be if we were all big enough in mind to see no slights, accept no insults, cherish no jealousies, and admit into our heart no hatred!

—ELBERT HUBBARD

in the newly formed Seventh Congressional District to a gala evening to meet the candidates—"and bring your neighbors along too."

The evening proved to be an instructive one for the candidates as well as the club. Nearly fifty voters kept five candidates busy from 8:30 to 11:30 P.M. answering questions on FEPC, Point Four, the United Nations, civil liberties, reciprocal trade, defense production, and the Taft-Hartley Act. Several doctors asked questions about Federal aid to medical schools, which none of the candidates could answer. One of them took the floor and explained the issue, to the delight of both audience and guest speakers. The candidates also learned that club members favored cutting government expenditures in Maryland first. "That's a refreshing point of view," one candidate commented. A young lawyer, nervous at first, admitted later he was pleased and surprised to find his audience was willing to listen to and discuss his ideas.

The City-County Club, now a little over two years old, is still too young to put up its own candidates and back them all the way, but that is its long-range aim. Until a club is established, it's risky to endorse candidates in a primary, because, as Mrs. Larkey puts it, "if he wins, you become known as his club; if he's out, then you're out too."

Even so, the club can command almost any political speaker it wants at general meetings as well as the monthly "Monday Morning Mending" meetings. A paid membership of 267 is enough to make any candidate sit up and take notice. The membership includes a member of the all-Democratic city council, two members of the state legislature, and a national committeewoman. This year the Baltimore City-County Club joined the United Democratic Women's Clubs of Maryland. It all adds up to close party ties and a speaking acquaintance with many officeholders—the opportunity to *telephone* as well as write congressmen. Club members feel that even if they don't get the man they wanted in the first place, they *can* influence the winning candidate. THE END

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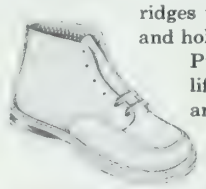
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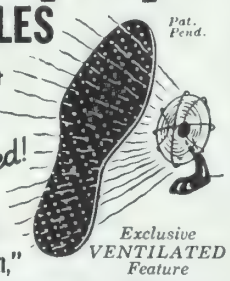
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WOMEN ORGANIZE FOR ACTION

Republican Workshop

(Continued from Page 25)

workshop, too—here in Mason City? After the meeting they conferred with the speaker. The outcome was an invitation: "Why not come to Minneapolis and see for yourselves how it works?"

A month later at 6:30 in the morning, they climbed into Catherine's car for the drive to Minneapolis. They sat through four intensive workshop sessions all that afternoon and the next day. Midway through the instruction Catherine suddenly kicked off her shoes and slumped back in her chair. "I'll *never* be able to do all this," she moaned. But as the four drove home armed with outlines and notes, their heads were abuzz with the excitement of working with a group of women interested in politics.

After a few summer get-togethers, Bonnie, Catherine, Pat and Gloria were ready to give the workshop a try. They knew they had County Chairman Ed Boyle's O.K. when he threw up his hands and shrugged, "I won't stand in your way, girls!" The best hour to get housewives to come, they decided, was during the morning coffee hour. And the best inducement to busy mothers was a policy of "no dues, no officers, no membership obligations." In October the four moderators started phoning friends and a few clubwomen for the opening session. They got an almost 100 per cent response.

Marilyn vividly recalls that first session—"I was impressed at seeing twelve women sitting there and being so serious and sincere about wanting to better things." Coffee cups were set aside almost immediately and Gloria started the ball rolling by throwing out questions such as, "What do you expect a political party to do?" . . . "Why do people work in politics?" Answers sometimes were quick in coming. Other times you could hear a pin drop. At the dinner table with her husband that evening Marilyn was bubbling over with statistics on independent voters and gave forth with a commentary on the two-party system that astonished herself almost as much as it did him.

THE next week the twelve "students of politics" reported back to the workshop, all eager to learn about the state party structure and all a little more talkative this time.

"This is dumb, but I don't know what a caucus is," a short, stocky woman declared.

Pat Bain hurriedly took a final bite of coffeecake, then leaned over to pick up a stack of charts from the floor. "That's because hardly anyone ever attends a caucus," she said. "The precinct caucus is supposed to be a meeting of party members, but we've let eight or ten party faithfuls have the run of things. In Iowa, the party caucus is a sort of primary election—the only place we can express a choice for a presidential candidate." Pat paused a minute to hold up a chart and point out each step in the nominating process. "The delegates we elect at our precinct caucus go to the county convention to elect delegates to the state convention. That's where delegates to the national convent are chosen."

Bonnie looked over the rim of her glas at a former Democrat wearing an Eis hower button. "So you see, it isn't enough say, 'Sure, I like Ike.' You have to registe the party and go to caucus and vote fo man or woman who feels as you do." For t first time Marilyn felt ashamed of being independent. *Why, it's like a third party, o with no power to nominate candidates,* s thought.

The group met again a week later to t about party platforms. When the discussi was over, Bonnie said, "Now, what do y think about continuing the workshop? Is i good idea?"

The answer was a unanimous yes. Glo looked relieved. "Who'd like to hold t next workshop?" she asked. Eight han were raised. Others offered to help with te phoning, and three wanted to become mo erators.

THE workshop was under way—and at important time. In the rumblings of t Taft-Eisenhower fight, people in Mason Ci were starting to ask questions about par caucuses and conventions. Nearly 3 women got the answers at the workshop.

By January, interest in the campaign h picked up such momentum that the wor shop was running six series of meetings in single week, when the temperature h dropped to 20° below zero and snow w piled high at every curb. When the nig of March 7 rolled around, caucus rooms we overflowing with people, most of whom h never attended a caucus before. The san thing happened a week later when delegat and spectators jammed the old courthou for the Republican county convention. was the biggest turnout in the county's hi tory, and a victory for the Eisenhower force

Nearly all the workshop "graduates" a signed up to work in the presidential cam paign, and the workshop moderators are sti busy conducting meetings. Since that fir session, no workshop series has closed wit out giving birth to a new one. Two wome who had sat through three meetings witho saying a word announced they were formin a group in a rural area. Another invited th moderators to come to Clear Lake, a sma resort town nine miles from Mason City, t train five moderators and launch a ne series of workshop meetings.

It takes time and does curtail many lazy family evenings at home. All the moderator have husbands and children. So far most o the husbands have simply increased th baby-sitting allowance and accompanie their wives to party meetings and conven tions. Dr. Dick Stueland aptly sums up thei feeling: "We're too interested in the nex four years to complain." But the men ar threatening to start a workshop of thei own. The girls tell them it's a fine idea.

THE EN

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

IN Mason City, Iowa, the Republican Women's Workshop has stirred up a regular hornet's nest of political activity. Everyone is urged to train as a good "citizen-politician" and to:

1. Vote in state and county primary elections. Every individual vote counts.
2. Attend party caucuses and speak your mind. Bring your friends and neighbors too.
3. Tell your party leaders who *you* think would make a good precinct committeeman and committeewoman. Give them your ideas about party policies.
4. Be willing to act as a delegate to party conventions or as a precinct committeeman or committeewoman.
5. Help get out the vote. Telephone, ring doorbells, write letters, talk it up at your club. Ask your friends and neighbors to pitch in and help.



First Lieutenant Carl H. Dodd Medal of Honor

"USE MARCHING FIRE—and *follow me!*" Shouting this command, Lieutenant Carl Dodd struck out in advance of his platoon to lead the assault on Hill 256, near Subuk, Korea. During the fierce in-fighting that followed, he constantly inspired his men by his personal disregard of death. Once, alone, he wiped out a

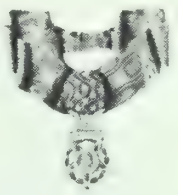


machine gun nest; another time, a mortar. After two furious days, Dodd's outnumbered, but spirited, force had won the vital hill.

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TELL ME, DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 34)

"Admitting that your diagnosis is correct, what is the procedure that you suggest?"

"Operative removal."

"*Operate, Doctor?*"

"Indeed, yes. I am of the definite opinion that the case should be operated."

"You doctors are all alike. *Operate. Operate.* Is there no other treatment for such a—a tumor as you say Mrs. Black has, provided she has it?"

"The X-ray people claim they can reduce the growth. I prefer surgery."

"Harumph! But if the same result can be achieved ——"

"I don't admit that it would be the same result. At any rate, in this case I say *operate.*"

"Is that your recourse in all tumor cases, may I ask?" queried the counselor in his best cross-examination technique.

"Oh, no. I could tell you of one woman with a little fibroid tumor standing up on top of her womb, which I discovered twenty-five years ago when she was pregnant with her first baby. I've been watching it, and it's no bigger than it was a quarter of a century ago. I've never touched it—nor have any idea of touching it unless it should suddenly start to grow, in which event I would remove it at the earliest opportunity. This case is different, I assure you."

"I'll concede that," admitted the counselor. "Now as to Mrs. Black; I want to get this conversation over with before she returns. You've decided that in her case operation is undeniably indicated?"

"Without any reservations."

"Do you mind telling me upon what you base your conclusion?"

"By no means. Your wife has a tumor, probably fibroid in character, as large as my two fists, which has grown to that size during the past six months."

"You have no means of deducing that."

"Why not? Her family doctor is a good man. He examines Mrs. Black regularly, twice a year. Six months ago he gave her a clean slate; now he finds this tumor mass. Make no mistake, it is there. *Ergo*, it has developed within the last half year. Also, it is a fast-growing tumor. I don't like fast-growing tumors."

"Why, what does that portend?"

"It might mean one of several things. It might be one of the rarer growths which are more serious than simple fibroids. It might mean that something has caused an increase in the blood supply which feeds that region. We are guessing about that, but I don't like it. A glass jar is a much safer repository for that tumor than is your wife's abdomen."

"You're proposing to remove just the tumor, I presume."

"I'm proposing to remove the uterus, ovaries and tubes, along with the tumor."

"But why? Why this wholesale sacrifice of normal organs?"

"THIS tumor has so involved the uterine body that when it is removed there will be little left, and that little technically more difficult to deal with than would be a complete removal. Tumors of this sort seldom come singly; and removal of the most prominent is no guaranty against the growth of some smaller one so inconspicuous as to be left undiscovered. The other organs in this case are—or should be—practically nonfunctioning; and their removal not only guarantees a clean job, but affords insurance against any further surgery of that region. In the rare event that this mass should prove to be undergoing degenerative changes, the entire area of danger will have been eradicated."

"That's a heavy score. And you are certain of your findings, Doctor?"

"Positively! I don't know what further I can say."

It is believing in roses that brings them into bloom.
—FRENCH PROVERB

"How do *I* know you're right? Perhaps I consulted the doctor across the street, h tell me my wife didn't need *any* operatio

"Perhaps he would. And if he did, yo believe him, because that's what you *w* to believe."

"Suppose I tell you that I have alre been advised by a competent authority t Mrs. Black is in no more need of an operat than I am?"

"It wouldn't change my opinion in least."

"HE is a well-known doctor. His office crowded all day long. We had to wait m than two hours before we could see hi

"Indeed! And is he a surgeon?"

"Well-l, I know that he does surgery, least."

"I see. And is he connected with the st of one of our large hospitals?"

"I wouldn't know that. I know he doe tremendous business, and some of our frie have had him."

"I am not trying to gainsay his prof sional reputation in any degree," stated doctor, "least of all in any attempt to hance my own. I don't have to do that. H this case appears so clean-cut that I can't how any competent man could form a other conclusion than my own.

"It's a rather difficult proposition wh you have given me," he continued. "I'm referring now to the case of Mrs. Black, t to the problem of how to convince you tha am right as to its pro disposal. As I see it, th is only one solution t could appeal to a man your legal training, customed to balance weight of evidence."

"And that solution Doctor?"

"Get a fourth opinio

"Humph! I don't mi the expense, but I don't see what it is goi to get me to be running around from doctor to another, to see how many differ opinions I can collect."

"I agree with you. I also am positive t a really competent opinion is bound to ag with mine."

"Humph! And how can I know that be getting a competent opinion?"

"You can get a competent opinion, right. Under the Specialty Board system today any doctor with a specialty rating dorsed by that board should be able to g you such an opinion. Was this man you c sulted a specialist?"

"He said he was."

The doctor reached across his desk fo large, clothbound volume. "Herein are list all the recognized specialists in Americ he stated, "as endorsed by the vari Specialty Boards. Look through the list gynecologists, Counselor, and see if y man's name is among them."

Minutes later the counselor closed t book with a bang. "I don't see his name," announced.

"Then you may be sure he hasn't t specialty rating. I suspected it from some the statements you made.

"Now, let's get down to business," t doctor continued. "I tell you one thing, so one else tells you another. You would be s in selecting any man among the gynecologi whose record appears in that book, and go to him for an opinion. Will you do that

There was silence for a long mome "No," was the surprising reply. "We ha gone far enough along that line. We w sent to you by someone in whom I have gr confidence, who assured us that your opini would be a good one; and I'm satisfied n that it is. I have no desire to look furth

"You'll hear from me soon, Doctor. have to take this matter up tactfully wi Mrs. Black."

What can be done about uterine displacement? R the second of Doctor Safford's eight talks in the O ber JOURNAL.

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THE WILD BLUE YONDER

(Continued from Page 41)

stories: "There's nothing like a good, gory murder to take your mind off a houseful of kids," mother chuckled whenever Sherry reproached her with it. Cookbooks; fancy ones, with names like Wine Cookery. Love stories, even, and the end of the love stories was always the same whether they were about love in a basement, or love in the haunts of the idle rich: they got married, and the lady settled down into being the charming little wife and, inevitably, the charming little mother, with no concern beyond changing diapers and wiping tiny noses, and making peanut-butter sandwiches. And the sad thing was that perhaps that was all they were good for—like mother. Her mind drew back from the disloyalty; it was not that she was not fond of mother, even very fond. Other people seemed to find her mysteriously attractive. But mother no longer interested Sherry as a person; it was as simple as that.

She wondered sometimes, almost querulously, how dad could continue to put up such a good front of actually loving mother. His sharp, quick mind must long ago have discovered that mother was not the woman he should have married; that he should have had someone as intensely alive as he was to all the fascinating complexities of the world: of books to be read, of journeys to be traveled. Oh, mother made a show, a valiant pretense sometimes of being that sort of person; would sigh, her big, dark eyes twinkling, "Just you wait till this brood gets old enough, and I'll be the one to take off into the wild blue yonder"—watching dad's plane taking off on a business trip. But then it began to look as if she never would get the brood raised up, not with dear-little-baby-brother on the way. You'd think a person would have more *sense*, Sherry railed in her mind—having another baby, when the girls were so big, almost grown. And to look so pleased about it—to smile and laugh with her friends when she had to be helped out of chairs (she who had always leaped so gaily to her feet, played such a nimble game of tennis). When she couldn't go to the beach on the rare days when dad had time to enjoy an all-day family outing. To behave as if she were doing something rather clever, when she must know that what dad needed, what any man needed, was a good companion.

SHERRY herself did not intend to have any children, ever, except her brain children: the long row of bright-jacketed books with her name on the cover; another delightful work from the pen of the talented Sherry Benson. Somewhere in her future would be a tall, lean husband (something of a cross between dad and Gregory Peck) who would beam with pride in this incomparable woman who, though feminine to her finger tips, was yet remarkably without the foibles of women. Her tow-blond hair would be ash-blond by then, and she would wear it in a shining chignon low on her neck (not done into tight braids like mother's coronet, whatever mother said about its being neater, less bother that way). And never, never would her husband say to her, when he was explaining nuclear fission, or the Baconian theory, "Sherry! I don't believe you're listening to a word I've been saying," and she be forced to reply, with a half-guilty giggle, "Oh, darling, I was wondering whether Martha's coat could possibly do for Susan next winter."

And you couldn't put any of that into a composition on "My Philosophy."

It must be time to set the table, Sherry realized with a start. The composition would have to wait till after supper: Thursday-night rules were that if she let Martha beat her to the table setting, it would mean that she would be left to do the dishes, and the evening would be half gone before she could get back to her homework. Worse than that, it would mean no time to discuss with dad the Stephen Leacock essay Miss Smythe had read in class today; no chance to brighten his evening with one little spark of intellectual companionship. She could not deprive

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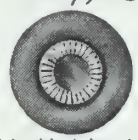
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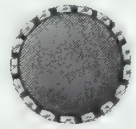
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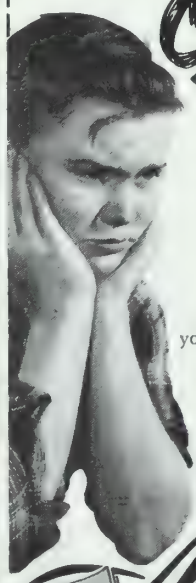
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him of that; it was simply not fair. She pushed away the notebook, put the cap on her fountain pen and, rising, hurried into the kitchen.

"Hi there, Miss Austen," mother said. "Homework all done? You're just in time. Let's see: soup plates tonight, and no salad."

There was something odd about mother's voice: the words were normal enough, but they came out differently, in a way; a little higher, a little sharper, as though she were excited. *Probably tried out a new recipe for dinner, and isn't sure how it's going to turn out,* Sherry thought indulgently. Regular Thursday-night fancy stuff, that you couldn't do when old Bertie was presiding in the kitchen.

"Cream soups, or the other kind?" Sherry asked as gently as she could. Mother did look extremely warm and uncomfortable; even a trifle tired.

There was a surprised look on mother's face for just a fraction of a second before she answered; long enough for Sherry to wonder whether she had heard the question. It was not like mother to be inattentive about practical details.

"Cream soups," she said suddenly.

Martha's eyes and Sherry's met across the kitchen table, and Sherry knew she was not imagining things.

"Do you feel all right, mother?" Sherry asked, unaccountably shy. You were so unused to the idea that mother might *not* be feeling all right.

"Oh, fine," mother said breezily. "Only—let's get this show on the road. Dad'll be here any minute."

"Susan isn't back with the bread," Martha pointed out, excusing their slowness. "She prob'ly stopped to play hopscotch with Totsie."

"Never mind the bread," mother said. "Sherry, make it snappy."

It was unlike mother to be in a hurry about anything, but Sherry found herself obeying the urgency in mother's voice. Cream soups, bread-and-butters, glasses, napkins; she was just placing the silver when dad's voice called from the hall, "Anybody home?" as he stopped to put his hat on the hall table.

He kissed mother, winked at Sherry and patted Martha's shoulder, almost in one movement. *How tired he looks,* Sherry thought pityingly; *he's really awfully thin.*

"Dinner's all ready," mother said—no other greeting, not even the conventional "Have a good day?" Sherry frowned; a man must detest being rushed to his evening meal before he had time even to catch his breath and relax for a moment.

"Are you all right, Marty?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, I'm fine," mother said again. "Oh, for heaven's sake, will you please sit do and eat your dinner." She sounded alm cross.

Susan bounced in at the front door, loaf of bread squeezed out of shape under plump arm. "Back the same day," she gaily. "Is everybody happy?" Mother did even smile.

"Sit down, Sue," she ordered. "Eat y dinner. And no horseplay, please."

They were almost through with strangely silent meal before Sherry noti that mother hadn't touched anything.

"You haven't eaten any dinner," she s accusingly. "Mother, don't you feel wel

Mother rose with great dignity, in spite her distorted shape; almost, Sherry thou with a flash of understanding, because of "No," she said with precise clarity. "No do not feel well. Sam, if you'll call the doct I think I'd better be on my way. Mart you're to help Susan with the dishes. A for Pete's sake go to bed at a decent ho Sherry, my suitcase is in the coat closet you would be so kindly."

Dad almost tripped over his own feet g ting to the telephone in the hall; and af all, it had to be mother who dialed Doc Perry's number, because dad's hands w trembling so.

"I'll get the car out," Sherry said imp tantly, falling into the swing of things.

It was all surprisingly calm and efficie Sherry could not help wondering whether had been like this the other three times, whether it was because she was herself n old enough to be a comfort to dad that ever thing was moving forward so effortlessly.

They were in the car and driving off, lea ing the two younger girls framed in the doo way, their mouths round O's of bewilde ment.

"Well, thank goodness you all had a go dinner, anyway," mother said at last, in astonishingly normal voice. "There ought be enough pot roast left for at least anoth two meals."

"Never mind that, darling," dad said, pa ting her hand helplessly as Sherry guided t car through the suburban traffic.

Well, really! Sherry thought with son asperity. *You'd think she'd be having so noble feelings, at least, instead of worryi about pot roast.* They went on and on, for drive that seemed like hours, and actuall consumed twelve minutes by the dashboa clock.

The hospital loomed gray and forbiddin against the darkening sky, but moth



"Maybe you shouldn't try to photograph Gloria on the swing."

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seemed glad to see it. "Well!" she said. "That was very well driven, Sherry. If you'll let us out here by the side door. There's my bag in back, Sam. And you'd better get back to the little ones, baby."

"I'm going to stay with dad," Sherry said stoutly, and dad flashed her a look of gratitude. *I can tell him about that Stephen Leacock essay,* she thought, as she drove the car around to the parking lot.

Parking took longer than she had anticipated; she broke into a run, and then, remembering that she was after all no longer a child, forced her steps to more appropriate rhythm. Nevertheless, she was a little out of breath as she hurried in through the hospital door; her words were almost a gasp as she said importantly to the smiling sister at the desk, "I'm looking for Mr. Benson. He—he just came in with my mother."

The sister's smile grew broader; her eyes twinkled understanding from behind her rimless glasses. "They've gone upstairs," she chirped, waving toward the elevator. "Your mother said you were to go on up too."

The elevator smelled peculiar: the essence, the distillation of the smell that cried "hospital." It moved excessively slowly; it hardly seemed possible that anything could inch upward at so imperceptible a speed. *Poor dad,* she kept thinking; and then, guiltily, *Oh. And poor mother too.*

And after all there was dad in the hall, just standing, his hat in his hands behind his back, his feet a trifle apart, as if he were bracing himself to meet some blow.

"Dad!" She ran over to him. "Where's mother? Is she all right?" She took his arm, but he hardly seemed to notice her.

"They're getting her ready," he said dully. "I guess we might as well sit down. It'll be a while, I guess, before anything . . . happens."

"You mustn't worry, dad," she soothed him, superiorly knowledgeable. "After all, it isn't like a first baby. Everything's all right. Everything's going to be fine."

It simply wasn't *fair,* she thought, watching his hands clasp and unclasp, that a man should be made to suffer like this. *It's up to me to take his mind off things; to make up to him for what he's going through.* Still, the essay did not seem just the right subject for the moment. While she cast about for something appropriate, dad's voice startled her.

"If you think this is bad," he said, with an attempt at lightness, "you should have seen me the night that you arrived! I didn't have a fingernail left on either hand! She looked about the way you do now; just about as grown-up."

SHERRY smiled sympathetically. "It must have been fierce," she murmured.

And suddenly sadness swept over her, for all the young men who must be waiting like this, wondering whether everything was going along as it should, feeling shut out, abandoned. Oh, never, never would she expose her husband to this; for them, everything would be gaiety, laughter, deep, deep understanding of each other. She cleared her throat, feeling an urgent necessity to say something to break the silence which lay like a little, troubled pool between her and dad.

"As Stephen Leacock said in the essay we read today," she began, in a bright, clear voice, and, glancing at him sideways, saw that dad was not even listening. Instead, his eyes were fixed on the stretcher just emerging from the room down the hall.

Beneath a white sheet which covered her to her chin, mother lay, her face unfamiliarly pale. Dad hurried toward the stretcher, laid one hand on mother's cheek. "Good luck, my darling," he breathed, so low that Sherry could hardly hear his words, and was rewarded by a startlingly gay smile.

All at once it was Sherry who felt herself left out. Around these two, the stooping figure of the man and the still body of the woman, was a web, a net, shutting off the rest of the world.

"You'd better go home, Sherry dear," mother said, as the nurse made to wheel the stretcher toward the open elevator door. "Marty and Susan will roughhouse all night ——" Her voice trailed off, and dad

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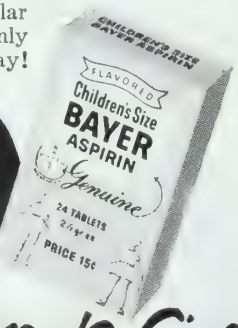
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sat down again as the stretcher disappeared, but his eyes remained fastened to the elevator door.

"As I was saying," Sherry began again, after a polite moment, "this essay of Stephen Leacock's ——"

Dad looked at her—through her—as if she were a stranger. "I hope it's a boy," he said, very loud. "She wants a boy so much. I hope it's a boy this time."

"Miss Smythe says that his essays are models of their kind," Sherry went on a little frantically. "Stephen Leacock's, you know." *Come back to me, dad*, she cried inwardly. *This is Sherry talking, offering you a little intellectual companionship.* Dad just nodded, and she knew he had not really heard her, not with the ears of his mind.

"If anything should happen to her," he said. "If anything should go wrong ——" There was a look of agony on his face, a look she had never seen there before; there was no need for him to finish the faltering half sentences.

Why, he's frightened, Sherry thought, startled. *He knows the names of the planets, and the distances of interstellar space, and he reads the essays of Plato in the original Greek, but he's frightened now.* The figure of her mother as she had just seen her rose up before her eyes; mother wasn't frightened. She had a job to do, and she was doing it, without any fuss: just the way she did everything. An immense wave of superiority swept over her: *Women are stronger than men.*

It seemed no time, or all time (or perhaps the two mixed up together), before the doctor stepped out of the elevator, his head still swathed in his surgical cap, making him look unlike familiar Doctor Perry. He came toward them. "Congratulations, Sam! It's a nice little boy, and Marty's doing fine. Everything went like a breeze." He bustled on down the hall.

And then there was mother on the stretcher again, smiling sleepily, with something—someone—wrapped in a blanket lying in the crook of her arm. "Isn't he handsome? Isn't he a beauty? Look at all that hair."

Hardly daring to breathe, Sherry gazed down at him. He was very pink—she could not bring herself to think the word "red"—but the tiny fist clenched outside the blanket seemed to her the loveliest thing she had ever seen. Real little fingers, curled below a real wrist, where the blue bead bracelet spelled out B-E-N-S-O-N.

"Oh, he is beautiful," she whispered, her eyes filling with tears. "He's the most beautiful baby I ever saw." She gave dad a pitying glance. Poor dad . . . poor men, who could not do anything half so wonderful as this, for all their learning; who could only sit and wring their hands, while the women went about the real business of the world.

When I have a baby, she said to herself gaily, almost exultantly, as she went toward the car, hurrying home to the girls with the news, *when I have a baby* ——

TODAY'S TRADITIONAL

(Continued from Page 52)

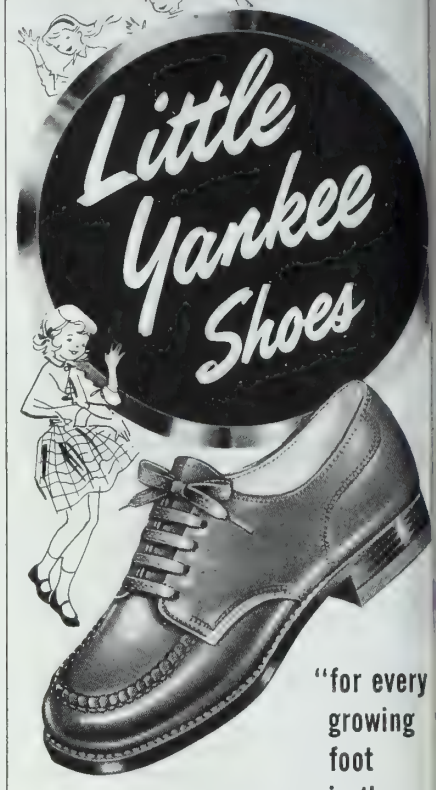
times is to lend it the charm of fashion colors and well-selected accessories. Remember that the originals of these period styles were upholstered in ravishing watermelon pinks, flowerlike blues, radiant yellows and greens; and such pieces still appear their charming best when part of a gay, color picture.

All the accessories are modern copies of old ones, except the pink Chinese jars, the white epergne and the Gould bird prints. You need fewer accessories when they are good ones and large in scale, as were most of the old ornamental pieces. The American Beauty carpet, today's important contribution, keys the color scheme, and is picked up by the brilliantly flowered chintz, which costs only $1.80 a yard!

This is today's room, young enough for moderns, but with the lasting dignity of the traditional, a room with furniture which you can do over at intervals throughout a lifetime and always be charmingly up-to-date.

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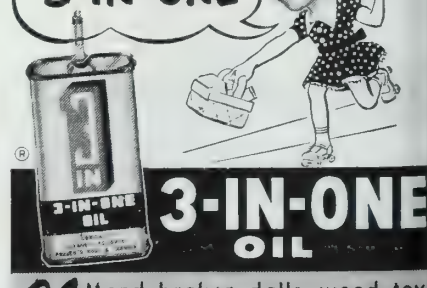
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Crying is good for a baby—but not so good when it's a sign of stomach pain which might be dangerous, left alone.

Stomach-Ache. Trivial or Serious?

By DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

THE subject of children's stomach-aches presents an opportunity to say something that has been on my mind for some time. Do you who read this umn have a family doctor whom you e and trust, and who knows you and ur youngster? If you do not, please ke my advice and choose one right ay. The local hospital or county med-l society will give you a list of doctors your neighborhood. Or if you have oved to a new community, your former ysician will be glad to help by inquir-g among his medical friends. This kind guidance is more reliable than the likes d dislikes of your friends or neighbors, ose needs and tastes may be quite dif-rent from yours.

When you have chosen your doctor, pay m a get-acquainted call to explain your mily to him. After that, you needn't hesitate to call him in a late-night emergency, and the doctor won't hesitate to respond. Whereas a doctor who has spent a full day and possibly an evening as well in caring for his patients may not welcome a night call from strangers, who for all he knows may have got excited over nothing.

The reason for this preamble is that no experience is more terrifying to young parents than to be awakened in the night by a screaming child who complains of severe stomach pains. Never do they feel greater need of a friend in the medical world. Appendicitis leaps to the mind, and dad and mother recall lurid stories they have heard of midnight crises. Will the child have to go to the hospital? Will an operation be necessary? Might the child die? Should they call the doctor right away, or will he resent it if it proves to be nothing to worry about? Parents are calmer, and can deal with the situation themselves in more capable fashion, if they have a kindly, reliable family doctor whom they know they can count on if he is needed.

In the case of stomach pains, it may not be necessary, actually, to have the doctor unless the stomach-ache continues without diminishing in severity for several hours or more or there are other severe symptoms. Within a few hours, the great majority of ordinary abdominal pains due to transitory causes will subside or change character. Most such pains, I have found, are due to a simple digestive upset, and relief comes naturally before long.

You may give the youngster a few sips of warm water, milk or tea. Often this helps to relieve discomfort. If the pain is severe, you may give a small quantity of aspirin. (Tablets that are either tasteless or flavored are now made especially for children.) But here's one inflexible rule: *Never give a child with stomach-ache a laxative!* The laxative will not relieve pain. And if the cause should be an intestinal infection such as appendicitis, it may do serious damage.

(Continued on Page 171)

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(Continued from Page 169)

I is when a stomach-ache continues un- a ed for three or four hours, and the ail l's abdomen is rigid and hurts when tu hed, that we take the possibility of ap- n licitis into account. This is also true of r istent pain, accompanied or followed by o ent vomiting. Phone the doctor in such c se, no matter what the hour is, and re- p the symptoms in detail. If he knows you, a knows you are not an alarmist, he won't n d being roused from his sleep.

He might suggest that you take the ungster to the hospital, even in the middle he night, if the symptoms cause him to s pect the appendix. This shouldn't make u panicky. The main reason will be to firm the diagnosis by making a white od count. (If the count is high, the nces are that the appendix is affected.) ny patients rushed to hospital in the wee urs are never operated at all. Either the di- osis proves wrong, or symptoms subside rnight. Where this is first attack of its kind, en the doctor decides to it for a recurrence before dertaking surgery.

Perhaps the doctor will deem an operation essary. There is still no cause for alarm. r marvelous techniques of anesthesia and gery have made the removal of an in- ted appendix, even a ruptured one, as utine an affair as any surgical operation the body can ever be. Also, our new onder" drugs have eliminated most of the zard of postoperative infection, which ctors formerly feared for their surgical tients. Today the child who is operated for appendicitis will be home in a week. ke as not, he will be back at school and rmal play in another week or two after at.

Not all cases of stomach-ache, of course, e either appendicitis or simple indigestion, ough these are the most common causes. nong other conditions doctors see fre- ently in children are gastroenteritis, or flammation of the stomach and intestines, ually due to infection; and colitis, a sim- ar condition of the lower bowel, in which curring abdominal pain is accompanied by ersistent diarrhea. These conditions require reful study for accurate diagnosis, and they must be treated by medication and diet, often over long periods.

Another condition that may be responsible for the sudden onset of violent abdominal pain and vomiting, especially in infants, is intussusception, in which a portion of the bowel becomes involuted, or folded back, accordion-fashion, inside itself. Intussusception often occurs without warning in babies who appear perfectly healthy. The blood supply to the affected portion may be cut off, and death can occur inside of a week unless the condition is promptly discovered and operated on. When surgery is attempted soon enough, most cases can be corrected successfully by modern techniques.

Occasionally, stomach-ache in children is caused by constipation, improper diet or other circumstances which may result from lack of adequate supervision of the child's habits. Should your inquiry develop that the child's bowels have not moved for several days, don't try patent medicines. Consult the doctor about means of dealing with the immediate situation, and get a diet-and-health regimen from him that will restore normal bowel action.

Perhaps I have left you more confused than ever on that perplexing question—shall we phone the doctor immediately or shall we wait, if our child wakes us in the night, screaming with stomach-ache? I'd answer it this way:

Phone him at once if:

There is violent pain accompanied by vomiting or diarrhea.

The abdomen is rigid, and hurts when you touch it.

The pain continues unabated for three or four hours, even without the preceding symptoms.

The child is running a fever.

Otherwise you can wait until morning. Call the episode to your doctor's attention then, even if the youngster seems to be quite all right.

If the child's symptoms do demand that you disturb a doctor's rest, you will feel better about it if you are enrolled with him as a patient, rather than a stranger calling him out of the blue, and he, also, will be able to judge the situation more intelligently.

Man's best possession is a sympathetic wife.

—EURIPIDES

THE BIPARTISAN BLONDE

(Continued from Page 42)

"Went home to change clothes. He's oming to dinner."

"As usual." The faraway look suddenly ft Rosalie's eyes. "Mom, I wish you hadn't sked him tonight," she said impatiently. Mr. Win—Blane asked me about Johnnie his morning right in the middle of a letter he as dictating to the Good Government eague. I tried to explain that Johnnie was ust the boy next door, but I could see Mr. Vin—Blane thought it was very *odd* the way ohnnie Freer is underfoot all the time."

Her mother shredded salad greens with fficient slashes. "Johnnie's your problem, aby," she said cheerfully. "Anyway, I like aving him around."

Rosalie sniffed. "Sure!" she said, her tone lrenched with bitterness. "Sure! You en- ourage him! Laugh at his jokes and bake ies and cakes for him and ——"

"I love Johnnie," her mother admitted. 'I always wanted a boy."

"Well, you've got one. I just wish Johnnie would realize that's what he is—a mere boy."

"You liked him fine six months ago."

"I've grown up. Not that you'll admit it." Rosalie seized a stalk of celery and bit into it gloomily. "You want me to go around with *infants*."

"Johnnie's just a year younger than you," her mother reminded her.

"A woman of twenty is five years older than a boy of nineteen, and ——" Rosalie began, just as the boy of nineteen, six feet two inches of him, came through the kitchen door. Thin, gangling and outstandingly sloppy though he was, in shrunken white sweat shirt and grease-stained jeans, there was a certain undeniable charm about him, perhaps in his long-lashed, mournful gray eyes or the curly dark hair hanging over them.

"Hello, wife," Johnnie said in a happy bass voice, throwing Rosalie a loud kiss. "How's Tammany Hall today?"

From pure force of habit, Rosalie found herself answering, "Tammany politicians down there ——" then broke off, glaring. "Look, Johnnie Freer," she said. "Have you no home? I'm going out for dinner and ——"

"And I will eat with your mother. I love your mother." Johnnie gave Mrs. Yates a mammoth pat on her head as she flitted past him. "Before I marry you, Rosie, you've got to learn to make lemon pies like your ma."

Rosalie gave him an exasperated glare. "You come in the living room, John Blackwell Freer. I want to talk to you. Alone."

"Only one kiss before dinner," Johnnie objected primly. "And you can give it to me here. I won't do anything underhanded."

"Oh, shut up," Rosalie said, sailing out of the kitchen. "I'm a little weary of that callow humor." In the living room she turned and gave his ensemble a disparaging survey. "I thought you went home to change."

Johnnie looked down in surprise. "Yes, guess I did," he said. "But when I saw you come home, I realized I hadn't seen you since morning so I hurried back over." He



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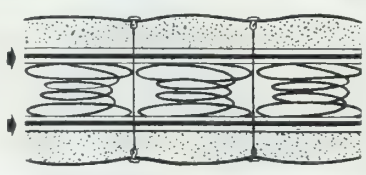
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moved closer and traced the part in her blond hair with a loving finger. "Crooked," he said.

With fast female footwork, Rosalie all at once changed tactics. She looked up at Johnnie with a poignant, wistful smile. At the age of ten she had learned that men from nine to ninety were likely to melt like popsicles before that smile. . . . All, that is, except Johnnie Freer.

"Aha, the bite!" he said. "Whatever it is—no. Distributing Winters-for-Assemblyman handbills? Fixing the Mimeograph?"

Rosalie's smile vanished. "I'll tell you what I want," she said. "I just want you to stay home one evening, Johnnie Freer. *Tonight.* Blane Winters is taking me out to dinner. He'll be here in an hour and he's already been wondering why I always have you in tow like a ——"

"Siamese twin?" Johnnie offered.

"Yes," Rosalie said sourly. "Sometimes it seems to me I haven't had a minute's privacy since you moved in next door when you were six."

JOHNNIE settled his enormous length on the couch and studied his huge feet with sober reflectiveness. "Let's see," he said. "You might tell him I'm a detective hired by the Republicans to dig up scandal about the Winters' private life. Or you could say I'm your bodyguard." He gave her a delighted leer. "That's my version. Nice work too."

Rosalie clapped her palms against her forehead. "How am I going to get the idea over to you that ——"

"Everything is now over between us?" Johnnie's voice was a tragic croak. "All those years I pedaled you to school on my bike were for . . . *nothing?*"

"Exactly."

"Uphill too. And I even registered for pre-law because you have this mad fixation on politicians. Civil law. Business law. Corporation law. Torts. All for you."

Rosalie looked pointedly at her wrist watch.

"You mean," Johnnie whispered in a rasping, broken voice, "you'd send me out to seek other female companionship?" A great, happy smile broke over his face and he ran a hungry tongue along his lips. "Like Betsy Chaney, maybe?"

Rosalie shrugged. "Why not? Why don't you run over there now?"

Johnnie's smile slowly died. "You mean we aren't even friends any more?"

Rosalie gave him a kind, motherly look. "Of course we're *friends,* Johnnie, but ——"

"Hi, friend!" Johnnie rose from the couch and started to throw his long arms around her, but Rosalie side-stepped neatly. Then, abruptly, she slapped him. They both stood staring at each other in shocked silence.

"Why, Rosie," Johnnie said slowly, putting his hand to his cheek. "Why, Rosalie!"

Rosalie avoided his eyes. "I'm sorry," she said in a shaky, defensive voice. "But you won't *listen!* I keep trying to tell you that I'm—I'm interested in Blane Winters and he's . . . maybe he's interested in me. You stayed all evening Sunday when he came over. I just won't go around in a threesome."

"There was Design for Living," Johnnie said hopefully, then subsided in dejection. He put his hands in his pockets. "I'm too young. That's it, isn't it?"

"Well," Rosalie said candidly, "that's a lot of it, Johnnie. We've had lots of kid fun—but darn it all, I'd like to have dates with an older man for a change. It's nice to know I can."

Johnnie looked at her with surprised and sorrowful eyes. "Nice to know you can? You attract *everybody;* that's the trouble! You're beautiful." He gave her a forlorn grin. "That's why I'm going to marry you."

Rosalie threw out her hands in a hopeless gesture. "If you'd only quit saying that out in public! Migosh, did I ever *say* I was going to marry you? Did I? Even once?"

"Well, you stopped arguing," Johnnie said. "I sort of thought the last few years I had you beaten down."

Rosalie started up the stairs. At the la ing she turned around. "Johnnie," she s firmly, "get it out of your head for good. A please don't be here when Blane comes."

That's that, she thought, going on up to room, feeling a little like a child slayer. N she could put Johnnie out of her mind think of the blissful evening ahead.

However, it was fairly difficult to ba Johnnie Freer entirely. In one corner of room stood a stuffed kangaroo with a sma kangaroo in its pouch—Maureen and M rice Marsupial—Johnnie's present on fourteenth birthday. On the dressing ta was the giant bottle of Scarlet Sin, bought Johnnie last month—because of the na he said. And staring down reproachfully fr the frame above her bed was the startlin lifelike caricature of Johnnie himself, d last year at the county fair.

"I'm going to *redecorate!*" Rosalie nounced in cold tones, and immediately better. She got out her new black dress a highest heels, poured a week's supply of b salts into the tub, borrowed a pair of rhi stone earrings from her mother's bure Coming back, steaming fragrantly from bath, she paused in the hall to listen. Eve thing was quiet below.

Half an hour later, when the doorbell ra she surveyed herself in her mirror with co plete satisfaction. *The girl's grown up,* thought, admiring the sleek bell of her bl hair, the glint of the earrings, the chic sev ity of the black dress. Going down the sta it gave her a momentary shock to see Bla big, rugged and handsome, standing in exact spot where Johnnie had been a sh while before, but then coincidence gave her p verse pleasure. *I'm out the kiddie-car set at last,* thought.

The right way to kill time is to work it to death.
—R. G. LETORNEAU

Driving away from house, she looked at man beside her with cited pride. *Blane Winte Assemblyman,* she thoug *Maybe, someday, Bla Winters, U. S. Senator.* All evening, duri dinner and dancing at the town's best hot a gorgeous mental image kept flashing in her mind—a picture of herself in a recepti line at the White House. The future seem almost too beautiful to bear.

When they drove up in front of her hou Blane leaned over and put his hand ov hers.

"Rosalie," he said, "you're a wonderf girl. So much charm, intelligence—such gift with people. I know it's too early to a you this—I've known you such a sho time—but ——" He glanced up at the hous "Perhaps we'd better go inside."

ROSALIE floated up the walk. She felt, s thought incoherently, as if flashlight bul were going off inside her. . . . The hall w dim, and Blane put his hand on her arr turned her around. She knew he was going kiss her. She tipped back her head—ar shrieked. There was a body hanging in t living-room doorway just behind Blane head. A body in sweat shirt and jeans—wit a note pinned to its chest. Rosalie crossed t hall in one long step. Swiftly, angrily s snapped on the light. The stuffed dumm came down with one quick jerk. She glance quickly at the note ("You have nothing t fear but Freer himself") and crumpled savagely in her hand.

"It's that darn Johnnie," she said. "A ways horsing around." She slammed t dummy on a hall chair with considerab violence.

Blane laughed. "Seems like a nice kid t me. Interested in the election."

Rosalie sat down on the couch and stare bitterly into space. "He's always in my hai Always."

Blane frowned solicitously, sitting dow beside her. "Well, that could have been pretty bad shock. Would you like for me t speak to him? I'm planning to take up yo time myself pretty much from now on."

The words, delivered in Blane's golde tones, should have thrilled Rosalie to h toes, but she was still glaring at the dummy



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"You don't need to," she said. "I think this is just Johnnie's idea of a farewell gesture. I told him how I felt tonight; he won't be back."

"Rosalie," Blane said, taking her clenched fist and dropping his voice to a devastatingly tender pitch, "I started to say out in the car ——"

"Yes, Blane?" Rosalie's fingers uncurled. She turned her face toward Blane, like a flower toward the sun.

The doorbell rang.

Rosalie sat up straight. "Come in," she called in a clear, acid voice. "Do come in."

Blane gave her an uneasy glance. "Hadn't you better go to the door?" he asked, just as Johnnie sauntered into the room. He was painfully, shiningly well dressed. Dark suit. Sober tie. Hair slicked down like black linoleum. He bowed deferentially to Blane.

"I just happened to be passing," he said, "and saw the light. Thought I'd drop in."

Rosalie was silent—with a loud, eloquent silence that rang through the room. Johnnie, however, seemed deaf. He gave Blane an eager, admiring smile and came over to occupy the other third of the couch.

"Mr. Winters," he said earnestly, "I'm a political-science major and I've been anxious to ask you some questions. Could you tell me how to go about getting started in politics?"

"Johnnie Freer ——" Rosalie began, but Johnnie waved her aside.

"I've been admiring your campaign," he said, ignoring Rosalie. "And I thought I'd like to learn how . . . that is, I'd just like to follow in your footsteps Mr. Winters!"

ROSALIE snorted. She waited for Blane to lay the hypocrite low, but he appeared to consider Johnnie's perfidious question with sober approval.

"Well, Freer," he said slowly, his fine dark eyes full of friendly sympathy, "I'd say—first, get your name and face before the public. Meet influential people." He leaned back, his arms behind his head. "But I believe the primary thing is—*know your opposition.*"

Without removing his mesmerized gaze from Blane's face, Johnnie whipped out a small black notebook and a fountain pen. "Know your opposition," he repeated in fascinated tones.

"Learn him through and through," Blane said. "Now take the incumbent, Breyfus ——"

"An old lunkhead," Johnnie said promptly.

Blane gave him a reproving smile. "No," he said. "That's just what he isn't. Old, yes. Old, tired and disinterested. But lunkhead? No. He's a smart old codger and, believe me, Freer, I never forget it for a minute."

Johnnie's pen was moving rapidly. Two or three slicked-down wisps of hair broke loose from the restraining oil and stood up suddenly on top of his head, as if overcome by his eager zeal. "Go on!" he begged.

Rosalie's glare was steady and lethal. *I'll kill you, Johnnie Freer,* she thought. *You snake in the grass. You* ——

"I learned everything I could about Breyfus," Blane was saying. "For instance, he hates to go to evening meetings, so I show up at every one I can find. Contrast—youth and age! People think, 'What we need is some young blood around here.' Breyfus is pretty lazy, too, about thanking people for favors. Rosalie knows"—and he flashed her a quick, intimate glance—"that I send someone a thank-you letter just about every day."

"Three today," said Rosalie proudly. She moved an inch closer to Blane and smiled sweetly at Johnnie.

Johnnie had eyes for no one but the man between them. "Mr. Winters," he said impetuously, "could I help you? I mean—well, I've done some campaigning at junior college and I like it. Maybe I could help at campaign headquarters. Pass out literature, see what goes on ——"

Rosalie sniffed. "If you think ——" she began, but Johnnie gave her a hurt, innocent stare.

"I know you won't be there," he said. "You've got a suspicious mind, Rosalie Yates."

Blane glanced at Rosalie with a mild air of disapproval. "Why, of course, Freer," he

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And you know that every mouthful of this nutritious cereal is good for him. Made from premium oats and enriched with health-building vitamins and minerals, Pablum Oatmeal provides solid nourishment to help build a strong body and keep baby thriving.

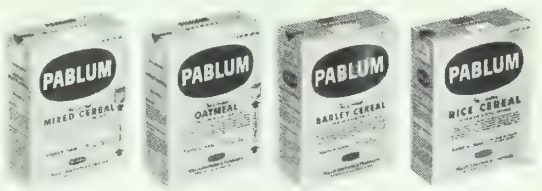
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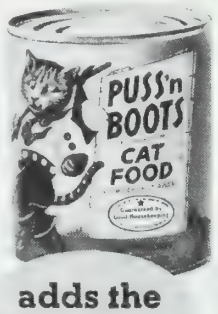


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said heartily. "I tell you what—there's this Turnbull barbecue tomorrow. I'm supposed to furnish some help on arranging the entertainment, keeping things going along well. But I have a lot to do—I'm going to speak after lunch. Perhaps you could go out early and help. Show people to the swimming pool, to the barbecue tables. Things like that."

Johnnie's face shone with simple gratitude. "Sure!" he said. "That's right down my alley. Isn't it, Rosalie?"

Rosalie's tone was grudging. "Well, yes. He is pretty good at running a party, Blane."

"Well, fine!" said Blane. "I'm not. I stick to politics. I'd rather run for office than eat, I'm afraid." He gave Johnnie a man-to-man grin. He stood up, and Johnnie, perforce, stood up too. Before Rosalie could do more than admire his deftness, Blane had escorted Johnnie to the door and told him good night.

As Blane came smiling back into the room, she burst out furiously, "Don't let him fool you! He's up to something, I'm just sure! All that ——"

Blane looked down at her with fond amusement. "All right," he said gently. "What if he is? Maybe it wasn't pure political fervor on Freer's part, but what difference does it make? We do need the help out at Turnbull's. And you and I can still drive out there together—alone. Grow up, darling."

Rosalie's eyes wavered and fell below the look in Blane's. *Yes,* she thought breathlessly, *I must—grow up in a hurry.* And again, for a brief second, the splendid picture of the White House reception line flashed through her mind.

As she came down the front steps the next morning to meet Blane, she felt extremely mature and sophisticated, in a smart white linen dress and a cart-wheel hat, both new for the occasion, as was the white bathing suit over her arm. Blane, she saw, was in as high and elated a mood as she was, as they drove out into the country, golden with morning sun.

"What are these?" Rosalie asked idly, pointing with her toe to the stack of white placards on the floor of the car.

Blane glanced down. "Oh, those? Johnnie must have put them in. Some of my campaign posters." All at once he stopped the car and rummaged in the glove compartment, produced a wrench and some tacks. "Mind waiting a minute, Rosalie?"

He picked up a poster and advanced on a nearby telephone pole while Rosalie watched admiringly.

"Just what the landscape needed," she called out.

"What it needs," Blane said, getting back in the car, "is yours up there with it. We'll have some pictures out at Turnbull's today; I want some with you."

Rosalie felt her cheeks burning. Their picture together—it would be just like an announcement, she thought. *Wait till Johnnie sees that!*

"There's another good place," Blane said, stopping again. Rosalie emerged from her dream to reach for a poster and Blane's fingers curled around hers for a second as he took it.

THEY stopped six times in the next mile. At the seventh Rosalie glanced uneasily at her watch. At this rate it would be well past noon before they reached the Turnbull place.

"I don't see why Johnnie couldn't have done this," she said a trifle crossly, as Blane got back into the car after attaching his portrait to an accommodating henhouse. After all, you're one of the guests of honor."

Blane gave her a sober look. "Johnnie had other things to do," he reminded her. "We don't want to lose sight of the purpose of this trip, do we?"

She laughed ruefully. "Of course not. I—I was just getting hungry. Aren't you?"

Blane moved his gaze from a promising-looking barn ahead to glance at her vaguely. "Hungry? Not especially. Anyway," he said, "I never eat before I speak."

It was a quarter after one when they turned in between the big stone gateposts of the Turnbull ranch. From the pool at the side of the house rose the sounds of laughter and splashing. From the crowded loggia along the front of the big house came the high hum of conversation. And from the patio in the rear drifted the tempting sharp fragrance of roasting meat.

Rosalie got out of the car and started for the patio. She had taken about three steps when Johnnie, in swimming trunks and sweat shirt, came toward them. He was eating a sandwich and he had a large badge reading "Committee" pinned on his chest. Behind him followed a small pudgy man with a press camera.

"Oh, here you are!" Johnnie said in an unctuous, important voice. "Thought you'd never come." He was blocking the way to the patio. "You wanted her in the pictures, didn't you, Mr. Winters?" he asked.

"Certainly," Blane said, as he put a light, possessive arm around Rosalie's shoulders.

To My Mother

By Maxine K. Hamburg

I cannot come near you, mother,
now.
Your hands upon me are past tense
Belonging to my innocence.
You look at me and know
somehow.

Your child returns to you made
wise,
Not needing what you gave her
when
She was a yearling among men.
You read the meaning in my eyes.

Your days of shielding, cushioning
Her soft hide from the rays of
truth
Are gone the way of your own
youth,
Are gone the way of everything.

Regret, O mother, it was sweet—
My head upon your peaceful arm.
And thus I could not come to harm,
And thus your life was made
complete.

I kiss your forehead and your cheek.
Between us stands the lost belief.
But let it never bring you grief
That now I know we both are
weak.

"I think Senator Turnbull is motioning for us. Come over to the porch, Rosalie."

During the next forty-five minutes, while cameras clicked and flash bulbs popped, and Rosalie was gently pushed into place between various potential and actual officeholders, the scent of food mounted maddeningly on the country air. She kept glancing meaningly at Blane, but he was smiling steadily at the nearest lens, chin up, a keen, visionary, idealistic expression on his face.

Finally, however, the photographer departed. Without glancing back, Rosalie started around the corner of the house. She had just caught sight of the buffet tables when Blane and Johnnie bore down on her.

"Freer said you'd be here," Blane said hurriedly. "Forgot to tell you, Rosalie, we want you on the speakers' platform."

Rosalie moaned faintly. "Listen, Blane," she began. "How long will it last? I mean ——"

Blane had his hand under her elbow and was turning her toward the roped-off enclosure. "An hour or two," he said in an absent tone. "Her chair's in the middle of the second row, Freer?"

"That's right," Johnnie's voice was brisk. "And after that, they want you both at the Young Democrat meeting in the living roo

Rosalie turned to glare at him, but he striding off toward the pool from which Be Chaney, in a pink bathing suit, was w ing him lavish semaphores of welcome.

"Come along, Rosalie," Blane said, a Rosalie turned around, her face furrowed thought.

Blane's reserved seat was in the front r on the platform between Senator Turnb and a rotund national committeewom Rosalie's seatmates, two tired-looking midd aged men, were strangers to her. *Good party wheel horses, we are,* she thought wit strange, rising bitterness, as she looked at t back of Blane's handsome neck.

The audience below them, which seem to run pretty much to white hair, gray h and bald heads, had a settled, well-fed, co fortable look, under the heavy shade of t eucalyptus trees. The improvised platfor however, was in direct sun. Even with h big hat, Rosalie had begun to feel scorch and wilted long before they'd finished T Star-Spangled Banner. Time dragged by. H new white dress felt as if it were sticking the chair varnish, and a large bluebottle f began to skywrite aimlessly just in front her eyes.

JOYOUS shrieks and shouts, among whi Rosalie felt sure she could hear Betsy's heart contralto, rose from the pool. The hot, d wind bore odors of coffee and barbecued me across the driveway. Rosalie, clutching h program between damp hands, straighten her spine and looked purposefully at Blane beautiful broad shoulders. She tried to co jure up the vision of the White House rece tion line, but all she could manage was tray-carrying queue in a cafeteria. Senat Turnbull was speaking, but she followed hi only dimly.

Aimlessly she opened her program an glanced down at it, then stiffened. Insid her program had been attached a complet and lavish menu, beginning with Sea-foo Cocktail and ending with Assorted Pastrie The look Rosalie Yates sent winging towar the Turnbull swimming pool should hav poisoned the water. She started to rip th sheet loose and crumple it up, when she sa there was something written in a flourishing familiar scrawl on the back. She read:

FREER CAMPAIGN PLATFORM
(For Heart & Hand of Miss Rosalie Yates)

1. *Meet influential people.* (I am now dow at the pool making important political contacts Betsy's father is a Big Utility Man. She has he good points too.)

2. *Keep name & face before public.* (I wil flash by at frequent intervals with either (a) sandwich or (b) Chaney, so you'll remembe who I am.)

3. *Know your opposition.* (Winters would rather speak than eat. Aren't you STARVING? The barbecued pork is delicious. The photographer will be back during dinner this evening.)

Rosalie stared at the page, a great feeling of awe spreading over her. With unwilling admiration she thought of the posters in the car, the unflagging photographer, the platform in the sun. Slowly, almost humbly, she turned her gaze again toward the distant pool, realizing that all these Machiavellian machinations had been directed at her—that a whole ranchful of politicians had been the unwitting tools of a skinny, nineteen-year-old strategist in patched bathing trunks.

All at once Rosalie looked at Blane with something akin to pity. The mental picture of the White House reception line came back with a new clarity. She could see it all—the diplomats, the senators all pressing forward to shake the hand of that brilliant political genius, John Blackwell Freer.

Just then, as she stared poolward, a girl in a pink bathing suit went up the steps to the diving tower, with a tall, thin, lanky boy following after her.

"Pardon me," Rosalie Yates said in a tense, urgent whisper to the nearest wheel horse. And right in the middle of Senator Turnbull's most flowery simile, she sped off across the lawns, past the barbecue tables, toward the swimming pool.

She was on her way to mend some important political fences. **THE END**



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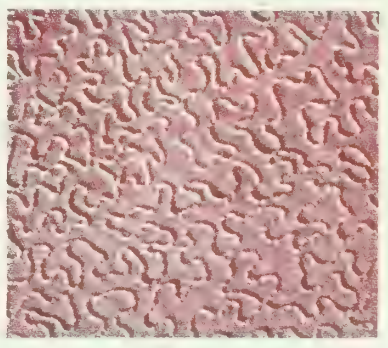




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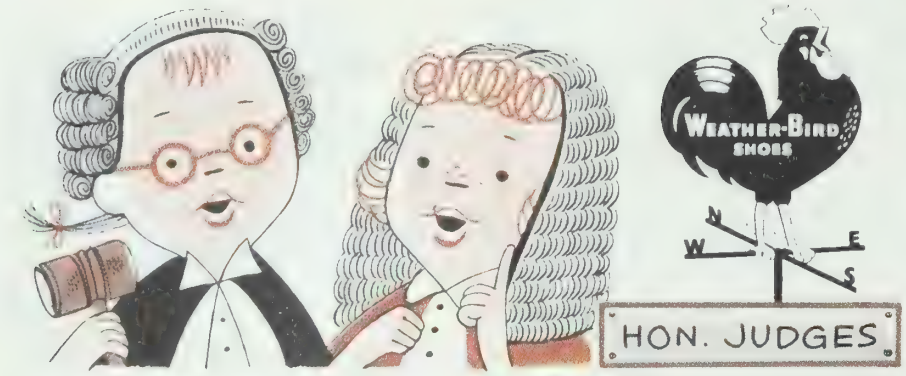
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PETERS DIAMOND BRAND

THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD

(Continued from Page 55)

prolonged delays that occur between courses. It also appeared to us sufficient time to linger over dinner, since the men spent an additional half hour over coffee and liqueurs. But such a schedule had at times its drawbacks and, at Lady Londonderry's, where the rule was most rigorously enforced, I once watched with amusement the silent battle between a reputed gourmet who wished to eat every morsel of his large helping and a footman equally determined to remove his plate.

At the end of the prescribed hour I rose to lead the ladies to the Long Library. There were, however, evenings when a guest would dally over the fruit she had piled on her plate—impossible to make her hurry.

At one of my first dinner parties, to my surprise I found the ladies rising at a signal given by my husband's aunt, who was sitting next to him. Immediately aware of a concerted plan to establish her dominance, and warned by my neighbor Lord Chesterfield's exclamation, "Never have I seen anything so rude, don't move!" I nevertheless went to the door and, meeting her, inquired in dulcet tones, "Are you ill, S?"

"Ill," she shrilled, "no, certainly not, why should I be ill?"

"There surely was no other excuse for your hasty exit," I said calmly.

She had the grace to blush; the other women hid their smiles, and never again was I thus challenged!

I found Ascot Week very tiring. Fortunes were yearly spent on dresses selected as appropriate to a graduated scale of elegance which reached its climax on Thursday; for fashion decreed that one should reserve one's most sumptuous toilette for Gold Cup Day. Of course there was always the danger that it might rain that day. Meteorological prognostics were not at everyone's disposal and the English climate is proverbially as fickle as a woman's moods, and would sometimes provide an icy wind in midsummer. We spent our mornings donning various dresses in accordance with the vagaries of the weather, and by noon we were apt to be not only cross and tired but also probably attired in the wrong dress.

I never wrote anything worth mentioning till I was in love. —LORD BYRON

It was during that summer of 1896 that I had the honor of being presented to Queen Victoria. The Lord Steward's invitation to dine and sleep at Windsor Castle arrived casually on a large printed card without an envelope.

One was barely given twenty-four hours' notice. As Queen Victoria was nearly eighty and had for years been a recluse, this honor was viewed as something of an ordeal. We traveled to Windsor by train, where we were met by a Royal carriage and conducted to our apartment. Lady Edward Churchill, one of the Queen's ladies in waiting and a great-aunt of Marlborough, kindly came to instruct me on what I should have to do. She said that there would be but a few guests, and gave me strict injunctions only to speak when spoken to by the Queen and to limit my remarks to answers to hers, for only the Queen had the right to initiate a subject. On being presented I was to kiss the Queen's hand. Her Majesty would in turn imprint a kiss on my brow, which was the protocol for a peeress.

Having heard so much about the Queen's terrifying personality, it was with some trepidation that I awaited her appearance before dinner. When eventually she came in, a little figure in somber black, I discovered to my dismay that she was so small that I almost had to kneel to touch her outstretched hand with my lips. My balance was precariously held as I curtsied low to receive her kiss upon my forehead, and a diamond crescent in my hair caused me anxiety lest I scratch out a Royal eye.

The dinner itself was a most depress function. Conversation was carried on whispers, for the Queen's stern personal imposed restraint. After dinner we return to the narrow and somber corridor wh we had assembled, and I wondered why, w all the rooms the castle possessed, we sho be confined to this small passage. We we in turn, conducted to where the Queen and she addressed a few words to each of I found it most embarrassing to stand front of her while everyone listened to h kind inquiries about my reactions to r adopted country, which I answered as be I could. I was, moreover, haunted by t fear that I might not notice the little n with which it was her habit to end an au ence. I confess to a feeling of discomfo her appearance was so severe and sombe It seemed to me that it was her delibera intention to emphasize the dignity of h rank and person, and I felt that any warm she might have possessed must have be buried with the Prince Consort.

In the autumn of 1896 we were invited Sandringham by the Prince and Princess Wales. The Prince and Princess proved to h delightful hosts. The more stringent protoc of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Pala was relaxed here and in the intimate atmo phere of family life one might almost forg the prerogatives of Royalty. Nevertheles the Prince's stout but stately presence mad rare any such lapse as that of which a frien of mine was guilty: in a moment of forge fulness she addressed hi as "my good man," t which with a somewha frigid intonation he re plied, "My dear Mrs. B. please remember that am not your good man." In spite of this, he wa always accessible an friendly and knew jus how to discard ceremon without any loss of dignity.

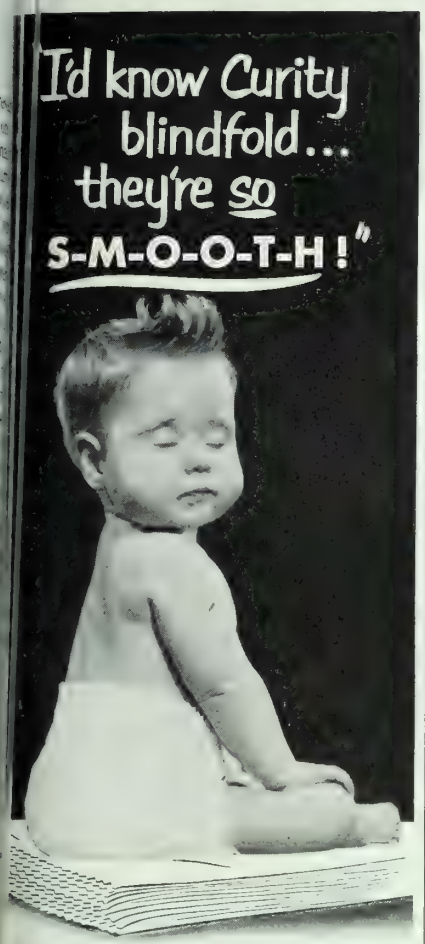
In the mornings we sometimes walked t York Cottage, a small house in the park where the Duke and Duchess of York (the future King George V and Queen Mary) lived with their children, delighting in the rest from functions and formalities.

I grew to love Princess Victoria, the lonely princess who never married because of loyalty to her mother, to whose selfishness she became a slave. Princess Maud, who had recently married Prince Charles of Denmark, was there, and the Princess Royal, married to the Duke of Fife, lived nearby. They were all simple and kindly and their family life was a model of virtue—though the Prince of Wales, if rumor was to be credited, found many pleasures outside the family circle. He was a shrewd man of the world and longed to have a voice in the policies and destiny of his country. Everyone recognized the fact that, in spite of Queen Victoria's determination to exclude him from all affairs of state, he was the best-informed person in the kingdom.

During our visit the Prince expressed a wish to come to Blenheim, and we at once began the rather onerous preparations such a visit entailed. Our proposed list of guests having been submitted and approved, we became engrossed in plans to make the visit agreeable and memorable.

There were, I remember, over a hundred people in the house, including thirty guests among whom were not only the Prince and Princess but Princess Victoria, Princess Maud and her husband, Prince Charles. Our rooms on the ground floor were given over to them, and we retired to crowded quarters upstairs.

Our party lasted from Monday to Saturday, and each day I had the Prince as my neighbor for two long meals. This was a terrible ordeal for one so unversed in the politics and gossip of the day as I was, since he liked to discuss the news and to hear the latest scandal, with all of which at that age



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I was unfamiliar. The Princess of Wales, gay and animated with an almost childish interest in everything, was easier to cope with. She was full of fun. Gossip and stories about people delighted her. She made us laugh, telling us how she had to use a ladder in order to get into my bed, which was on a dais, and how she kept falling over the white bearskins that were strewn on the floor.

This visit was a tiring and anxious experience for me, since I was responsible for every detail connected with running the house and ordering the pleasures of my numerous guests. The number of changes of costume was in itself a waste of precious time. To begin with, even breakfast, which was served at nine-thirty in the dining room, demanded an elegant costume of velvet or silk. Having seen the men off to their sport, the ladies spent the morning round the fire, reading the papers and gossiping. We next changed into tweeds to join the guns for luncheon, which was served in the High Lodge or in a tent. Afterward we usually accompanied the guns and watched a drive or two before returning home. An elaborate tea gown was donned for tea, after which we played cards or listened to a Viennese band or to the organ until time to dress for dinner, when again we adorned ourselves in satin or brocade, with a great display of jewels. All these changes necessitated a tremendous outlay, since one was not supposed to wear the same gown twice. That meant sixteen dresses for four days.

IN the first months of the New Year we moved to a small house near Melton Mowbray, since my husband wished to hunt with the various fine packs of hounds Leicestershire boasted. He was a good horseman and looked well in his pink coat, his gray horse—for he had only grays—conspicuously in the lead. As I was then expecting a baby I was unable to hunt, but Lord Lonsdale, who was Master of the Quorn, drove me in his buggy on days when he was not hunting. I found a few days spent hunting the fox on wheels sufficient initiation and decided to discontinue hunting until I was able to ride.

Meanwhile, I read German philosophy with a teacher who came from London. This, to my surprise, consigned me to the company of bluestockings and I realized that I had shown more courage than tact in advertising my preference for literature. Only this interest, however, got me through the first depressing winter, when my solitary days were spent walking along the highroad and my evenings listening to the hunting exploits of others.

Whenever there was a frost Marlborough went off to London or to Paris, but since it was considered inadvisable for me to travel in my condition I remained alone. From my window I overlooked a pond in which a former butler had drowned himself. As one gloomy day succeeded another I began to feel a deep sympathy for him.

On September 18, 1897, my eldest son was born. We had taken Spencer House, overlooking Green Park, for the event. It was fitting that Churchills should be born there, since they were descendants of the Spencer family. My mother had come from America to be with me. After my son was born, she told me she had been surprised by the ineptitude of the obstetrician who attended me; yet he was then considered at the top of his profession. Comparing the antiquated methods then practiced with the painless births young women now are privileged with, it seems as if Eve, in spite of the curse imposed upon her, must have redeemed her original sin.

On awakening from a week's unconsciousness, I found to my surprise the family doctor at my bedside. He had been summoned from Scotland where he was vacationing and had arrived just in time to order a partridge and bread sauce for my first meal—a prescription that cost us dear, since he had the right to charge a pound a mile. It was only then that I realized that my condition must for a time have been cause for anxiety, but my recovery was rapid and the joyous ap-

(Continued on Page 179)



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(Continued from Page 177)

l of the family intensified the happiness erhood brought me.

e Prince of Wales had offered to be god- r to our son, who was therefore given names of Albert Edward (we vainly d to eschew the Albert); William, after ther; and John, in memory of the Great . In spite of all these names he was l Blandford, for it was the custom in the y to name the heir by his title.

christening took place in the Chapel l, St. James's Palace. The sun, stream- hrough the oriel window, touched the vessels on the altar, the white lilies d the font and the scarlet tunics worn by oyal choristers. The Prince of Wales, in ht frock coat, had a smile of gracious nity; my father, looking too young for ew responsibility, and Lady Blandford, the baby in her arms, completed the p of godparents. In the pew opposite lborough, his sisters and me, sat Lady dford's sister, the Duchess of Buc- h. As Mistress of the Robes to Queen oria, she was very much aware of the ity of her rank and position. When our sekeeper, superb in black satin, was red to a seat beside her I viewed with ehension her surprised reaction; for r could she have supposed that anyone than a duchess would share her pew, and ly did she try to place this new arrival ng the twenty-seven ducal families she ed herself on knowing. Her astonishment so visible that we were all at pains to our merriment. Our housekeeper alone great dignity remained unperturbed.

During my convalescence Marlborough met a young woman named Gladys con, who had come to London on a visit Paris where she lived with her mother sisters. Gladys Deacon, who was to play important part in my life, was a beautiful endowed with a brilliant intellect. sessed of exceptional powers of conversa- n, she could enlarge on any subject in an resting and amusing manner. I was soon jugated by the charm of her companion- and we began a friendship which only led years later.

When I recovered, we returned to Blen- m and to the routine of house parties, and the duties of a chatelaine. The added re- nsibility of motherhood was made easy by robust health of my baby; and the happi- s he brought me lightened the gloom that rhung our palatial home. But there fol- ved another bleak winter in Leicestershire aiting the birth of my second child.

Ivor was born the following autumn. We d rented Hampden House from the Duke Abercorn, and there my mother-in-law eted me as I lay in my bed, exhausted but ntent, with, "You are a little brick! nerican women seem to have boys more ily than we do!" Thus having done my ty, I felt I should now be allowed a certain easure of the pleasures of life.

It was in the summer of 1899 that the rman Emperor, who was Queen Victoria's est at Windsor, came to lunch with us. We re given but a few days' notice, the ar- ngements suffering the constant changes e Queen's wishes decreed. First it was the mperor and Empress, the Prince and Prin- ss of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of nnaught who would arrive by special ain in time for luncheon. On the morning elf a telegram informed us that the Queen d decided to keep the ladies with her at indsor and that we should only expect the mperor, the Prince of Wales and the Duke Connaught. The table had to be reset at e last minute and the seating rearranged. But worst of all, I suddenly realized that I met our guests at the station as my hus- nd wished the Emperor would have the at of honor in the daumont next to me, and e Prince of Wales would, together with the uke of Connaught, be seated with his back the horses. I therefore begged Marlbor- gh to let me remain at home and receive em on the steps, suggesting that he should ive in the daumont with them, since the ince and the Emperor could then share the at of honor. However, he had made up his mind to ride escort. As we entered the waiting daumont the Prince eyed me resentfully while refusing, as I knew he would, the seat next to the Emperor. The arrangement no doubt suited the Emperor, for he beamed approval. As we neared the house and he saw his imperial standard being raised, he saluted and then thanked me for that attention.

During luncheon I noticed how skillfully the Emperor concealed the uselessness of his withered arm, cutting and eating his food with a special fork to which a blade was affixed. His conversation was self-centered, which is usual with Kings and with him seemed to spring from a desire to impress. William II seemed to me no more than the typical Prussian officer with the added arrogance and conceit his royal birth inspired. Even his famous and formidable mustache, which seemed to bristle in indignation, could not confer dignity.

Before leaving, the Emperor asked us to entertain the Crown Prince during the coming summer. He was, he said, planning some country-house visits for him, since he wished him to see something of English life. We could but agree. Then, promising to send us the inevitable photograph, he departed, accompanied by somewhat disgruntled uncles and a subservient suite.

The South African war gave me my first experience of war work when, with Lady Randolph Churchill and other American women, I helped to equip and send out a hospital ship to Cape Town. Lady Randolph went out on the ship to join her son Winston. We knew that she was equally anxious to see young George Cornwallis-West, whom she later married.

Winston's career as a war correspondent for the London Morning Post ended after he had been taken prisoner by the Boers, and later managed to escape. Two brilliant books based on his war service attracted general attention, but we knew that his ambitions lay elsewhere and were not surprised when he decided to stand for Parliament.

Winston was then the life and soul of the young and brilliant circle that gathered round him at Blenheim. Whether it was his American blood or his boyish enthusiasm and spontaneity, qualities sadly lacking in my husband, I delighted in his companionship. His conversation was invariably stimulating, and his views on life were not drawn and quartered as were Marlborough's by a sense of self-importance. To me he represented the democratic spirit so foreign to my environment, and which I deeply missed.

Winston was even then, in his early twenties, tremendously self-centered and had a dynamic energy. He told me that he had learned very little at Harrow and that he wanted to do a course of the classics. I was then absorbed in Taine's History of English Literature and suggested that he should read it. How I envied him his marvelous memory! How seemingly without effort he could recite pages he had but scanned! As proof of his memory I quote a letter I have received from a friend, Lady Katherine Lambton, while writing these memoirs. She says, "Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife expressed the wish that Mr. Churchill should come to see Richard III, which they are now acting. During the whole play Mr. Churchill recited the words, almost putting the actors out. At supper afterward, to the Oliviers' immense surprise, he knew the whole of Henry V and Henry VI by heart, and when Sir Laurence Olivier consulted him about how to say a certain speech Mr. Churchill gave his rendering and Olivier, thinking it better than his own, adopted it." The letter ends, "a great statesman, a master historian, a good painter, who knows perhaps also a master actor had the fates so decreed."

In spite of endless duties, I never missed my daily ride, weather permitting. I remember an ignominious toss in full view of a concourse of people. The hunter I rode was fresh and as I dug my heel into his side I lost my stirrup. A series of buck jumps sent me flying—sufficiently damaged to be driven home in the hastily summoned electric car. I was amused by the telegrams Marlborough received from various mammas whose daughters were ready to fill my place. Their professed anxiety contained a note of hope, but not for my recovery.

The electric car to which I have referred was a present sent by my mother from America. It was my only escape from the household and from an irksome form of surveillance. In the house I was followed by a black boy Marlborough had brought from Egypt to be my page. In his Oriental costume and turban he looked picturesque, but he was a perpetual cause of irritation, for his garbled messages in broken English caused endless misunderstandings. With a page in the house, a coachman or a postilion to take me for drives, and a groom to accompany my rides, my freedom was quite successfully restricted.

In January, 1901, Queen Victoria died. We were invited to attend the state funeral in St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle. We were all in deep mourning and the ladies wore crape veils like widows'. Going down in the special train Marlborough paid me one of his rare compliments when he said, "If I die I see you will not remain a widow long."

I remember how impressive the service was. The stalls of the Knights of the Garter where each had his escutcheon emblazoned and his standard overhead were occupied by the German Emperor, by foreign Kings, Heads of State and Ambassadors Extraordinary. Indian Princes, Colonial dignitaries, Ministers of State, Court Officials, Generals and Admirals with their ladies filled the benches on either side facing the procession as it moved in silence up the aisle. As the great doors were thrown open one saw the royal cortege slowly mounting the steps; only the boom of distant guns and the clangor of swords were heard above the muffled notes of the funeral march. But I was shocked to hear the voice of Margot Asquith, who even at that moment was unable to resist a quip.

THERE were many days given over to the entertainment of visitors who were simply glorified tourists. The German Emperor, wishing his son to see something of English life, sent us the Crown Prince. Little did the Emperor suspect that his son would spend his visit in the company of Gladys Deacon, an American girl who had far-flung ambitions. We had not invited a party; there were at Blenheim only a few friends who usually spent the late summer with us, and the German ambassador, Count Metternich. I still feel a certain sympathy for him when I think of the harrowing week he spent anxiously preening a stiff neck in vain en-

New Daughter

By Elizabeth McFarland

The little breast
With its thin wishbone
May thicken to shelter
A heart of stone,

And the sunlit eye,
So round and merry,
Wither and harden
To a bitter berry.

Here is a child
Born to your keeping,
World, where the dragons
Of cruelty are sleeping.

Lead her your gentle ways
Down aisles of dove,
Suffer her mother's praise
And her father's love.

How to make apple dumplings an easier way



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Make pie dough according to Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute recipe. (It's printed right on your carton of Armour Star Lard.) Roll out and cut into 6-inch squares. Peel and core 6 apples and place in center of squares. Fill apples with mixture of ½ cup sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Top each apple with 1 tsp. butter—Cloverbloom® Butter is best. Fold corners of dough over the apples and seal with water. Pinch seams together.



Mix ¼ tsp. cinnamon with ¼ cup sugar. Add 3 tbsp. butter and 1½ cups boiling water. Pour around apples in baking dish. Bake in 400° F. oven about 45 minutes.

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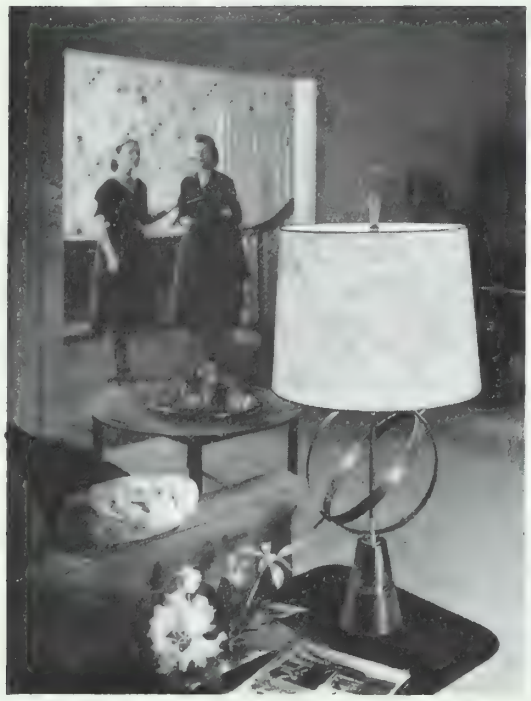
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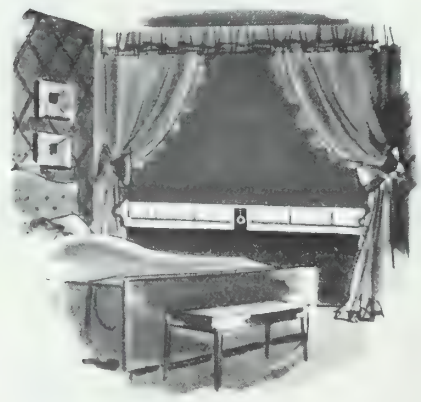


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deavor to follow a flirtation his prince was happily engaged in pursuing. It was useless to remonstrate with the mischievous lady, whose vanity was at stake, for she had announced that she meant to annex him. It was not due to any lack of effort, as I realized when I saw her (who never rose before eleven) rowing on the lake with him at sunrise, that she did not reap with the German Crown Prince the same measure of success another American was later to find with an English king.

Signing the visitors' book on his last day, our royal guest gratuitously added, "I have been very comfortable here!" He then expressed the wish to drive our coach to Oxford Station, where he was to entrain for London.

Resigned, I climbed to the box seat beside him, primed to seize the reins in an emergency, though I had never driven more than two horses in my life. As Gladys Deacon sat behind us between Metternich and Marlborough, the Prince spent more time gazing back at her than at the road and we had several close shaves. I heaved a sigh of relief as the train bore our guest away, his silly face protruding from the window to catch a forlorn and parting glimpse of the lady he was leaving.

A week later a letter from the Emperor's chamberlain informed me of His Majesty's indignation at the fact that Miss Deacon should have persuaded the Crown Prince to part with a ring given him by his mother on the occasion of his first communion; he requested me to order Miss Deacon to return the ring at once. So ended a foolish and completely futile conquest.

My children, aged four and three, had developed into definite personalities: Blandford, audacious and willful, forever rebelling against authority; Ivor, gentle and sensitive, already displaying a studious trend. Indeed, it is Blandford who can claim credit for the only time I ever saw my mother at a loss. I had left him and Ivor sitting in the barouche with her while I went into Goode's in South Audley Street to choose some china. I was absent only a few minutes, but when I came out I saw a small crowd and my mother for once nonplused. My elder son was happily and busily engaged in throwing my card case, my pencil and various other gewgaws into the street where a harried footman in red knee breeches, tall hat and powdered hair was running to collect them from under busses and pedestrians. As I reached the carriage I heard Blandford singing, "Gentle Jesus meek and mild loves this little child," greatly to the amusement of the company.

Punishment was a great problem. Blandford, whenever spanked, reflected as I let him go, "You have hurt your hand much more than you did me," so that a variety of deprivations had to be found, which in turn he said he did not mind. I had definite ideas concerning discipline, but had difficulty in overcoming Marlborough's stubborn opposition to any form of punishment. Claiming that he had been bullied by his father, he refused to exert any control, and punishment became for me a doubly painful duty in view of his critical disapproval. Never a strict disciplinarian, for a sense of humor and the love I bore my children rendered punishments hateful to me, I nevertheless believed that a certain standard of behavior had to be maintained. That my children recognized this obligation our tender and loving relationship testified.

Looking back on the last years of the Victorian era, I see a pageant of festive scenes. But pomp and ceremony were becoming tedious to one who, as my husband complained, had not a trace of snobbishness. The realities of life seemed far removed from the palatial splendor in which we moved and it was becoming excessively boring to walk on an endlessly spread red carpet.

I remember a dinner in honor of the Prince and Princess of Wales to which I wore a diamond crescent instead of the prescribed tiara. The Prince, with a severe glance at my crescent, observed, "The Princess has taken the trouble to wear a tiara. Why have you not done so?" Luckily I could truthfully answer that I had been delayed by some

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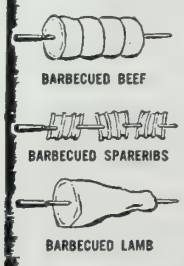
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ritable function in the country and that had found the bank in which I kept my a closed on my arrival in London. But h an incident illustrates the overimpor- ce attached to the observance of ritual.

In the winter of 1902 we went to Russia for great court functions which then ushered the Orthodox New Year. My husband, o had a weakness for pageants, wished to y a fitting part in festivities renowned for eir magnificence. No preparation appeared o elaborate to insure the elegance of our pearance. Every detail had to be subjected his exacting scrutiny. Court uniforms had be refurbished, and in Paris I bought some vely dresses. A diamond-and-turquoise dog llar was ordered as a special parure to be rn with a blue satin gown. We had heard uch about the fabulous furs of Russian bles; it is true my sable coat was fine, but had only one.

To ensure an added prestige we invited e beautiful young Duchess of Sutherland accompany us, as well as Count Albert lensdorff, then attached to the Austro- ungarian embassy in London, and also Mr. enry Milner, a friend, who had expressed e wish to join us. The usual number of alets and maids and a private detective to afeguard our jewels ade an imposing tinue.

We were intro- uced to Russian so- iety at parties in the British and Austrian mbassies. Russian lays were short but heir nights were end- ess, and we rarely vent to bed before he early hours of norning. At the opera he ballets were Tchaikovsky's; Dia- hileff had not yet revolutionized the classic dance. The *danseuse en tête* had been the Czar's mis- tress, according to tradition, and others had been assigned to the Grand Dukes as part of their amorous education. As the intrigues and scandals of society became familiar to us we felt as if we had plunged into an eighteenth-century atmosphere, so different was it from the rigid Victorian morality of England.

We were privileged to attend three glorious Court functions. For the first, a great ball of three thousand guests which was given at the Winter Palace, Milly Sutherland and I donned our finest dresses. Mine, of white satin, had a tulle train held by a belt of real diamonds. A tiara of the same stones lightened the dark waves of my hair, and cascades of pearls fell from my neck. I looked very young and slight in that shimmering whiteness and my maid delightedly exclaimed, "*Comme Madame la Duchesse est belle.*" Thus encouraged, I felt ready to face the more critical scrutiny of my husband, who wore the Privy Councillor's uniform with white knee breeches and a blue coat embellished with gold lace. He smiled and said, "At least we look distinguished," which from him was indeed a compliment.

WITH the entrance of the imperial family to the inspiring air of the Russian anthem—the procession of Grand Dukes in splendid uniforms, the Grand Duchesses, lovely and bejeweled, the beautiful, remote Czarina and the Czar—the ball took on the aspect of a fairy tale. With the first strains of a mazurka, the Grand Duke Michael—the Czar's younger brother and the direct heir, since a son had not yet been born to the sovereigns—invited me to dance. It was a very different affair from the mazurkas I had learned at Mr. Dodsworth's class. "Never mind," he said, when I demurred, "I'll do the steps," and he proceeded to cavort around me until I was reminded of the courtship of birds. But he was young and gay and, carried away by the increasing tempo, I found myself treading the Russian measure with the best. He was killed by the Bolsheviks in 1918.

At the more select "Bal des Palmiers," so named because of the palms around which the supper tables were built, I had a chance to talk with the Czar. My first reaction was to notice the extraordinary likeness that he bore to his cousin, the Prince of Wales, later George V. He had the same kindly smile, half hidden by a beard, the same gentle blue eyes, and a great simplicity of speech and manner. When I asked him why he hesitated to give Russia the democratic government that was so successful in England, he answered gravely, "There is nothing I would like better, but Russia is not ready for democratic government. We are two hundred years behind Europe in development of our political institutions. Russia is still more Asiatic than European and must therefore be governed by an autocratic government."

HE seemed to fear the great millions that were Russia—their ignorance, their superstition, their fatalism. As he sat there at my side he struck me as pitiful; he, the Emperor of all the Russias, the Little Father, anxious and afraid—a good man, but a weak one. I never saw him again, but I am firmly convinced that he was fundamentally good; that it was his desire to make his people happy. Surely Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin and their ilk have proved in later years the truth of what he told me—"Russia is not ready for democratic government."

Despite the interest of our visit, we left Russia with no regrets. The wastelands of its plains where every sign of life was muffled in snow chilled me and I was happy to return to the scenes of domestic contentment that the little villages and fields of England bespoke.

My thoughts turned to the imminent Coronation, for Queen Alexandra had honored me by selecting me as one of the four Duchesses who were to be her canopy bearers during the ceremony. The Duchesses of Portland, Montrose and Sutherland were the others. We were summoned to Buckingham Palace for our first rehearsal. Colonel B., a tall, distinguished officer in command of the Guards, informed us he had been deputed to drill us and confessed that our task would be difficult since the canopy was both tall and heavy. We were well matched in height, but our strength was unequal to the effort of holding the canopy taut while walking and I ventured to observe that with trains three yards in length those behind would surely step on the trains of those in front. It was decided, therefore, that the canopy should be carried by pages and placed over the Queen, and that only then should we take our places.

London was in a ferment of excitement. Patriotic crowds come from the outermost parts of the empire filled the streets. Every day the arrival of a new foreign potentate increased the tension. The metropolis was gay with Royal equipages in which Princes and Maharajas, Kings and Queens drove in state accompanied by military escorts. Never had London been so festive, so beflagged, so impressively the capital of a far-flung empire.

On the appointed day we dressed early in red velvet robes trimmed with miniver and put chocolate into our pockets, for it was said we would be five hours or more in the Abbey. When we reached the Abbey, Marlborough left me, for he was to take part in the Royal procession. The long length of the Abbey stretched before me with spectators ranged in tiers on either side of the gangway. A page spread the velvet train of my robes; and

CHESS

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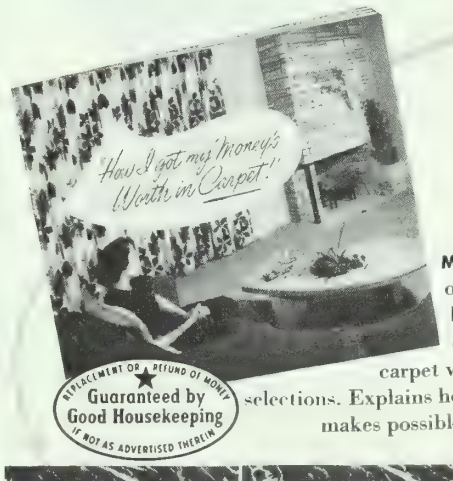
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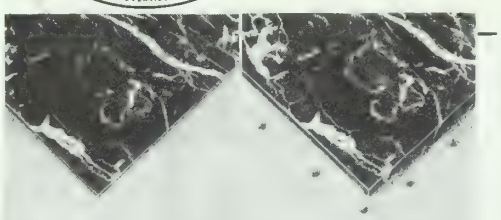
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with head held high and eyes straight before me, lost in the sense of solemn splendor the scene evoked, I reached my place in the transept where, massed in scarlet flashing with diamonds, England's peeresses sat.

It seemed hours before the trumpets announced the Royal arrival. We had been riveted to hard chairs, rising occasionally as some Royal personage passed to his appointed place. As the peers came to their seats on the right of the throne opposite to us, they provided the laugh that always greets a dog lost in a solemn procession. There were those whose ancestral robes were much too big and long. Quite unconscious of the merriment they created, they passed, solemn and disdainful, holding their coronets and their robes tucked up under their arms. But the most hilarious moment came when the King was crowned and, as tradition decreed, the peers placed their coronets on their heads. For in some cases the coronet—made for ancestors with larger heads—slid down to the chin of the unfortunate peer, completely hiding his face behind a velvet cap with which the coronet was lined. I had taken the precaution to have a very small coronet made to fit inside my tiara, so that when the Queen was crowned I fitted it deftly to its place and watched with amusement the anguished efforts of others whose coronets were either too big or too small to stay in place.

THAT same summer of 1902 Marlborough was made a Knight of the Garter and we were invited to spend a week end at Hatfield, the ancient seat of the Cecil family. The Marquess of Salisbury seemed to me the finest type of Englishman and his family a perfect example of the best English tradition. His eldest son, Viscount Cranborne, was in the House of Commons; Lord Hugh, the Benjamin, later became Provost of Eton College; Lord Robert Cecil, in diplomacy, was to become identified with the League of Nations; Lord Edward's career lay in the army; and Lord William was soon consecrated Bishop of Exeter. There were many amusing anecdotes concerning the latter's vagueness, and I was told that once while traveling to a church conference he lost his railway ticket, and much perturbed, apologized to the conductor. "Never mind, my lord, we know you and trust you." To which the bishop answered, "But don't you realize, my good man, that I have not the faintest idea where I am going!"

It seemed advisable to have a permanent establishment in London rather than to lease a different house every year. I only had to mention our wish for my father to promise its fulfillment. Unable to find a building to suit us, we acquired one of the rare real-estate sites in the market, and we built a gray stone house. When we settled in Sunderland House the first floor with its long gallery and two salons had not yet been decorated. Later, when I lived there alone and Sunderland House became mine to dispose of, I finished decorating the reception rooms. The architect wished to place bas-reliefs at either end of the long gallery, and in a spirit of bravado, not untinged with humor, I had one made of the Great Duke and one of my great-grandfather, the "Commodore" who just one hundred years later founded my family's fortune. The shocked sardonic glances of my English guests provided a certain relish as I realized what their caustic comments must be; and when in the numerous crusades, undertaken on behalf of social reforms, I stood on the platform with my back to John Duke and my eyes on the Commodore I wondered which of the two would most radically have disapproved my speeches.

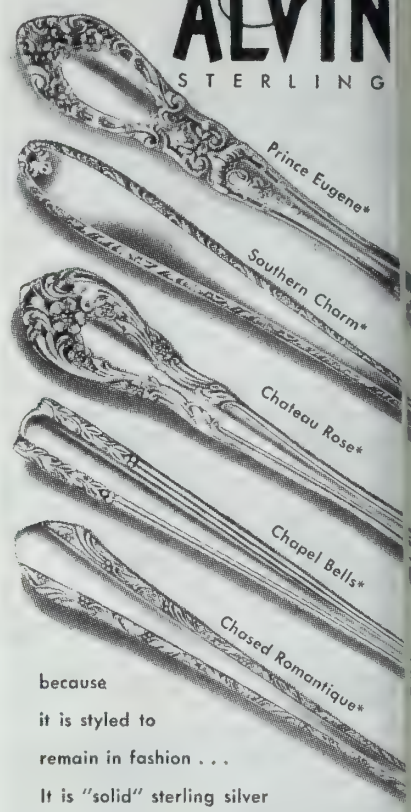
Blandford was now six and Ivor five, and although still in the nursery they had lessons with their French governess with whom they also went for walks, talking French all the while. What between the governess, the head nurse, and the groom with whom they rode their ponies, there seemed little time left for mother. Nevertheless, they came down while we breakfasted.

My mornings were always occupied with household duties and village affairs, and there was also a voluminous correspondence to maintain, for in those days we wrote

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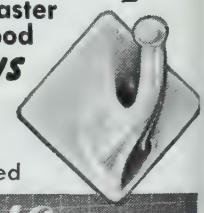
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letters as we now talk on the telephone. The children joined us for luncheon, and, if free of more serious duties, I would take them for drives in my electric car, a perilous performance, with one eye on the road and another on Blandford to watch that he did not fall out. They learned to wield a cricket bat and also how to box.

In the evenings, dressed in velvet suits, they came down to tea and I read to them or we played games of the old-maid variety, for, having changed into a lace tea gown, I could hardly romp and run. But the best part of the day came at six when together we went to the nursery where a bath and supper awaited them; then they said their prayers before I tucked them into bed.

AND so the years went by—in England coping with my work and private problems, in France on visits to my father. I loved France, that country of changing lights, of smiling plains, of innumerable rivers. I loved the poplar-lined canals, the discreet villages where life was lived behind walls. I loved the wheat fields where peasants garnered life's sustenance. I never tired of her varied landscapes, from the orchards of Normandy to the dour hills of Auvergne, from the lazy Loire to the rapid Rhone. I loved her acacias and planes and lindens, the tapering cypresses and squat gray olives of Provence. I loved the scent of flowering lavender and thyme and the sweet gray smoke of woodland fires. I loved Brittany, with its verdant landscape and cloistered domains. I loved the orchards and lovely towns of the Île de France. And, oh! the excitement, after a night on the train, to waken on the Côte d'Azur with the snowcapped Alps behind and the sea before glittering like a gigantic sapphire in the brightest of all suns, and its rich red earth which seemed to hold the tenseness and ardor of life. But I lived in England, a land of half tones and shades, of mists and fleecy clouds, of damp and rain.

Prior to the Civil War, few American military commanders made any effort to limit the amount of beer and whisky which their men might consume. But a great uproar was created by the rumor that intemperance played a part in the defeat of the Union forces at the first Battle of Bull Run. Consequently, Gen. Winfield Scott ordered that when a certain bugle call was sounded the taps of all beer barrels should be closed. Within a matter of weeks the bugle call received the name it still bears—"Taps."

We had been married eleven years. Life together had not brought us closer. Time had but accentuated our differences. The nervous tension that tends to grow between people of different temperament condemned to live together had reached its highest pitch.

Desiring to be free, we contemplated divorce, but in England the divorce laws then existent required a man to prove unfaithfulness in his wife; a wife, however, had to prove physical cruelty as well, or else desertion and nonsupport. It was not until years later that a new legal code removed much of the stigma of divorce. In 1906 separation appeared to be the only solution. We were given equal custody of the children, which was considered a concession in my favor, since they were boys and Blenheim was their home. The public interest then centered on this affair now seems excessive, but can more readily be understood by those who remember that in Edwardian social circles divorce or separation was not recognized as a solution for marital discord. Husbands and wives who could not get on together went their separate ways and in their great houses practiced a polite observance of the deference each owed the other.

Our separation accomplished, Sunderland House became my home. My mother-in-law and many of my English family and friends gathered round me, and I was deeply touched by the innumerable letters I received, even from people unknown to me, expressing hopes for my future happiness.

Nevertheless, I was grateful for the visits my father and mother paid me. My mother came from America to be with me; her sympathy was precious, but the realization that my life must be a lonely one, since my children would spend but half the year with me, and far less when once at school, underlined my need for some absorbing interest. A purely social life had no appeal, and my thoughts turned to Prebendary Carlyle, who, as head of the Church Army, had already aroused my interest in various philanthropic activities. He now wished me to help him in a new venture—an attempt to reinstate first offenders to prevent their return to the criminal world, and to induce them to become useful members of society.

With the intention of finding work for the prisoners, I used to interview them on their release. Comedies as well as tragedies resulted—and sometimes at my expense. There was the presentable young man who in the course of our interview boasted that he could easily earn his living could he but afford to buy the necessary tools. I must have been more anxious to help than I was either vigilant or wise, for I advanced him the money he said he needed. The very next day his wife turned up and said:

"My husband has returned to prison."

"But what has he done?" I gasped.

"Why, you gave him the tools, and he broke into a house last night and the police got him."

I threw myself wholeheartedly into various activities chiefly concerned with the welfare of women and children. Sir Edgar Vincent gave me a house in the lovely grounds of Esher Place where I opened a recreation home for working girls. The Mary Curzon Lodging House for Poor Women and my Home for Prisoners' Wives were other permanent interests. Such activities provided greater interest than the frivolities of a London season, but these, too, were still a part of my life.

When the Sidney Webbs invited me to dine in their little house on the Embankment, I was overjoyed, for I was curious to meet the Fabians. At that first dinner I had Bernard Shaw as my neighbor. Rather shy of such august company, I turned to him with diffidence. He was utterly delightful and his sallies left me wondering whether I was laughing at myself or at the world in general. He looked like Jupiter, I thought, with his classical brow and red beard, and his words could be likened to thunderbolts, for they totally demolished whatever he disapproved of. We became friends, and both he and his wife frequented the literary dinners I instituted every Friday the following winter.

WHEN first H. G. Wells dined with me he was unknown in London society, though his books were creating a furor. I had assembled a brilliant company. There was Bernard Shaw; John Galsworthy, whose novels and plays were the talk of London; and Sir James Barrie, whose gentle humor was delighting playgoers with his Peter Pan and What Every Woman Knows. Barrie was a little man with pensive eyes and a deep fund of sentiment and pity. He told a friend of mine, "I would stand all day in the street to see Consuelo Marlborough get into her carriage," which shows that the days of high romance were still alive in the hearts of those who, like Barrie, were chivalrous and kind. I heard that he had once described his business in life as "playing hide and seek with angels," and one could not talk to him without realizing how near he was to Hans Andersen's world of fairies.

Looking back on the little circle I knew of American women married to Englishmen, there are, I realize, very few who remained definitely American. Nancy Astor was one of

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these. Her high spirits, her sense of humor, her self-assurance, her courage, her independence are all of the American variety; and also her beauty. Lady Astor's vivid personality made her many friends, but there were those whose dislike was equally marked. She and Winston Churchill are actuated by a strong antipathy one for the other, so much so that one never invites them together, dreading the inevitable explosion bound to occur. It was therefore unfortunate that on one of Lady Astor's visits to Blenheim when my son was host Winston should have chosen to appear. The expected result of their encounter was not long in coming; after a heated argument on some trivial matter Nancy, with a fervor whose sincerity could not be doubted, shouted, "If I were your wife I would put poison in your coffee!" Whereupon Winston, with equal heat and sincerity, answered, "And if I were your husband I would drink it."

My mother, seeking distraction from the sorrows of widowhood—for her husband had died in 1908—had found comfort in the all-engrossing interest the suffrage movement was to her. To this end she sacrificed her time, her wealth, even her personal feelings. There is a photograph in which I see her valiantly leading a parade up Fifth Avenue. I did not realize what such a conspicuous public act must have cost her until she later said, "To a woman brought up as I was, it was a terrible ordeal."

With the threat of a European war imminent, I found it difficult to focus my thoughts on women's suffrage. To me the future loomed frighteningly, for my sons were at Eton, and Blandford was nearly seventeen. Already I sensed the tragic lot of that doomed generation. Most of them went straight from public school to the army; the fortunate returned to take a course at Oxford or Cambridge.

Blandford went from Eton to Sandhurst, the military college, at eighteen, for the short course of training which was all they could afford to give officers in those hard-pressed days, and then straight into the Regiment of the First Life Guards as a second lieutenant.

During the Zeppelin raids the basement of Sunderland House became the refuge of my neighbors who all lived in small, old, rather frail houses. I preferred to sleep quietly in my bed and had forbidden my maid to wake me, being a sound sleeper. Last-minute repentances are, to my mind, rather cowardly, and if I was doomed to be blown up I thought it better not to anticipate it.

The days were full of work; I retired early, and very rarely dined out, not having the heart for it. There was, however, one evening when, while Lady Essex, my two sons and I were at dinner before going to the opera, the siren sounded, to be succeeded by the distant thud of bombs and, quite close, the ack-ack from the guns in Hyde Park. The parlormaid, with perfect composure, finished serving the meal and we debated whether or not to go to the opera. Unnecessary circulation during raids had been forbidden; nevertheless, because the opera was a favorite, we decided to go.

The streets were empty and we reached it in no time. There had been a lull in the bombing, but no sooner were we installed in our box than another raid was upon us, accompanied by such noise that Sir Thomas Beecham, who was conducting, shrugged h shoulders in annoyance and the soprano sa louder than ever.

I was now completely immersed in wor and rarely attended social functions. Wi Ivor, I lived in a little house I had taken ne Regent's Park. On leaving Eton, Ivor h failed to pass his medical tests for the arm and Gen. Sir John Cowan, who was th Quartermaster General, took him on h staff.

In the opening years of the First Wor War there was a particularly odious brar of female who delighted in pinning whi feathers on young men in the London street regardless of the sufferings such indignitie inflicted on their innocent and helpless vi tims. I was glad, therefore, when Ivor w taken by his cousin Winston Churchill on o of his tours of inspection of the front i France and, as was invariably the case whe accompanying Winston, experienced a firs class bombardment. Winston with his usu thoughtful kindness wrote to me how we Ivor had acquitted himself. Blandford was i France with his regiment, the Life Guard

Wind

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

From hiding where no one could see
A sharp-toothed wind leaps suddenly
On white flocks of elderberry
Neither wild enough nor wary
To get away, while sycamore
Stampede across the valley floor.

Leaves his prey and with no warning
Springs halfway across the morning
To seize an aspen by the throat
Still pulsing from some bird's sung note,
While river-willows, sun astride,
In silver panic leap aside,
Then gallop southward, running blind,
With their pursuer close behind!

My brother Harold saw when he passe through London o his way to join sub chasers at Queenstow Both he and m brother, William K Jr., were serving in th United States Navy.

With the signing peace came the gre Victory Parade of th Allied Armies in Lon don. It was a prou moment when the mag nificent contingent m country had sent ove came into sight leadin the procession. Th men were of perfec alignment and height they seemed to marc as one man. Th French contingent wa small, with Field Mar shal Foch in the mids of his generals, the flag of France in massed ar ray. Canadians, Aus tralians, New Zea landers passed with th fine martial precisio we had learned to ex pect of them. They re ceived a thunderou welcome, but it was fo our own English Army we had waited, an when the Tommies and the Tars loomed into sight everyone went mad.

Early in 1920 my eldest son's marriage t lovely Mary Cadogan, the daughter of Vis count Chelsea, was celebrated in the Church of Saint Margaret's, Westminster, on one o those midwinter days that have the warmth and promise of spring. A fashionable wed ding, it was graced by the Royal family's presence. It was also my valediction, for steps had already been taken to secure my divorce.

It was now possible for a woman to divorce her husband for desertion, provided she could also prove that he had spent a night in a hotel with another woman, information that the miscreant at times obligingly supplied. The stain of shame had faded to a gentler hue; society, now less censorious, no longer ostracized a divorcee. The circles from which they were banished were rare. The long vista of lonely years behind me prodded the courage I needed to face the publicity of an English divorce court.

The shadow of my first marriage was once again to fall across my life when some years later Marlborough, having joined the Catholic Church and wishing to regularize his marriage to Gladys Deacon, asked me to take steps to have our marriage annulled.

(To be Concluded)

JOURNAL

October
1952 · 25¢

MAGAZINE
WOMEN
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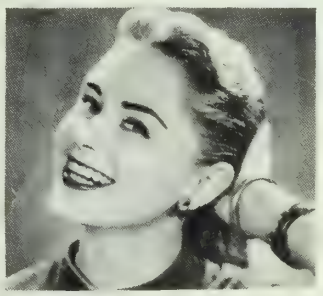


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And every time you use it, you get better protection from tooth ecay . . . because it removes more of the mouth acids which are principal cause of dental cavities.

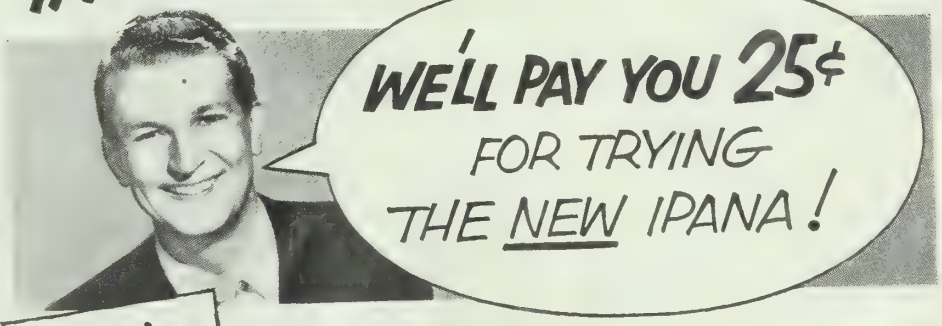
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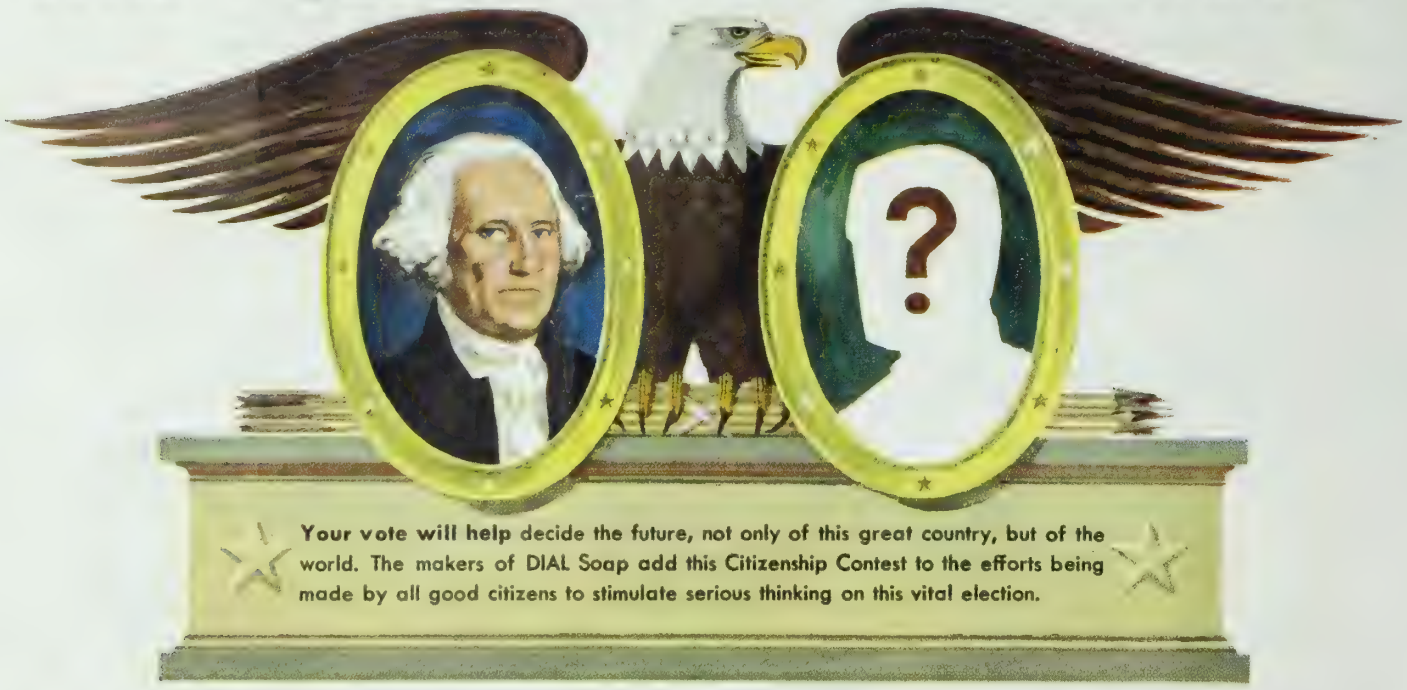
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_____ *(Finish this sentence in 25 additional words or less)*

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So *easy!* Everybody has ideas about the kind of President America needs. You don't have to be old enough to vote — any child can enter. And when completing your sentence you'll be giving careful thought to one of the most important duties of a citizen — choosing our President. Whether or not your candidate wins — if the judges decide your entry is best — *you* will win the grand first prize of $10,000 cash! So enter *now* . . . and often!

Hints to help you win

Just tell why you think *your* favorite candidate would make the best President. Write as simply and directly as you'd talk to a friend. When you listen to radio and TV speeches, and read the newspapers, your sentence almost writes itself! For example:

> *"I'm for (write in name of your candidate) ____ for President because he is a straight-thinking man who will protect the rights of every American and protect America's rights throughout the world."*

Of course this is only a sample. You've probably thought up and used dozens of better reasons arguing with your friends. Fancy language doesn't matter — it's *ideas* that count. So enter now! Send as many entries as you wish. Multiply your opportunities to win that grand first prize of $10,000 cash!





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1. Finish this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "I'm for (write name of your candidate here) _____ for President because _____."

2. Send as many entries as you wish. Write each on a separate piece of paper or on entry blanks from your store. With each entry send a DIAL Soap wrapper, from either bath or complexion size. Mail to DIAL, Box 7910, Chicago 80, Ill. Be sure to use enough postage.

3. The contest closes Nov. 3, 1952. Entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Nov. 3, 1952 and received by Nov. 10, 1952.

4. Entries will be judged on originality, sincerity and idea content — by independent judges. Election outcome has no bearing on this contest. Sentences on *losing* candidates can win. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Judges' decision final. No entries returned. All entries and ideas contained therein become the property of Armour and Company and will not be publicized.

5. All persons in the United States, its territories and possessions may enter — except employees of Armour and Company, its advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations. Winners will be notified by mail. Complete set of winners will be mailed to anyone sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Journal Contents

VOL. LXIX NO. 10

October 1952

Journalities



Vincent Millay

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY wrote on this photo: *For Auntie Kem, "a smiling one." Vincent.* On the back of it "Auntie" transferred possession of the smiling one to "Dugie"—Allan Ross Macdougall—"because I know how fond you were of her." He collected and edited the poet's letters and wrote the foreword for ***A Lovely Light*** (Page 52)—personal letters which are, in effect, an informal autobiography. Edna St. Vincent Millay has been called a "poet's poet" and a "lovers' poet" and a "crusaders' poet." Among other distinctions, she was the first internationally famous literary figure to be featured in a series of radio programs. Her poetry is valued and enjoyed by all the English-speaking world. Several of her poems are reprinted in this JOURNAL.



Norma Fultz

NORMA FULTZ (***The Girl With the Splintered Personality***, Page 48) lives in Greenwich Village (New York)—the locale of the story. She moved there with her husband, Earl (who is also a writer), and small son, shortly after writing the story. It's about the trouble a pretty girl gets into by pretending she is something she isn't. (No trouble at all, really.)



Roy Flynn

EDITORIAL OFFICE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL —ROY FLYNN IS 33. A RECONSTRUCTED YANKEE FROM BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT. WE MET AND MARRIED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA NINE YEARS AGO. ONE DAUGHTER, CAITILIN, AGE 6. ROY WORKED IN RADIO FOR MANY YEARS, TAUGHT AT THE UNIVERSITY, GRADUATE WORK AND JOB AT FLORIDA STATE. PRESENT TITLE: DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS. HE IS HINTING NOW THAT I HAVE TWINS SO THAT HE WILL HAVE A STORY TWICE AS GOOD AS TRAVAIL TO OFFER TO THE JOURNAL.—

—PEGGY MAULDIN FLYNN

Think Entertainment Complete in This Issue

A Lovely Light—an informal autobiography *Edna St. Vincent Millay* 52

Stories

Travail . . . *Roy Flynn* 12
The Incompetence of Candy . . . *Elizabeth Dunn* 44
The Girl With the Splintered Personality . . . *Norma Fultz* 48
Giant (Fifth part of six) . . . *Edna Ferber* 54

Special Features

"A Reason to Live and a Reason to Die" . *Dorothy Thompson* 11
Forgotten Citizens in Topeka, Kansas, State Hospital . . . 28
Help From Volunteers . . . *Margaret Hickey* 28
Tell Me Doctor (Second part of eight) . . *Dr. Henry B. Safford* 38
Chester Dale's Private Collection . . . *G. M. White* 50
What's She Got That I Haven't? . . . *Dr. Benjamin Spock* 56
The Glitter and the Gold (Conclusion). *Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan* 72
Political Pilgrim's Progress:
From Kitchen to Convention . . . 74
Blow Your Top! . . . 126
How America Lives: They Learned to Love Again . *Paul Marcus* 171

General Features

Our Readers Write Us . . . 4
Under-Cover Stuff . . . *Bernardine Kielty* 16
Reference Library . . . 30
Making Marriage Work . . . *Clifford R. Adams* 32
Block That Kick! (The Sub-Deb) . . . *Edited by Ruth Imler* 34
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town . . . 41
There's a Man in the House . . . *Harlan Miller* 68
Ask Any Woman . . . *Marcelene Cox* 151
Miscarriage . . . *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* 193
This is a Lower-Lipper . . . *Munro Leaf* 200
Diary of Domesticity . . . *Gladys Taber* 210

Fashion and Beauty

One Wonderful Suit . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 58
A World of Ideas . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 59
"I'll See You Tonight" . . . *Ruth Mary Packard* 60
All for $100 . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 62
Separates—Morning, Noon and Night . . . *Nora O'Leary* 64
The Soft Touch . . . *Dawn Crowell Norman* 177
$50 Pattern Wardrobe . . . *Nora O'Leary* 181

Food and Entertaining

October Gives a Party . . . *Ann Batchelder* 70
Line a Day . . . *Ann Batchelder* 76
Quick and Easys for Two . . . *Louella G. Shouer* 106
Complete and Perfect . . . *Gladys Taber* 117
Flowers on the Wedding Cake . . . *Louella G. Shouer* 160
Two Cooks are Better Than One . . . *Eugenia Simons* 182
Conversation Piece . . . *Ruth Mills Teague* 204

Redecorating, Interior Decorations and Gardens

The Brush-Everard House . . . *Richard Pratt* 46
Modern with a Future . . . *H. T. Williams* 66
$180 and Five Years . . . *Richard Pratt* 69
Color Cover-up . . . *Henrietta Murdock* 178

Poems

Mark Van Doren 14 • Jesse Stuart 91 • Elizabeth McFarland 96 • Louis Ginsberg 102 • Elizabeth Coatsworth 120 • Edna St. Vincent Millay 135, 154, 162 • Elizabeth-Ellen Long 190 • May Williams Ward 198

Cover Photograph by Wilhela Cushman

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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

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Our Readers Write us

What's Your Definition?

Tacoma, Washington

Dear Editors: This is such a seemingly simple question, but it has me and my friends without a satisfactory answer: How do you define femininity?

It all started with a rather disparaging remark about my not being feminine, and in attempting to deny the remark, I found myself without a basis for deciding whether I was or wasn't. In discussions with friends, I find no one with a clear-cut idea of just what is meant by the term.

Yours truly,
NANCY B. LEVESQUE

P.S. In common with a lot of women, according to your letters, you brought *me* up, too—well, almost.

▶ *If you've got a man interested in you, you're feminine—enough. ED.*

Original Model

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Editors: This letter is long overdue. In the summer of 1951, you printed a wonderful story written by a young teacher.

As I fell in love with the main character, I experienced an especially deep thrill—the thrill that can only come to one who has in some way participated in the making of a smash hit. You see, the model who posed for that beautiful, ethereal, color drawing of him was my young son, Bobby.



Bobby Tyler



As C. T. Young

I am glad that we could share in such an historic first and wish Miss Elizabeth Vroman the best of everything as she receives the many awards and compliments that she well deserves.

Very sincerely yours,
ENID TYLER

▶ *More requests for the original and reproductions of R. G. Harris' painting of Bobby were received than for any other fiction illustration in years. ED.*

We're Stumped Too

Richland, Washington

Dear Editors: My teacher's wife got a baby a few days ago. When he got back from the hospital, all the kids wanted to know where the cigars were. He said he did not have any and no one in the room was man enough to smoke one. So I brought up the subject of candy cigars. Then my teacher said that if I told him the origin of passing out cigars when you get a baby, he would get me one. So that night my mother and I went to the library. We and the librarian looked and looked but we could not find a single thing. Then my mother thought of writing to you. She said you could find it.

Sincerely,
MARJORIE JOHNSON—11½

▶ *Marjorie, we'll just have to put it up to the people who know everything—our readers. ED.*

One Way to Speak for America

Sydney, Australia

Dear Sir: Americans come in for a lot of criticism by people who have never been to your country and know nothing about you beyond what they gather from a few best sellers.

Unfortunately the JOURNAL is beyond the reach of most people outside America, but I sincerely believe if all your readers passed on their copies regularly to some person, or preferably lending library, in another country, more would be done for world understanding of your way of life than any official drive could possibly achieve.

Yours very truly,
B. ZALOCOSTAS

Alliance, Ohio

Dear Editors: In Paris, I was a guest at a luncheon given by Mrs. Chauderie, Stephens College representative in Europe, and among her guests was Mrs. Van Den Hoogen-Kalf, a very interesting Dutch woman whose husband is with the United Nations in Paris.

Mrs. Van Den Hoogen-Kalf told me that she had not been privileged to come here—but that she knew about America. I asked her what impressed her most—you'll love her answer: "The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL."

I feel it would be a real pleasure for me to send her the thing that so impressed her about America. Sincerely,
MRS. ARTHUR J. HOILES

Co. Durham, England

Dear Editor: I wonder if any of your readers would be kind enough to send me their copies of your magazine?

A sick niece of mine suddenly found an appetite after eating nothing for two weeks. The reason—she had been passed two copies of your JOURNAL.

When her nanny asked her what she wanted for supper, she staggered her by saying, "Tomatoes, egg and a nice thick slice of ham." Her daddy who was home from sea went out and didn't return until he found some and so the supper was taken up to the sickroom. She ate it all and soon began to get well.

With grateful thanks for all past help from the States and hope for a peaceful and united future, I am, sir,
Yours faithfully,
NANCY CROSS

▶ *Some of our readers might like to follow these suggestions to pass along their used JOURNALS to friends abroad. Why not suggest, too, that they be placed in the local library? (We'll gladly forward letters to people who have requested JOURNALS.) ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)



Yes—try new DREFT for gleaming dishes—lovely hands!

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(Continued from Page 4)

Superior Sex?

▶ *Hullabaloo began in July by Ashley Montagu's Natural Superiority of Women merrily continues—with as many men taking women's part as women are taking men's. ED.*

The struggle which men have had to achieve even an approach to the smugness with which little girls are born is what has achieved civilization.

MRS. W. E. COULBOURN
Port Arthur, Texas

I wonder if Mr. Montagu has ever seen two women who were after the same man?

JOAN EDWARDS
Wilmington, North Carolina

The one salient point that the author does not bring out—perhaps can't admit—is that the American women of today are definitely more intelligent than the men.

G. MAC CREAGH
St. Petersburg, Florida

My husband read the article and I must say it didn't damage his ego a bit. He now calls me "Super X" and just grins when I call him "Poor little damaged Y"—I guess we have a wonderful marriage.

MRS. A. K. SEYMOUR
Bremerton, Washington

"Thank God—and Those People"

West Los Angeles, California

Dear Editors: I am very proud to be the mother of my blind son! So much so, that my pride urges me to write such a letter as this to you both. To reach the point where I can make such a statement has taken me



Sun still shining—in his smiles!

through long and not unhazardous times. But the very fact that I am at this point, today, makes me humble and grateful.

I want to help others who, like myself, have been touched by the hands of God. Born three months premature, he weighed 1 pound 10 ounces at ten days of age, which was the first fairly safe time they could remove him from the incubator to be weighed. He probably weighed about 1½ pounds at birth. Because of his premature birth and weight, he is blind. The disease is called "retrolental-fibro-plasia." To this date there is no cure, nor an answer as to why it occurs. We have in our state the California School for the Blind and also the Nursing School for Visually Handicapped Children, the first school of its kind anywhere. Through God and those people, I, my husband and our families have come up from the blackest depths of despair to find that the sun is still shining, not only in God's heaven, but in our baby's smiles.

Sincerely,
SHIRLEY L. BURTON-BARSKIN

Glitter Masked Misery

Eggertsville, New York

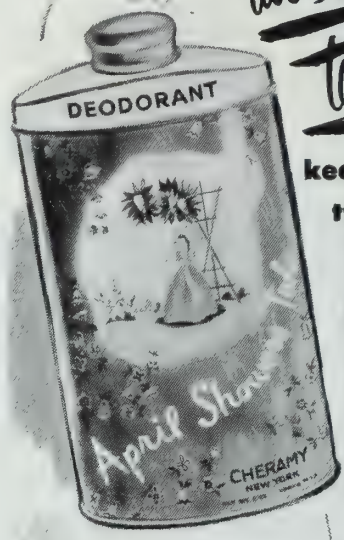
Dear Editors: During the last decades of the nineteenth century, the Vanderbilts were heavily invested in railroad stocks and railroad workers were making $10 to $15 a week. Moreover, when in desperation they called strikes, people like the Vanderbilts called on the Pinkertons to beat and even kill the wretches. Though I am a "rockbound" Republican I am happy to see that the day of the exploitation of the

(Continued on Page 8)

new!

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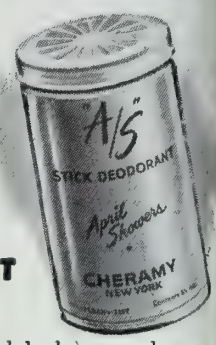
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(Continued from Page 6)

many for the benefit of the prodigal few has passed. This was not due to the Democratic Party but to the awakening of the conscience of a whole people.

I was amused about Consuelo's remark that "England was prosperous" when she went there as a bride of eighteen. Even when I was six, in 1907, little children of eight and ten rushed from their schools to the cotton mills to work until seven or eight at night. I remember the clogs of my playmates and their torn shawls, as I used to watch them coming home staggering, coughing and exhausted. Tuberculosis was a common thing among our neighbors and I well recall their wretched homes. If that was "prosperity," then thank God it has been banished from England. But of course, neither the Marlboroughs nor the Vanderbilts cared. They ate meals prepared by French chefs while the majority dined meagerly on turnips, potatoes and bread. As an account of an evil era of luxury and starvation, of carriages and broken boots, The Glitter and the Gold cannot be surpassed. Sincerely,

TAYLOR CALDWELL

▶ *We join Taylor Caldwell in her thanksgiving for today's improved social conditions. One of the first to recognize the need for change was Glitter author. One of the Vanderbilts* did *care. Next letter. ED.*

Loving Kindness Remembered

Hollywood, California

Dear Editors: Before World War I, I often talked to women in the village of Woodstock (on the outskirts of Blenheim).

In all the conversations I had after the Duchess left, I recall the praise always expressed for her character, her loving kindness and the regret that she had gone from their midst. But I never remember one word for the Duke. He was not popular and everyone felt sorry for the Duchess. She had the reputation of being a lovely woman who spent her life trying to help lame dogs over stiles.

I can confirm the way she describes food leftovers being given to the villagers. Cottagers paid about 25c a week for a home with a little garden to grow vegetables to help out the earnings of their laboring husbands—about 10 shillings (then $2.50) a week. So the people had no alternative. They had to take feudal patronage.

That was why eventually I burned my boats and at the age of fifty-three came to the U.S.A. I have been a citizen since January, 1938. Yours sincerely,

MABEL L. PIPER

Fiftieth Anniversary

Utica, Michigan

Gentlemen: I am sending you a picture which might be of interest to you. It is a picture taken of my mother and father as



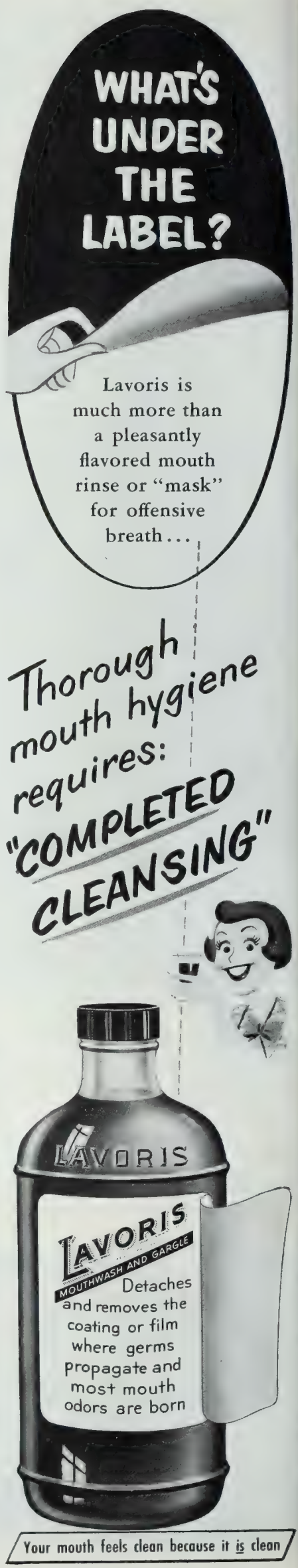
Mr. and Mrs. Hawley with friend—old and new.

they celebrated their golden-wedding anniversary holding copies of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL of June, 1902, and June, 1952.

The picture is of Arthur and Elizabeth Hawley taken at Hamburg, New York, the day when they had been married fifty years. Very truly yours,

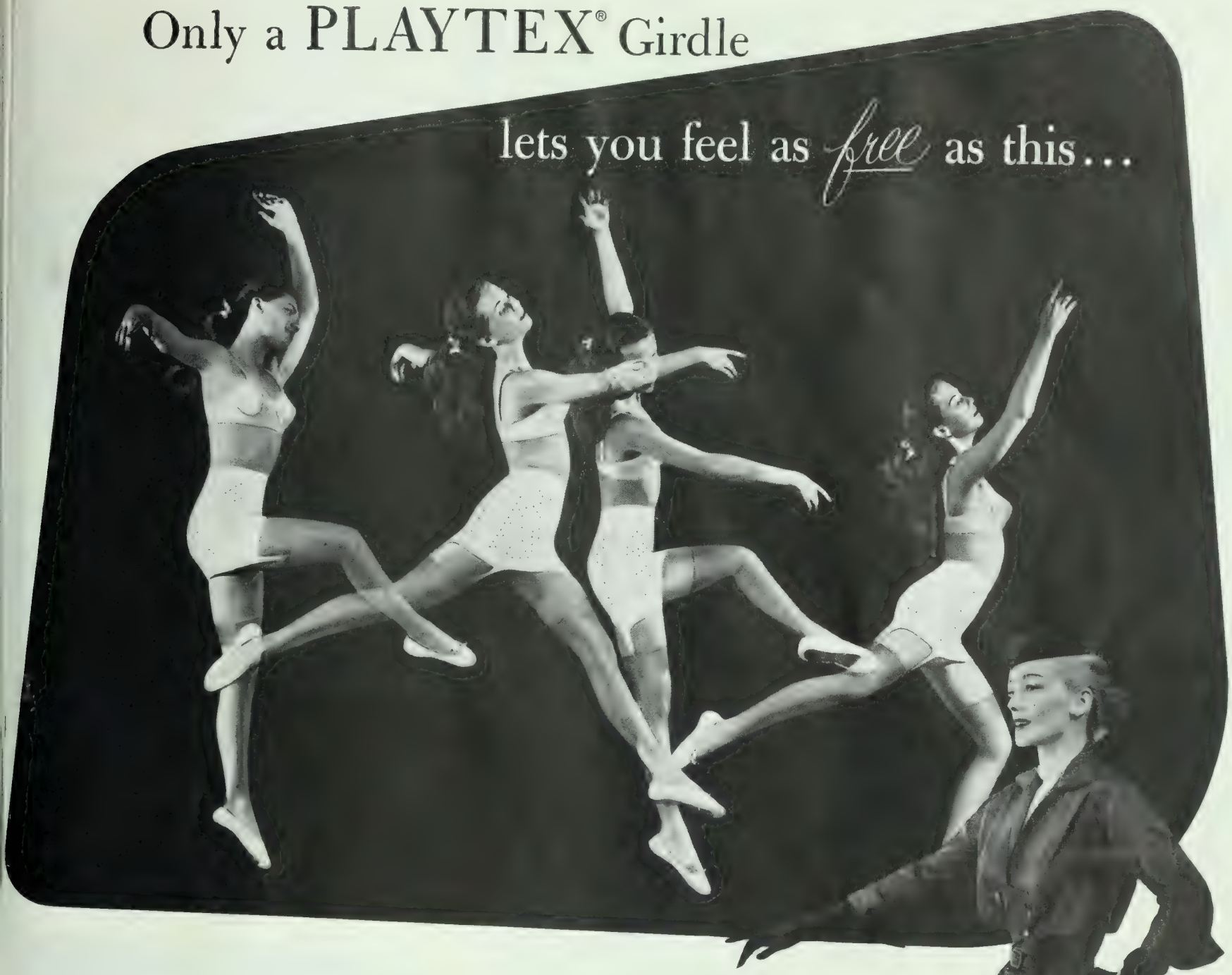
DR. RUSSELL A. HAWLEY

▶ *Nobody seems to have changed much. ED.*



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M-G-M's Movie-of-the-Month Calendar



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Ladies' Home

JOURNAL

Bruce Gould
Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors



STONE ALLEY, NANTUCKET *by Ruth Haviland Sutton*

"A reason to live and a reason to die"

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

"The aggressive invite aggression: the hateful, hate: the loving, love. We reap what we sow."

In reading Whittaker Chambers' remarkable book, Witness, which better enables one to penetrate the mind of the genuine Communist than anything I have read, I came across this sentence: "A man . . . peering upon a world in chaos finds in the vision the two certainties for which the mind of man tirelessly seeks; a reason to live and a reason to die."

The sentence brought me up short, and I laid the book aside to think about it as a strictly personal challenge. Have I been "tirelessly seeking a reason to live and a reason to die"? Definitely not. Is that because I lack a seeking mind? I do not think so. Mine is a mind constantly questioning, weighing, doubting, looking for answers and dissatisfied with most of them, including many generally accepted.

But—a reason to live? Life itself is a "reason to live." My reason to live is because I love being alive. Then, I thought, one could drop the last two words. My reason to live is because I love.

Some reader is certain to say, "Oh, well, you have been lucky. You have a lot. Why shouldn't you love to live?"

Yes, I have been in some ways fortunate, especially in having had, on the whole, exceptionally good health. But I have known poverty and, I think, my full share of sorrow, cares, griefs and frustrations, and one swift and serious illness—a ruptured appendix and peritonitis before the days of penicillin. I was taken on Christmas night from a Berlin hotel in a semicoma from pain, and through the pain and sinking darkness, I remember saying to myself, "I am dying." Perhaps I was too ill to care. Nature, I think, prepares the mind to accept such a reality. It did not, I recall, frighten me. It appeared rather as a new experience—an experience, perhaps, of life in another habitat of consciousness.

When I "came to" out of the ether it was raining. I love rain. A line from Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Renascence" flashed across my mind: "I would I were alive again to kiss the fingers of the rain." The glittering branch of an ice-robed tree moved across the window and a bowl of autumn roses stood on a table and a pot of cyclamen on the sill. I was so glad to be back in this world of rain and sun and trees and flowers. After all, it's the only world I've ever known and I just love it!

When I say "To be alive is to love" or "The reason for living is loving," I don't mean "love" in the limited sense it seems to have come to have—sexual love, mother love, or love of humanity, in all of which there is pain as well as joy. (I don't know that I *do* love "humanity" much, especially in the abstract. I only know that I belong to it.) But I mean the love which sings hymns in praise of things.

Sometimes I think (and I imagine I have written this before) that people actually have "taken leave of their senses." We can see, hear, taste, smell and touch, and these senses are not only the primary means of self-protection but the source of greatest delight. It is through the senses that we make our first discriminations—between beauty and ugliness, bitter and sweet, smoothness and roughness, music and noise.

The senses are cultivated by use. The painter trains himself better to see, the musician to hear, the craftsman to touch, the chef to taste *(Continued on Page 14)*

Executive Editor, Mary Bass • *Managing Editor,* Laura Lou Brookman
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New shortening short-cut *(Kraft Oil)*



No creaming! No cutting in! New lighter-bodied oil blends quicker with other ingredients

It's a wonderful time-saver! Kraft Oil measures out so easily... *exactly* the amount your recipe calls for!

Kraft Oil also has a secret that makes it blend more quickly and perfectly with sugar, flour, all other ingredients.

This is the only oil that's superfined to give it a lighter body. Kraft Oil gives your baking a texture that's tender and fluffy and moist. Every time!

These recipes will prove what we mean. Try 'em all soon. Try one of them today.

Spice Cake

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup Kraft Oil
6 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons molasses
¾ cup cold water
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
2 teaspoons orange juice
½ teaspoon cream of tartar

Sift the flour, sugar, baking powder, salt, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg together into a bowl. Make a well and add in order, the Kraft Oil, egg yolks, molasses, water, orange rind and juice. Beat with a spoon until smooth. Add the cream of tartar to the egg whites and beat until *very, very stiff*. Pour the egg yolk mixture gradually over the whipped egg whites, carefully folding with a rubber scraper just until blended. Do not stir. Pour immediately into an ungreased 10 x 4 inch tube pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 325°, for 70 minutes or until the top springs back when lightly touched.

After removing the cake from the oven, turn the pan upside down, placing the tube part over the neck of a small funnel. When cold, loosen the sides with a spatula, remove cake from the pan.

Caramel "Philly" Frosting

1 8-oz. package Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
¼ cup caramel syrup*
4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar

Blend the cream cheese and the syrup. Add the sugar gradually, blending it in well.

*To make caramel syrup, heat 1 cup granulated sugar in a frying pan over low heat, stirring constantly. Heat until melted to a golden brown syrup. Add ½ cup hot water and stir until smooth. Cool.



Sage Biscuits

(a wonderful topper for chicken pie)

2 cups flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon powdered sage
⅓ cup Kraft Oil
⅔ cup milk

Sift together the dry ingredients. Pour the Kraft Oil and milk into a mea ing cup, but do not stir. Pour all at once into the dry ingredients. Stir a fork until the mixture rounds up into a ball. Smooth the dough by ing about ten times without additional flour. Roll between 2 pieces o paper to ½-inch thickness. Cut with an unfloured, 1½-inch biscuit Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a very hot oven, 475°. Makes 18 small b

nakes baking so much easier!



plesauce Nut Bread

2 cups flour
¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup medium-thick smooth unsweetened applesauce
¼ cup Kraft Oil

ifted dry ingredients and nuts ner. Combine egg, applesauce Kraft Oil. Add to the dry ingre- and stir just until blended. into a 5 x 9 inch greased loaf nd bake in a moderate oven, for 50 minutes.

Cream Puffs

¼ cup Kraft Oil
½ cup boiling water
½ cup sifted flour
Dash of salt
2 eggs

Bring Kraft Oil and water to boil. Add flour and salt all at once and stir vigorously until smooth and mixture comes away from sides of pan. Remove from heat and add the eggs, one at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Drop by spoonfuls (2 inches apart) onto greased baking sheet, making 6 puffs. Bake in hot oven, 450°, 10 min.; then reduce heat to moderately hot oven, 400°, and bake 25 min. longer. Cool. Slice off top of each puff and fill with vanilla custard or whipped cream. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.

Blueberry Muffins

1½ cups sifted flour
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup Kraft Oil
½ cup milk
1 cup fresh or drained frozen blueberries

Sift together the dry ingredients. Combine the egg, Kraft Oil and milk, and add to dry ingredients. Stir just until the ingredients are blended. Fold in the blueberries. Fill greased muffin cups ⅔ full. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 400°, for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

Cheese Sticks

1¼ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 5-oz. jar "Old English" Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread
2 tablespoons water
4 tablespoons Kraft Oil

Sift together flour and salt. Cream the cheese spread (at room temperature) until smooth. Gradually add the water, blending until very smooth. Add Kraft Oil slowly, mixing well. Add to the dry ingredients. Toss and mix with a fork. Form into a ball. Roll between two squares of waxed paper to ⅛ inch thickness. If bottom paper wrinkles, turn and roll on other side. Remove top sheet. Cut dough into strips 4 inches long and ½ inch wide. Bake in hot oven, 425°, for 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 40 sticks.



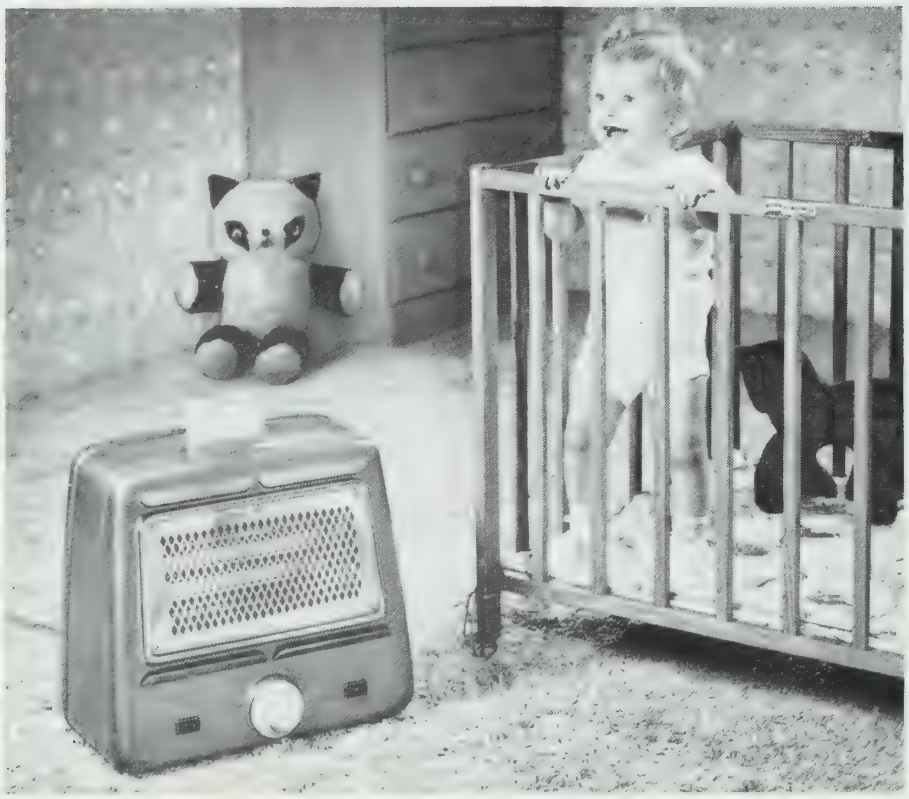
KRAFT OIL

superfined—the most wonderful oil ever created for homemade salad dressings and baking!

New Arvin

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC HEATER

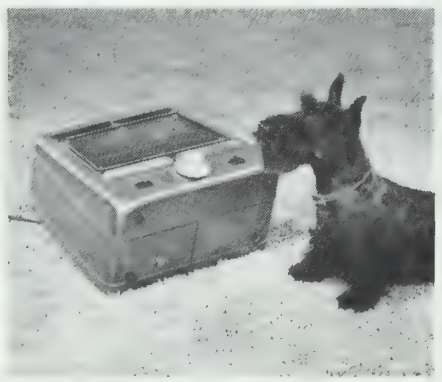
maintains exact room temperature you want



KING-SIZE AND THERMOSTAT-CONTROLLED—It's really a room-size furnace. Heating unit is same dependable, long-lived type as used in electric ranges and is thermostat-controlled. Combines fan-forced and radiant heat. Beautifully finished, with red-glow signal light. Safeguard Safety Switch. Operates at either 1650 or 1320 watts, as you choose. Guaranteed one year and Underwriters' listed. **$34.95**



SET IT AND LET IT ALONE—Just set your king-size Arvin to the temperature you want and that's what you get. Thermostat automatically turns heater on and off, like a furnace. Can't overheat or waste current.

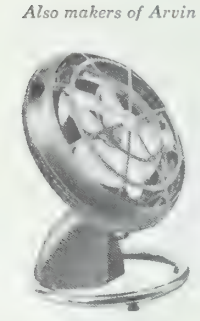


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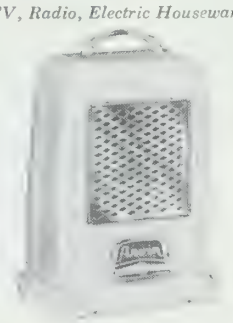
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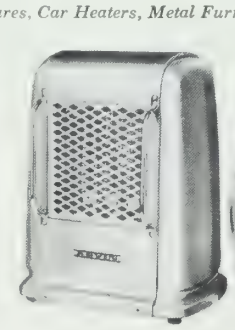
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Arvin Radiant Heater. Operates on either AC or DC. The most efficient heater of its type ever built. **$11.95**

(Continued from Page 11)

and smell. The extent to which we develop the artist in ourselves measures the extent to which we appreciate not only art but life.

The cultivation of the senses is intimately related to cerebral processes. "Vision" is an intellectual extension of the eye. A prophet is a "seer." Logic strives to arrange thoughts in an order. But whence comes the idea of order? Obviously, it seems to me, from observation of order—an order into which we are born—an order not created by man but of which man is an organic part.

I love life because I am conscious of my existence in an order which is sublime. My "reason to live" is to strive to recognize, accept, co-operate with and serve that order, and thus help to fulfill the law of Nature, Creation, God. And since that order encompasses death, the acceptance gives me sufficient "reason to die."

Over and over again these days we hear the phrase "The world is in chaos." But "the world" is not in chaos.

I have been observing the world for a long time, and I wish to report that the world is in perfect order and always has been. In the many years during which I have been living and admiring it, this planet has never failed to turn on its axis with exact mathematical certitude; the sun has never failed to rise and set; the blue star Arcturus has always appeared in exactly the same relationship to the constellation of the Bear; the polestar has never gone on a rampage to distract the mariner. An acorn has always produced an oak and not an elm; sown wheat has produced wheat and not barley; the cosmos always comes up cosmos and not a Canterbury bell; Jersey cows bred to Jersey bulls bear Jerseys, not Holsteins; and the wild ducks always wheel southward at the same time.

The Bible is the greatest book ever written because it contains the most penetrating observations of the operation of natural law; the greatest warnings of what happens to men who defy it; and the most certain promises of happiness to those who accept and co-operate with it.

"Inventive man" has invented nothing. If he has produced a machine that in motion overcomes the law of gravity, he learned the essentials from the observation of birds. If his gardens produce flowers and fruits once unknown, the flowers are all refinements by cross fertilization of the original flowers of the woods and the original fruits of the soil. The agriculturalist improves his fields only by observing and applying the inexorable facts of nature.

The best guide to ethics is observation of natural attractions and polarities. The aggressive invite aggression; the hateful, hate; the loving, love. We reap what we sow. We do not gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles.

Like Raining in a River

By Mark Van Doren

Like raining in a river; like the dove,
The mourning dove, when day already dies;
Like dawn at noon were there a sun to rise
But oh, there is, and she is my own love
Like dreams in dreams her bounty is, above
All asking, and all wanting, were I wise;
But I am not, and so it multiplies
My happiness, that nothing will remove.

It is the child of such a sweet excess
In her that loves me, it can never end.
See how she tries, by giving, to be less,
Yet grows; and so my love does, that is friend
To trees and stars, those great ones who confess
All night how far love's limits do extend.

The parables and teachings of Christ are almost all drawn from observation of nature, applied to human conduct.

Christ was the great life lover Whose love of life encompassed His own sacrificial death "that man might have life and have it more abundantly." His "reason to die" was His knowledge that, being lifted up on the cross as the very symbol of love and life, He would draw all men unto Him. Christianity is a science of conduct.

No, "the world" is not in chaos. *Men* are in chaos. They are in chaos because of disobedience, because of opposition to accepting their place in the natural order. Once man thought that the universe revolved around this planet. Eventually he was forced to recognize (in great offense to his pride) that the planet is a minor satellite. The most self-inflated of the animals thinks he "knows better" — thinks he knows it all.

Communism is the cult of those who think man created God, and not the other way around. That is what Whittaker Chambers has said in the opening chapters of Witness. And it is that which has enraged not only the communists but all the other smart alecks who share the basic premise of communism: that it is man's duty to "change the world" in contemptuous disregard of its natural order. Those are the sixth column, the way pavers for the fifth.

But God's nature has a way of getting rid of disturbers of its order and peace. "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."

Those who look for beauty will find it; those who listen for the voice of truth will hear; those who love will be loved; those who protect life will be protected by it as long as the stars continue in their courses, the winds rise and the rivers flow.

This is no longer something "I believe." It is something I know, confirmed by experience. When I have betrayed the belief and disregarded the knowledge, as I often have, I have been punished, not by courts but by inexorable effects of causes, and the punishment has never been unjust.

Life is a wonder and a miracle—in all its phases, in fortune and misfortune. We take life, as we take our beloved in marriage, "for richer, for poorer, in sickness and health," and the first debt we owe to life is a debt of gratitude.

"I hate ingratitude more in a man than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness."

Shakespeare was another of the great lovers and affirmers of life—seeing, hearing, feeling, sensing its terrors, wonders, mysteries, revelations, grandeur. Therefore, life is the world's consummate artist. And therefore he was able to retire from "the world" at a relatively early age and cultivate his garden.

"Because I have loved life, I know I shall love death as well," said Rabindranath Tagore.

He needed no further "reason to live, no reason to die."

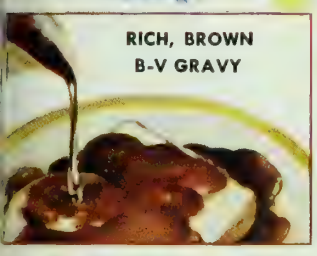
THE E

Wouldn't you like to WIN $1,000.00 worth of NEW CLOTHES

OR ONE OF 225 OTHER GRAND PRIZES

FROM YOUR FAVORITE STORE









Just finish this JINGLE
It's so Easy! Enter today!

Look at all these chances to have the beautiful new clothes you've wanted from the store of your choice. And see how easy it is to enter. Just the top from a Wilson's B-V carton and a winning last line to this simple jingle:

In my kitchen, you'll always see,
My faithful jar of Wilson's B-V.
For gravy, soups and savory stews,

Print plainly. Last word must rhyme with "stews."

Follow These Simple Rules

1. Print or write plainly a last line for Wilson's B-V jingle to rhyme with the word "stews". Use entry blank or plain sheet of paper. *Print* name and address plainly.
2. All entries must be mailed to Wilson's B-V Jingle Contest, Box 7337, Chicago 77; be postmarked on or before November 30, 1952, and received by judges not later than December 10, 1952.
3. Entries submitted must be the original work of contestant and carry his (or her) own signature.
4. Contestants may enter as many last lines as desired but each entry must be accompanied by the top from a Wilson's B-V carton.
5. Entries will be judged by an independent organization upon the basis of originality and aptness. Judges decisions are final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. All entries become the property of Wilson & Co., Inc. None will be returned. You accept these conditions when you enter.
6. No award will be made to any contestant who has previously been awarded a prize of $500 in cash, or in kind, in any previous contest of this or any other sponsor in the last five years.
7. Contest is open to all residents of the United States and District of Columbia, EXCEPT employees of Wilson & Co., Inc., its subsidiary companies and their families, and its advertising agency. Contest is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations.
8. All winners will be notified by mail, or in person, approximately six weeks after final closing date. First, second and third prize winners will be asked to designate the stores with which money is to be deposited.

Look at these PRIZES

4 First Prizes
Each, $1,000 worth of new clothes at the winners' favorite stores. (Or cash.)

2 Second Prizes
Each, $500 worth of new clothes at winners' favorite stores. (Or cash.)

10 Third Prizes
Each, $100 worth of new

Next 10 Prizes
Each, 1 year's supply of Wilson's Canned Meats.

Next 200 Prizes
Each a selected package of Wilson's choice canned meat specialties.

226 PRIZES TO WIN FROM



B-V is America's favorite gravy maker and meat flavor. Used in millions of homes. Recipes on B-V carton and jar.

The Wilson label protects your table

USE THIS ENTRY BLANK

WILSON & CO. INC

Wilson & Co.'s B-V Jingle Contest
P.O. Box 7337
Chicago 77, Illinois

This is my entry to the Wilson's B-V Jingle Contest. One B-V carton top is enclosed. My last line is given below.

In my kitchen, you'll always see,
My faithful jar of Wilson's B-V.
For gravy, soups and savory stews

Print plainly. Last word to rhyme with "stews."

Your name .....
Please print plainly.

Address .....

City ..... *Zone* ..... *State* .....

Contest closes November 30, 1952



Can you lift off your OVEN DOOR?

You can with a Tappan. Now you can clean every corner of that big chrome lined oven quickly, easily, without reaching or stretching. The door comes off with a flick—goes back just as quick. Just one of the many features that prove

TAPPAN IS DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND

TAPPAN
GAS RANGE



Another Tappan feature is the new Pres-Toe broiler... just press a pedal—the broiler comes full out. Every inch of space is see-able, usable—makes food watching and turning so much easier. You'll serve broiled foods often with a convenient Tappan Pres-Toe broiler.



How modern is YOUR range? Compare it with the new TAPPAN!

Here are a few of the features any modern range should have. Check your present range against this list. You'll quickly see why Tappan is first choice of American women.

	TAPPAN	YOUR RANGE
Does oven door have glass window?	yes	___
Is oven chrome lined for better baking?	yes	___
Does oven turn on and off by automatic clock?	yes	___
Are there chrome drip trays under each burner?	yes	___
Does oven door lift off for easy oven cleaning?	yes	___
Does it have conveniently arranged storage space?	yes	___
Does broiler come out with toe-touch on pedal?	yes	___
Can you turn on oven light without opening door?	yes	___
Does range have built-in cooking charts and guides?	yes	___
Does it have a place to keep crackers and cereals crisp?	yes	___

Visit your Tappan dealer for complete demonstration. You'll be surprised at how inexpensively you can enjoy a new Tappan. There is a Tappan range to fit every budget, every kitchen. Models for city gas, Philgas and other LP (bottled) gases. For complete catalog, see your dealer or write The Tappan Stove Company, Department L-102, Mansfield, Ohio. In Canada, John Inglis Company Ltd., Toronto.

Compare and you'll take TAPPAN



Ray Bolger—it's hard to be funny when there's no one around to laugh.

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

RAY BOLGER says he wishes he could hear a laugh while he is making a movie. Trying to be funny in the silence of the sound stage wears him down. He has to wait three months to see if he gets a laugh, and that, he says, is too long.

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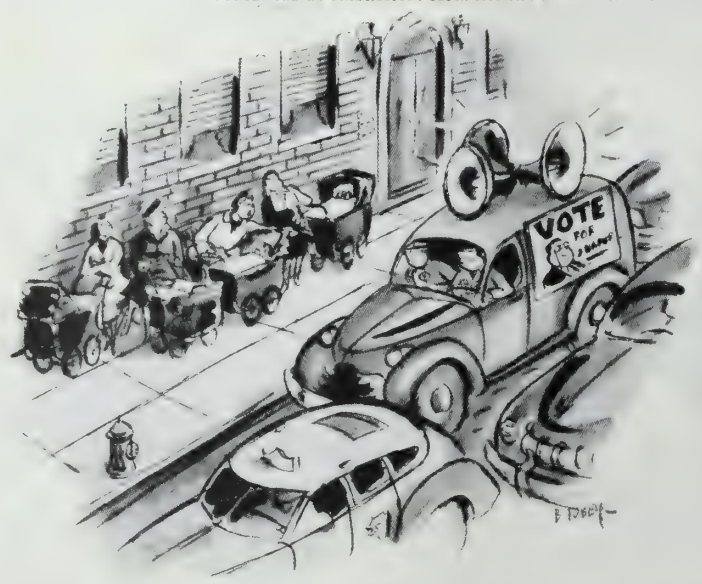
Entertainers have their troubles off stage. One time Houdini, escape artist, Blackstone, magician, and Dunninger, mind reader, had dinner together in New York. Dunninger had parked his car nearby. When the three returned to the car, Dunninger, the mental genius, discovered he had mislaid the key and couldn't remember where he put it. Blackstone couldn't get the door open. And Houdini, who claimed he could make his way out of any padlocked milk can or jail cell, couldn't pick the lock. This we read in IT TAKES ALL KINDS, by *Maurice Zolotow,* a collection of odd and amusing profiles of a dozen eccentrics, from race tout Feedbox Jack to elegant sophisticate Jules Glaenzer.

•

With elections close upon us we might take a look at what others do. Among candidates for England's Parliament some argue themselves right out of votes. One candidate in the last election called himself the independent millionaires' candidate. (He owns a string of movie theaters.) Another campaigned for a one-hour-a-day work schedule, which he practices himself. (He is a retired shoe manufacturer now running a farm.) A third advocated legalized cockfighting, confiscation of all jewelry to pay for Britain's imports, and the lowering of the school-departure age from fifteen to twelve.

(Continued on Page 18)

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"You've just lost four votes—that's what you've done!"

this is your next floor!



Gold Seal VinylFlor 2007 (Blue) Insets: Gold Seal VinylTile PT 02 (Yellow)

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Gold Seal VinylTop, reatest thing yet or sink-tops! Soap- roof, waterproof!

Gold Seal VinylTile, finest of all lay-it-yourself tile! 14 clear-est, cleanest colors!

This is today's miracle floor! No waxing needed. Sets entirely new standards of wear-resistance under toughest household conditions. So tough even lye or spatters from a hot pan can't hurt it. For Gold Seal VinylFlor is *superior* vinyl plastic . . . *inlaid* vinyl . . . not just a slicked-on surface, but a vinyl composition that goes solidly through to the backing. Your guide to this *quality* floor is the famous Gold Seal . . . it guarantees satisfaction or your money back!

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VINYLTOP

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*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 16)

Whittaker Chambers, author of what will probably go down as one of the great autobiographies—**WITNESS**—is still a controversial figure to many persons. In spite of which Bennett Cerf, his publisher, gave a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Chambers a day or two before publication of the book, and invited about twenty people of almost as many shades of political thought. The editors of two national magazines of enormous circulation, one on the conservative side, the other not. A playwright whose colleagues in the entertainment world have suffered through Red Channel listings. Two articulate literary women. A lawyer. A judge. If anyone can make a party go it is the Cerfs, but this time they admitted that they had taken on something.

Everyone present had been thinking up questions for the preceding two weeks, and each expected Mr. Chambers to give an answer. On the witness stand so often, perhaps Chambers will always be expected to have all the answers. But this time it wasn't entirely fair. For at least two years he had been living on a remote farm, absorbed in writing a difficult and for him doubtless a heart-rending book. The others had been reading, thinking and formulating their beliefs on all the wide-flung general topics which they were now quizzing him about. He answered them all. There were no fireworks. Everyone was controlled even if tense. But the air in that pleasant living room was filled with the ghosts of yesterday—the shattered ideals of Leftists now grown into temperate middle age, the doubts of ardent New Dealers trying to reconcile their old beliefs to post-war experience. Some present said nothing, only listened. No one said, "I told you so."

"It was a Think evening," said Bennett, wiping his brow when it was over.

•

J.O.B., as you may know, is Just One Break, the organization which tries to get business firms to employ disabled persons in order to restore them to the dignity of self-sufficiency. It is run by Orin Lehman, himself disabled; and

PHOTO BY CHICAGO HERALD-AMERICAN
FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

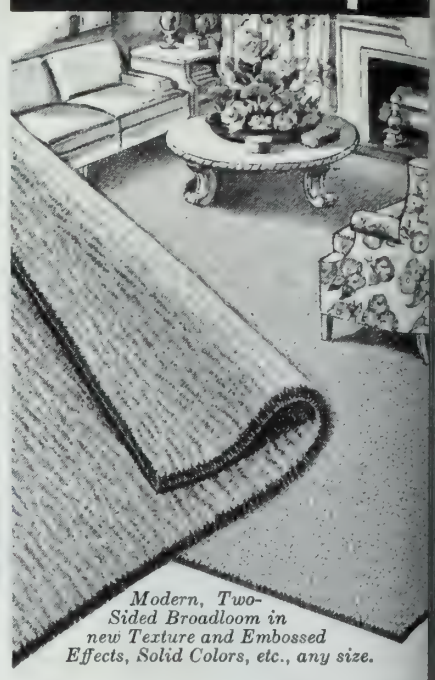


Henry J. Wiegman, of Cicero, Illinois, born without arms, paints with brush held in his mouth.

now Henry Viscardi, who was born without legs, is going in with him. A **MAN'S STATURE,** by ***Henry Viscardi,*** is the inspiring account of what one man, so handicapped, has accomplished. Once grown, he got artificial limbs. He served during the war, and since the war has been helping amputee cases to get adjusted. He has made himself a normal life, is married, has children,

(Continued on Page 22)

RUG "Magic"



Modern, Two-Sided Broadloom in new Texture and Embossed Effects, Solid Colors, etc., any size.

Lovelier Rugs for Less Money

direct from the Olson Factory

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Hoover Triple-Action Model 29 (shown here) $89.95. Cleaning Tools $20.95. Other Hoovers from $62.95. Prices slightly higher in Canada

If you really want to preserve the life and beauty of your costly rugs and furnishings (and who doesn't, these days?) get yourself a Hoover Triple-Action Cleaner—the *only* kind that "*vibra-cleans*". You can buy a Hoover so easily, too, for a small down payment and on easy monthly terms.

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Revolutionary new recipe—

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How to make SPANISH RICE PRONTO

It used to take hours for the señoras to create a taste treat like this! But now, thanks to *quick*, *quick* MINUTE RICE teamed with *smooth*, *smooth* HUNT'S TOMATO SAUCE, you can whip up wonderful Spanish Rice in just 18 minutes—and for the amazingly low cost of 9¢ a serving!

¼ cup bacon drippings
1 medium onion, thinly sliced
½ medium green pepper, diced
1⅓ cups Minute Rice
1¾ cups hot water
2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
1 teaspoon prepared mustard (optional)

Melt bacon drippings in saucepan or skillet. Add onion, green pepper, and Minute Rice (right from the package). Cook and stir over high heat until lightly browned. Add hot water, Hunt's Tomato Sauce, and seasonings; mix well. Bring quickly to a boil, cover tightly, and simmer 10 minutes. Makes 4 delicious servings—pronto—of a dish that'll make your cooking famous!



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Takes only 18 minutes!

"PRONTO"

Uses only one pan! Costs only 9¢ a serving!
Every grain of rice has rich tomato flavor—
through and through!
The secret? PRE-COOKED MINUTE RICE
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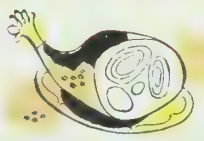
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America's favorite Spanish-style tomato sauce . . . kettle-simmered Hunt's Tomato Sauce! Savory sauce that's *all* tomato—plus fine spices and seasoning. Not a soup (no starchy fillers!). A real tomato cooking-sauce for meat, casseroles, spaghetti, rice—all kinds of thrifty dishes!

Why this new recipe is QUICK and EASY

You use only *one* pan—no baking. The Minute Rice is added right from the package. As it swells into luscious, tender kernels, it soaks up the rich flavor of Hunt's Tomato Sauce. It takes on a beautiful appetizing color. And what a bargain—only 36¢ to make a family of four happy! Try it—tonight!

Dozens of quick, easy variations—like these



With beef: Use recipe above, browning ½ pound ground beef with the Minute Rice.



With mushrooms: Brown ½ cup sliced fresh or canned mushrooms with the Minute Rice.



With cheese: Stir ½ cup grated sharp cheese into cooked Spanish Rice. Top with ½ cup cheese.

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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

(Continued from Page 18)

and has had a lucrative job which he is now giving up to help Mr. Lehman in J.O.B.

•

Poetry should be taken in small doses. A tiny volume of poetry, 61 pages of delicious short verses, is what we approve. We have it in **FIRST THE BLADES**, by ***Candace Thurber Stevenson.***

"St. Patrick is a fine saint,
Praise be to him this day,
For he's the man who chased the snakes
From Ireland away.

"'There's a little thing all tail,' Irish Nora said,
'It raised up and looked at me
With a mouse's head.'

. . .

"St. Patrick's a fine saint,
St. Patrick is a dear.
But I wish he hadn't chased the snakes
From Ireland to here!"

Last year the JOURNAL editors read 39,000 poems! Besides poetry they read 15,236 short stories (of which 58 were bought), 1358 books (of which 14 were bought), 4986 articles (4 bought), 4035 miscellaneous.

•

THE SILVER CHALICE, by ***Thomas B. Costain,*** is far and away the best novel by that very popular novelist.

When Joseph of Arimathea was an old man and near to death, he sent Luke the Physician out from Jerusalem to find a silversmith. Joseph wanted the best silversmith that could be found, because the silver cup of Jesus, now become a symbol to His followers, must be framed. The cup was in Joseph's house, as the enemy well knew, but it was well hidden. What happened to the cup after Joseph's death is the foundation of the novel: the journey of the silversmith through the world to find the still-living apostles of Jesus; the discovery of Peter, an old man, in Rome; the talks with Paul of Tarsus; the fiendish rivalry of Simon the Magician; the stewardship under Nero; the worldly comment of Petronius; the dangerous underground of the Christian sect—all the folds of the first half century after Christ, so close to us through the Gospels, are there.

•

Marital differences—the burden of so many news stories, to say nothing of modern novels—are not always dra-

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STRICTLY RICHTER



"You know, you look cute when I'm angry."

matic. Take the woman in California, suing for a divorce, who accused her husband of saying "All right" to her seventeen years ago, and not speaking to her since—so mild, and so definitely

(Continued on Page 25)

It's a Hollywood habit



Take a tip on 'Q-Tips' from a beauty authority. Hollywood's famed *Ern Westmore* (star of the film "Secrets of Beauty") says: "'Q-Tips' can make your make-up *twice* as glamorous." These smooth sticks with cotton secured at both ends are grand for many good-grooming tricks.



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LIPS...CHEEKS

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NAILS

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Clockwise, starting with baby banjo player.

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(Continued from Page 22)

affirmative! Yet she was granted a decree. . . . Then there was the London dwarf, 28" tall, and married to a woman of normal size. His temper, however, was not miniature. When he let it out on his wife, she picked him up, put him on the mantelpiece, and left him there until he cooled off.



Aboard the train to the zoo—to the tune of a Children's Record.

REUNION ON THE WABASH, by *Sterling North*, is a good rousing story about two generations in an Indiana town. The Bigelows were lusty men, whether in politics or in love, and the women they married and/or fell in love with were eternally female. The lesser men in the tale only serve to bring out the Bigelow essential virility, and there are no namby-pamby women present. A full-bodied melodrama with a tremendous climax of cleansing flood and fire.

•

WRITING FICTION: THE TECHNIQUES OF THE CRAFT, *by Robert Smith, may help the beginning writer. But an unbearably strong inner conviction, plus clear, lucid thinking, will do more.* THE END

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Forgotten Citizens...

Help From Volunteers

By MARGARET HICKEY

"SO many people do not know there is a mental hospital in the community until a relative needs help," writes Miss Anna Manion, of Waltham, Massachusetts. "People still refer to the patients as crazy and repeat weird stories they hear."

To help remedy this, a small group of women, working as volunteers in Waltham, formed the Community Friends of Metropolitan State Hospital to bring cheer and aid to patients—2000 of them, including 160 children between the ages of two and sixteen. Many of these patients have no close ties with the community. Churches, clubs, or just a few friends volunteering their services together can work under the leadership of the organization—collect clothing, provide entertainment, conduct classes in crafts and music, and help at many other tasks.

Through this simple meeting of volunteer and patient, real public understanding of the country's mental-health problem can begin. And volunteers, by assisting ward attendants and performing other nonprofessional tasks in hospitals, also can help ease the serious personnel shortage and speed the return to the community of patients capable of adjustment.

Patients in Boston, Massachusetts, State Hospital, for example, enjoy many hours of pleasant recreation provided by college students majoring in radio, music and drama. The students use as a medium for their talents the hospital's own radio station, WBSH, which they have operated for two years. This feature is in addition to the assistance given at parties and at the crafts and hair-styling classes by the hospital's 175 regular volunteers.

New programs in music, art and garden therapy are under way at Toledo, Ohio, State Hospital, where the work is done by volunteers enlisted through the local Volunteer Bureau. The Garden Forum, with all garden clubs included, presents a monthly program that teaches patients everything from flower arranging to actual planting in the hospital greenhouse. Volunteers also plan a music-appreciation program with recorded concerts as well as live entertainment by choruses, bands and pianists. And now, volunteer lecturers have begun to give talks on art in the hospital's latest program to get under way.

Fifty volunteers at the New Jersey State Hospital in Trenton have shown what can be accomplished on a seven-day schedule. When the circus came to town, nine patients, accompanied by five volunteer aides, attended. Two volunteers conducted song sessions in the wards, drawing in patients who often stayed away to struggle quietly with their own conflicting emotions. Another held a bingo game in an admission ward to bring out whatever concentrative ability the patients, some senile, possessed. With the help of another aide, the recreational therapist organized a current-events discussion group she hadn't found time for before.

THE END

In Topeka, Kansas, State Hospital

Of the many reports from readers describing their volunteer activities, the JOURNAL *this month is publishing one from Mrs. George P. Bishop, Chief of Volunteers at the State Mental Hospital and member of the Altrusa Club, Topeka, Kansas. Mrs. Bishop tells here the story of her latest assignment, which she fills with two other Topeka homemakers, Mrs. Hal Davis and Mrs. F. M. Bucher.*

THE frail old lady came slowly into the living room. Each step she took was careful, as though she was afraid of breaking something. Reaching her hand out toward our newly upholstered couch, she turned to me.

"Do you mind if I touch it?" she asked.

"Of course not," I answered. "Touch anything you like. We have three kids, and we live in every inch of the house. Just make yourself at home."

My guest was a mental patient at Topeka State Hospital, where I work as a volunteer. This was the first time she had been in a private home since 1913. For her, this visit was a tremendous experience. Not because my house or the houses of the two other volunteers on the project are in any way unusual. They are only very, very different from the bleak atmosphere of the ward—the rows of beds, the dark day hall with its oak rockers, the regimented living inevitable in any institution. (The hospital is making improvements all the time, but has a heavy inheritance from the past where living quarters are concerned.)

Miss M.—my guest—is a member of a newly formed group called the Beacon Club. Sponsored by a psychiatric social worker at the hospital, and guided by the ward psychiatrist, the club was organized to prepare women patients for life in the *(Continued on Page 207)*

WILLIAM CAMPBELL



Mrs. George P. Bishop welcomes patients from Topeka State Hospital as they arrive at her home for a meeting of the Beacon Club. Patients will bake and frost a fancy cake, perk coffee, serve refreshments—and chatter like any other women's club.

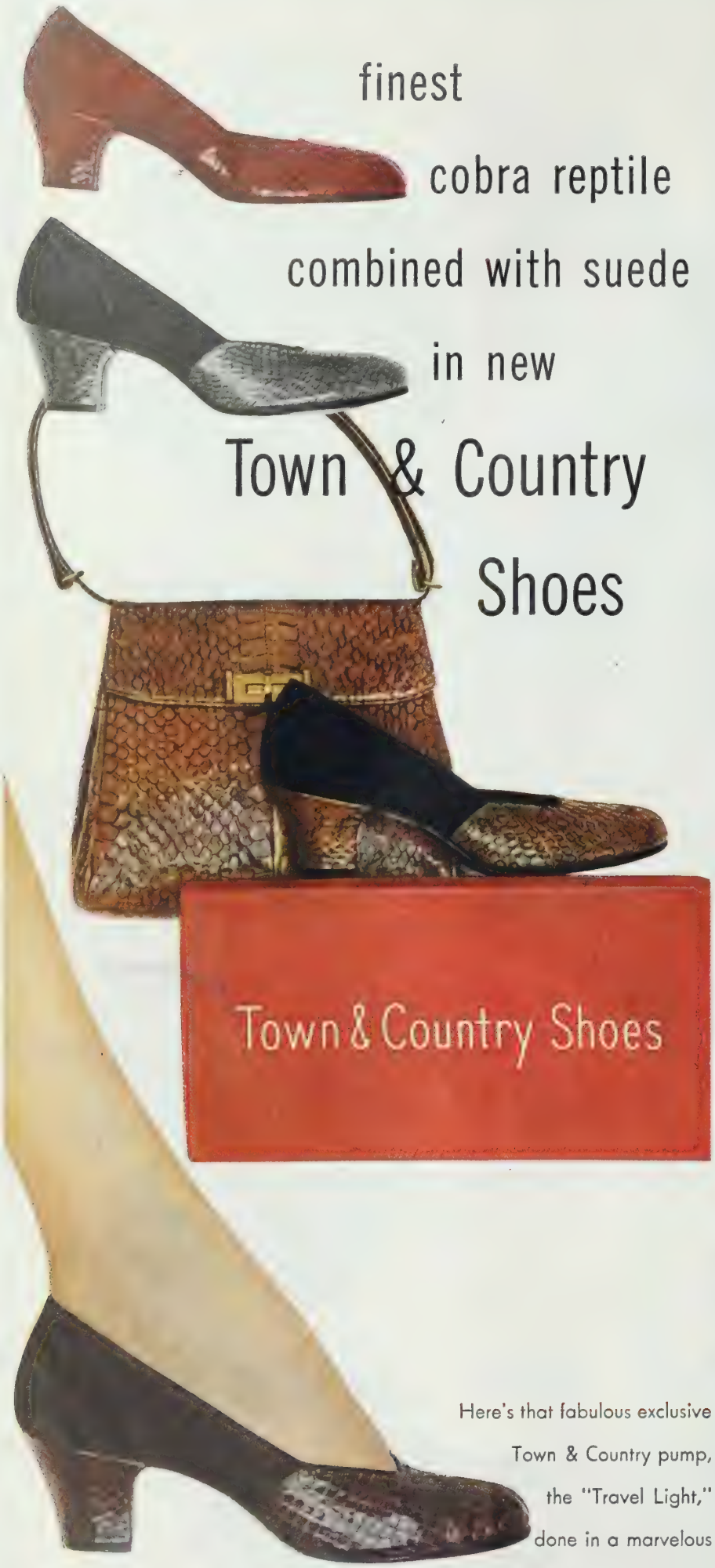
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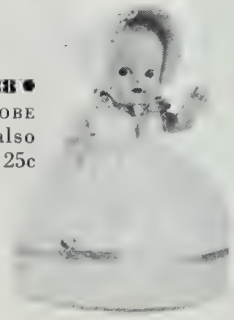


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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

The woman who is unfaithful suffers a tragic aftermath of guilt.

How can a discontented wife improve the quality of her marriage before she is tempted to infidelity?

Unfaithful Wives

OF all the sins in marriage, none is more widely condemned than infidelity. It is censured by the church, recognized by the courts as grounds for divorce in every state in the Union, and denounced by public opinion. But, however grave the consequences suffered by an unfaithful husband, penalties are particularly severe when it is the wife who is the offender. For to the weight of social disapproval is added the burden of her own deep sense of guilt, far greater than that experienced by most men.

Though infidelity is considerably more common among men than among women, probably one wife in eight at some time commits an act of unfaithfulness to her husband. Having done so, she is unlikely to be capable of the emotional adjustment necessary to continue her marriage, and will in all probability seek a divorce.

Since the consequences are so severe, and to some extent can be foreseen, why do some wives become unfaithful? Our research shows that almost invariably a wife's infidelity is associated either with unhappiness in her marriage, or with lack of sexual satisfaction. Often both factors are present, since sexual dissatisfaction both contributes to and results from marital unhappiness.

The only way for a wife to avoid the emotional upheaval resulting from her own infidelity is to avoid the act itself. But if the causative factors are present, other circumstances may combine to produce an almost overwhelming temptation. For example, many wives experience an increase of sexual desire around the age of thirty; alcohol releases inhibitions; an attractive and attentive man invites a flirtation. Thus, to a bored and dissatisfied wife of thirty, one cocktail too many in the company of an attractive man may produce a dangerous situation; while to a happy wife, the same circumstances present no problem.

Obviously, the discontented wife should avoid such temptation. But the fundamental solution is to improve the quality of her marriage. The following suggestions may help her, or any wife dissatisfied with her marriage:

• *Decide what you want, then work for it.* Too many wives regard married happiness as a state to be dreamed of, rather than an attainable goal to be won. Marriage is your job; take pride in improving your household skills, as well as in the subtler task of meeting your husband's emotional needs.

• *Solve small problems as they arise.* Repeated minor annoyances create tension and hostility which interfere with solving more serious problems. Defer to your husband's preference in small matters, and you will have fewer major differences to resolve.

• *Improve your sexual adjustment.* Your physical relationship with your husband, an important aspect of any marriage, is especially crucial if other dissatisfactions are present. If you can submerge yourself in your desire to satisfy him, you two will be on the way toward achieving sexual harmony.

• *Seek compensations for irremediable defects.* Instead of brooding over grievances (in-law trouble, or your husband's overtime work), find some new outlet for your energy. Community service, church work or a constructive hobby will bring satisfaction while diverting you from insolvable problems.

In this, as in many problems, prevention is better than any attempt to cure. If you steadfastly devote your thoughts and energies to making your marriage work, the problem of infidelity will never arise.

Your Husband's Children

THOUSANDS of women today, in marrying a widower or divorcee, have taken over the reins of a household which includes the husband's children by his previous marriage. Under any circumstances, the rearing of children is a demanding assignment, and the woman's role is especially challenging when assumed by a wife who is not the children's mother.

Regardless of the family situation, it is the wife's responsibility to run the home and provide for the physical needs of each member of the household. It is she who keeps the house clean and orderly, serves meals that are both wholesome and appetizing, maintains supplies and acts as purchasing agent.

But any woman who wants to create a home for her husband must foster the emotional welfare of all family members, as well as their physical health. For no man looks forward to a home-coming which involves settling a dispute between his wife and his children, and his apprehension and anxiety are increased if she is not the children's mother. Sooner or later, he is likely to wonder if he made a mistake. Though he loves his wife, he cannot ignore his obligation to his children.

For the sake of her own married happiness, then, she must win the acceptance of her husband's children. She can do so—as any parent must—not by his order or her demand, but through her efforts and affection, and with his co-operation.

The following suggestions, though concerned with the special demands of the stepmother's role, are based on principles which apply equally to mothers rearing their own children:

• *Recognize your obligation.* In agreeing to marry your husband, you implied your willingness to act as his children's mother. To shirk your duties to them, to begrudge the time and effort they require, to be less than wholehearted in accepting them, is to break faith with the man you married.

• *Do things together.* A child feels that he belongs to the extent that he can identify with those around him. Promote activities—games, picnics, household projects—which include the children and give them a chance to share with you their father's companionship. There is no better way to build a sense of family unity.

• *Respect your husband's authority.* Never question your husband's decisions regarding the children in their presence. To do so is likely to breed resentment in him as well as in them.

• *Avoid faultfinding, by word or action.* Criticizing the children's mother, or blaming her for their faults, is futile, unkind and probably unwarranted. And remember that your actions as well as your words can convey disapproval of the former regime; be gradual and tactful about introducing changes.

• *Above all, be lavish with your affection.* Fortunately, success in dealing with children depends far more upon attitude and insight than upon specific skills and knowledge. You may have to learn to stanch a nosebleed, to adjust a roller-skate clamp, to braid a little girl's pigtails. But you do not have to learn to praise a child's achievement, to comfort him when he is disappointed, to forgive him when he is repentant.

There is no denying that you have undertaken a challenging assignment. By fulfilling it successfully, you will find increasing depth and serenity in your relationship with your husband. And your own satisfaction will be immeasurably enriched by the sure knowledge that you have brought happiness to his children.

Does Your Husband Trust You?

The extent of a man's trust in his wife is a measure of his love and respect. Rate your husband's trust in you by answering these questions with an honest "Yes" or "No."

Does Your Husband:

1. **Require you to follow a budget set by him?**
2. **Have a jealous and possessive nature?**
3. **Insist on participating in all but routine purchases?**
4. **Keep secrets from you?**
5. **Suggest that you are deceitful?**
6. **Complain that you don't love him?**
7. **Insist on reading your personal letters?**
8. **Keep you posted on financial matters?**
9. **Freely discuss personal problems with you?**
10. **When away, have you open his mail?**
11. **Pass on the "office gossip" to you?**
12. **When he is worried, explain the cause?**
13. **Read his personal letters to you?**
14. **Let you get money from his wallet?**

The first seven questions should be answered *No*, the last seven *Yes*. A total rating of 11 or more correct answers indicates a high degree of trust in your marriage. With 7 or less, before deciding that your husband is suspicious or doesn't love you, be sure you are not secretive and that you deserve his trust.

Your Questions

I tell my pampered, maladjusted husband that he brings his difficulties on himself. Isn't this right?

Partly. Stop the pampering and help him understand responsibility for achieving adjustment is his alone. But co-operate when he tries to improve.



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Block that kick!

High-school males list five big fumbles girls make at games—give tips on how to score instead



"Even in subzero weather, no boy likes to take his girl to a football game looking like a fugitive from the Arctic—or a beauty queen dressed for a tea dance."

Sporting blue jeans, the "enemy's" colors or high-heeled dressiness (except for the Big Game) will only lose you important yardage with your man. So get your signals straight, check the weather report, and remember that *your* gear shouldn't bulge like a tackle's padding. A wool dress and a short topper will get you a fast 7 points; and even if it's freakishly cold, you can double your warmth without doubling your waistline. Wear wool-on-wool combinations under your coat—a sweater set, a flannel suit with a jersey blouse, or a pullover under a tweed jumper. A stole in your school's colors tied round your head—with the fringed ends thrown back over your shoulder—completes an outfit guaranteed to cop a championship in any dating league.



"Don't just sit there as a favor to your date—be genuinely enthusiastic."

You can always be sophisticated at the after-game party, says a quarterback we know. Men prefer the yell-like-crazy girls at a game. If you're not sure what makes thousands cheer, keep your eye on the yell leader and the boys on the bench for signals. That same cheerleader, incidentally, is at least one boy's idea of the true good sport: has spirit in defeat as well as victory, knows the team well, and is enthusiastic—obviously. Although her soprano may crack, a girl's date rating is solid if she knows the words to school songs and cheers—and doesn't hesitate to shout 'em! Boys also agree that it's rough on spirit if girls make with adoring noises for a specific player rather than the whole team, and downright rude if they boo the other team or cheer when an opposing player is hurt (it's been done) or yell when someone is trying to make a punt.



"Two words to be locked at home with your diary are: 'What happened?'"

Nothing makes a guy freeze up faster than missing a play because he was too busy explaining the one before to a wide-eyed companion, said our favorite sports editor. If only for her own enjoyment, a girl should know the fundamentals of the game—the goal, the basic plays, the method of scoring. If you don't understand an end run, a quarterback sneak, or the difference between the T and single-wing formations, ask your dad or brother to brief you before kickoff time. Save up an intelligent question for a time-out or the half, or consult your program for explanations of officials' signals. Girls should have an idea of their team's standing, but most boys agree an extensive knowledge of statistics isn't necessary. "Girls shouldn't know *everything*," an end said. "I never knew a boy who didn't like to feel he'd told a girl something new."



"Don't be a bleacher-hopper just because you're sitting with the girls."

If there's one girl the boys would like to bench—permanently—it's the one who goes to a game just to be seen. She spends all four quarters racing around the stadium, clambering over people, missing the important plays—and then giggling, "Oh, look, we've scored a touchdown!" Girls in crowds do silly things too—hanging around the refreshment booth during the game and screaming the details of last night's party to friends at the other end of the stands. Of course it's O.K. to talk during the intermission. In fact, you can often make new friends during half-time discussions of exciting plays. But during the *game* a gang of girls could organize themselves into a cheering section or at least just pay attention. You'd be surprised how many girls leave the stadium without knowing the final score!



"After a game is over, it spoils a fellow's good time if his date wants to know more about the players than she does about the plays."

During the drive home after a thrilling game, a boy likes to hash over some of the exciting plays that took place; he doesn't like to hash over the dating habits of the star passer. When a girl's out with you, another sports writer reports, she shouldn't be trying to line up future dates, but should concentrate on the fun she's having right now. The other fellows back him up and insist that the real hero of the game is the boy who sat next to you. Didn't he patiently explain the scoreboard? Didn't he feed you peanuts and hot chocolate? Isn't he the year-around good guy with pocket money for movies and the first to volunteer his help for parties and dances? So cheer for the players during the game and save your after-game enthusiasm for your date.

The Sub-Deb

edited by Ruth Imler

Something to Save . . .

Locker lingo for an armchair quarterback

Downs. . . . The 4 tries a team has to advance 10 yards. A girl gets only 2 to gain a date. After 2 "girl-ask-boy" invitations, unless he asks *you* out, play the backfield.

"I" Formation. . . . A play in which the backfield lines up directly behind the center—and a deadly conversational tactic that keeps you from scoring with a date.

Fading for a Pass. . . . A maneuver in which a player drops back into his own territory to gain time to throw a pass. A date who ducks chaperons, eyes dark corners and charts a course toward Parkers' Paradise is using the same strategy.

Interference with Receiver. . . . An offense committed by a player who bumps the intended receiver of a pass. A girl who makes more than three telephone calls a night likewise deserves a penalty.

"I broke the rules at a football game!"

"My favorite way to spend a holiday," Diana Lynn says, "is at a game. But an actress should never break her 'training' rules as I did by exposing my skin to raw winds for hours — 'specially as it got colder towards the end.



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Tell me Doctor

PART 2

"I've always had some trouble every month . . . with pain and backache. Can anything be done to help me?"

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

THE young woman who entered, somewhat diffidently, was smartly though not expensively dressed. *High-class office employee*, was the doctor's estimate, even before he consulted the history card upon which his secretary had noted details of name, address, occupation and the like.

"*Miss* Claudia White," was his greeting. "I am glad to see you, Miss White. Please be seated in that chair by the window. I do not believe you have been here before."

"No, Doctor."

"Now, I have a rather lengthy history form to make out. I will begin by asking your age."

"Twenty eight."

Five minutes later the doctor announced, "Now tell me if I have all these data correct." He read from the notes he had been jotting down on the card. "Ordinary diseases of childhood. No adult sicknesses. No operations. First menstruated at thirteen. Regular, every twenty-eight days for six days. Pain first day. Last menstruated August sixth, as usual. All correct, Miss White? Very well, then, what is your chief complaint?"

"Doctor, I've always had some trouble every month. It's never been so severe as to keep me from business; though, goodness knows, there's been many a day I wished I could spend in bed."

"Do you find these episodes getting worse?"

"M-m—no, I don't think so. I'm expecting to be married in the fall; and I thought I ought to be checked up, to see if there's anything really wrong that's causing all this trouble."

"It's a very good idea, Miss White," commended the doctor, "though I don't see why you delayed so long."

"Well, you know how it is, Doctor. I just didn't like the idea—I never had an examination like this before ——"

"Then it's high time you did," interrupted the doctor. "You will not find it so much of an ordeal—at least we'll try not to make it so. There are a few more questions before we proceed with any examination. These monthly periods of yours, I note, though regular as the clock, last somewhat longer than with the average woman. The flow, then—do you think it is more profuse than the average?"

"I imagine it is, from what my friends tell me of their experiences."

"I see. And it is quite painful the first day, but after that it doesn't trouble you?"

"That is right, Doctor."

"Are there any other symptoms that a company it?"

"Well—I have a backache."

"In the middle of the back?"

"Yes, Doctor, and a heavy feeling in t lower part of my abdomen."

"A sort of bearing-down sensation?"

"That just about expresses it."

"Tell me, Miss White, are you troubl with *leucorrhea*—a white discharge, mean?"

"I understand. Yes, I am, and it seems be getting worse. I think that's the reas really, that brought me to you. I try to ke myself neat, and—well, with marriage, a all ——"

"I imagine we may be able to help yo Now, if you will follow the nurse to the amining room ——"

"I do not know how thorough an exan nation I shall be able to make," continu the doctor, a few moments later, "but I b lieve it will suffice. I promise you that i hurts a great deal, I will stop. . . . So! T ordinary vaginal examination cannot done, but I think we can make out wit combined vaginal and rectal exploratio We'll take it easy, now. . . . Oh, yes, t uterus is tipped well over backward. It a pears movable, however. Let's see if we replace it in its proper position. This m hurt a little. . . . There it goes, eas enough. The tubes and ovaries now—no ing abnormal about them. . . . That is Miss White, and I don't think I have h you *too* much. Have I?"

"Why, no, Doctor. It wasn't as bad a feared."

"That is fine! That will be all, then. I explain the entire situation to you as s as you are ready.

"The cause of your trouble is apparen the doctor resumed, back in the consult room. "You have a backward displacem of the uterus, somewhat above second gree, and less than third."

"I'm afraid that's a little too com cated for me to understand."

"Of course. I'll try to explain. The ute is a small, pear-shaped, rather solid bod muscle tissue, suspended by several set ligaments deep in the pelvic cavity. In normal position it should lie with its l axis at approximately right angles to long axis of the vaginal canal. In this n mal position the top of the uterine b should point toward the inside of the dominal wall. The lower portion of uterus—the neck—communicates dire with the upper part of the vaginal cana

(Continued on Page 106)

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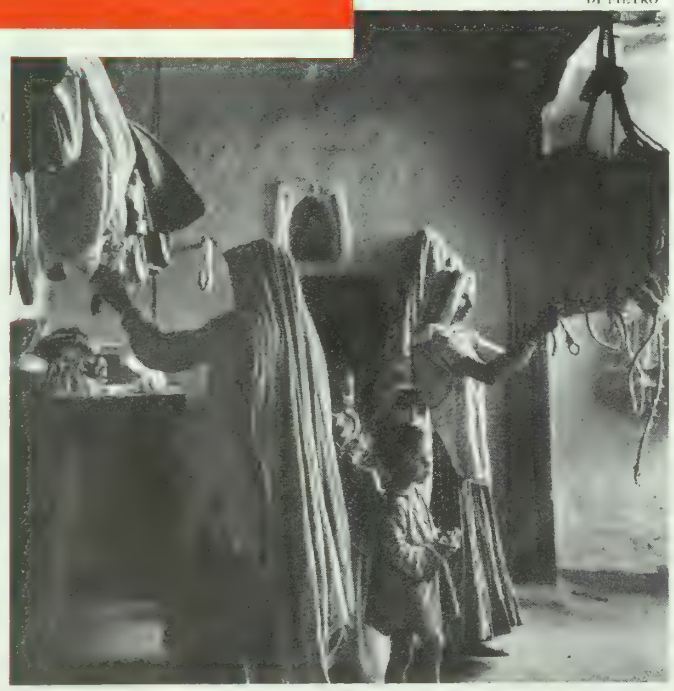
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Lovely to look at—but not so good to listen to: an exercising class thumping pounds away.

Figure hints: "The thin girl who wishes to gain flesh and whose stomach refuses fats and oils will do well to be rubbed or massaged with oil after her bath."

"Salt, pepper and vinegar is a bad combination with tomato, and if persistently used, will cause ulcers of the mouth," pronounces Mrs. Rorer.



DI PIETRO

"Abhikor at Home" won high praise for Journal's Joe Di Pietro.

like,

York

illustrated so magnificently in last month's JOURNAL our widely acclaimed Profile of Youth on Uma Narang and Abhikor. Now Joe has been honored by having one of his fine prints from that trip chosen for a highly selective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art by the museum's famous director of photography, ***Edward Steichen;*** and in the New York Times' review of the museum's show, it was Joe's print that was reproduced and praised. Joe said he took the picture during Abhikor's stay with her mother when custom forbade Abhikor's husband from setting eyes on his wife. And not a minute too soon, Joe said. For an instant after the shot, Abhikor and her mother suddenly disappeared from sight. The husband had just been seen entering the village.

When *Glenn White* called up *Chester Dale*, the first of whose paintings in his famous collection at the National Gallery appears in this issue, and a fifteen-minute interview had been arranged up at the Plaza, Glenn figured it would facilitate matters if he were to take his wife Irene along, she being the art expert of the family. (Note: Why is it we so seldom hear of JOURNAL editors' *husbands?*) If Glenn thought it would facilitate matters, he was right; but if he thought it would help keep the interview to a busy man's allotted fifteen minutes, he was wrong. Irene's interest in art was so engaging to Mr. Dale that when the Whites finally were able to tear themselves away, the interview had lasted well over two hours.

Hanging in ***Margaret Davidson's*** *closet is a simple little white tailored blouse, made of one of the recent synthetic materials. Looks practically brand-new, but it's been to South America twice, to Denmark, to Japan, and all around this country. "Made the mistake," Margaret said, "of telling how you could rinse it out and be wearing it again in an hour; no ironing, nothing. Now everybody I know who's got to travel light on a long trip borrows it."*

Of 318 persons asked, "Of all the speeches ever made, which two would you like to have heard in person?" 88 per cent listed either the Sermon on the Mount or Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

Remember little ***Forrest's*** Shetland pony in ***Ruth Matthews'*** August article on the ***deButts,*** of Malibu, California? Well, it happens, according to Ruth, that Shawnee is a pony who is completely stubborn in the presence of strangers. So when Ruth heard from the television people at National Broadcasting in Los Angeles, who went up to get a video story on the deButts the minute they read about them in the JOURNAL, that Shawnee did everything they wanted—trotted right into Forrest's bedroom, knelt on her bed, nuzzled her head as she pretended to sleep—all as tractably as you please, Ruth quite naturally had her suspicions, which were later confirmed by Forrest. The child had folded oats all through the bedclothes. And no wonder Shawnee had nuzzled her. She'd also put two carrots under the pillow.



She was awake, lying back,

holding his orchid in her hand

"I got flowers from a man," she said.

Travail

by Roy Flynn

"Nothing to be afraid of," he told her. But all he could do was wait... and be afraid.

HE did not pause as he stepped into the dawn-silent yard, yet as he ran over the damp lawn to the dark shape of the car, every detail of the scene bit into his memory. The few stars like candles against the slate-gray of the sky; the magnolia tree down by the garage, old and silent and black; the unaccustomed quiet and the mist that filled the back yard as though it were a bowl; the neat, orderly row of milk bottles on the porch, one with a folded note in its neck; the muffled sound as he opened the car door; the thud of its closing as he slipped into the driver's seat.

Impossibly, fantastically, the motor refused to start, and he gripped the steering wheel and felt his whole body contract to the pit of his stomach. He stared at the dashboard, and the ignition key gleamed back mockingly at him. He sighed and turned the key, hit the starter with his foot, and the motor leaped into life. He laughed out loud suddenly as he backed swiftly down the drive. Then he stopped laughing abruptly. *I must be calm*, he thought. *I must drive as though this were any drive. I must be very, very careful: I am just a man taking my wife for a short drive.*

He stopped where the sidewalk intersected the driveway. He could see Margaret standing on the porch, the small overnight bag near her feet. She leaned down to pick it up and he shouted at her, "No! Put it down!" His voice echoed from the fronts of silent houses along the street, and he stumbled in his haste to get out of the car and reach her. She was laughing as he ran up the front steps. "For Pete's *sake*, not now!" he said. He swooped up the overnight bag and put his arm about her shoulders. "Are you all right?" he asked.

She shivered a little under her coat, and drew near him. "I never felt better in my life," she said. "I'm not scared, Bob. Only, we'd better go."

He kissed her on the ear, feeling the little stray tendril of hair touch his face. "Come on," he said. "Be careful."

She moved awkwardly down the steps, and they went together to the car. He helped her in, set her bag at her feet, and could not keep himself from running around the car to the driver's seat. *Steady*, he told himself. *It's just like any short drive with your wife.*

As he shifted gears, he could see her hands—small, young hands with clean short nails and no polish, hands which had written the note, folded it cleanly, and slipped it into the milk bottle. Somehow just the sight of her hands, motionless, relaxed, made him want to cry.

Margaret stirred beside him. "I can't believe it," she said slowly. "I'm going to have a baby." She shifted her weight

(Continued on Page 211)

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

The Incompetence of Candy



By ELIZABETH DUNN

CANDY considered her sister Jane's supper tray with a critical eye. Pale yellow cloth, blue-and-white china, a little bouquet of innocent yellow crocuses—and mushrooms on toast. Even for a captious convalescent, it seemed to Candy above reproach.

Her gaze went hopefully from the tray to Bill's back, jaunty in a rose-patterned chintz apron. He was washing dishes at the pantry sink, and shouting at their guest, Mr. Greenall Parker IV.

"And anyway, if you'll take the trouble to look, Richard the Third has the *face* of a murderer," Bill roared, thrusting a handful of soapy forks at Greenall.

"Richard the Third's face is sensitive, patient, perceptive ——" said Green loudly, taking the forks automatically and letting them drip on his trousers.

"Now you listen to me!" Bill pinioned Green in the chest with a wet butter knife. "Richard the Third's face is cruel—ambitious—sly ——"

Candy picked up the tray. It was evident that unless she did, Jane would go hungry. She sighed deeply as she climbed the stairs. It wasn't that she didn't love Jane, nor did she grudge for a moment the extra work that Jane caused. It was just that Jane, who looked as fragile as a windflower and had the constitution of a water buffalo, had succumbed some weeks ago to a particularly vengeful virus; and Jane the Conqueror was quite a different person from Jane the Convalescent. As private secretary to the great Mr. Harley Winchester, her temper was as dependable as one of Mr. Winchester's flawless, foolproof, world-famous American Motors and Machines (Inc.); but as Candy's little sister, ordered to take two weeks' rest in the country, she was—well, perhaps not quite herself.

Candy tapped on the guest-room door. "Come in," said a small, pale voice.

Jane was lying on the chaise longue, covered by the best rose-pink blanket, which became her. There were shadows under her large green eyes and a very little lipstick on her wistful lips: only on her deathbed would Jane have omitted lipstick, and possibly not then. Her hands, laid out upon the blanket, were white and thin and orphaned-looking. *(Continued on Page 118)*

ILLUSTRATED BY

Women, Greenall Parker IV maintained, prefer competence to charm.

He didn't mean Candy.

At a quarter to six, Bill was still struggling with a shirt which had apparently been starched with diluted steel. Candy's new dress gave her a delicious and undefinable conviction of looking her best.



PRATT

The house with its little office on the right faces the Palace Green at Williamsburg.

the Brush–Everard house

Everything in the blue bedroom is eighteenth century, from the New England Chippendale wingchair to the Chippendale chest under the Queen Anne looking glass.

WESLEY BALZ-JOHN JOYCE, INC.

The eighteenth-century English landscape painting fits as much to perfection the overmantel panel as do all the furnishings of Everard's day his parlor.

By RICHARD PRATT *Architectural Editor of the Journal*

You have passed the wonderful Wythe place across the Palace Green and are approaching the Palace when you come to this handsome old house of frame, now daisy-fresh in ocher and white. Being smallish, when the crape-myrtle bushes in front are full they half obscure it; but like a lot of early-eighteenth-century houses that are less than mansions, this one, too, is larger than it looks. The John Brush who began it in 1717 gave the house its outward air of modesty. It was Thomas Everard who, being a mansion-type man of considerable colonial substance, and becoming by the mid-1700's the new owner of the house, inspired the almost mansionlike interiors which you see pictured here: the parlor and the downstairs bedroom next to it. Across a wide hallway are the library and dining room in corresponding positions, and up the fine stairway are two more fine bedrooms and a child's room furnished child-size. The kitchen and other dependencies are in separate little buildings that help to beautify the yard; for it's a gentleman's establishment, and with a scope far from vast, its effect is one crowded with seemingly endless delights.



ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

He fell in love with her because she looked miserable.

But how long can you make a man happy that way?

the girl with the Splintered Personality

another me

By NORMA FULTZ

WHEN I was younger I was something of a faker. I say "younger," instead of "young," because I don't want to give the impression that I was a child. I was around twenty-two years old when my faking got out of hand one night at the Hotel Cavoort in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, a perfectly respectable hotel where peculiar things were bound to occur, however, because it was near Fifth Avenue and 8th Street, the crossroads of the Village. I never faked again, after that night; but before I tell you how it happened I want to explain first what I mean by faking.

I mean pretending to be something I was not. I know kids do it all the time, but I was not a kid. I don't think I was even a delayed adolescent. Professionally, I wrote publicity for the college-textbook department of a publishing house, which comes under the heading of Jobs You Never Knew Existed Before You Took Them, and I kept hoping for a promotion to some sort of job that everyone knew about and wanted. After work, something came over me. You might say I was impressionable. Once I said something intelligent (I do, sometimes) and the boy I was talking to looked at me and said, "Well, you're quite the intellectual," and I said, "I have nothing against escapism if that's what you need." And there I was, launched before the world as a deep thinker, never knowing quite how it had happened.

Most times playing a part wound up being a pain in the neck, but I couldn't seem to stop. Once I was a Lady Alcoholic, and that takes a bit of an explanation.

It began with my bumping into Archer Hanley in the Village. Now the Village, in the heart of Manhattan, is a real little community with one principal main street: 8th Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues. That's a block long and it's crammed with grocery stores, bookstores, dress shops, night clubs, restaurants, a theater, art galleries, and so on, so that if you live or work in the Village—and I did both—you are bound to be bumping into other people who live or work in the Village, on 8th Street, eating or shopping, and so on. There was one man, about five feet tall and married, anyway, whom I met wherever I went. I would go to the Jumble Shop and there would be Jack *(Continued on Page 187)*

PORTRAIT OF CHESTER DALE
By DIEGO RIVERA (1886—)



CHESTER DALE'S PRIVATE COLLECTION

When you step into Chester Dale's apartment in New York, you feel the company of great paintings before your eyes can seek a single one. All about you, on every usable square foot of wall space, in every nook and corner, hang some sixty of the more than 700 paintings which Mr. Dale and his wife have collected since 1926. As a representative group of the best French moderns, the pictures in these few private rooms are unequaled elsewhere in the world. And here they have an intimacy and a warmth which one might miss in vast public galleries, even those which have been so enriched by gifts from the Chester Dale Collection.

"This is my family," Mr. Dale says. "Every picture in this apartment, without exception, is like a child to me."

Then, as he catches a single painting in the shaft of a spotlight he lugs around for the purpose, you see, in otherwise inexpressible color, form and composition, not an "almost *(Continued on Page 169)*

CHESTER DALE
DIEGO RIVERA (1886—)

Reproduced at the left is the portrait of one of the great collectors of the twentieth century, Chester Dale. Behind him are two fine pieces of pre-Columbian sculpture, a mask and a seated figure, both carved by the Indians of Mexico before the discovery of the New World. On the table is a catalogue of his French paintings now at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. To the left a book is opened at one of these paintings, a self-portrait by Vincent van Gogh.

The sitter has laid aside his glasses and seems rapt in thought. Perhaps he is absorbed in the problem presented by Van Gogh's life. How did it happen that Vincent managed to sell just one painting from which he realized a mere 400 francs, or about $80? Only the sacrifice and undying faith of his brother, Theo, kept him from starvation. Recently a canvas by Van Gogh sold for $125,000, infinitely more than all the money the painter earned from the day he decided to be an artist in 1880 until the day he committed suicide in 1890. What failure of connoisseurship explains this tragedy? Would a collector today miss so obvious a talent?

It is always difficult to evaluate the artists of one's own time. But Mr. and Mrs. Dale have shown gre perspicacity. They have been in th vanguard of collectors who hav recognized the importance of th School of Paris. Many years ag they bought the work of Modiglian Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Rouau and other leaders of contempora art. When few Americans care about modern painting, they forme a collection unsurpassed in qualit Had they lived a generation earlie it is hard to believe they would n have recognized the greatness Vincent van Gogh.

As collectors, both Mr. and Mr Dale have been close friends of mar painters in this country and abroa The canvas, painted in Mexico 1945, is dedicated by Rivera to "M very dear friend Chester Dale Working with the insight of frien ship, Rivera has found those si nificant features which are the e sence of portraiture. In this lin and troubled countenance we ser the responsibilities and anxiet which so often mark the man affairs in our time, especially whe as in the case of Mr. Dale, he is a a person of foresight and of qui intelligence.

Thus the portrait is, as a go portrait should always be, a co mentary for the future.

THE MODEL
FRANÇOIS GÉRARD (1770–1837)

Occasionally paintings, like people, get by on charm alone. This is true of the picture reproduced. An attractive person seen from the back is almost always fascinating. We are tantalized. We want to see the face. We want the little girl in this case to turn around. With this device Gérard captures our attention and creates one of the most engaging studies of childhood in the history of art.

He himself was childless. In his youth he had made an extraordinary marriage. His wife was his aunt, the younger sister of his mother. They were married during the French Revolution—perhaps, as was the fashion, to flout convention. The Revolution ended, and Gérard rose to be First Painter of France. He was created a baron. In one day, so we are told, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the King of Prussia and Louis XVIII all sat to him. Goethe devoted pages to an appreciation of his historical portraits; Chateaubriand compared him to Raphael and begged for a picture; Balzac sent him the *Contes Philosophiques* and said it would be an honor if he would use them to light his cigars; Talleyrand praised his diplomacy; and Madame de Staël described his *salon* as the most celebrated in Europe. For thirty years he charmed the world of intellect and fashion.

Charm in a portraitist is always profitable, but it can also be burdensome. Gérard, the archetype of the man of the world, detested the society he painted. The moment he could escape from fashionable people he fled to his own rooms or to Montmartre and the companionship of painters. Such was his eagerness that en route he often began unbuttoning his stiff, formal clothes, so that he was known to arrive nearly undressed. He complained friends that he was the most u happy of men. Formed by the Re olution, he was destined to spe his life glorifying the Empire a the Restoration.

Pomposity in art was the fashi Gérard enchanted society by p traying it as it liked to be sho either co ered with decorations a jewels or dressed with artful a self-conscious simplicity. His th most famous historical paintin now at Versailles, were important the propaganda of the time: his *B tle of Austerlitz*, executed for Na leon, glorified the Empire; his *E trance of Henry IV into Paris*, pain for Louis XVIII, paid tribute legitimacy; and his *Louis XIV claring the Duc d'Anjou King Spain*, commissioned by Charles set forth the basis of the Fran Spanish War.

Though Gérard was excepti ally gifted in producing large s stultifying canvases, he reali that he had taken the wrong pa He said that he had been faced two doors: beyond one could be s golden walls and brilliance, and that direction he turned; but at back was another door which wo have led to glory. For he knew t he had the genius to be a gr artist, a fact proved by the or nality and charm of so spontane a work as *The Model;* but the t of his patrons and his desire success wasted his talent and bittered his life. His love of paint however, was not affected. Da d'Angers, a fellow artist, descr how Gérard's last gesture was to t in the air, as though still handli brush, the outline of some vi vouchsafed to him as he lay dy

JOHN WALKER, *Cur*
National Gallery, Washin



THE MODEL

BARON FRANÇOIS GÉRARD (1770-1837)



A

RENASCENCE

by Edna St. Vincent Millay

All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wo
I turned and looked another way,
And saw three islands in a bay.
So with my eyes I traced the line
Of the horizon, thin and fine,
Straight around till I was come
Back to where I'd started from;
And all I saw from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wo

★ ★ ★

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine throug
But East and West will pinch the he
That can not keep them pushed apa
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.

Copyright 1917 & 1945, by Edna St. Vincent Millay

"A slender little girl with red-gold hair." Edna St. Vincent Millay, in her twenties, was already famous as poet and playwright when this portrait was made by Arnold Genthe. She acted in first play presented by New York Theater Guild.

ARNOLD GENTHE

In letters of love, friendship, tenderness and gaiety
Edna St. Vincent Millay, the poet "who spoke for every woman
who has ever broken her heart," tells the story of her own life—
an unintentional autobiography of magnificence and candor

Lovely Light



WIDE WORLD

Reading manuscript to Arthur Davison Ficke. She denied writing sonnet to him, later sent letter saying, "I did write that sonnet to you. . . . Perhaps I didn't want you to know how terribly in love with you I had been."

Editors' Note: Edna St. Vincent Millay was a small, slender girl in her twenties, living in Greenwich Village, when she wrote "My candle burns at both ends; It will not last the night; But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—It gives a lovely light!" Miss Millay was to write more profoundly and more beautifully, yet the four lines were a true prophecy. In her comparatively brief life she constantly drove herself beyond her physical strength, working in pain and ill health, writing out of emotion—passionate and tender—but also out of tragic anguish.

The story of this girl, barely out of her teens when her gift was recognized, the greatest gift of lyric talent given to an American of this generation; her experiences of love and friendship (and heartbreak); her enjoyment of sea, sun, sky and everything out-of-doors; her intense and growing preoccupation with injustice and evil in the world; the ceaseless, compelling struggle to meet, as a craftsman, the severe tests of her self-criticism—all this is told in the poet's own words in letters collected by Allan Ross Macdougall to be published as a book by Harper and Brothers, under the title of Letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay. The letters which follow are from this collection. The lovely light, burning brilliantly in eighteen volumes of poetry and plays, glows in these letters.

Foreword by ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL



High-school friends called her Vincent.

LOOKING back over the more than three decades to the night I first met Edna Millay in Christine's restaurant over the Provincetown Playhouse, I still remember her passionate intensity. She was interested, I recall, in some Scottish ballads I had sung and was eager to learn all the others I knew. She listened to what I had to say and sing with grave concentration. Yes, I remember well her passion, her intensity, her gravity. But I remember, too, her quick sense of fun, her quips, her wit that was sharp yet never used to wound. How generous she was, how utterly lacking in any meanness of spirit.

Were I now—recollecting the poet's steady gray-green eyes and her little-girl's smile that lit her face in certain friendliness—to write out of my heart's love for an unforgettable friend, and set down my memories of the great poet whom I held in high esteem, I could fill many pages. This, however, is not the place for my personal recollections. Even in the least of her notes the poet speaks for herself with surer words and more sharply minted phrases than any of mine.



Arthur Ficke, 21. He was FDR's classmate.

This is a selection from those letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay which during the past year I have been able to collect. I have kept the poet's own spelling and punctuation, except where it has been clear that there was an unconscious error. Where words or phrases in the original letters have been left out, the usual three dots (. . .) have been inserted to show this. Where more than a sentence has been omitted, this is shown by a row of asterisks (* * * * *). The letters follow a chronological order.



Vassar's "splendid row" had a happy ending.

"Our letters are ourselves," said John Donne. Here, then, is Edna St. Vincent Millay, herself.

Rockport, Me.
Nov. 7, 1900.

Dear Mama:

I thought I would write to you and tell you how I am I am getting along all right in school but in my spelling-blank I had 10 and 10 and then 9 and I felt awful bad because I thought I would have a star I am *(Continued on Page 129)*



Married to Eugen Boissevain ("It is important that you should like him—because I love him very much") in 1923, the poet and her husband circled globe, then settled near Austerlitz, N. Y., where this photo was made.

Copyright, 1952, by Norma Millay Ellis and Allan Ross Macdougall.

GIANT



BY EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE DE MERS

THE boy was named Jordan. Jordan Benedict IV. It became Jordy for short in order not to confuse him with his father, Jordan III.

Bick Benedict's happiness was touching to see. "But he's no Benedict," Bick said, regarding the black-haired dark-eyed morsel. "He's his mother's son. I've been canceled out of the whole transaction."

"You're just disappointed because he didn't turn out to be that perfect Hereford-Kashmir bull calf you've been trying to produce."

A month later Vashti Hake Snyth presented Pinky with twin daughters. She named the plump girl babies Yula Belle and Lula Belle. As they grew in length and width and attained young girlhood they were fated to be known to the undazzled swains for 500 miles in every direction as the Cow Belles.

Vashti's plan for at least one of these stolid morsels was confided with her usual subtlety to Bick and Leslie. "Your Jordy'll have to marry one of 'em, stands to reason. No crawling out of it this time, with two of them waiting."

"Both or nothing," Bick said.

To Bick Leslie said, not altogether humorously, "Vashti as my Jordy's mother-in-law! I'd send him to Tibet, rather, and have him brought up a lama in a lamasery."

"Don't you worry. Jordan Benedict Fourth is going to be a tough Texas cowman. Nobody'll have to tell him where to head in. He'll take care of himself."

Jordy Benedict was scarcely a month old when his father gave him his first *reata*, his boots, his Stetson, his saddle, all initialed all stamped with the Reata brand. As he outgrew the tiny boots expressly made for him fresh ones were ordered, exquisitely soft bits of leather fashioned by the hands of the craftsman Ildefonso Mezo.

At three, arrayed in full cowboy regalia, the boy had been lifted to the horse's back. Bick himself had set him there, had placed the reins in the baby fingers, had remained alongside, mounted on his own horse while Leslie stood by tense with fear. The child had sat a moment in frozen silence, his eyes wide, his mouth an open oval of terror. Suddenly he broke, he began to slip off the saddle, he screamed to be taken down. Down! Down!

Bick was disgusted. "I rode before I could walk."

"He's only a baby," Leslie said, her arms about the screaming child.

"He's a Benedict and I'm going to make a horseman out of him if I have to tie him to do it."

"Suppose he doesn't like sitting in the saddle from morning to night. If there's something else he wants to do I won't care if he can't tell a horse from a cow. There are

(Continued on Page 78)

Copyright, 1952, by Edna Ferber

Jett Rink stared, the glitter of terrible triumph in his eyes. Then he reached out and jerked lightly with a grimed hand the little bow at the neckline of Leslie's dress. "My, you look pretty," he said.





She's loved out loud. The only time clock in her life is the one on the range in her kitchen. Her schedule is subject to her mood. She'll never get fired.

RALPH STEINER

"What

YOUR occupation?"

"Oh, I'm just a housewife and mother."

Why is the tone so often apologetic? Have housewives and mothers decided, all by themselves, that theirs is not a noble profession?

That's not very likely. No group voluntarily gives up its claim to importance. Somebody else must have started the belittling.

Magazine jokes, which as far as I know are made up by men, usually assign the dumb remark to "Housewife." Novels and plays about smart life, if they have a bore in them, make her a housewife from the suburbs. Few magazines write up women who have made distinguished careers of rearing children. Oscars are not given for the year's best performance in the home. No annual listing of the ten best-loved mothers makes the headlines.

I admit there *has* been a Mrs. America contest lately. But when you look at Mrs. America's picture you suspect that, though she may be a wonderful mother, the judges had their eyes on other qualities.

Some of the belittling comes from those men who have to get their courage by scorning women or other groups. As a matter of fact, all male human beings seem to be a bit unsure of themselves—that's why at ten years of age they keep telling one another that girls are sissies, and at fifty are still making remarks about women drivers.

Some of the belittling comes from the women who say they'd be bored to death with homemaking. They may sense that they don't have the qualities to make a go of such a career, or they may just have a temporary case of sour grapes. But they shouldn't be taken too seriously. People who are really satisfied with themselves and their jobs don't have the time or the itch to look down their noses at other people's occupations.

Probably the situation of a mother was more comfortable in previous centuries when she didn't have the feeling of being scrutinized or criticized by all kinds of "experts." Now the feeding of her child is prescribed by a physician who reminds her of the diseases like rickets and scurvy which attack children whose parents are careless.

She got that I haven't?"

Housewife or career girl—who should envy the other—who has the better life—who should get her reward right here on earth?

By ***BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.***

she hears that maternal neglect is the cause f delinquency and that Mom's spoiling was b blame for the maladjustment of hundreds f thousands of soldiers during the past war. he fact that in problem families the father as usually failed to play his part well isn't o often brought out.

The conscientious mother of today can't ery well escape feeling inadequate and uilty at times. The child-care columns in he newspapers and magazines, the talks on he radio and at the P.T.A., the psychology ourses at college all seem to be saying that f she could only show more affection, be nore understanding, keep her patience onger, read a few more books on children, hen she wouldn't have any difficulty at all vith her child. The trouble is, of course, hat no parents can be that perfect, and when they try too hard it only makes for nore tension. The experts would be really valuable if they could help good parents get over some of their excessive guiltiness.

I think that many of the things women nave learned in school have robbed them of the sense of the importance of being housewives and mothers. What are the exciting careers that are held up to young women in high school and college—especially in college? Psychology, journalism, medicine, law, merchandising, the arts. To be sure, there are classes in school in cooking and sewing, but they seem to be side dishes, like gym. In college there is home economics, but often students and faculty in other departments act a bit scornful of it—as if it were for the students too unimaginative to think of something challenging. Besides, it is intended to train for the profession of home economics or dietetics, not for homemaking. Even the name "home economics" seems apologetic. It isn't proud of itself as the most important subject in college, but seems to be hiding under the wing of economics, a respectable academic subject. The department's name should be something grand like The Life of Mankind.

Most colleges seem to consider parenthood no fit subject for study. In some, the faculty will not let girls study child care in the college nursery school until they have first taken a lot of other courses in psychology and education—to prove that they are heading for a serious career as teacher or psychologist. It's as if they say, "A proper college would be ashamed to help a girl learn how to understand children just because she hoped to enjoy children of her own someday. That would be as bad as a course in Being Attractive. Heaven forbid!"

Another reason why girls do not get a lofty view of homemaking is that some of their women teachers have a low opinion of it—which they may or may not express openly.

You might ask, "Why should it make a difference in a girl's attitude to have instructors who do not revere homemaking?" But it does. If an *(Continued on Page 194)*



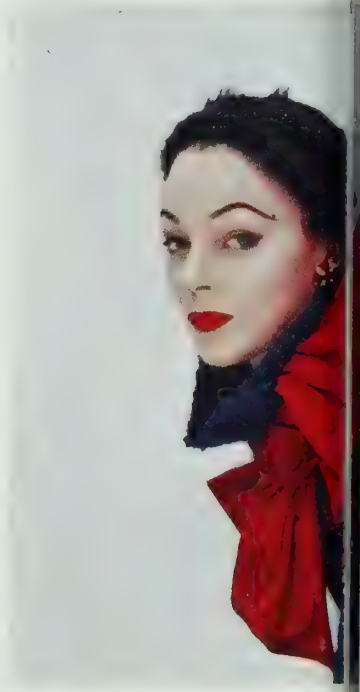
She works five days a week, eight hours a day, period. Her pay is in a tangible, spendable form. Vacations are real live experiences for her.

WILBUR A. CUSHMAN

ONE WONDERFU SUIT

HAL REIFF





Velvet twist—a flash of crim
on a navy coat, by Hattie Carne

. . . the suit that is
undeniably right and becoming
for x number of times and places
Every time you wear it you look
your best. The knowledge that y
have it gives you confidence. Th
is a straight and simple black-an
white tweed, tuned to the black
white of the season or to any
color you like. It goes with a dee
cloche, a helmet-hood or angora
beret, with furs or a velvet
scarf. By Alvin Handmacher, $5

SALLY VICTOR'S ROUGE-RED HAT,
MAXIMILIAN'S FOX SCARF, ALAN MILLER'S BAG.



A WORLD OF IDEAS

. . . can make your fall wardrobe glamorous. A cardigan jacket in printed silk or velvet makes a new costume of a simple wool dress. A jersey over-blouse changes the look of a suit. Fur is used in small necklets, collars, cuffs, gloves, scarves, bandeaux. Corselet belts bracelet the waistline—from elasticized ribbon to handmade petit point. Sashes with great poufs are done in satin and taffeta, on velvet and wool. Jeweled veils add stardust to any hat. This is the season when the idea makes the costume.

by Wilhela Cushman

Fashion Editor of the Journal



WILHELA CUSHMAN

Jacket of the season—the extra cardigan for day or night. Printed silk, crepe-lined, by Sydney Wragge.

DIMITRI



Jersey middy, tweed jacket, wool skirt, Larry Aldrich.

HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS



DIMITRI

Touch of leopard—collar and cuffs on brown jersey suit. Lilly Dache's turban.

Sketch above: Black satin with black-and-white tweed—by Christian Dior - New York. *Right:* Fashion of the leopard scarf draped and tucked into the neckline of a black suit, worn with angora-and-felt calot . . . a Hattie Carnegie idea.



WILHELA CUSHMAN

DIMITRI



Garnet slipper-satin pouf and sash on a garnet wool dress by Harvey Berin.

For dinner and dancing—changeable blue silk taffeta with a bell skirt by Rappi. Kid gloves.



LEOMBRUNO · BODI

HAL REIF



"I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT"

Whisk the long-sleeved jersey or tailored white shirt out from under your jumper sheath and you have a dinner dress.

Add the velveteen jacket to your velveteen skirt and you have a movie suit. If more definite dress-up is indicated, go in for bare necklines, personality separates, taffetas for after five only.

By Ruth Máry Packard

Fundamental sheath, brown velveteen, by Lotte. Leopard-cloth gloves, Mr. John.

LEOMBRUNO • BODI



Date for the movies—velveteen jacket and skirt, jersey blouse, Toni Owen.

BANDEAU BY MR. ALF.



SHELLY GROSSMAN

Any special evening—velvet top with rhinestones, ribbon-and-velvet skirt, by Lotte.

LEOMBRUNO • BODI

COUNT ON THESE...LONG LEOPARD GLOVES,

AN ARMFUL OF BRACELETS,

ROPES OF BEADS, LACY HANDKERCHIEFS,

VELVET BAGS, SPARKLE VEILS



After dinner at home—black jersey, black-and-white corduroy, by Frances Sider.

ALL FOR $100



HAL REIFF

RAYON FLANNEL SUIT

A rayon-and-acetate fabric, scroll collar, turnback cuffs, slim skirt, $22.95. A luncheon or afternoon fashion worn with a coral-pink feather hat, $1.95, and pretty veil, 29c; a faille purse with petit-point embroidery, $2.95; black rayon gloves, $1.65.

ALPACA COAT

This coat with slim shoulders, easy straightness has the most important silhouette of the year, a coat for any hour, right with taffeta or tweed, $29.98; angora beret, $2.95, by Mr. Alf; gold earrings cleverly used as clips, $1.00; plastic saddle-leather bag, $3.00; cotton gloves, $2.00; gold-finished bracelet, $1.00.



Combined with taste, imagination and the ability to add and subtract in the right places, a hundred dollars will buy an entire wardrobe, every inch a fashion, every piece a marvel of long life and changeability. Rayon suits are year-round wonders, an alpaca coat wears no price tag, black taffeta is always becoming, jewelry often does double duty, fabric bags and gloves save mightily, the hat of your life can cost only $1.95. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



HAL REIFF

TWEED JUMPER

All-wool tweed with a gored skirt, $9.90. White piqué shirt, $3.95. Leather belt, $1.00.

PARTY TAFFETA

Rayon-and-acetate taffeta with a rhinestone ornament, $13.90; white cotton gloves, 92c; coral-red chiffon handkerchief, 59c.



WILHELA CUSHMAN

THE SUIT BY DAY

Worn with the coat accessories—Angora beret, plastic bag, russet gloves. The piqué blouse shown with the jumper goes also with this suit.

WILHELA CUSHMAN





OXFORD-GRAY FLANNEL proves its versatility in three ways. As a suit, the softly tailored jacket tops a basic skirt. We have added a black-braid overcollar and braid buttons. Vogue Design No. 7757, 12 to 20, includes jacket, skirt and camisole top.



BRAID-TRIMMED gray flannel as a dinner dress. The same skirt is topped by a camisole with your own design in braid.



DERUJINSKY

WINTER COTTON shirt puts the flan nel skirt in a sports bracket. Vogue Desig No. 7807, 12 to 46. Add calico cummerbund

Separates..

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor of the Journal*



CAMEL HAIR makes news as a fabric and a color. This happy combination in a cardigan jacket, Vogue Design No. 7794; eight-gore skirt, 7707.



BLACK-AND-WHITE TWEED in a full skirt with unpressed pleats, Junior Vogue Design No. 3461, 24 to 28 waist. Spiced with a yellow jersey blouse, No. 7681, 12 to 20. Red belt.



WEDGWOOD-BLUE JERSEY overblouse accented with stitching, Vogue Design No. 7695. The matching skirt, No. 7694, is pleated all around.



MAT JERSEY draped into the prettiest blouse that wraps round and round the waistline, Vogue Design No. 7808, 12 to 20. And worn with the fullest plaid taffeta skirt with soft pleats, No. 7806, 24 to 30 waist.

morning, noon and night



RE-EMBROIDERED BLACK LACE makes this beautiful evening blouse, Design No. 7805, 12 to 20. If your lace has a scalloped edge, save it to whip to neckline. Lovely red silk faille taffeta skirt, No. 7764.

urn to Page 85 for Other Views, Sizes and Prices.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada.
(*Conn. residents please add sales tax.)

Modern with a future

by H. T. Williams

Like a symphony with many variations, blue sets the color theme in this room and is played up and down the scale, from the airy blue of the draperies to the deep indigo blue of the walls. Here is a new color approach to modern decorating, understated but immensely effective in its monochromatic treatment. Only one vivid color—a singing flamingo pink—breaks into the medley of blues like the flash of a tropical bird on the wing. Here is a room that is at ease with living, that invites relaxation whether in the intimacy of your own family or in the company of your friends. The furniture is classically modern; clean-lined, timeless pieces that share the simplicity and sensible beauty of all really functional things. Rough navy-blue-and-white tweed covers the armchair; the sofa, with foam-rubber seat cushions, is upholstered in a sea-blue textured rayon-and-linen mixture. The draperies, which draw from wall to wall, and keep a large window's glaring light well in hand, are a loosely woven dusty-blue-and-white mixture. All pieces—and here's another idea—are carefully scaled to the 18 x 21 feet of the room, to make plenty of room around the fireplace for easy conversation between six or eight people; room for a large desk placed with bookshelves handy; the dining end compact and, with the buffet and serving cart, thoroughly practical.

● RIGHT: *The cherrywood buffet is a good example of modern multipurpose design, provides ample room for storing table linens and silver as well as a handy serving space. The sturdy birch and iron dining chairs are a good, long-term investment at about $77 each—as is the useful tea wagon at about $99.*

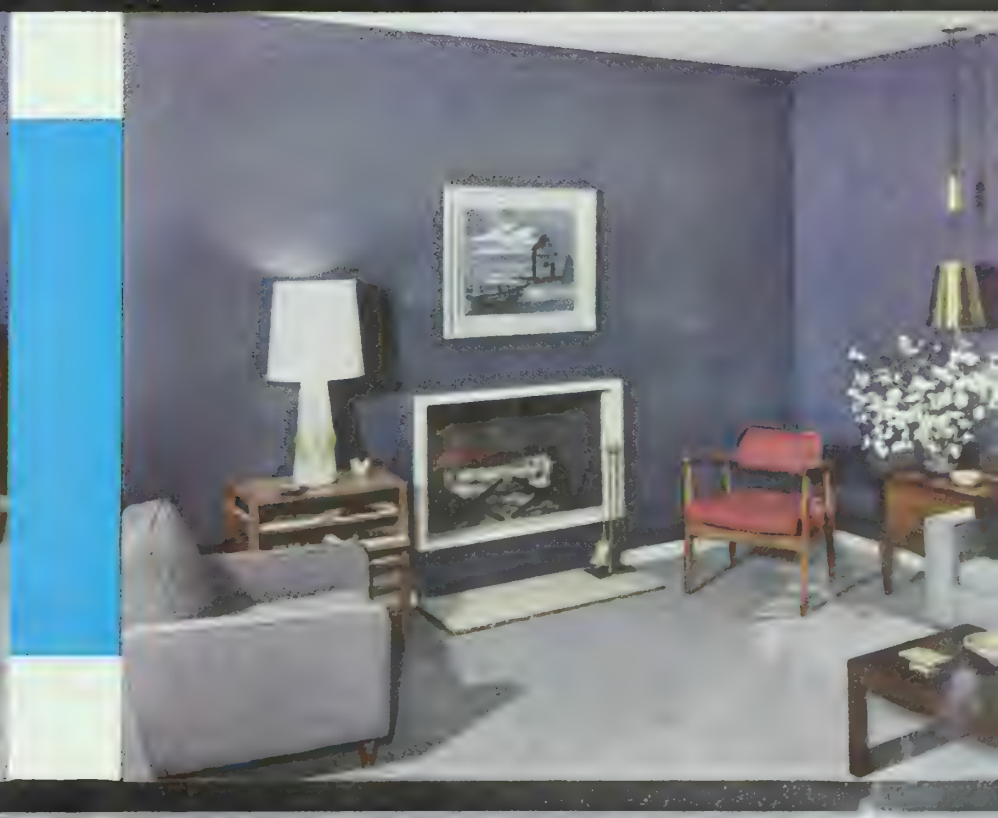
● FAR RIGHT: *The elm-wood magazine table is a good buy at $75. The comfortable, well-designed armchair is $145. The brass hanging lamps at either end of the sofa are counterbalanced, and so easily adjustable to any height. Oil painting hanging over the fireplace is by the well-known American artist, Joe Jones.*

HAROLD FOWLER

JOURNAL ROOMS

now and forever





When their young sons stay out too late, some of our more irate, hair-trigger fathers have taken to phoning the fathers of the girls they're dating. "What time," they demand at 2 A.M., "is your daughter supposed to get home?"

Every day it grows clearer that our daughter will still be wearing blue jeans when she's a grandmother. I wish Whistler were still around then to paint her portrait. (By that time overalls may seem grandmotherly.)

This fall I'm taking off on my duck-hunting trip with a light heart. . . . There's a duck farm in the suburbs where I can count on picking up a dozen mallards, all cleaned and packaged, on my way home, for what it costs to shoot one wild duck.

"I'm shocked to hear my fifth-grade child learns how to spell only 925 words a year," says Betty Comfort indignantly, examining her son's report card. "But he also learns how to run the United Nations."

All the dogs in the neighborhood congregate in our driveway, and naturally I attributed it to our youngest's weird and mystic kinship with the animal kingdom. Till my wife discovered that he feeds 'em frankfurters and meat leftovers from our icebox.

At the autumn football games I'm always comforted to observe that the men we encounter who were my Dream Girl's beaux in college don't seem to have matured as gracefully as she has under my tender care.

A few of our town's sharp dressers are peeved at the sudden change in men's style . . . from our postwar double-breasted drape shape with square shoulders to tighter Harvard-style single-breasted jackets, with shoulders that slope like a pop bottle!

"And just when we had 'em broken in!" they grumble rebelliously.

I've vowed to drive out to the country at least three times a week to banish the city cobwebs from my brain. . . . In sixteen minutes I can drive from our town's most crowded corner on Main Street to a country dirt road where a pig perchance is nuzzling the wild flowers in the ditch.

One of our wittier matrons was overheard unveiling to her chums at lunch downtown her husband's bathroom foibles and how difficult he was to get along with. So I wasn't too stunned when I heard soon afterward he'd finessed her into getting a divorce.

As I understand women better, it's clearer to me that a wife would rather have her husband wash and wipe the dishes three times a week than bring her home a bunch of roses once a month.

Mosquitoes and chiggers in our block recovered quickly when our neighbors chipped in $3 apiece to spray our back yards. But the 39 small fry around the block got our $3 worth, pretending it was a gas attack by enemy tanks.

There's a man in the house

by DARLAN MILLER

Our town's more politically minded matrons are convinced that both Ike and Adlai are exceptionally cute, and that it won't be too easy for a lady to make up her mind.

Our youngest has evolved a new political theory: He contends that candidates for President must be bald men, but candidates for Vice-President may have bushy hair. "Anyhow," he says, "this is a year for bald men to go hatless."

As nearly as I can gather from the chatter of our townsfolk who took long auto trips on their 1952 vacations, the bright spot in every one was the all-too-brief stretches of four-lane toll roads they encountered. They're beginning to annoy our governor to build some too.

Our dry cleaners seem to have adopted a new technique: instead of removing the simpler gravy and sirup stains, they festoon our garments with complex tags explaining why they don't even dare try.

I mused while shaving, and watching 'em build a new rambling ranch house across the road, that the illusion of space would be more persuasive if the end windows weren't a few feet from their neighbors'; and the dramatic picture windows so near and vulnerable to passers-by.

Our town's fiftyish widows and bachelors are enthusiastic about Thornton Wilder's revelation that urbane Americans from 25 to 60 work, play and enjoy life together oblivious of differences in age. . . . But his theory is somewhat more popular beyond 50 than under 30.

I've given Junior a copy of Raoul de Roussy de Sales' humorous essay, Love in America. It's strictly a Frenchman's caustic view (that we're naïvely obsessed with love), and I hope it helps him through his sophomore year in college.

My Dream Girl argues that every man ought to know how to cook at least one dish exquisitely, like a violin solo. I've suggested grilled frankfurters Waldorf, but she insists on at least a dish as complex as a chic Peruvian mixed grill.

Maybe some of the wonder drugs aren't your dish. Some of our town's ruggedest males have been laid low allergically by penicillin or sulfa; more men than women too. They broke out in hives and yearned for the simple malady they'd enjoyed in the first place.

I observe sadly again that among the bills the first of this month are two for bathroom and lighting repairs which the plumber and electrician didn't quite accomplish.

"One of my neighbors grills hot dogs on his magnificent $500 outdoor fireplace," muses Peter Comfort, egging on a charcoal fire in his tiny portable grill, "and another broils $3 steaks on his $30 fireplace of loose brick, and each thinks his taste better!"

When my daughter phones from the state university because she hears a false rumor I'm ailing . . .

Or Junior suddenly realizes it isn't "chicken" to stay home a couple of evenings a week . . .

And our youngest offers to pack for me so I can get my last-minute work cleaned up (and packs as well as I can) . . .

Or my Lady Love, after a spell of mysterious but studied coolness, suddenly forgives me and becomes as mysteriously affectionate . . .

I quit sulking and give up my secret dreams of a solo trip to Singapore via Cape Town and confess inwardly I'm happier than I deserve.



BEFORE: raw, bare and depressing.

AFTER: the five-years-later effect makes it an inspiration to millions of homes that can easily be transformed like this one.



The plant prices here are average for sizes five years younger than the plants in the picture, or of similar types of plants.

1. Red Pine,
   6–7-foot.
   5@ $13.20 . . $66.00
2. Day lilies,
   20@ 25c 5.00
3. Red Maple,
   16-foot planted.
   1@ $30.00 . . 30.00
4. Red-vein Enkianthus,
   4–5-foot specimen.
   1@ $6.00 . . . 6.00
5. Japanese Holly,
   3–4-foot specimen.
   2@ $7.50 . . . 15.00
6. Owners' own sowing of annuals.
7. Bearded Iris,
   10@ 25c 2.50
8. Asiatic Sweetleaf,
   2–3-foot.
   2@ 75c 1.50
9. Japanese Dogwood,
   5–6-foot specimen.
   3@ $8.00 . . . 24.00

Total $150.00

$180 AND FIVE YEARS



THIS is how $180 worth of plants and fencing can transform a raw bare house and lot. What it does to the value of the property is just as amazing, you can be sure. Also what it does to the salability, if the need arises. And what it does to the pride and pleasure of the owners is the most amazing of all.

These plants cost $150 five years ago. The fencing cost $30. (Ask any landscaping firm how much it would cost to duplicate this planting as it is at present!) Even back at the five-year-smaller size, the plants made an immediate transformation on the house and lot. Within five years' time, as you can see, the transformation becomes complete.

It isn't just the plants and their five-year growth. It's the planning and the placement too. The planting pattern we've worked out here can be fitted to the front yard of almost any average house and lot. Instead of an overcostly "foundation planting" which gets you nowhere, you create a kind of outdoor entranceway and lobby, in this case a dooryard garden enclosed within a low picket fence; almost as good as adding a room. Then in and about this you place and group your planting as indicated on the plan. Note well how effectively the plants so placed furnish the lawn, protect the house and decorate the whole scene.

See how the house and garden already enjoy the shade and beauty of a really sizable shade tree, right where they need them both so badly. See how the pines quickly make dense evergreen screens to attain estate privacy on a sixty-foot lot. Try to see, through the dogwoods, the owners sun-bathing in their little front sitting garden. There happens to be no picture window here, but for a house that has one the sitting garden and the dogwoods would not only screen the window but make the ideal picture to look at through it.

Any questions?

By Richard Pratt





OCTOBER GIVES A PARTY

"And now we sing that winy air that is October's frost."

I always like to think of October as being so fresh, like a new beginning of freshness. Something that was poured out in unlimited bounty by a hand that knew no measures and no limitations. Something that you could smell and taste to your heart's content.

What we are really concerned with, this October, is the old cider mill. It was only about five miles from home and I was charged with the chore of getting the jugs filled with sweet cider; and you'd be surprised, if you don't already know it, what wonderful things can be done with it, if you get it sweet and appley straight from the press. One of the receipts in this menu will take care of some of the sweet cider that I have been talking about, and that is the receipt for

CIDER-GLAZED FRESH HAM

Place a fresh ham, about 11 pounds, on a rack in a roasting pan. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. Fresh ham should be baked about 35–40 minutes per pound. For an 11-pound ham, it would take 6½ to 7 hours' baking time. If you have a meat thermometer, insert it in the thickest part of the ham and where it will not rest on the bone. Bake the ham until it reaches an internal temperature of 185° F. You might prefer to use a fresh pork shoulder. A 5-pound picnic shoulder will take about 3⅓ hours. An 8-pound one, about 5 hours. Internal temperature the same as for ham. One half hour before baking time is completed, cut the rind off the ham and score the fat. Stud the ham with cloves. Pour 1 cup *(Continued on Page 128)*

BY ANN BATCHELDER



LEOMBRUNO

With her American great-grandchildren, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Russell, Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan was photographed recently at her home in Florida. Mme. Balsan, when informed that she was on the Nazi hostage list, left France after the Franco-German armistice in 1940. Colonel Balsan later returned to France and offered his services to General de Gaull They both now live in the United States. "Back in my native land, havin regained a citizenship I would never have resigned if the law of my da had permitted me to keep it, I look back on a long life under three flags.

SPORT AND GENERAL



For the coming-out ball of Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill in 1939 her father, the Duke of Marlborough, floodlit Blenheim Palace for the first time. Consuelo came from France for her eldest granddaughter's debut. Daughter of Consuelo's older son who became the tenth duke upon the death of his father, Lady Sarah later relinquished her title to marry an American. Now Mrs. Edwin Russell, she lives in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

The Glitter and the Gold

By CONSUELO VANDERBILT BALSAN

CONCLUSION

THE year 1920 was darkened by my father's ill health and death. I was with him to the end. Whatever his personal sufferings may have been, he made no complaints; not even a gesture of ill humor troubled the serenity he seemed to emanate. There was a fineness about him that one sensed clearly, and it seemed to me that nothing ignoble would ever touch him. In his business and in his life he lived up to the high standard of integrity he had set himself.

We brought him home and laid him to rest in the family vault on Staten Island.

There followed a few weeks on Long Island where my mother had built herself a medieval castle which dominated the Sound. In spite of her suffrage activities, her life was a lonely one and she decided to join me in France, where I had determined to live.

On my return to Europe I spent a few weeks in London to pack my belongings, to arrange for the sale of Sunderland House, to transfer a house I had leased in Portman Square to my married son, to give up Crowhurst and to wind up the many activities that had become dear to me. Leaving my work was a wrench, and saying farewell to my fellow workers saddened me.

But looking back on the long years of solitude, ranging as they did from my twenty-ninth to my forty-fourth year, I felt I could not give up the promise of happiness that had now come my way, a decision that my eldest son's happy marriage helped me to reach.

On July 4, 1921, I was married to Jacques Balsan in the Chapel Royal Savoy at nine in the morning. This unusual hour had been chosen to avoid the glare of publicity which had been focused on the marriage of Marlborough and Gladys Deacon earlier that spring in Paris. To conform to French law we also went through a civil ceremony.

Life with Jacques Balsan has brought me the profound happiness companionship with one equally loved and honored means. Whether in France, in England or in my native land, I have rarely met a man or a woman, certainly never a child, who has not succumbed to the charm of his personality, to the keenness of his varied interests, to the subtle intelligence of his understanding, to the wit of his conversation, and above all to the profound goodness and kindness of his nature.

It is perhaps not out of place here to give my readers a short account of his life. He had been an airman in the *(Continued on Page 198)*

Copyright, 1952, by Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan.
The complete book was recently published by Harper & Brothers



"Lou Sueil" (the Hearth) was the name Consuelo and Colonel Balsan gave their home on the Riviera. The house was built by six masons who walked over the mountains from Italy each Monday, returning to spend Sunday with their families.

EUROPEAN



Refugees crowded French roads fleeing before the menace of the German invaders. "Three times have les Boches driven us from our home: once before the Battle of the Marne; the second time in a late drive just before the end of the last war; and now again!"

"I have met the girl I want to marry," was Jacques Balsan's comment after being introduced to Consuelo in 1894. Twenty-seven years later his wish came true and they were married in London. Here, they enjoy visit from Consuelo's grandchildren.





"Miracle in Minnesota"—primary night.

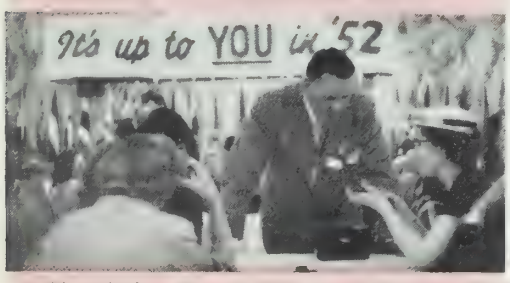


Kay gets out vote to precinct meetings.



CLARK DEAN

"I know that I'll make enemies ——"



CLARK DEAN

Kay helps beat Taft leader in state.



At Chicago Kay joins Stassen parade.



Can the amateurs beat Taft at Chicago?

In St. Cloud, Minnesota, Kay organized political "coffee hours." Soon she was G.O.P. county chairwoman and Stassen delegate to Chicago. "The Republicans can never win as a rich man's party," says Kay, who grew up as a laborer's daughter.

The Old Guard couldn't scare this political novice. "The only way to run the Republican Party: let everyone in."

Kay's in politics for her kids' sake. "What's the use of raising them to be strong and healthy—then hand them a world in chaos when they're eighteen?" Judy is 9, Jackie 5. Husband Les is a railroad brakeman.



FROM KITCHEN

IN Kay Strommen's kitchen these bright autumn nights the coffeepot keeps bubbling far past midnight. Around her big kitchen table, a group of men and women are planning grand strategy. The November elections are only a month away. Kay, a rangy brunette of thirty-four, keeps replenishing the coffee cups. Her lipstick wore off several hours ago and her dark eyes are ringed with fatigue. But her laugh is lighthearted.

For Kay feels that Eisenhower will win in her county, although it went Democratic in the last presidential election. She is Republican chairwoman of Stearns County, in Central Minnesota. Her job is swinging the city of St. Cloud, a granite center on the Mississippi River, into the G.O.P. camp. This means organizing the entire city (pop. 28,000) precinct by precinct, as well as supervising, with the help of her chairman, all Republican campaign activities in the county—raising money, running a campaign headquarters, planning radio programs, organizing house-to-house canvasses. And most important, getting the voters out on election day.

Kay will get it all done, too, although she has a full-time job and two small children. She is secretary for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis in St. Cloud, and for a while it looked as though her office would become a political headquarters as well.



On first ballot, Kay votes for Stassen. Ike needs n







"This is the people speaking!" Kay exclaims during Ike demonstration. She got 5 hours' sleep a night for a week, worried about money. "I'm coming to Conventions till I'm 70!"

TO CONVENTION

"I put my foot down on *that*," says Kay. "Now my kitchen is the caucus room." But she can't control the telephone. "Almost every time my boss picks up the phone these days he says, with great patience, 'Yes, she's here.' You know, they say that three things are indispensable to a woman in politics: plenty of time, money, and a sympathetic husband. All I started with was the husband."

The wife of a railroad man, a conscientious mother, a full-time office worker, Kay Strommen represents something new in politics today. The old-time party workers could not take her seriously. Right from the start they underestimated her idealism, her artlessness, her refusal to put personal advantage ahead of citizenship. And right from the start the smart politicos lost to Kay Strommen.

The dramatic contest which shaped up under the blazing klieg lights at the Republican Convention in Chicago came as no surprise to her. Almost from the moment she consented to be a Harold Stassen delegate a year ago, Kay was thrown into the violent tug of war between the Old Guard Republicans and the independent newcomers like herself. The attempts of the Republican "regulars" in the South to rig their state conventions to keep out the liberals sounded a familiar note to Kay. The professional politicians tried to *(Continued on Page 108)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON COSTER

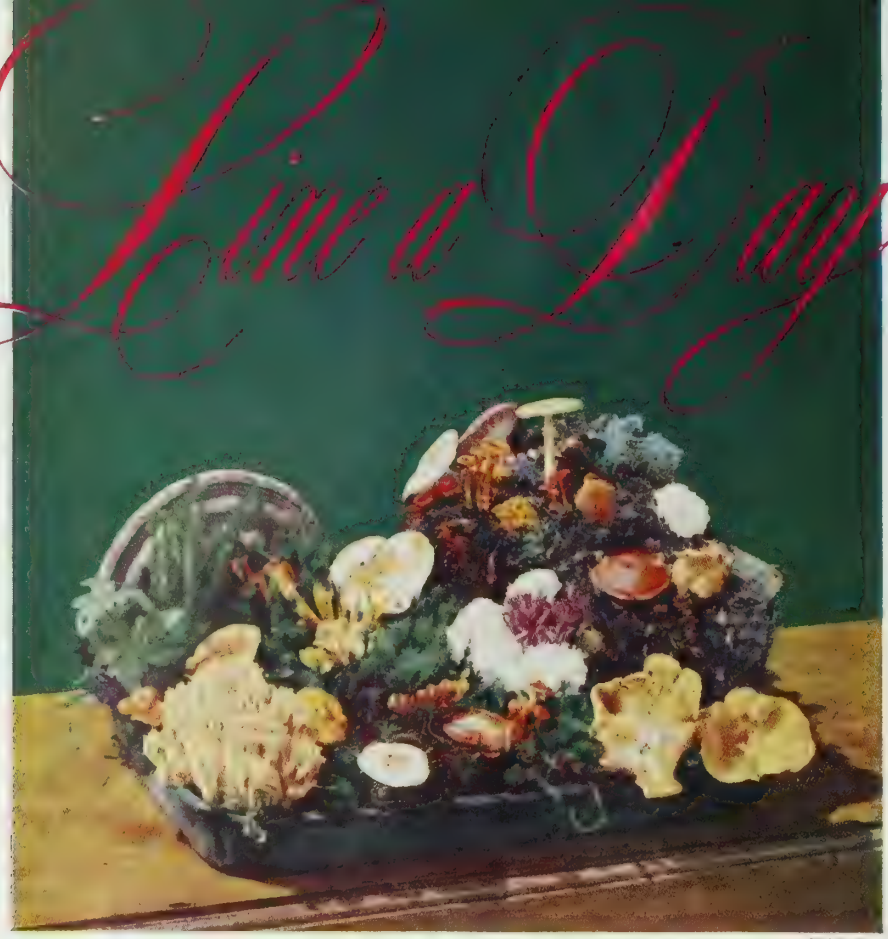


"He's the most natural, simple kind of guy," Kay marvels at Ike. "The whole world respects him. We've got to appeal to the workingman. Eisenhower speaks his language."

otes to win. "Minnesota wishes to change its vote—" Kay pins Ike button above Stassen's.



Line a Day



FOWLER

These wild and wonderful mushrooms were found and arranged by Stuart Jensen, whom Ann Batchelder met in Vermont. The mountain where these grow was Ann's father's favorite spot for kite flying. Beautiful, aren't they?

By Ann Batchelder

1 Have you seen the flying saucers lately? Neither have I. But I am seeing the fall come in, just as thrilling to me as any platter flying over the treetops. This is my favorite month. It means an end of an era, and memories of many we have seen come and go together.

2 This year was a great year for honey, so the expression "busy as a bee" comes "trippingly on the tongue."

3 Here's something to get the children out of bed and off to school on time: Spread hot toast with honey to which you have added enough grated orange rind to taste. Grown folks go for this too. And for an afternoon-tea titbit it makes a nice change from the sandwich.

4 However, we can't pass the faithful sandwich by. It is as inevitable as ants at a picnic. Since we are on the honey theme, let's mix a package of cream cheese with enough honey and a little cream to make it spreadable. Add enough orange marmalade so you can taste it. And this is good on whole-wheat or on old-fashioned brown bread.

5 Blueberries are as popular in pie as a single man at a barn dance. And with frozen or canned berries, it is a year-round treat. Leave out the flour—I've mentioned this before—and add just a little nutmeg with the sugar. One more break for nutmeg.

6 Here's a two-bagger, which in my book means a two-chapter idea. *Chapter 1:* Separate a cauliflower into flowerets, slice thin, soak in salted ice water, drain and dry. Have ready thin strips of green pepper, small portions of parboiled sweetbread, the smallest possible oysters, little squares of eggplant, potato balls—whatever you have along this line.

7 *Chapter 2:* Dip each piece of assorted goods in a fritter batter and fry to a golden brown in deep hot fat. Sprinkle with salt. Serve hot with lemon quarters. A surprise piece and awfully good.

8 Out of Hawaii, the place that swallows the sun. Fried chicken done this way: Cut your chicken into the usual pieces. Marinate it for an hour or so in the following sauce:

9 Mix together 1 cup soya sauce, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon garlic salt, ½ teaspoon sugar. Now drain the chicken well, roll in flour, fry in butter or other fat until tender, and serve with fried pineapple. Hawaiians love this and so will you.

10 Seems as if a Welsh rarebit was good enough by itself without any fancy trimmings. However, try spreading slices of toast with finely chopped onion mixed with a little prepared mustard, and serving your rarebit on that. Good enough to get itself talked about.

11 A fried banana is a fried banana any way you look at it. Usually done with lemon, but try a Mocha banana. Bet you never heard of that one. You fry your bananas as usual, peeled and split lengthwise.

12 Now you melt 1 cup sugar in a heavy pan. Add slowly 1½ cups strong coffee, stirring every minute. Thicken with 2 tablespoons cornstarch mixed with a little cold coffee. Cook until it bubbles and thickens a little. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Serve hot on the bananas.

13 For a sandwich designed for nothing but to taste good, take thin buttered white bread with a filling of water cress and avocado, dressed with a little French dressing. These are first-rate for tea.

14 Another sandwich that meets with favor has a filling of cooked chopped chicken livers and chopped avocados, held together with a little mayonnaise.

15 Mornings are getting snappy—and why shouldn't they? It's October, isn't it? The frost is on the punkin and the early fires feel good. It's even fun to chop the kindling.

16 A very good supper for October is an old-fashioned fish or clam chowder. Any good cook has a receipt. Mine has been published more than once.

17 Rumor has it that it's doughnut time. Can you think of a better snack than a doughnut with a glass of milk or a cup of good coffee? And a piece of cheese?

18 It doesn't seem possible that there is another salad dressing—but here it is: Add 2 tablespoons peanut butter to ½ cup mayonnaise. Mix gently until smooth and well blended. This is delicious on fruit salads—especially banana. And, surprisingly enough, very good on cabbage salad.

19 Stews are a popular fall dish—and stews call for dumplings. Try herb dumplings for a change. Just add to your mixture ¼ teaspoon each of sage, marjoram, thyme and sweet basil. Don't look after you drop the dumplings in and cover the stew. Raising the lid is fatal to dumplings. Curiosity will get you nowhere.

20 Maybe you haven't heard of this, but if you have it makes no difference. You'll like to hear more. You can't hear too much, and it's all good. It's a little matter of noodle pancakes, and this is the way of them:

21 Beat 2 eggs lightly and season with salt and pepper. Cook a package of the finest, smallest egg noodles according to package directions. Drain well. Add to the eggs. Bake on a hot greased griddle, turning once, to brown on both sides. Serve hot with sausages and maple sirup.

22 A trick to please the bib-and-tucker set: Cut out toast slices with animal cooky cutters. Serve with a bowl of soup, or float on top of soup.

23 One of the loveliest vegetables that grow is the eggplant. Royal purple is its color and its flavor is indescribably elegant. It demands sophisticated treatment.

24 One way to do right by the eggplant is to peel it, cut it into chunks and cook it, covered, in a little water until tender. Drain and mash it.

25 Now beat in 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste, and ¼ cup flour or enough to bind the mixture. Fry in small flat patties, in bacon or other fat, browning on both sides. Serve very hot.

26 If you long to give your men guests a treat, what can be better than hamburgers Benedict? Toast and butter enough English muffins to go around. On each half place a grilled hamburger, on each hamburger set a poached egg—hot hollandaise goes over all.

27 One of the wonderful things that have returned after being too long hidden on the top shelf is the chafing dish. Think of all those beautiful suppers you can prepare right at the table! It's the day, it's the hour. Let's make with the chafing dish.

28 Now that oysters are in again, one of the nicest things to do with them is to cream them. Don't have your sauce too thick. Provide thin toast or toasted crackers for this dish. This is almost a "must" for a buffet, along with lobster Newburg and Welsh rarebit.

29 How glamourous can you get when it comes to food? One of the things that shine is the dessert omelet. Let us end on that note.

30 Dessert omelets are not well known in this country, but get acquainted as soon as you can. You may have a filling of black cherries, or peaches, or pineapple in ginger sirup, and it's quite a dish, I assure you.

31 I almost got the idea that there were only thirty days in October, but I learned that calendars don't lie. So our visit is brought to an end. The leaves are falling. All colors known to man are lying on the ground. So once more we can "walk on that Persian carpet of purple and gold the weary Autumn weaves," and wait for another fall. Good-by, now, until November.

America's Favorite Soup—Prepare it these two ways!

(left) CREAM OF TOMATO — Blend with milk for a rich, delicious cream soup that's extra nourishing.

(right) TOMATO —For the zesty flavor and tempting color of red-ripe tomatoes—just add water.

Turn to TOMATO SOUP

It helps you and your meal planning in so many, many ways.

BY Anne Marshall



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

Baffled about a meal? Stay out too long? Hurried...? Guests pop in unexpectedly? Meals grow easily around versatile Tomato Soup. Whatever you serve with it seems to belong: plain or toasted sandwiches . . . a salad . . . both—or maybe just with a dessert.

Here's a soup worth thinking about! It fits so nicely into food plans, for this tangy purée of field-ripened tomatoes is always welcomed.

More . . . Tomato Soup is a sauce of endless possibilities. Velvet-smooth . . . in and on foods it adds color-zip, taste-zest! Soufflés, casseroles, special dishes—respond to the tomato touch.

So turn to Tomato Soup . . . wonderful, warm and glowing. Serve it—as a soup, as a sauce, as a cooking ingredient. It's the simple, inexpensive way of introducing that grand tomato taste year 'round.

As Soup for Lunch

Luscious, sun-ripened tomatoes, creamery butter and gentle seasonings make it ideal to serve in such a menu as this:

Tomato Soup
Egg Salad Sandwich
Peach Pie **Tea**

As a Lift for Hamburgers

Try this grand tomato-onion gravy: Remove cooked hamburgers from skillet. Add ½ cup each of minced onion and diced celery to meat drippings. Season to taste. Cook until tender. Add 1 can tomato soup. Heat thoroughly.

As a Sauce for Macaroni

Tomato Soup makes the perfect cooking sauce for a macaroni and cheese casserole. Use condensed tomato soup in place of old-fashioned white sauce. It's more colorful . . . tangy. What a treat for the family.



A good cook keeps a full Soup Shelf.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



VOTE!

In recent national elections in some free countries, the following percentage of eligible persons voted:

Australia.....96% voted (1951)

Great Britain.....83% voted (1951)

Sweden.....80% voted (1950)

Western Germany...75% voted (1949)

Canada.....74% voted (1949)

Israel.....72% voted (1951)

United States.....51% voted (1948)

Only about one-half of our voters went to the polls in the last presidential election. The right to vote is a privilege and a responsibility. Let us make this year's vote the largest ever recorded in our history! Get out and vote November 4th! Urge all your friends to do likewise.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

GIANT

(Continued from Page 54)

important things in the world outside Reata. Even outside Texas!"

"Not to me."

"I think you actually mean that."

"Damn right I do."

Three months, four six seven. She began to plan a Virginia visit. "It's been almost a year and a half. I can hardly believe it. Jordy'll be all grown up before they see him."

"Why don't they all come here for a visit?" Bick suggested.

"I wrote them. But papa can't get away just now. Lacey's got a beau who isn't safe to leave, she says. Mama alone?"

"You're right." Hastily.

"I feel so—I don't know—kind of listless and no appetite and this morning ——" She stopped, struck by a sudden shattering suspicion.

Doctor Tom had made the suspicion a reality.

"No!" Leslie, appalled, had rejected the diagnosis. "I can't! Jordy's only seven months old!"

"Everything grows fast in Texas. You're a healthy young woman. It'll be all right, Leslie. If this one's a girl you'll have a nice start toward a real family, all in about two years." Doctor Tom regarded her with keen kind eyes. "It's better this way. Something—two somethings—real and important to tie you to Texas."

Bick had been startled, then hilarious and definitely pleased with himself. "I'll consent to a girl this time, just to show you I'm no pasha."

Half laughing half crying, "I'm like one of the Mexican brides. I haven't even had a chance to wear my trousseau dresses. They'll be museum pieces."

"Give them to the Mexican girls around the house," Bick told her.

"Mama would sue." A terrible thought struck her. "Now I can't go home."

"Next year then, honey. In triumph. With two babies."

She felt irritable, restless. "I wish I could dress up and sit at a restaurant table and hear some music. And even dance, perhaps. I look awful. I hear that dresses are longer and waistlines shorter and the boyish bob is out. I feel like a squaw."

"I can't get away for a long trip now. Tell you what, let's run down to Viento and stay at the Hake for a couple of days."

"Hake. If it's anything like ——"

"It's quite a hotel. Music and the Seville Room and hostesses and a gold-and-marble lobby, all new. Besides, this is Fiesta week down there."

THE Vientecito trip was quite a success. Leslie was amazed at the natural beauty of the thriving little city, perched on the high bluff overlooking Vientecito Bay and the Gulf of Mexico beyond.

"It's dazzling!" she exclaimed as she and Bick drove along the miles of water front. "In any other country in the world it would be a Riviera, with casinos and beaches and restaurants and all that dreadful stuff. Miles and miles and miles of water front! Jordan, let's get out and walk."

"Walk! What for?"

"What does anybody walk for!"

"I never could figure out."

The long promenade was strangely deserted, even the Fiesta crowds only drove briskly by, staring at the brilliant expanse of rolling waters. Boats bobbed at the piers, sails glinted against the horizon. The man and woman walked alone, two figures against the background of sky and water. The wind blew, it whipped you along if you went with it or buffeted you if you went against it, there was none of the exhilarating salty tang of ocean air.

Leslie drew in a few experimental deep breaths. Nothing happened.

"Had enough?" Bick asked.

"Why doesn't it make me feel terrific?"

"Uh—how would you like to go out in one of the boats? I always keep a boat here and so does Roady."

"Boat. Oh, I think boats aren't the thing for me just now."

THE bright thriving city was in gala dress. Plump matrons in fringed silk shawls and high combs and mantillas, mahogany giants in costumes that were an impartial mixture of late Texas and early buccaneer thronged the streets, the Hake lobby. Mexican food was dispensed at street corners, signs worded in Spanish proclaimed this attraction or that there was a gigantic parade which Bick and Leslie and an assortment of unexpected guests (true to the state custom) watched from the windows of the big Benedict suite. Float after float rumbled past. Men and women in satins and sombreros astrid creamy palominos. The horses, glinting in the sun, looked like mythical creatures in a child's fairy tale. Skittish quarter horses prancing and sidling. False ferocious mus taches and beards, grandees in goatees.

"You all right, Leslie?"

"I'm wonderful."

"You don't want to get all tired out. We'd better have dinner served up here."

"Oh, no! I want to have it in the restaurant. It's—it's kind of stimulating to be in a crowd again."

"Pretty rough down there. . . . All right. I'll reserve a table. I hope. But it's late."

"Never too late for Benedict," the dining-room telephone assured him.

The parade the music the clamor the crowds streamed and blared and shouted on and on in the street below. At last baffled, Leslie asked her question. "But where are the Mexicans? It's all about Spain and Mexico and old Texas. Where are they? All the people in the parade and even on the streets are what you call—well—white."

"Uh—oh, they have a celebration of their own another day—a real Mexican fiesta over in the Mexican part of town."

"Mexican Americans who live here in Vientecito?"

"Well, sure."

"I suppose Coronado and all those con quistadors you're always naming everything after were one-hundred-per cent white Protestant Americans."

"You going to start all that again? Come on now, this is Fiesta, Yankee. No fair crabbing."

The hotel lobby fascinated her. Vast, marble-columned, it was, architecturally, a blend of Roman bath and Byzantine bordello. Gigantic men in boots and ten-gallon hats lolled in the stupendous leather chairs amongst the mottled marble and the potted palms. The Mexican bellboys, slim and elegant in their tight uniforms, agile as eels were in startling contrast to the monolithic men whose bags they carried, whose errands they ran.

Clearing a path ahead of her, battling her way through the lobby mob. . . . Hi, Bick!. . . Bick, you old maverick where you been all these —— Howdy Bick! Say, I'd like for you to meet my wife she's right over there. . . . What you doing in this stamped?

A corner in a far end of the room near a pillar and beneath a gigantic palm. The assistant manager magically produced a chair. Here you are, Mrs. Benedict, right in the middle of the roundup. You want to look out, Bick, she don't get tromped the way they're milling around today.

Bick was puzzled. "It doesn't seem like you, Leslie, wanting to get into the middle of a mob like this."

"I know. I suppose I'm hungry for people. Crowds of people. Once in a while it's sort of exhilarating."

(Continued on Page 80)

If you have lived a day you have seen everything.
—MONTAIGNE

"It's my one essential cream"

This is the cream trusted and loved by beautiful women all over the world.

This cream not only cleanses skin beautifully clean, but *at the same time* replenishes softening oil and moisture skin *needs* to look smooth, fresh.

There is an exclusive formulation of *skin-helping* ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream. Together these ingredients work on your skin *as a team*—in inter-action. When you swirl on Pond's Cold Cream, you get the effect of this inter-action on *both* sides of your skin.

On the *outside*—embedded dirt is lifted out of tiny pore-openings. And your skin is given softening oil and moisture.

On the *inside*—circulation is stimulated, bringing color into your skin, helping the skin repair itself and refine itself.



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (*above*)

She has unusually fine skin that needs special protection from wind and from sun. "I feel nothing I've ever used keeps my skin looking so smooth and fresh as Pond's Cold Cream," Mrs. Vanderbilt says.



Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor (*at left*)

People always notice the exquisite look of Mrs. Astor's skin. Mrs. Astor is devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. She says, "I've used it since my early teens. Pond's is my most helpful and most necessary cream."



The Lady Bridgett de Robledo (*at right*)

She divides her time between her native England and her adopted South America. Any change in climate can easily bother skin. But Lady Bridgett says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin always smooth. I really feel I *couldn't* be without it."

A fascinating immediate change can come over your face

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and your throat, generously. Tissue off well.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly.

Now *look* at your skin. This double Pond's Cold Creaming cleanses immaculately—and brings back to your skin the oil and moisture it needs. *At the same time*, it quickens circulation, livens your skin.

Use it every night—remember, the robbing of your skin's oil and moisture goes on *every* day. (In the morning, another quick Pond's Creaming starts your day with a new freshness.)

Go to your favorite face cream counter, and get a *large* jar of Pond's Cold Cream *today!*



Now for the first time science makes it possible to...

bleach nylon and rayon safely!

Is your nylon and rayon lingerie losing its original sparkle—taking on a dull gray film?

Now, at last, a NEW KIND of bleach lets you SAFELY, gradually whiten nylon and rayon, fabrics you could never bleach before. It's Gold Seal's "snowy"! The new powder bleach discovery.

Use "snowy" bleach Every Wash! Make Nylon, Rayon Whiter With Every Bleaching!

"snowy's" action—safe and gradual—continues every time you wash. A few bleachings and grayed slips and blouses start to sparkle again. For *new* lingerie, use "snowy" from the first wash and *keep* that new look! Gentle "snowy" brightens tub-fast *colors*. Wonderful for *baby's* things. Smells so clean and fresh!

"snowy" bleaches with 3-Way Action:

1. **Conditions water.**
2. **Dissolves gray film.**
3. **Bleaches gently, safely.**

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. If your store does not have "snowy" send 25¢ to Gold Seal Co., Bismarck, N. Dak., for generous trial package.

snowy POWDERED bleach

It's a powder!

Takes away nylon gray



*"snowy" AND GOLD SEAL ARE T. M.'S ... SEAL CO., BISMARCK, N. DAK.

(Continued from Page 78)

"Will you be all right here for a minute? I'll just butter up those people in the dining room so we'll have a decent table. The Beezers are here, they're going to eat with us, and the Caldwells and Jim and Mamie Hatton—you met the Hattons, remember? At Len's?"

"Yes, of course." Brightly. Hattons?

The clamor was tremendous. She enjoyed it. Quietly she sat in her corner in her pretty trousseau dress, a bit snug for her now, and watched the surge and flow of those pseudo-Spanish and mock-Mexican Texans in their fiesta finery.

"Howdy, Miz Benedict." Jett Rink in his good Stetson and his good handmade boots and his clean canvas clothes.

"Jett!"

"Yes ma'am. I heard you was here. And I was across the street watching the parade, I seen you—saw you—at the window."

Seen you saw you. The schoolteacher wife. "How are you, Jett?"

"Good."

"And your wife? I heard you married Miss Dart, the schoolteacher."

"Not now we ain't. That's all busted up."

She glanced past him toward the dining-room doorway. Jordan would be furious if he found her talking to this boy. She turned her head away. But he stood there before her, staring at her.

"I'm running a rig now. Ain't you heard? I'm the works, driller and tool dresser and grease monkey all rolled in one."

"Grease monkey?"

"On the oil rig. We're drilling on my own piece, me and my uncle and little brother. Starting to, that is."

She rose. "That's splendid. Good-by."

"Huh?" He glanced over his shoulder. "Say, I know Bick's got his kettle on for me, I ain't aiming to meet up with him—yet." He turned his hard relentless gaze upon her, those hot narrow eyes set so close together bored into her eyes. They traveled slowly down her face to her mouth and rested there a moment, then down to her throat, her breast. "I been wanting to see you," he said almost humbly.

SHE brushed past him, she began to push her way through the throng.

"I'll be seeing you again," Jett Rink said. It was not a casual farewell. It was a threat.

The crowd closed in on her. She was elbowed this way and that. A hand gripped her arm. "Leslie! I told you to stay till I came back for you." Jordan's dear face full of concern for her.

"I didn't like it there. Hot."

"The folks are waiting for us. Let's have dinner early, before the big mob."

The Seville Room maître d'hôtel turned out to be a headwaitress, brightly blond and dressed as Carmen. Her kind careworn face beamed a genuine welcome. "Hiyah! Right this way, honey." Her flounced skirts bobbed energetically as she skipped ahead of Jordan and Leslie. And there were the Beezers and the Hattons and the Caldwells, brimming with friendship and warm hospitality.

The band broke into the measured beat of a tango. Gourds chattered, drums pounded. The little dance floor in the center of the dining room suddenly was asquirm with posturing figures in mantillas and silks and boleros. Handsome Texas males. Blooming Texas matrons. Dazzlingly pretty Texas girls with their strangely boyish six-foot beaux. The aroma of coffee, the smell of hot spicy food. No dark faces other than those of the Mexican bus boys moving silently from table to table.

ED BEEZER challenged Leslie's wide-eyed interest in the colorful clamorous room. "I bet you never saw anything like this up North, Miz Benedict. You'd never believe you were in the United States, would you?"

"Never," Leslie said. "Never."

Even Bick conceded that the girl, from the moment of her birth, was completely a Benedict. She was fair as her brother Jordy was dark, sunny as he was somber. "Well, that's more like it!" Bick exulted. "Too bad we can't switch them around, but anyway now we're really coming through with the strain." With a cautious caressing forefinger he traced a path down the fragile pink face from brow to chin.

"Luz. H'm? We'll call her Luz."

"No!" Leslie cried. "We've never ever mentioned that among the names we've——

"Yes, but she looks it, though. All that yellow hair and blue eyes and look at that skin! Luz Benedict. Luz. It means light."

"Not Luz. If it's light you want we'll name her Claire. Not Luz. Never Luz."

"Nothing to get so upset about, honey. You just don't like Benedict names, that's all. You were dead against Jordan too, remember?"

"This is different. I can't bear it."

"All right. I'll be big about it." His arm about the woman and the child, his cheek against Leslie's. "My darling girl. My two darling girls. . . . All right then. If Claire is what you want then it'll be Claire."

But he fell into the habit of calling her Luz. Just a kind of nickname, he said. And in time the child and everyone who knew her forgot that she ever had had another name. She signed herself Luz Benedict. At school in the East she explained, "I w

(Continued on Page 85)



"Another way we saved was by Norville doing all the wiring himself!"

WIN A TRIP to PARIS

PLUS a Fabulous New Wardrobe!





Trim Tred's

EXCITING News-in-Shoes CONTEST!

Trim Tred designers have created an inspired new fall collection of shoes!

JUST SEE THEM...DESCRIBE THEM...THAT'S ALL!

Hurry to your Trim Tred store and see the wonderful new fall-into-winter shoes! Pumps, straps, sandals—every style to make your shoe wardrobe completely glamorous. Then . . .

Just finish this sentence on the official entry blank which your Trim Tred dealer will give you. Complete it in 25 additional words or less: "I like the new fall Trim Tred Shoes because . . ." You might say, "because they're so lovely to look at, with their beautiful lines and quality materials, so heavenly to wear, and yet so easy on my budget." You'll get ideas galore when you see the shoes!

Act today! Don't miss your chance to win a glorious trip to Paris for two—for free—*plus* a wonderful new wardrobe!

CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 31, 1952

Get entry blanks with complete rules... see the beautiful new shoes at the store where you buy famous

Trim Tred SHOES

Write us, if you don't know your Trim Tred dealer's name. ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND, *division of International Shoe Company,* St. Louis 3, Missouri.

FIRST PRIZE Includes all this:

A trip for 2 to Paris via Pan American World Airway's Stratocruiser!

7 days and nights of luxurious living and sightseeing in Paris, with land arrangements by famous T. J. McGuire Travel Co.

A beautiful new $1000 wardrobe from the world's fashion center!

OR winner can choose $3,500 cash instead!

233 OTHER BIG PRIZES, TOO!

3 prizes of $500 each	12 prizes of $50 each
5 prizes of $250 each	30 prizes of $25 each
8 prizes of $100 each	75 prizes of $10 each
100 prizes of a beautiful pair of Trim Tred Shoes	

Bonus! If first prize winner's entry blank is accompanied by a sales slip for a pair of Trim Tred Shoes, signed by your dealer, we pay Federal Tax on prize winnings. (This applies to first prize only.)

NOTHING TO BUY! this contest is free!

Unanimously ELECTED!

Peter Pan's Hidden Treasure is carried by America's "Electoral College" of dealers, listed below, and by other fine stores throughout the country...

ALABAMA – 11 electoral votes

Anniston	GAYLE'S
Birmingham	LOVEMAN JOSEPH & LOEB
Birmingham	PARISIAN
Cullman	PRINCESS ART
Florence	EARLINE'S
Gadsden	JOSEPH'S
Mobile	KAYSER'S
Montgomery	MONTGOMERY FAIR
Roanoke	McGILVRAY'S
Sylacauga	MAU-DEE'S
Tuscaloosa	ADRIAN'S

ARIZONA – 4 electoral votes

Phoenix	GIVEN BROS.
Phoenix	KING'S
Tucson	MYERSON'S WHITE HOUSE
Tucson	STEINFELD'S

ARKANSAS – 8 electoral votes

El Dorado	MORRIS & CO., INC.
Hot Springs	PFEIFERS
Jonesboro	SUSANNE
Little Rock	GUS BLASS CO
Little Rock	THE M. M. COHN CO.
Little Rock	PFEIFER'S OF ARKANSAS
Russellville	MASON'S
Warren	IMOGENE'S FASHION CENTER

CALIFORNIA – 32 electoral votes

Alameda	ROSEMARY
Bakersfield	WEILL'S
Berkeley	BLACHMANS
Beverly Hills	J. W. ROBINSON CO
Hollywood	THE BROADWAY
Lakewood	MAY CO
Long Beach	BUFFUM'S
Long Beach	COLUMBIA
Long Beach	WALKER'S
Los Angeles	THE BROADWAY (Westchester, Crenshaw)
Los Angeles	BULLOCK'S COLLEGIENNE
Los Angeles	THE MAY CO. (Wilsnire, Crenshaw)
Los Angeles	J. W. ROBINSON CO.
Oakland	H. C. CAPWELL CO
Oakland	KAHN'S
Ontario	FALLIS'
Palm Springs	BULLOCK'S
Pasadena	THE BROADWAY
Pasadena	BULLOCK'S COLLEGIENNE
Redlands	THE HARRIS CO.
San Bernardino	THE HARRIS CO
San Diego	HAFTER'S
San Diego	WALKER'S
San Francisco	THE EMPORIUM
San Francisco	HALES
San Francisco	MACY*S
San Francisco	THE WHITE HOUSE
San Jose	THELMA RICHARDSON'S
Santa Ana	BUFFUM'S
Santa Barbara	HUGHES
Stockton	THE BROWN HOUSE
Westwood	BULLOCK'S

COLORADO – 6 electoral votes

Boulder	ALTMAN'S
Colorado Springs	NEUFELD'S
Denver	THE MAY CO.
Greeley	DODD'S
Pueblo	CREWS-BEGGS D. G. CO.
Pueblo	DAY JONES CO.

CONNECTICUT – 8 electoral votes

Bridgeport	HOWLAND DRY GOODS
Hartford	G. FOX & CO.
Hartford	SAGE-ALLEN & CO., INC
Manchester	BURTON'S
Middletown	JAMES H. BUNCE COMPANY
Norwich	REID & HUGHES COMPANY
Torrington	BRONSON KING
Waterbury	WORTH'S

DELAWARE – 3 electoral votes

Dover	EMANUELS
Wilmington	BILOONS
Wilmington	LE ROYS

FLORIDA – 10 electoral votes

Daytona Beach	PENN-YOWELL
Lakeland	MILLER'S
Miami	BURDINE'S
Miami	HARTLEY'S
Miami	RICHARD'S
Miami Beach	GOODMAN'S
Pensacola	RITA'S
St. Petersburg	MAAS BROS
St. Petersburg	RUTLAND'S
Tampa	MAAS BROS.

GEORGIA – 12 electoral votes

Albany	ROSENBERG BROS.
Atlanta	DAVISON'S OF DIXIE
Atlanta	RICH'S
Augusta	DAVISON'S OF DIXIE
Augusta	J. B. WHITE
Columbus	J. A. KIRVEN CO
La Grange	BEHR'S OF HOLLYWOOD
Macon	DAVISON'S OF DIXIE
Rome	MILLER BROS.
Rossville	GENE'S
Savannah	LEVY'S OF SAVANNAH
Valdosta	FRIEDLANDER'S

IDAHO – 4 electoral votes

Coeur d'Alene	FASHIONETTE
Idaho Falls	CARROLL'S INC.
Pocatello	THE PEOPLE'S STORE
Twin Falls	ZIMMERMAN'S

ILLINOIS – 27 electoral votes

Belleville	KATZ'S
Bloomington	PINES SMARTWEAR
Champaign	FIELD'S
Chicago	CARSON-PIRIE-SCOTT
Chicago	THE FAIR (all stores)
Chicago	KLAUS DEPT. STORE
Chicago	MANDEL BROS
Chicago	WIEBOLDT STORES, INC. (all stores)
Danville	HILDEGARD'S
Decatur	ARLENES
Decatur	STAUBER'S
Evanston	EDGAR A. STEVENS
Freeport	RUHL'S
Kankakee	J. LECOUR & SONS
Kewanee	GERWIG'S
Mattoon	HELEN MONTGOMERY
Pekin	HECHT'S
Peoria	THE B. & M.
Peoria	BLOCK & KUHL CO.
Peoria	HECHT'S BONNY
Rockford	OWEN'S INC.
Rock Island	THE FASHION
Springfield	ALTMAN'S
Springfield	FLOYD'S
Springfield	MYERS BROS.
Sterling	DeANNE'S
Waukegan	HEIN'S

INDIANA – 13 electoral votes

Bloomington	ALDEN'S
Columbus	GOODMAN'S
Gary	PEARSON'S
Hammond	EDWARD C. MINAS
Hammond	ROTHSCHILD
Indiana Harbor	MADEMOISELLE
Indianapolis	L. S. AYRES
Indianapolis	BLOCK'S
Indianapolis	H. P. WASSON & CO
Richmond	THE HOOSIER STORE
Shelbyville	GOODMAN'S
South Bend	WYMAN'S
Terre Haute	MEIS BROS.

IOWA – 10 electoral votes

Ames	YOUNKER BROS.
Cedar Rapids	THE KILLIAN COMPANY
Des Moines	YOUNKER BROS.
Dubuque	STAMPFERS
Fort Dodge	YOUNKER BROS.
Iowa City	YOUNKER BROS.
Marshalltown	YOUNKER BROS.
Mason City	YOUNKER BROS.
Ottumwa	YOUNKER BROS.
Waterloo	THE JAMES BLACK D. G. CO.

KANSAS – 8 electoral votes

Dodge City	ECKLES
Great Bend	GUNN'S
Hutchinson	MURRAY'S
Kansas City	KAY'S EXQUISITE FASHIONS
Manhattan	WARD M. KELLER
Topeka	THE WARREN M. CROSBY CO.
Wichita	GEORGE INNES CO.
Winfield	KERR'S

KENTUCKY – 10 electoral votes

Ashland	C. H. PARSONS CO.
Bowling Green	JACK RUSSELLS
Corbin	NORVELL'S
Elizabethtown	GEORGE W. RIHN & CO.
Lexington	HYMSON'S TOTS & TEENS
Louisville	KAUFMAN STRAUS CO.
Louisville	STEWART DRY GOODS CO.
Mayfield	DRIVER & JORDON
Middlesboro	VERRAN'S
Paducah	WOLFSON'S

LOUISIANA – 10 electoral votes

Alexandria	WEISS & GOLDRING
Baton Rouge	DALTON'S
Houma	PALAIS-ROYALE
Jennings	GERVAIS
Lafayette	DONLON
Lake Charles	MULLER'S
Minden	THE JEWEL
New Iberia	STELLA'S
New Orleans	D. H. HOLMES CO., LTD.
Shreveport	RUBENSTEIN'S

MAINE – 5 electoral votes

Augusta	SISTERS
Bangor	CORTELL-SEGAL
Lewiston	CORTELLS
Portland	GRANT-KNOWLES
Sanford	HOOZ

MARYLAND – 9 electoral votes

Baltimore	BONWIT LENNON
Baltimore	GAXTON CO
Baltimore	HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO
Baltimore	HUTZLER BROS.
Baltimore	O'NEILL'S
Baltimore	STEWART & CO.
Hagerstown	EYERLY'S
Salisbury	BENJAMINS
Salisbury	HESS SCHLEISNER

MASSACHUSETTS – 16 electoral votes

Attleboro	LONDON'S
Boston	FILENE'S
Boston	JORDAN MARSH COMPANY
Brockton	FRASER'S
Chestnut Hill	FILENE'S

(cont'd)

Fitchburg	CORD'S APPAREL
Gardner	GOODNOW PEARSON COMPANY
Greenfield	WILSON'S
Lawrence	CHERRY & WEBB COMPANY
Lowell	BON MARCHE INC.
New Bedford	CHERRY & CO.
Pittsfield	THE TEXTILE STORE
Quincy	SHERIDAN'S
Springfield	FORBES & WALLACE
Springfield	ALBERT STEIGER CO.
Worcester	FILENE'S

MICHIGAN – 20 electoral votes

Allen Park	ZOLKOWER'S
Battle Creek	JOS. C. GRANT CO.
Battle Creek	L. W. ROBINSON
Dearborn	ZOLKOWER'S
Detroit	CROWLEY-MILNER CO.
Detroit	DEMERY'S, INC.
Detroit	J. L. HUDSON CO.
Detroit	THE ERNST KERN CO.
Flint	SMITH-BRIDGMAN & CO.
Grand Haven	ADDISON-BALTZ CO.
Grand Rapids	HERPOLSHEIMERS
Grand Rapids	PAUL STEKETEE & SONS
Grand Rapids	WURZBURG'S
Jackson	THE L. H. FIELD CO.
Jackson	GLASGOW'S INC.
Lansing	F. N. ARBAUGH CO.
Lansing	J. W. KNAPP CO.
Muskegon	HARDY-HERPOLSHEIMER CO.
Pontiac	WAITES INC.
Port Huron	J. B. SPERRY'S

MINNESOTA – 11 electoral votes

Albert Lea	SKINNER CHAMBERLAIN & CO.
Austin	MARVIN'S
Brainerd	GEORGE E. MURPHY
Duluth	MAURICES
Faribault	OCHS BROS.
St. Cloud	HERBERGERS
St. Paul	THE GOLDEN RULE
Minneapolis	THE DAYTON CO.
Minneapolis	L. S. DONALDSON
Rochester	MASSEY'S
Winona	SUSAN'S

MISSISSIPPI – 8 electoral votes

Biloxi	W. V. JOYCE CO.
Clarksdale	ALAN'S
Cleveland	THE PARISIAN
Columbus	EGGER'S DEPT. STORE
Jackson	KENNINGTON'S
Laurel	ALEX LOEB, INC.
Meridian	ALEX LOEB, INC.
Natchez	GEORGE'S

MISSOURI – 13 electoral votes

Clayton	FAMOUS BARR CO.
Clayton	GUTMAN'S
Clayton	SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT BARNEY
Kansas City	MACY'S
Kansas City	PECK'S
Kansas City	ROTHSCHILDS
St. Joseph	TOWNSEND & WALL CO.
St. Louis	FAMOUS BARR CO
St. Louis	KLINES
St. Louis	SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT BARNEY
St. Louis	STIX, BAER & FULLER
Springfield	HEERS INC
Springfield	SAVAGE JULIETTE

MONTANA – 4 electoral votes

Billings	HART-ALBIN COMPANY
Bozeman	RIDDLE'S
Great Falls	THE HUB-THISTED
Havre	LA MODE

NEBRASKA – 6 electoral votes

Grand Island	WOLBACH'S
Hastings	BRACH'S
Lincoln	HOVLAND-SWANSON
Lincoln	BEN SIMON & SONS
Norfolk	SILLIK'S
Omaha	J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS

NEVADA – 3 electoral votes

Ely	BELL AND WHORTON
Las Vegas	BAINES
Reno	KAY NICHOLS

NEW HAMPSHIRE – 4 electoral votes

Claremont	QUEEN
Dover	HOOZ
Manchester	MACHINIST
Nashua	LEEDS

NEW JERSEY – 16 electoral votes

Atlantic City	NORMAN'S
Camden	SHOHEN'S
East Orange	REINHARDT'S
Elizabeth	LEVY BROS.
Hackensack	PETER PAN
Jersey City	SYLVETTE'S
Montclair	BABS
Newark	L. BAMBERGER & CO.

(cont'd)

Newark	KRESGE'S-NEWARK
Passaic	NADLER'S DEPT. STORE
Passaic	WECHSLER'S
Paterson	MEYER BROTHERS
Paterson	QUACKENBUSH CO.
Plainfield	THE PATERSON
Trenton	SWERN & COMPANY
Vineland	MARRENE'S

NEW MEXICO – 4 electoral votes

Albuquerque	KISTLER-COLLISTER
Carlsbad	DAVID JAMES CO.
Las Cruces	POPULAR DRY GOODS CO.
Roswell	HUNTER'S

NEW YORK – 45 electoral votes

Albany	CORONET
Albany	FLAH & CO.
Albany	SHERRYS
Batavia	ALEXANDER
Binghamton	SISSON BROS.-WELDON CO.
Brooklyn	ABRAHAM & STRAUS (all stores)
Brooklyn	MARTIN'S
Brooklyn	OPPENHEIM COLLINS
Buffalo	J. N. ADAM & CO.
Buffalo	ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON
Buffalo	L. L. BERGER INC.
Buffalo	OPPENHEIM COLLINS
Dunkirk	JAYNES
Elmira	THE GORTON CO.
Geneva	SENECA
Glens Falls	THE FASHION
Jamaica, L. I.	B. GERTZ INC.
Jamestown	BIGELOW
Kenmore	BELLEVUE
Kingston	LONDON
Middletown	TOMPKINS DRY GOODS
Newark	RUFFALO
New York	ARNOLD CONSTABLE
New York	BLACKTON FIFTH AVENUE
New York	GIMBEL BROS.
New York	MACY'S (all stores)
New York	OPPENHEIM COLLINS
New York	SAKS 34TH ST.
New York	STERN BROS.
New York	JOHN WANAMAKER
Niagara Falls	J. N. ADAM & CO.
Niagara Falls	BEIR BROS.
Niagara Falls	JENSS BROS.
Olean	JAYNES
Oswego	McDONALD
Poughkeepsie	BAUER
Poughkeepsie	ROSEVILLE
Rochester	B. FORMAN CO.
Rochester	McCURDY AND COMPANY
Schenectady	BARNEYS
Syracuse	DEY BROTHERS & CO.
Syracuse	FLAH AND CO.
Troy	DENBY
Utica	DOYLE-KNOWER
Watertown	ROBINSON

NO. CAROLINA – 14 electoral votes

Asheville	BELK'S DEPT. STORE
Asheville	WINNERS INC.
Charlotte	BELK'S DEPT. STORE
Charlotte	LUCILLE'S
Gastonia	MATHEWS BELK CO.
Goldsboro	WEILLS
Greensboro	BELK'S DEPT. STORE
Greensboro	MEYERS DEPT. STORE
Jacksonville	JACKSONVILLE DEPT. STORE
Kinston	L. HARVEY CO.
Raleigh	JEANS
Rocky Mount	BELK TYLER CO.
Winston-Salem	ANCHOR CO.
Winston-Salem	SOSNIK THALHIMER'S

NORTH DAKOTA – 4 electoral votes

Dickinson	VANITY
Fargo	VIRGINIA FLORA
Grand Forks	HERBERGERS
Grand Forks	MANDEL FURS

OHIO – 25 electoral votes

Akron	HOWER'S
Akron	THE M. O'NEIL CO.
Akron	POLSKY'S OF AKRON
Akron	THE YEAGER CO.
Canton	STARK'S
Cincinnati	MABLEY & CAREW
Cincinnati	JOHN SHILLITO CO.
Cleveland	HALLE BROS. CO.
Cleveland	THE HIGBEE COMPANY
Cleveland	THE MAY COMPANY
Cleveland	STERLING LINDNER DAVIS
Cleveland	WILLIAM TAYLOR
Columbus	F. & R. LAZARUS CO.
Columbus	MOREHOUSE FASHION
Columbus	THE UNION
Dayton	ELDER & JOHNSTON CO.
Dayton	JOHNSTON SHELTON CO.
Dayton	RIKE-KUMLER CO.
Hamilton	ROBINSON SCHWENN STORE
Steubenville	THE HUB
Toledo	LAMSON'S
Toledo	LASALLE'S
Toledo	THE LION STORE
Toledo	TIEDTKE'S
Youngstown	STROUSS-HIRSHBERG'S

OKLAHOMA – 8 electoral votes

Bartlesville	MARTIN DEPARTMENT STORE
Duncan	MILDRED'S
Lawton	R. V. SCOTT'S
Oklahoma City	JOHN A. BROWN CO.
Oklahoma City	HALLIBURTON'S
Ponca City	BERNARD'S
Tulsa	BROWN-DUNKIN CO.
Tulsa	I. MILLER CO.

OREGON – 6 electoral votes

Astoria	ASTORIA APPAREL
Grants Pass	HADLEY'S
Medford	PICK'S APPAREL
Portland	LIPMAN WOLFE
Portland	OLDS WORTMAN & KING
Roseburg	MILLER MERC.

PENNSYLVANIA – 32 electoral votes

Allentown	HESS BROTHERS
Altoona	BON-TON STORE
Ardmore	STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER
Bethlehem	SIGALS
Chester	SPEARE BROTHERS
Coatesville	COHEN BROS.
Easton	WM. LAUBACH & SONS
Erie	SARDESON'S, INC.
Frankford	SACH'S
Greensburg	BON-TON
Harrisburg	POMEROY'S
Johnstown	PENN TRAFFIC CO.
Morrisville	BEATRICE'S
Philadelphia	GIMBEL BROS.
Philadelphia	LIT BROS.
Philadelphia	OPPENHEIM COLLINS
Philadelphia	N. SNELLENBURG & CO.
Philadelphia	STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER
Phoenixville	STRAUB'S
Pittsburgh	KAUFMANN'S
Pottstown	KESSLER'S
Reading	POMEROY'S
Scranton	SCRANTON DRY GOODS CO.
Upper Darby	HELEN CARO
Upper Darby	LIT BROS.
Washington	THE CALDWELL STORE INC.
West Chester	HOBERMANS
Wilkes-Barre	FOWLER, DICK AND WALKER
Wilkes-Barre	LAZARUS, INC.
Wilkes-Barre	POMEROY'S
Williamsport	L. L. STEARNS
York	BON-TON

RHODE ISLAND – 4 electoral votes

Pawtucket	PEERLESS CO.
Providence	GLADDING'S
Providence	THE OUTLET COMPANY
Providence	SHEPARD COMPANY

SO. CAROLINA – 8 electoral votes

Charleston	DAVIDSON'S FASHIONS
Columbia	ALLANS
Columbia	DAVISON-PAXON CO.
Columbia	J. B. WHITE CO.
Florence	BELK DEPT. STORE
Greenville	BELK SIMPSON CO.
Greenville	J. B. WHITE CO.
Spartanburg	VERNICE JENKINS CO.

SOUTH DAKOTA – 4 electoral votes

Aberdeen	NEW YORK STORE, INC.
Huron	GUEYMAN'S
Rapid City	L. S. DONALDSON CO.
Rapid City	GUEYMAN'S

TENNESSEE – 11 electoral votes

Chattanooga	DAVIDSON'S
Clarksville	PEARSON'S
Cookeville	OSIA WILLIAMS
Harriman	MILLER & BREWER
Knoxville	STRASBURGER'S
La Follette	La FOLLETTE DEPT. STORE
Memphis	J. GOLDSMITHS & SONS CO.
Memphis	LOWENSTEIN'S
Murfreesboro	GOLDSTEIN'S
Nashville	CASTNER-KNOTT
Nashville	FOX OF FIFTH AVE.

TEXAS – 24 electoral votes

Abilene	ERNEST GRISSOM'S
Beaumont	BONWIT LENNON
Cleburne	PAUL'S DEPT. STORE
Colorado City	MAX BERMAN DEPT. STORE
Corpus Christi	LICHTENSTEIN'S INC.
Dallas	A. HARRIS & CO.
Denton	THE BOSTON STORE
El Paso	GIVEN BROS.
Houston	FOLEY'S
Fort Worth	THE FAIR
Fort Worth	W. C. STRIPLING CO.
Galveston	ROBT. I. COHEN, INC.
Graham	BOAZ DEPT. STORE

(cont'd)

Killeen	ALTMAN
Laredo	HACHAR'S DEPT
Plainview	P
Odessa	N. WINKLER
San Angelo	COX-RUSHING-GRE
San Antonio	JOSKES OF
San Antonio	THE
San Antonio	WOLFF &
Vernon	RUSSELL'S DEPT
Waco	R. E. COX DRY GOO
Wichita Falls	McCLURKAN

UTAH – 4 electoral votes

Ogden	CLI
Salt Lake City	AUER
Salt Lake City	THE
Salt Lake City	Z.

VERMONT – 3 electoral vo

Barre	HOME
Burlington	THE F
Rutland	THE F

VIRGINIA – 12 electoral vo

Lynchburg	BAL
Lynchburg	C. M. GUGGENHE
Newport News	BROADWAY DEPT
Newport News	NACHMAN'S DEPT
Norfolk	SMITH & V
Norfolk	W. G. SWA
Portsmouth	BLUMBERG'S DEPT
Richmond	MILLER &
Richmond	THAL
Roanoke	S. H. HEIRONI
Roanoke	LEGGETTS DEPT
Roanoke	N. W. P

WASHINGTON – 9 electoral

Aberdeen	G. A. PEARS
Bellingham	McLE
Everett	THE BON
Seattle	THE BON MARCHE (No
Spokane	THE BON MARCHE
Tacoma	F
Tacoma	RHODE
Tacoma	THE BON
Walla Walla	GARDNER C

WEST VIRGINIA – 8 electora

Charleston	THE DI
Fairmont	HA
Fairmont	JON
Huntington	ANDERSON-NE
Huntington	BRADSHA
Morgantown	O. J. MORRISON C
Parkersburg	DILS BROS
Wheeling	STONE AND

WISCONSIN – 12 electoral

Appleton	H. C. PRA
Beloit	MI
Fond du Lac	O
Green Bay	H. C. PRA
Kenosha	GREE
Madison	C
Manitowoc	BOSTO
Milwaukee	GIMBE
Milwaukee	MILWAUKEE BOSTO
Milwaukee	SCH
Sheboygan	H. C. PRA
Superior	ROT

WYOMING – 3 electoral v

Casper	THE
Cheyenne	THE F
Rock Springs	UNION MERCAN

Total – 531 Electoral V

Lest We Forget–

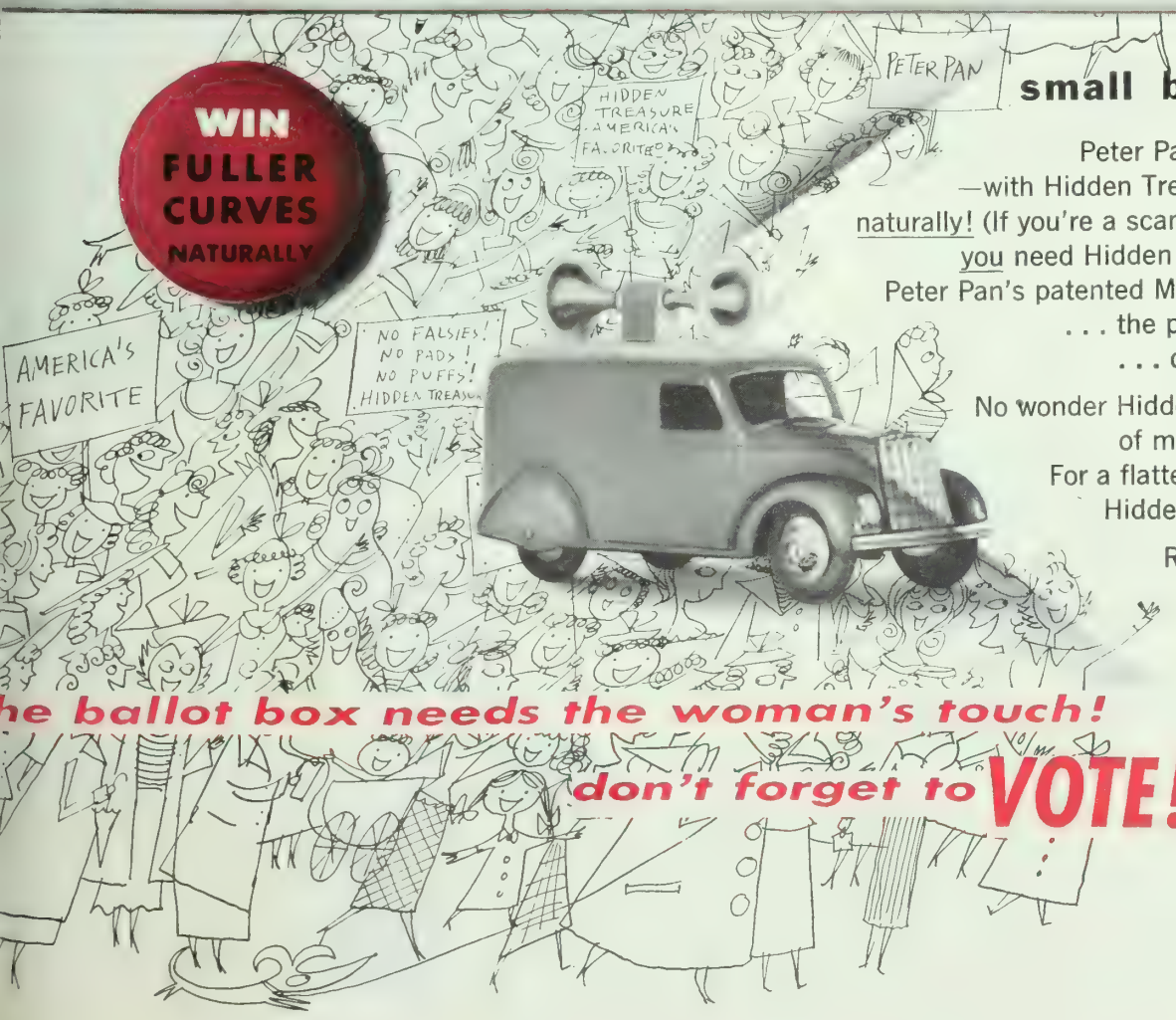
DISTRICT OF COLUMB

Washington	L. FR
Washington	HI
Washington	FRANK R. JELLE
Washington	S. KANN
Washington	WHELAN'S
Washington	WOODWARD & L



he Smart Woman's Choice in '52





small bust? in-between size?

Peter Pan remembers the forgotten woman —with Hidden Treasure, the bra that improves on nature, naturally! (If you're a scant A-cup, or not quite a B or C-cup, then you need Hidden Treasure to fit you to perfection!) Peter Pan's patented Magicup makes the alluring difference . . . the perfectly rounded contour's built right in . . . can't shift, slip or wash out, ever!

No wonder Hidden Treasure has won the popular vote of millions of smart women everywhere! For a flattering silhouette in every fashion, elect Hidden Treasure to your lingerie wardrobe now!

Regular, plunging and strapless styles, about 3.50 to 5.00

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Creators of Inner Circle, Merry-Go-Round, Tripl-Treasure and other famous fashion firsts

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Not a shadow of a doubt – with Kotex

– with Kotex you get absorbency that doesn't fail: the trustworthy kind of protection you *need*, for safety, for comfort, and a fresh, dainty feeling.

– and only Kotex of all leading napkins has flat, pressed ends. So there's no revealing outline.

– best of all, this pad is made to *stay soft* while wearing – to retain its fit and comfort for hours. No wonder Kotex is America's first choice in napkins . . . *very personally yours.*



More women choose

Kotex than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 80)

amed for my aunt, Luz Benedict. You ught to hear the stories about her! A real ade-B Western movie type."

The county began to approve of Leslie. a limited way. Mrs. Jordan Benedict—u know—Bick Benedict's wife. Yes, she k to Texas like a heifer to cake. You uldn't hardly know she wasn't a Texian rn, only little ways. Two children, boy d girl. Now she longed a glimpse of her fam-; for Virginia, for a taste the easy graceful life of r girlhood.

"This is your home. But u talk as if you were mesick," Bick said.

"I suppose I am. I sup-se I will be until I see it ain."

"It's going to feel mighty funny to me, d of the day, no kids no wife."

"It will be fine for both of us. We've been gether every day every night since the day were married."

"Isn't that good?"

"It'll be better after a few weeks apart."

"All right, all right. Tell you what, I'll me up and call for you. I'll have to go to ashington anyway about that time."

In the spring she made the trip to Vir-nia, traveling true to Benedict tradition in private car with two Mexican nursemaids; tra her own maid; a welter of trunks, xes, bags, small luggage; and gifts ranging from a complete Western riding outfit for Lacey including saddle boots hat, to crates of Valley grapefruit and bushels of paper-shell pecans.

Leslie was in a state of chills and fever as the Southwest receded, then the Midwest was left behind and the train approached the Eastern Seaboard. Her father. The lovely rambling old shabby house. Lacey. Apple trees in bloom. Rich green grass in the meadows. Her mother. In exactly that order of her longing. The safari wound its way out of the train to the station platform in such a brouhaha of squeals shrieks chatter laughter tears Spanish English and Southern sweet talk that Leslie only tardily became aware of the actual presence of her sister Leigh, Lady Karfrey. "Leigh!" Her surprise was less than completely joyous. "Is Alfred with you?" She hoped not, she wanted only her own dear family for this home-coming.

Live your own life, for you will die your own death.

—LATIN PROVERB

"He's joining me in a few weeks. Leslie, he's mad to see Texas."

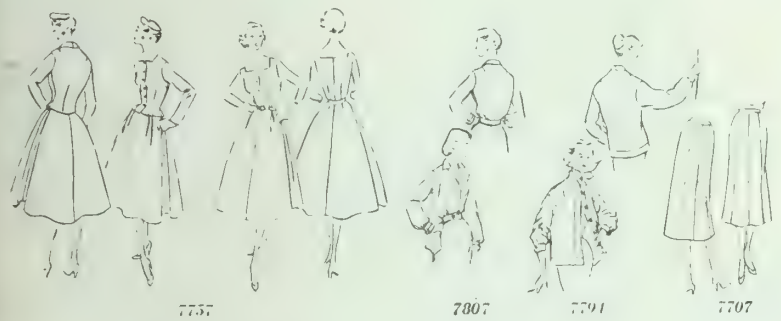
"To see Texas!" Leslie repeated with sinking heart. Then, hastily, "He wouldn't like it."

But there was no time now to go into this. Jordy and Luz were being kissed, exclaimed over. Howling, they were carried off by their Mexican nurses.

(Continued on Page 87)

Back and Other Views of Vogue Patterns on Pages 64 & 65

Vogue Design No. 7757. Two-piece dress and jacket; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 7807. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 46. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7794. Jacket; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7707. "Easy-to-Make" skirt; 24 to 36 waist measure. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 7681. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Junior Design No. 3461. Skirt; 24 to 28 waist measure. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 7695. Blouse; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7694. Skirt; 24 to 32 waist measure. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7808. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 7806. Skirt and cummerbund; 24 to 30 waist measure. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 7805. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7764. Skirt; 24 to 30 waist measure. 50c.



Put that $100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo



Wildroot gleam girl, Diane Cheryll of Omaha, Neb. says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo rinses away like magic . . . gleams my hair without a special rinse . . . leaves it radiantly alive."

Does your hair have that $100 gleam? Does it sparkle with that "alive" look? Then you've discovered this new liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans . . . cleans as it gleams! Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than a liquid, more than a cream. It combines *the best of both* in a soapless shampoo, plus soothing lanolin. Foams into quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Needs no special rinse. Leaves hair silky-soft, manageable, easy to set! Try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!



Wildroot gleam girl, Rose Dent of Leaksville, North Carolina says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo keeps my hair soft, easy to manage, and to set."



Wildroot gleam girl, Tommie Hendler, Vancouver, B.C., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair gleam because it gets it so clean."

How to win $100

Want to win $100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send a snapshot or photo (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture.

If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot ad, and Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York artist and art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send in your photo today. And keep that $100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!



Wildroot gleam girl, Barbara Ellen Myers of New York says, "I love the good smell of Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . 'n mother says it never leaves a dull film 'cause it rinses right out."

Get New Lady Wildroot shampoo

gleams as it cleans—cleans as it gleams



Three Sizes
29¢ 59¢ 98¢



For beauty out of the blue...

trust DOROTHY GRAY Remoldine

The graceful, blue bottle of Remoldine, by Dorothy Gray, holds an essential ally in your quest for youthful-looking beauty. Depend on it—this Contour Facial with Hormones* is the most *completely effective* single preparation yet released, to help you look years younger and lovelier than ever!



Remoldine takes only 3 minutes, twice a day, to help give your skin a continuing younger look! Applied faithfully . . .

1. REMOLDINE counteracts puffiness on jawline and under eyes.
2. REMOLDINE helps smooth crepy neck, facial lines.
3. REMOLDINE's Natural Estrogenic Hormone content further helps reduce the appearance of lines, wrinkles—gives skin a more youthfully moist look.*
4. REMOLDINE helps skin "glow"; helps guard against externally-caused blemishes.
5. REMOLDINE contains exclusive "Elfanol," milder than lanolin.
6. REMOLDINE is *vanishing;* perfect with new Special Cream Concentrate or your regular Dorothy Gray Emollient Cream.

**Also without Hormones in 4-oz. Regular Size—$5.00*
1¾-oz. Introductory Size with Hormones only—$2.50

AND NOW—*new*
REMOLDINE TREATMENT SET
all in all, a perfectly-rounded program for denying your years

contains: 1¾-oz. size Remoldine plus new liquid Softening Cleanser that works gently, yet with hygienic thoroughness; and Special Cream Concentrate to help combat dryness, protect sensitive skin. Complete Treatment Set. . . $5. (A $5.50 retail value!)

Softening Cleanser only, 6-oz. . . . $1.50
Special Cream Concentrate only, 2-oz. . . . $2.50
(All prices plus tax.)

Trust DOROTHY GRAY... *America's loveliest women do!*

(Continued from Page 85)

rs. Lynnton said, "Leslie! Your skin!" said, "Leslie! Your hair!" She said, se Lynnton, that's one of your old s eau dresses. Well, I should think the of a husband with three million acres l be able ——"

Only two and a half, mama."

ty Karfrey said, "You travel like an ndian maharanee. Do all Texans travel a retinue?"

Only a few."

ey looked at her gift of the massive tern saddle, the hand-tooled boots, belt, as one would gaze upon an exhibit historic tribal utensils. The saddle es- ly fascinated her. "It looks like a rock- chair. And all that carving! It weighs , doesn't it? What a pommel! Goodness, at it miles high, what do they use it flying the Texas flag?"

. Horace Lynnton said, "Well, Leslie." was she who threw her arms about him eld him close as if he were a child. "Oh, !" He looked so much older than she remembered him, so much frailer, so paler and more stooped. "Oh, papa, ren't—have you been well?"

ou've been looking at seven-foot beef s for two years, all Eastern men will like albino dwarfs to you." He held her nd regarded her with the eyes of a loving r and a great physician. Then he nodded ead as at the conclusion of a satisfactory osis. "You've come through it all right. scar tissue. But in the main a tri- n."

hrough what?" snapped Lady Karfrey. would think she'd to the wars and back."

Lynnton Karfrey of art tongue had always tinged with the jeal- of the firstborn for the in years.

Through the first years arriage. Two children o years. And Texas. akes any mere war- look like a sissy."

or Horace rolled an ible pill between thumb and forefinger, lderly habit that Leslie had never here- e noticed in him.

a haze of sentimental remembrance e walked through the lovely and be- d old house. The drawing room. How d the curtains were. Her old bedroom so now, with the bed head pushed against wall. It all looked shabbier than she had ngingly pictured it in these past nos- c years. And smaller. There was the e orchard in bloom. With the new vision e who has seen a vast domain equipped every modern mechanical device she d that the trees badly needed spraying pruning and mulching. There in Vir- and Washington and Maryland were boys and girls—men and women now— whom she had spent her carefree girl- d and the more serious years of young anhood during the war. Now they wel- ed her with all manner of festivities. ktail parties. Hunt balls. Dinner parties. s. Receptions. Luncheons. Presidential, assadorial, senatorial affairs, quite splen- and formal. Local society affairs, quite pposite.

The old believe everything; the middle-aged suspect everything; the young know everything.

—OSCAR WILDE

UT Leslie, you can't go to all these gs in those clothes!" Even Lacey, of the while overalls, was scornful of Leslie's d gowns. "The new things are way below knees, and some evening dresses are al- t to the floor."

Mrs. Lynnton took her daughter in hand. s bad enough to have Leigh home for the time in ten years looking like a frump. she does it purposely. She tries to out- lish the English. They've always been dy, but since the war they've made a re- n of it. Well, Washington's no place for pping, heaven knows, but it will have to You can't go to Washington dinners ing as if you were dressed for a hoe- n."

eslie was having a dazzling time of it. friends, new clothes, delicious food; gaiety, amusing talk; girlhood beaux who had not found consolation in her absence. Surprisingly, they all seemed to have learned quite a lot about Texas. Modern Texas.

"How did you know that!" Leslie would exclaim when someone referred airily to the vast Hake or Beezer or Waggoner or King or Benedict ranches; or to Neiman-Marcus in Dallas or the newest skyscraper in Houston.

"Everybody knows about Texas," they said. "It's getting to be the fashion. Pretty soon Texans won't even have to brag any more."

LADY KARFREY was proving something of a problem. As the time for Sir Alfred's arrival was now a matter of days she attacked the business at hand with her usual ferocity, possessed as she was with drive equal to Leslie's but with none of Leslie's charm.

"I've been studying up on your Texas, Leslie. I must say you don't seem to talk much about it."

"I didn't think you'd be particularly interested," Leslie countered faintly.

"Of course I am—as we're going down I hope. Now tell me, what do you do down there? For society, I mean. I know it's a ranch, and millions of miles. But what do you *do?* I mean—concerts plays clubs gardening politics committees? House guests?"

"Uh, no gardening, dearie. Don't confuse the Texas climate with Kent, England. But house guests, yes. Hordes of house guests."

"That will be stimulating. But what do you *do?* All that land and all those cows. You don't just sit and look at it."

"Well—uh—people visit, sort of. And everybody drinks a lot of coffee."

"Coffee!"

"Oh, my poor darling girl!" moaned Mrs. Lynnton, who was sitting over the breakfast crumbs with her two daughters.

"Poor me eye!" Leslie said briskly, to her own surprise.

Lady Karfrey now moved in for the kill. "Alfred always has been fascinated by Texas. His grandfather, you know, had an interest in that vast thing that went bust in the 1870's, wasn't it? Called the T. & P. Whatever that means."

"Texas & Pacific Railroad." Horace Lynnton now spoke from the corner of the veranda where he had been smoking his pipe, viewing the Virginia sky through the falling apple blossoms, and listening to the acquired English accent of his least favorite and eldest daughter. "It went bust in the panic of 1873. A lot of English had money in it."

Speculatively Leslie surveyed her formidable sister. "Just imagine if it hadn't failed, Leigh. You'd have been the Texan in the Lynnton family. Though I don't know how you'd have met Alfred."

"Let's talk about our visit. When would it be convenient for you?"

"Leigh, we'd love to have you, of course. But I don't know that you'd like it, really. Alfred isn't used to—he'd find it too terribly hot after the cool English ——"

"Nothing's too hot for the English," Leigh Karfrey stated with great definiteness. "Or too cold. Remember India. And Hudson's Bay. And all that."

"But you can be frying under the sun at noon and freezing an hour later in a sudden norther. Texas is like that."

"It sounds absolutely Alfred's cup of tea."

Leslie tried to imagine Sir Arthur at Reata. A chubby little Englishman with a somewhat falsetto speaking voice and a mottled magenta coloring. He doted on good food, had a name as a collector of antiques and bibelots.

"Besides," Leslie said deliberately, "I don't know when I'm going back."

There was the silence that follows indrawn breaths. When she had recovered, "Just what does that mean!" demanded Mrs. Lynnton.

"Benedict's in Washington, isn't he, next week, that is?" Lady Karfrey marshaled her

(Continued on Page 91)





Pot roast
—protein "family style"

Meat is a remarkable food. It helps

• mothers have healthier babies • children grow sturdier bodies • convalescents recover more quickly • the aged to retain vigor longer. That's because the kind of protein meat provides (*complete* protein) nourishes blood, muscles, nerves and tissues; increases resistance to infection. Meat (any kind of it) is "a yardstick of protein foods".

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e: continued:

How to branch out in beef



1. *Make exciting* new *dishes (like the ones below) from cuts you use most often.*

2. *Learn more cuts and how to prepare them.*

Be different with Round Steak



Steak Rollups
with Mushroom Sauce

- 1½ pounds round steak, cut ½-inch thick
- 3 tbsps. butter or margarine
- ¼ cup finely chopped onion
- 2 cups day-old bread crumbs
- ½ cup chopped celery
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon sage
- Dash pepper and poultry seasoning
- 1 tbsp. chopped parsley
- 1 tbsp. water
- 1 can mushroom soup

Have meat-man remove bone and pound steak well on both sides to flatten; or pound at home with meat pounder or heavy saucer. Lightly cook onion in melted fat. Add bread, celery, seasonings, parsley and water. Cut meat into four pieces: on each place one-fourth of the dressing. Roll up and fasten with small skewers or toothpicks. Roll in flour and brown in hot fat. Pour mushroom soup diluted with one cup water over meat: sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover and simmer over low heat 1½ hours, or until tender. 4 servings.

Be different with Pot Roast

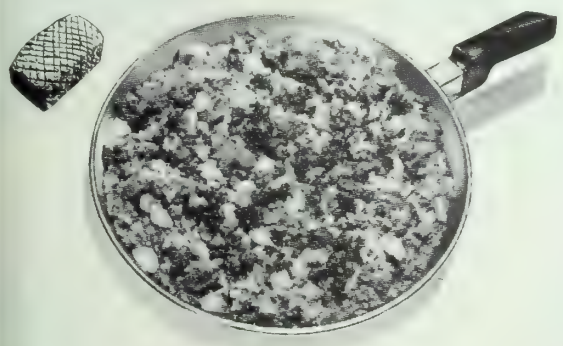


Swedish Pot Roast

- 3-3½ pounds pot roast
- 1 tbsp. salt
- 2 medium onions, sliced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 3 tbsps. lard
- 1 cup thick sour cream
- 1 cup water
- 4 or 5 oz. pkg. noodles

In a Dutch oven or other heavy utensil, lightly brown onion and garlic in hot lard. Push to one side of pan. Rub meat with salt and brown well. Combine sour cream with water and pour over meat. Top with browned onions, cover and cook over low heat (or in a 325° F. oven) for 2½ hours, or until tender. Cook noodles in boiling salted water. Remove roast from pan and make gravy from drippings, adding to it the sour cream and onion mixture from top of roast. Season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika. Serve noodles and meat topped with gravy. Approximately 6 servings.

Be different with Hamburger



Hamburger Skillet Dish

- 1 pound hamburger
- ¾ cup uncooked rice
- 2 tablespoons lard
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup chopped celery
- 1 No. 2 can tomatoes (2½ cups)
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 cup meat stock or bouillon
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Brown rice slowly in hot fat in a heavy skillet, stirring frequently. Add onion, celery and hamburger. Brown well. Add tomatoes and other ingredients. Cover and simmer until rice is tender, about 45 minutes. 4 servings.

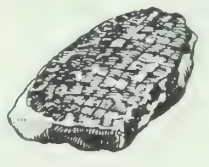
Be different with Stew



Bavarian Style Stew

- 2 lbs. beef stew cut in 1" cubes
- 2 medium onions, sliced
- 3 tbsps. lard
- 3 cups hot water
- 1 bay leaf
- 3 teaspoons salt
- ¼ cup vinegar
- 1½ tsps. caraway seed
- 1 medium size red cabbage
- ½ cup broken gingersnaps

Brown beef and onions in hot fat (use Dutch oven). Add seasonings and hot water. Cover and cook slowly 1½ hrs. Add vinegar, place cabbage wedges on top, re-cover and cook 45 minutes to 1 hr. longer. Remove cabbage and meat, add gingersnaps, softened in warm water, to liquid in pan. Stir to make smooth gravy. Reheat meat in gravy. Serve in noodle ring surrounded by cabbage wedges.



Minute Steak (pan-fry)



Heel of Round (pot roast)



Flank Steak (stuff and braise)

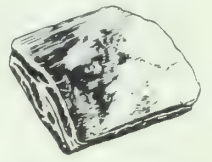


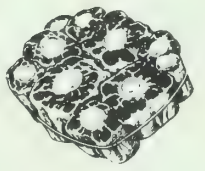
Plate Ribs (simmer)



Short Ribs (braise)



Beef Tongue (simmer)



Ox Joints (braise or stew)



Beef Heart (stuff and braise)

3. Take advantage of the fine seasonal supply of braising cuts.

This is "roundup time" out West so there will be more beef coming your way. Much of this western beef is in the more economical, leaner grades that are best cooked by braising, which is simply another word for moist-heat cooking. Braising gives you more flavor and more tenderness when you follow these simple rules: (1) Brown meat slowly in heavy utensil; (2) Add small amount of liquid; (3) Cover with tightly fitting lid and cook *gently* over *low* heat until tender.

4. Mail this coupon for booklet of money-saving meat recipes.

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Dept. J 21,
Box 1133, Chicago 77, Illinois

I enclose 15¢ in coin. Please send me your 48-page illustrated booklet "Ideas with Meat".

(Included are nearly 100 recipes and variations; Menu suggestions; Buying guide to cuts; How to divide larger cuts to make extra-fresh-cooked meals.)



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5 Luscious *Juice.*



1 Cole slaw is very newsy with bite-size DEL MONTE Pineapple *Chunks.* Drain them, toss with shredded cabbage, whipped cream dressing. (Try this exciting style "as is," too.)

2 Sausage patties positively beg for gay circles of tender DEL MONTE *Sliced* Pineapple topside. Here's your standby style for salads, too, and how about an upside-down cake soon?

3 Top baked biscuit-mix coffee cake with 1½ cups DEL MONTE *Crushed* Pineapple cooked 5 min. with ¼ cup sugar, 2 tbsps. cornstarch, 1 tsp. grated orange peel. Good 'n' easy!

4 Pink cloud of whipped raspbe gelatin needs only DEL MON Pineapple *Tidbits* to make it heaver Fold them in or let them be seen—l don't miss that DEL MONTE flavor!

(Continued from Page 87)

s "He's calling for you, isn't he? To
ae you and the children back?"
That was the plan."
Was!" shrilled Mrs. Lynnton.
n. Horace Lynnton stood framed in the
da doorway. "Want to take a little
k with your old pa, Leslie? I've hardly
e you or talked to you since you came.
ow this talk of going back home."

RDLESSLY she joined him, she tucked her
in his arm, close, as they descended the
shallow steps to the garden. The some-
stooped elderly man and the blooming
g woman walked close together through
arden, the orchard, across the meadow.
nen Doctor Lynnton broke the silence it
as though he were continuing a spoken
versation. "Of
e it's something
ne can decide for
. But if you feel like
king about it a
t."
Oh, papa. I'm so
used."
You don't love
?"
That's the terrible
of it. I do. Not
that, I'm in love
him. More than
I married him."
But he seems to me
ve a first-rate mind
Not only smart
aware and civilized.
amusing, too, I
ght. Amusing is
important after
first years."
e pressed his arm.
s, he's all those
gs. But he's got
blind spot. Papa,
and I don't see
about a single
g—except unim-
ant things. Hand-
e intelligent sexy
itious successful
l amusing tender
h. Everything."
But ——"
Power mad. Dicta-
His thoughts and
gies and emotions
bounded by the
hest fence on the
otest inch of Reata
ch. He's not unkind
people. Around, I
an. But to him
're only important
lation to the ranch,
life. He'll never
ge."
No, we don't change," her father said.
We?"
Dedicated men. Men primarily in love
their work. Like Bick. And me." As she
ed at him, peered into his face open-
thed, like a child. "Leslie, your mother
ed the same way. Poor girl, she's had a
enough time of it too all these years
e I've been pouring myself into the
oratories and hospitals. She's had what
left, and it wasn't much. It was unrea-
ble of me to expect her to understand.
took it out on you girls. I tried to make
conscious of the world. Your mother
r changed. But neither did I."
Jordan will never change. I know that
."
No. But you're forgetting something."
What?"
The world will. It's changing at a rate
takes my breath away. Your Bick
't change—nor you—but your children
take another big step. Enormous step,
ably. Some call it revolution but it's
ution, really. Sometimes slow sometimes
horrible to be caught in it helpless. But
matter how appalled you are by what you
down there in that strange chunk of the
ted States, still, you're interested. Aren't
?"

"Fascinated. But rebelling most of the time."

"What could be more exciting! As long as you're fascinated and as long as you keep on fighting the things you think are wrong, you're living. It isn't the evil people in the world who do the most harm. It's the sweet do-nothings that can destroy us. *Dolce far niente.* That's the thing to avoid in this terrible and wonderful world. Gangrene. The sweet sickening smell of rotting flesh."

Bick, when he arrived, seemed by his very buoyance to make all this talk mere academic babble. He was a mass of charm and high spirits. Virile handsome actually boyish, Leslie thought she never had seen him so pleased with himself and the world.

Surveying him with a wifely gaze, "What makes you so full of beans? This glitter in your eye can't be just wife and children."

"Purely spiritual, honey. It's just the result of all that high-minded talk down there in Washington. They've voted to continue the twenty-seven-per-cent tax allowance on oil. Clear."

"But you haven't any oil. Have you? You've always said you hated the stinking oil wells."

"That's right."

"I don't understand."

"But I'm right petted on oil—off my land. I don't mind others having it because from now on the whole world is going to be yelling for oil. Texas is booming. The rest of the country is flat."

"Is that good?"

"Only good enough to make us the richest state in the whole country. We're a country within a country."

"Again!"

"Oil and beef and cotton. You can't stop it, you can't top it." He breathed deeply. He gazed around and about the Virginia landscape and he laughed. "It looks little! The fields. And the sky. Are you ready to come back with your old man, honey?"

"Jordan, I'm no different from what I was when I left."

"I don't want you different. We Texians like a little vinegar on our greens. Gives it flavor. Come on, let's go home."

ON the journey homeward Leslie said, "If you had told me, that the next time we made this trip I'd be traveling it again with you and masses of our children and hundreds of nurses and millions of bags and bottles and toys and stuff!"

"You'd have made it anyway."

"You're so pleased with yourself I think this is the time to tell you that Leigh meant it when she said she and Karfrey want to visit Reata."

"Why not!" Bick demanded largely. "It'll be worth it just to see Karfrey in a ten-gallon hat."

"I wish papa and mama would come down at the same time. And Lacey too. Just to take the curse off the Karfreys."

His well-being encompassed this without a sign of strain. "That's a fine idea. Folks down here are beginning to think you're an orphan. Look, I'm going to send them all a telegram at the next stop."

They came to Reata, the lot of them.

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mrs. Lynnton, "that I am not going to be

October Love

By Jesse Stuart

Your lips are red as mountain
sourwood leaves
That hang upon the gray October
bough,
Your voice is sweeter than the
wind that grieves
Over this land alive with colors
now.
Your pretty eyes have endless
depths of blue
Like pools fringed by the bracken
and the fern;
Your pretty face is autumn beech-
leaf hue,
The fairest autumn color to discern.
What shall I do for you when
autumn goes?
When sourwood leaves have fallen
to the ground?
When cold snow-laden wind of
winter blows
Through winter boughs unlike
your sweet-voice sound?
I weep to think that autumn will
be over
When winds have rained the beech
leaves from the tree,
When mountain pools are under
silent cover
And winter takes my autumn love
from me.



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Borden's Cheese Spreads!







For sandwiches that go to work . . .

use Borden's Vera-Sharp Cheese Spread! Men love its real sharp Cheddar flavor . . . and *you'll* love how Borden's Cheese Spreads smooth on so easily for quick sandwich-making!







For sandwiches that go to school . . .

give the youngsters a special treat—sandwiches made with Borden's Pimento Cheese Spread! It's so creamy good, with plump morsels of bright pimento to tickle the kids! Or use Borden's Pineapple Cheese Spread with bits of juicy pineapple. Always a big hit with the younger set!







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with no trouble at all, try Borden's Cheese 'n Bacon Cheese Spread! Here's hearty flavor of sharp American Cheddar with crumbles of bacon through it—all ready to spread and enjoy!

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Small: Wing-pocket suit in rib.
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allowed to sleep under the same roof with my daughter and my grandchildren!"

"Mama dear, you're staying in the Big House because there isn't room here in our house. You'd go simply crazy here, and I don't like to shush the children. Over there it's bigger and quieter and more restful for you."

"Restful! The place is full of utter strangers stamping and jingling through the halls all hours of the day and night. Nobody even knows who they are. What are you running? A hotel!"

"Mama, this isn't just a ranch. It's a scientific laboratory too. And a kind of show place for the whole ranching world. People come to see and learn. Jordan loves it."

The family visitors adapted themselves to the climate, the environment and the customs with astonishing ease. Lacey was off on a horse from morning until night, she was more at home in the stables than the house. The *vaqueros* adopted her as one of themselves, they explained in Spanish and she understood in English. Even old Polo demonstrated to her the value of the new breed of fleet-footed creatures whose swift quarter-mile spurting powers were invaluable in the roundup and on the range. Quarter horses, they were called.

Mrs. Lynnton took alarm. She sought out Bick. "Lacey spends all her time with those Mexican men, no one knows where she is the day through and half the night. I've spoken and spoken to Horace about it but he's as bad as she is."

Bick grinned, he pretended to misunderstand. "No! You mean the doctor's galloping around on quarter horses!"

"You know perfectly well he's down at that laboratory of yours with that vet, or poking into the wretched shacks around here, looking for local diseases."

Reata was a country in itself to which each visitor could adapt according to his or her own taste. Luxury or hardship, leisure or work.

The visitors met and were entertained by the neighbors for hundreds of miles around. "Con Layditch telephoned," Bick would announce casually, "wants us all to come over, they've finished their new house, they're having a barbecue and square dance to celebrate." At an anguished look from Leslie, "No, honey. Steaks." The visitors would find themselves whirled two hundred miles for dinner.

Leslie had dreaded the inevitable meeting between Vashti Snyth and Lady Karfrey. They came together with a clashing of broadswords. After the first encounter Leslie found herself defending the people and customs she herself had so recently criticized.

"Vashti is a college graduate. She's traveled quite a lot in Europe. They go East every year. She speaks French very well."

"It hasn't touched her," Lady Karfrey asserted. "She's a Texas national monument like the Alamo or that cow you showed us in the glass case in the village. Neither college nor Europe or time or tide will ever change her. I hope."

CONVERSATIONS between Vashti Snyth and Leigh Karfrey were brisk and bristling.

"My, I should think it would feel wonderful for you to get where you can really draw your breath," Vashti said with that tactlessness which was, perversely enough, a rather endearing quality in her. "That little bitty old England, you can't take a good long walk without you fall over the cliffs into the ocean. I liked to choke to death there in all that cramped up fog. And then the mutton. Mutton! My."

"You imported all our beautiful English Herefords. And immediately they arrived they fell heir to your cattle diseases—pink eye, and ticks, and worms!"

"We're trying to breed out all the Hereford strain in our stock. We don't really need to haul anything in here. We got everything. We got cattle in plenty. And cotton. And wool and mules and grapefruit and horses and wheat and turkeys. And acourse all thi oil now. We got just everything in Texas."

Lady Karfrey cleared her throat. "I hav been gathering a few facts, dear Mrs. Snyth since I arrived in your state. Everything you say is true."

"Sure it's true," repeated the unsuspecting Vashti.

"As you say, of all the states Texas is first in cotton—but last in pellagra control. First in beef—and forty-fifth in infant mortality. First in wool—and thirty-eighth in its schoo system. First in mules—and forty-seventh i library service. First in turkeys—and it rural church facilities are deplorable. First i oil—and your hospitals are practically non exis——"

MAGENTA surged into Vashti's indignan face. "I been in England. I never saw such poor runty beat-up-looking people in my born days as you got in what you call th East End. And poor teeth and bad complex ions, drinking tea all the time and nobody i the whole country gets milk and oranges an he says the roast beef of old England is a non existent, Mott says."

Strangely enough it was Karfrey, th Englishman, who said, "How right you are Mrs. Snyth. But then you must remembe that you could put all of England down i one corner of Texas and never find it, really."

Mrs. Lynnton, in her own insecure way struggled for a foothold of understanding The food, the storerooms, the swarms c servants inside and out. "I saw Jordy yeste day with that weird little Mexican girl he always playing with, they were both eatin tortillas as if it were brea and butter."

"So it is, in a way."

The visiting Lynntor and Karfreys usually drov over from the Big Hous before dinner there t lounge in comparative cool ness on the Main Hous veranda. There were a ways tall iced drinks, th Gulf breeze filtered through vines an screens, the voices of the children cam pleasantly from the far end of the verand It was the most relaxed hour of the day, was the time Leslie liked best. Bick wa always at his most charming. Lacey was fu of her day's doings. Her father and moth had learned to accept for her this strang life of hardship and fantastic luxury. Th Karfreys were frankly having the time their lives.

"Besides," Leslie now said, continuing h conversation with her mother, "that wei little Mexican girl isn't a girl at all. She's boy."

Mrs. Lynnton turned to stare at the di tant children. "I don't believe it."

Bick called to them. "Jordy! Ange *Ven acá!*"

The two came reluctantly, Jordy to star at his mother's side, her hand on his shou der; the other child stopping short of t group. Weird, Nancy Lynnton had sai Now the group of adults gazed at the da small Mexican child and the child star back at them poised lightly, like a ti fawn, as though ready to dart off at a soun a hostile glance. The little figure was bony shank, flat of chest, the hands strong a big-boned sticking out of the stuff of t sleeves. A small boy's hands, a small boy legs, a small boy's chest and eyes; and t bones of the alert face and the well-shap head were those of a boy. But the dress wi its Mexican ruffles and its petticoats and t red hair ribbons—all this was the garb o girl. And the long black hair was neat brushed and braided, it shone with brushi and with unguents, unlike the thick carel locks of other small Mexican ranch childre

"This is Angel Obregon," Leslie said, a smiled at the boy, "the son of Angel Obrego who is a *vaquero* here at Reata." And s held out her hand to him as she spoke, though to draw him to her side with Jord her own son. But the boy only looked at l and did not move. In her halting Span Leslie said, "Won't you say good eveni Angel? *Buenas tardes, señoras. Señores.*"

Fate is the excuse of the incapable and maladroit.
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"*Señores* come first in Spanish, honey," Bick reminded her.

Now Angel's black eyes were strangely sparked with determination, the baby jaw was set with fierce effort. The lips opened, the whole face took on animation and purpose. "Good . . . even . . . ing . . . sirrrs . . . good . . . even . . . ing . . . madamas." Then, with a shriek of hysterical laughter he was off. Jordy, too, broke away, the two could be heard down the veranda howling at the splendid joke.

"Well, if that don't take the rag off the bush!" Bick exclaimed. "The little *muchacho* has learned English off of Jordy!"

"Splendid!" observed Doctor Horace. "It's beginning to work."

It was obvious that Leigh Karfrey was busy taking mental notes on the Habits and Dress of the Mexican Child in Texas. Mrs. Lynnton was quivering with disapproval.

"Leslie Lynnton, will you tell me the reason for dressing a child like that!"

"Tell them," Bick urged her. "It's quite a story."

Leslie took a little fortifying sip of the cool drink in her hand. "M-m, let's see. Well, that very first day after I arrived in Texas, a bride ——"

"And what a bride!" Bick muttered.

"—— I started out for a morning walk, in my youth and innocence. To see the sights."

"Dear me!" said Doctor Horace.

"FINALLY I began to feel like a wanderer dying of thirst in the desert and I stumbled into one of the Mexican houses. I'd heard a baby crying there. The woman was in bed, ill. It was her baby, crying. The baby was little Angel there. Not a word of English. But I understood her, sort of, just the same. We've become great friends since then. And later I learned about her and her baby. She'd been married almost three years and no baby which for a Mexican girl is practically a disgrace. She was ill a good deal but finally this child was expected. They knew what had caused all the trouble, of course. One night Angel had left his hat on the bed and everyone knows that is bad luck. So Deluvina, the wife, had paid for special Masses and she had taken herb medicines and the midwife had massaged her and on the Tree of Petitions she had hung a little cradle made of bits of mesquite wood and in it she had put a tiny doll dressed as a girl baby because she thought they were being punished for wanting only a boy all these years. She prayed morning and night and in between. And she promised God that she would be humbly grateful for girl or boy, and that in either case its hair would be tended and brushed and anointed and when it was a foot long it would be cut off and given as a thanks offering to God. You can't know what that means. Mexican girls don't cut their hair. It is their glory. The child's name was to be Angelina. And Angelina was born, and she was a boy. But the promise had been made to God by Deluvina and by Angel Obregon kneeling before the altar. They named him Angel after his father. They let his hair grow and Angel was dressed as a girl and his hair was always tied with a red ribbon as you've seen it and washed and brushed and anointed for it belonged to God. His grandmother's chief duty is to keep it brushed and shining. And when it is a foot long there will be a great celebration and Angel's hair will be cut off by the priest and placed as an offering on the shrine. Then they will put Angel in pants and take away his skirts."

"Well I never!" exclaimed the outraged Mrs. Lynnton.

"Barbaric!" said Lady Karfrey.

"By that time," Doctor Horace mused, "he'll be so confused as to be incoherent. Or such a tough guy, in self-defense, that Reata Ranch can't hold him."

"Do you think," Nancy Lynnton demanded, "that this child is a fit playmate for Jordy?"

"Don't let those skirts worry you," Bick assured her. "This kid's a tough *hombre*. In fact, I wish Jordy had some of his stuff. His father Angel Obregon used to be my sidekick when I was a kid. And his father's father taught me roping—he and old Polo.



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FRENCH'S CURRIE POWDER



Serve with chutney, chopped bacon, pineapple and coconut

Party special—tender, pink shrimp in a saucy sauce made with French's Currie Powder. What subtle distinctive flavor French's gives your foods! French's Spices and Extracts are top-grade quality with natural fresh-ground flavor. There are no finer, purer seasonings than French's!

CURRIED SHRIMP

¼ cup butter or margarine	3 teaspoons French's Currie Powder
¼ cup French's Onion Flakes	1 cup chicken stock
⅓ cup flour	2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon lemon juice
	4 cups (about) shrimp (cooked)

Melt butter, add onion flakes, and cook until soft. Stir in flour, seasonings. Add stock; cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add milk, lemon juice, shrimp. Heat thoroughly. Yield: 8 servings. (Chicken may be substituted for shrimp.)

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Even today old Angel is the best *mangana* thrower on Reata. In Texas, for that matter."

"This could be wonderful," Doctor Horace mused aloud. "Maybe someday it will be."

But no one consciously heard him or heeded him, except Leslie.

There was the sputter and cough of an engine in the drive. A grease-spattered Ford with flapping fenders came to a stop with a shrill squeal of old brakes and seared tires.

Jett Rink sprang out. His face was grotesque with smears of dark grease and his damp bacchanalian locks hung in tendrils over his forehead. He leaped from the car and began to run as he landed, without a pause, and he limped a little as he ran.

He came on, he opened the door of the screened veranda, he stood before the company in his dirt and grease, his eyes shining wildly. They stared at him in shocked suspense. Leslie thought, *Now he is really crazy, something terrible is going to happen. Jordan.* The man stood, his legs wide apart as though braced against the world, the black caloused hands with the fingers curiously widespread as they hung, his teeth white in the grotesquely smeared face. He stared at Bick with those pale blue-white eyes and there was in them the glitter of terrible triumph.

Bick did not even rise from his chair. Very quietly, sitting there, he said, "Get out."

Jett Rink spoke four words only. His voice was low and husky with emotion. "My well come in."

"Get out of here."

Now the words shot geyser-swift out of Jett Rink's mouth like the earth-pent oil his labors had just released.

"Everybody said I had a duster. You thought ol' Spindle Top and Burkburnett and Mexia and those, they was all the oil there was. They ain't, I'm here to tell you. It's here. It's right here. I got the laugh on you."

Now it was plain the man was drunk, the eyes were bloodshot, you could smell the raw liquor on the heavy hot air of the shadowy veranda.

Bick leaned forward slightly his muscles tensed; and still the others sat staring at the man.

"My well come in big and there's more and bigger. They's oil under here. They's oil here on Reata and someday I'm going to pay you a million dollars or five million or ten and you'll take it because you'll need the money. I'm going to have more money than you ever saw—you and the rest of the stinkin' Benedicts!"

Now, rather wearily, Bick stood up, he said, "Leslie, honey, you and the girls go along indoors."

Leslie stood up, neatly folding the bit of sewing in her hands. But she did not go. "Go along home now, Jett," she said. "It's nice you've struck oil. Go along now." As she would have spoken to a stray that had run in on the place, man or animal.

He looked at her, lurching a little with weariness or drink or both. Then, with the swiftness with which he always moved the man came over to her, he reached out and just jerked ever so lightly with a grimed hand one end of the soft little bow that finished the neckline of her silk dress. He tweaked the piece of silk with a gesture that would have been insolent even in an intimate and an equal.

"My, you look pretty, Leslie," he said. "You sure look good enough to eat."

Bick's first blow struck him squarely in the jaw but Jett Rink's monolithic head scarcely went back with it. Bick hit him again, Jett dodged slightly and the blow landed full on his mouth and a little blood trickled down his chin and he twisted his mouth as though he were eating and she thought he was going to spit out the blood full at Bick, but he laughed only and did not even lift his hand to wipe the blood away.

"My, you're techy, Bick," he said. "You're techy as a cook."

Karfrey came forward, and Horace Lynnton. And now Jett Rink turned as though to go, grinning, and Bick rushed to grapple with him. He had reached the screen doo Bick was on him. Jett Rink's knee wer sharply back and then drove forward like piston and struck Bick squarely on th groin. Bick grunted. Doubled. Even as the caught Bick and dragged him to a chair Doc tor Horace's hands were moving expertl over him.

Jett Rink had leaped into the battere car, had spun it like a crazy toy, was off in cloud of dust.

"No!" Bick commanded, fuming amon his pillows. "Keep Roady away and Bowi too. Get Bawley on the telephone."

Uncle Bawley had come down from Ho gado in a swift overnight journey. Now h sat in Bick's bedroom, and for once it wa the Lynntons, not the Benedicts, who hel conclave: Doctor Horace, Mrs. Lynnton Leslie.

"Soft!" Uncle Bawley declared, his gentl voice soothing the sting of the words "That's what's chowsing up this world Everybody's turned soft. Pulled your gu and shot him, Bick, you'd saved yourself heap of trouble. But no, you let him give yo the knee and stroll off."

"He didn't stroll. He ran." Leslie to he husband's defense. "Jordan hit him twic hard enough to fell a steer. It was like hit ting a stone wall."

"Drunk. No use hitting a fella who' crazy drunk. He don't feel a thing."

Doctor Horace nodded in agreement. "A anesthetic, alcohol."

Mildly chiding, Uncle Bawley went or "Shot him, the whole state would have bee beholden to you. A loco umbry like Rink get hold of oil and money, why, he's liable t want to be Governor of Texas. Or worse What started you wrassling with a poleca like Jett in the first place?"

Propped up against his pillows, his eye flint-gray with fury, Bick's legs threshed be tween the sheets. "He came up to Leslie an put his filthy stinking hand on her."

"No!" shouted Uncle Bawley.

"Yes!" Bick yelled.

"Bick's first blow was pure reflex," Doc tor Horace observed. "Straight to the jaw.

"Bick well knows Rink's got a jaw like jackass and besides he don't fight fair. Hi him below the belt, and first. That's the onl kind of fighting he understands. Now yo can't do a thing. Not a thing."

"Why not!" Mrs. Lynnton demanded "Why not, I'd like to know! We saw it, a of us."

Uncle Bawley rose, a commanding figur in the room now so charged with conflictin emotions. "Look how it sounds. Rink's fire from the ranch a few years back, he marrie the schoolteacher he's got into trouble—pa don me, Miz Lynnton ma'am—and he don seem to hold a grudge he starts wildcattin for oil with no money and no crew and n sense on his own little piece of no-accoun land Bick gave him long ago, deeded. An what does he do, he hits oil. So he jump into his junk-heap car to tell his old bos Bick about his good luck he's struck oil o the piece Bick gave him time his fathe turned up missing." At a growl from the ma in the bed—"Well, now, Bick, I'm just tel ing it the way it would sound, told. And th young fella spills his good news and his ol boss throws him out and wallops him in th jaw front of everybody. That'd go good in court of law."

"I wasn't thinking of the law," Bick sai sullenly.

"Furthermore," Uncle Bawley went o "look what I heard this morning. Just on th way from Viento to here. I heard Rink's go hold of leases on pieces around. No-accoun land that's prolly rotten with oil."

With a mighty gesture Bick threw the co ers aside. "I'm going to get up. What am Du Barry! Vamoose, ladies, as they say i the Westerns, unless you want to see a reall fine physique in the raw."

Leslie glanced quickly at her father but h only smiled approvingly. "That's fine, Bic You're all right."

"Sure Bick's all right," Uncle Bawle agreed, but the eyes that searched Bick

e were doubtful. "He took worse than
t many a time when he was Harvard
k e."
"That's right," Doctor Horace agreed,
enially.
"Where's the kids?" Uncle Bawley de-
ded. "Say, Leslie, where at's Jordy and
z'"
"They're waiting for you, dying to see
u."
"I suppose old Polo's got Jordy up on a
se roping a steer every morning before
akfast."

LESLIE tucked her arm through his as they
ed toward the veranda. "Jordy doesn't
riding. He isn't even interested in horses,
h."
"No!"
"I sometimes think perhaps he's a little
you—when you were a child."
"Poor little maverick."
"Luz is the rancher and cowboy. Do you
w what that baby did! She somehow got
of Jordy's riding things—his boots and
and hat and all—she wriggled into the
it every which way and there she was
bling around in high heels and the pants
g side to, and the Stetson down over
ears. I've never heard Jordan laugh like
."
"Luz, h'm?" He glanced, a quick sidewise
, at Leslie. "She sounds like she's tak-
after —— Uh, she bossy too?"
"Well, independent."
"And Bick, he's hell bent on breaking
ly in already, I bet."
"Yes."
"There's a difference
ween breaking in and
plain breaking."
"Somebody will have to
me. Later."
"I'm good for another
en eighteen years—
be twenty. Well, I
s I'll go hunt up the
."
"I'll be with you in a
ute," Leslie told him.
vant to talk to papa."
"Yes," he said, as though in answer to an
oken question. "I'd do that."
lone with her father in Bick's office she
it to him squarely. "Why did you put
to bed?"
"Shock," Doctor Lynnton said, his man-
very easy. "And it was the best place for
an as crazy mad as Bick was. Take away
an's pants and he can't go far."
"I don't think that was your real reason."
y stood facing each other, the man be-
, controlled; the woman determined to
what she feared. "If you don't tell me
send for Doctor Tom."
Horace Lynnton seated himself at Bick's
, he motioned his daughter to a chair.
denly they were no longer merely father
daughter, they were physician and pa-
t. Leslie's steady eyes did not leave his
.
"That young savage didn't do Bick any
physical harm. Uncomfortable, though,
rrific dirty blow like that." He was look-
down at his own square blunt-fingered
ds spread out on the desk top. "Later,
r we'd brought him round and put him
ed, I thought I'd give him a real going
r while I was about it. Of course I didn't
e the proper equipment."
"Well?"
"Did he ever complain—that is, does he
get short of breath?"
"No. At least I haven't noticed it if ——"
low he looked up and full into his daugh-
s eyes. "It's a thing that has to do with
heart. Now wait a minute. It isn't the
rt itself. That's a perfectly sound muscle,
say. But the big artery that feeds it."
he looked down at her own hands gripped
tly in her lap. "What do we do now?"
"Nothing. And don't look so serious. I
't believe I'd even say anything to him,
now. Apprehension is sometimes worse
n the disease. If you could manage to
e him not quite so active, not galloping
dreds of miles on those horses, up before
n, running this empire singlehanded."

"He loves it more than anything or anyone. It's his life."
"It's his life."
"He can't do things halfway. It's always extremes. A rage one minute, angelic the next."
"Rages are bad for him."
"He's only like that when he's crossed in something he wants to do."
"From what I've learned about your Bick these past days, roaming around this enormous place, I've gathered that Bick's father ruled him—and the ranch—like an emperor. Then this sister Luz took his father's place and his mother's too. Now I gather the rest of the family are at odds with him. He's interested in experiment and they're interested in income."
"He'll never change, papa. You might as well ask the Gulf wind to be quiet. What shall I do!"
"Twenty years from now, when he's pushing those middle fifties, make him rein in. Now it's a matter of not taking things so emotionally and not doing everything himself. Just hold on to his coat sleeve now and then, if he's going too fast. Leslie, I'll tell him if you want me to."
"He'd only go faster, in defiance. He is like that."

When the family left Reata—the Lynntons and the Karfreys to the east, Uncle Bawley to the west—a new peace seemed to settle down upon the Main House, upon the ranch, even upon the town of Benedict.

"Families are fine," Bick announced. "But they should be exposed to each other one member at a time. That goes for my family too, so don't get your feathers up."
"But Jordan, I couldn't agree with you more. It was wonderful to have them and to see them here ——"
"And to see them go."
For the first time since her coming to Texas she felt something that was almost contentment. She had seen her old home and her friends in Virginia; her family had seen her new home. *There*, she thought. *That's that. Now then. Jordan. Jordy. Luz.*

Suddenly, as she looked at herself in the mirror there in the intimate quiet of their room—the guests gone, the children asleep, the world their own—she had a disquieting thought. She turned to stare at her husband.
"Jordan! We're the older generation, aren't we? Suddenly."
"Not me," he said firmly. "Maybe you, old girl."
"No, but I mean it. Jordy and Luz are the next generation we're always talking about. How did that happen? What's become of ours? We were the next generation until just a minute ago."

"IT'S always the next generation. I never could understand why they were always the generation that mattered—the next generation. They're always supposed to be better or smarter or more important. And we're supposed to sacrifice for them. So perhaps you're right, we are the older generation all of a sudden Gosh! And I was feeling right romantic a minute ago."
"Jordan, would you sacrifice for Jordy? And Luz?"
"Sacrifice what?"
"Anything. Beginning with life itself."
"Let's not get dramatic, honey. I've had a hard day in the salt mines."
"But I mean. Just suppose—for example, I mean—that Jordy should want to do something different, be something besides a Benedict of Reata. What would you say?"
"Jordy's going to be a cowman. I'm not going to live forever."
"Yes, but suppose when he's eighteen or twenty he says he wants to be—oh, an engineer or a poet or a doctor or President of the United States or an actor or a lawyer. You wouldn't actually stop him!"
"The hell I wouldn't."

Men and women, in marrying, make a vow to love one another. Would it not be better for their happiness if they made a vow to please one another?

—STANISLAUS LESZCZYNSKI

Busy-Day Beans



Here's real country flavor for canned beans

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Ready in thirty minutes! And what old-fashioned flavor French's golden rich Mustard gives these quick-do baked beans. You'll find French's flavors better, doesn't fade out in cooking. Blends better, too, because it's smoother and creamier. No wonder good cooks prefer French's Mustard!

FRENCHWISE BAKED BEANS

¼ cup French's Onion Flakes
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 cups canned baked beans
2 tablespoons French's Prepared Mustard
2 peeled or 1 cup tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons brown sugar

Cook onion flakes in butter over low heat until soft. Add to beans. Stir in mustard. Put half the beans in pot or casserole. Slice half the tomato on top. Sprinkle on half the salt and sugar. Add remaining beans. Top with tomato, salt, brown sugar. Bake 30 minutes in hot oven (400° F.). Serves 6.

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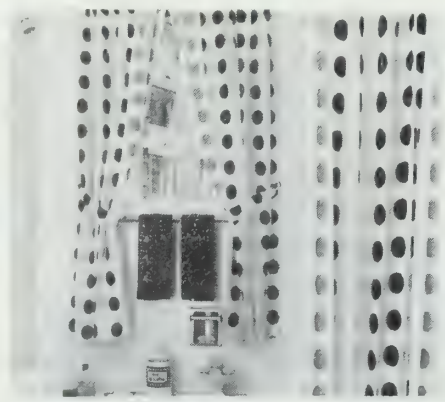
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Jordy grew tall and slim. Jordy grew handsome and shy. Jordy was possessed of quiet charm and looked like his mother and walked in the footsteps of his father and loathed the daily deadly grinding business of roping and branding and castrating and feeding and breeding and line-riding and fence-building and dipping and shipping.

"I want you to know everything," Bick said again and again. "A Benedict ought to be able to do anything on Reata that any hand can do, white or Mexican. I could, at your age. Maybe as a kid I wasn't as good as the older men. But good enough. That's the way I was brought up."

IN the choking dust the boy learned to cut out a calf a cow a steer from the vast herd. He would ride in amongst the bellowing animals, he handled his cutting horse with dexterity, zigzagging this way that way in pursuit of the desired quarry. Bick, mounted on his own horse, would stand watching nearby, immobile as an equestrian statue. Grudgingly, at the end of a long burning day of grinding work he might say, "You did pretty well, son."

"Thanks, papa." The boy did not raise his eyelids to look at his father. Leslie always said those long silky lashes were wasted on a boy. "Thanks, papa." He looked down at his leather-bitten hands.

Leslie called Bick's attention to a little defect in speech that somehow seemed more pronounced as the boy grew older. At first it had seemed a childish trick, rather endearing. "Jordan, have you noticed that Jordy stutters quite a lot? Especially when he's upset."

"He'll outgrow it."

"But it's worse than it was. A real stammer."

"Lots of kids do that. Their ideas come faster than they can talk."

"Jordy isn't really a little boy any more. And Luz wears lipstick as automatically as Levis. Let's face it. They're almost grownups."

No one needed to say do-this do-that to Luz. She had taken to horses as other little girls demand dolls and lollipops. By the time she was twelve she could cling like a cat to an unsaddled horse's back. Riding low she could stay plastered to the side of a quarter horse running through the brush, a wilderness of thorns and branches, the twining arms of one mesquite interlocked with the arms of the next and the next so that they formed a bristling barrier.

Bick's admonitions to his daughter were the reverse of the orders he issued to his son. "You're not to ride alone in the brush. Hear me! . . . Keep away from that stallion, you crazy!"

Now her physical resemblance to her father was startling. The sunburned blond hair, the blue eyes that gazed unsquinting almost straight into the glaring sun. She stood as he stood, she spoke with his inflections. Headstrong. Direct. Somewhat insensitive. When the Snyth twins, arrayed in identical pink, were bound for this or that festivity, Luz, in pants and shirt, would be down in the corral or sprawled, grease-grimed, over a balky Ford.

"Luz, the Snyth twins have been on the telephone for hours. They say you promised to pick them up. Scrape that grease off and hustle into your clothes. It's a seventy-mile drive it'll take you at least ——"

"Why don't they take themselves! I'm tired of those cow belles hanging around my neck."

Happy Ending

By Elizabeth McFarland

She came to him
  In her air-blue gown
With her little chin up
  And her long hair down,
And she said (blue eyes!)
  In her heart she was sorry
For all of the teasing
  And flirtatious worry.

He'd worn his heart
  On a Navy sleeve,
And I could have told them
  He'd win a reprieve
And that all of their sons
  Would be boys (as proved true)
With heartbeats in waltz time
  And eyes navy blue.

The Reata *vaqueros* worshiped the girl. I the non-Mexican line-house families she w as accustomed as their own members, sh was as likely to be found eating with the as at home. To the Dietz family she was casual as one of their own sons or daughter

From Bob Dietz, eleven years her senio she unconsciously received a fundament education in the sciences embracing so seeding, feeding, breeding. During his sun mer vacations from the University of Tex and, later, from Cornell, he worked as matter of course on Reata. Whenever he pe mitted her Luz rode with him or drove wit him, a wide-eyed child in pigtails, her min absorbent as a thirsty desert plant. She w twelve. Fourteen. Fifteen.

Leslie took this up with her husban "Jordan, Luz spends all her time with th Dietz boy."

"I wish Jordy did. Bob Dietz knows mor about modern ranching than any man on th place. Of course some of his ideas are cucko I'm all for modern methods but some of th stuff they give them at college!"

"Yes, but I mea Luz isn't a child an more. Bob's a nice bo and smart ——"

"I'll tell you ho smart I think he i Someday that kid going to be gener manager of Reata u less Jordy pulls up h socks and gets goin That would be a fi thing, wouldn't it! Benedict just a kind figurehead on Reata.

"I'm talking abou Luz. She's down at th corral or gallopin around with Bob Die the minute he's home!

Bick waggled h head in admiratio "Gill Dace says sh knows more about th stock than his boys d He says the first tim he used that fift thousand-dollar Kash mir bull on the ne prize heifer Luz w down there telling hi about the advantage of artificial insemin tion."

"Oh, Jordan!"

"This is Reata, honey. Luz knows by th time that the stork doesn't bring our calves.

"Oh, well, she'll be going away to scho next year."

Luz, the outspoken, ranging the country side in the saddle or at the wheel, came hom with bits and pieces of gossip and inform tion which she dispensed perhaps not as ar lessly as one might think. Mealtime fr quently was enlivened by her free-associ tion chatter.

"THEY say Aunt Luz was always trying t keep people from getting married, sh couldn't bear the thought. . . . Papa, the say when you brought mama home you wer more scared than if you'd been a horse thie They say Aunt Luz took to her bed with fever so she wouldn't have to go to the wed ding when you were married, and she actu ally did have a fever, isn't it wonderful! C course in those days they didn't understan about psychosomatic illness. And the say ——"

"Hold on! Who's this They?" Bick de manded.

"Oh, around. I forget who."

"Well, you just forget all the rest of then! The whole driveling pack of lies."

She would regard her father with the di concerting gaze of the young and merciles "Is it true, Bick honey, that every woman i Texas tried to get you? They say ther wasn't a prize catch like you since befor Sam Houston got married."

"I'm sure it's true," Leslie agreed briskly "It took me two whole days to land hin

(Continued on Page 98)

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(Continued from Page 96)

And in Virginia that's considered overtime."

"They say there was a schoolteacher named Cora Dart at the ranch school and there was some hanky-panky going on between her and you, papa, and then ——"

Angrily, "Who's been telling you this stuff?"

"I don't remember. Somebody at the Beezers' barbecue. I wish people were as romantic as that now. It sounds like a movie. They said Cora Dart tried like everything to marry you. She's the one that crazy Jett Rink married and divorced, isn't she? The first one. And when papa married you Cora Dart took up with this horrible Jett—you should just hear the stories about *him!*—and when Aunt Luz learned what was going on she made Cora Dart leave the ranch, and they say Aunt Luz was really in love with Jett Rink herself even if she was old enough to be his mother, really it all sounds so fascinating and uncouth I just wish ——"

The hot red of fury suffused Bick's face.

"Now Jordan!" came Leslie's voice, cool and calm. "Now Jordan, don't get upset over nonsense. You know it's not good for—for anyone."

Like twin scenes in a somewhat clumsy comedy the boy and the girl privately confided each in the parent who was sympathetic.

"Look, mama," Jordy said, "I wish you'd speak to papa."

"You're a big hulking boy now, Jordy. Isn't it time you did your own speaking? And time you stopped this calling us mama and papa?"

"He says that's what he called his parents. When it comes to human beings everything has got to be done around here just as it was a hundred years ago. Reata without end, amen! Of course cattle that's different. It's no good my trying to talk to him. He acts as if I were ten years old and feebleminded."

Jordy's entire aspect changed when he talked to his mother. He was a man, assertive, rebellious, almost confident. In his father's company he dwindled to a timorous hesitant boy.

"What is it you want me to speak to him about?"

"Harvard. That's part of the old pattern. But it happens that that's what I want to do more than anything in the world."

"You do!"

"Yes. But not for his reason. They've got the best Pre-Med course in the country. And after that I want Columbia University P and S."

"Now wait a minute. Being a doctor's daughter I know Pre-Med means ——"

"That's right. Premedical. And Columbia's Physicians and Surgeons has got it all over the others. Besides, the New York hospitals give you a better chance at material than any city in the world except maybe London."

She stared at him. "You want to be a doctor."

"I'm going to be."

"Oh, Jordy! Your grandpa will be so happy to know ——"

"YEAH, that's fine, but I don't want to slide along on his reputation. He's in all the encyclopedias and medical books and everybody knows about him. When I'm through I want to work right here in Texas. A Mexican with tuberculosis here hasn't got a chance. There's a Doctor Guerra in Vientecito, he's got a clinic I'd give anything to ——"

"Your father takes the most wonderful care of the people on Reata. You know that. Free medical attention and all that."

"Uh-huh. The cattle too."

"Your father probably will be delighted. You'll have use for all that medical knowledge right here on Reata."

"I don't want to use it here on Reata. I want to be free to work where I want to work."

She knew she must tell him. "Jordy, your father isn't as strong as he seems. It's a heart thing. The arteries that feed it ——"

"Yes, I know."

"You do!"

"I've learned a lot about the human b down at the lab with Gill and out on range doctoring the stock with him and boys. It isn't the same, of course. But th are quite a few hearts and lungs and liv and lights in a Reata herd."

"Your father expects you to take his pl someday." She must know if he was str enough to reject this.

He stood up. "I'd die for papa if it wa quick choice between his life and mine. Bu won't live for him."

"He won't consent to it, Jordy. Even if we're both for it."

HE saw, then, that she was with him. T boy's brooding face came alive.

"I haven't any money, Jordy. You kn how it is on Reata. Millions, but noboc got ready cash."

"Don't I know it!" Jordy agreed ruefu

Quietly she said, "Uncle Bawley will d if your father won't."

"Old Bawley! What makes you think so

"He will. I know."

Luz used the more direct approach in talk with her father.

"I'm not going to Wellesley."

"What does your mother say to that?

"She doesn't know."

"The Benedict girls always go to Wel ley."

"No girlie school for this one."

"Oh, I suppose Yale, huh? Or maybe H vard with Jordy." He laughed at his o joke, not very heartily.

"You're warm. Cornell."

"You're crazy."

"You go to college to learn someth Cornell has got the really scientific h bandry course."

"You've got a little-girl crush on J Dietz. If he took a course in dressmakin Paris that's probably what you'd want t all of a sudden."

She faced him angrily. "You wouldn't that to Jordy."

"Your mother says you've concentra too much on cows already. She thinks a y or so in one of those schools in Switzerlan

Elaborately casual, Bick and Leslie proached the subject, each testing the ot Until almost eleven that night he had b working in his office that adjoined the M House dining room. Now it was time for t last cup of coffee in the Texas coffee rit Leslie had brought the tray to him and had said, "Jordan, all this coffee so lat night, it can't be good for you, anyway don't get enough sleep, up at ——" w she stopped. She put the tray down on desk, he leaned back in his chair and loo up at her.

"What's the matter?"

"It just came to me that I was say something I've said five thousand time must be getting old."

"If it weren't so late at night I'd m you a gallant speech about that, honey. anyway I realized today we've got a co of grown-up kids."

"Just today?"

"Know what Luz said? Of course she's young to know what she really wants. she said she won't go to Wellesley or eve that school in Switzerland you're so st on."

"What then?"

"Say—get this—says she wants to g Cornell and take the husbandry course."

"No!" But even as she uttered this mo syllable of rejection she thought, *Well, haps we can make a bargain.* "We've hatc a couple of odd fledglings, darling. Jordy s he wants to be a doctor."

Bick shrugged this off. "Over my d body."

"I feel the same about Luz."

Almost warily they eyed each other fighters in their corners.

"Anyway, Jordy's going to start his year at Harvard this autumn, just as w ways have."

"Don't you think that's a sort of outv family tradition now? Unless he's goin learn something really valuable and pr

ou Benedict boys were sent East for—
vas it?—a polish. Jordy doesn't need

's going."
takes seven years of college and medi-
ool to learn to be a doctor."
w look here, Leslie, I don't want to
ny more of that."
might be a good idea if Luz skipped
ley and went to Switzerland right off.
uld use a swipe of polish, if you ask

ey're both too young to know what
e doing. One thing's sure. Jordy's go-
run Reata. He's got to learn."

y learned. He rode magnificently. He
days and nights and weeks and months
the range with the *vaqueros*, sleeping
y slept, eating as they ate. Old Polo's
became as much a part of Jordy's life
own. Old Polo taught him from his rich
of knowledge acquired through the
ies before the Anglo-Saxon had set
n this hot brilliant land. Polo's wrin-
ife gave Jordy strange unguents and
brews to use when he had a cold or a
(Leslie threw these out); Polo's hand-
daughter-in-law fed him hot spicy
an dishes; Polo's pretty little grand-
ter, Juana, one of a brood of eight,
at him adoringly, managing demurely
vey with her eyes that which a proper
Mexican girl must not express in

ng Jordy in the saddle and Bick
ted nearby, with Polo on his miraculous
r horse that he had
d to work reinless,
l only by a pressure
knee or by the weight
rider's body thrown
this side to that. In
n brown hands that
l so fragile and that
ere so strong, was
pe that obeyed his
wish like a sen-
hing, whirling, leap-
erforming figures in
ir.

I am only an average man, but, by George, I work harder at it than the average man.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

e media cabeza," Bick called to Jordy.
half head. Now watch Polo. The loop
tch the bull behind one ear and horn
front of the other and then under the
ll at once. That's a mean-acting bull."
would go the rope, snakelike, curving,
g. The huge animal was stopped dead
tracks.
aravilloso! Rebueno!" Jordy shouted.
ut up, Jordy. You telling Polo he's
"
es, but did you notice his hands?"
ands! What do you suppose he
—"
mean"—*sotto voce*—"the old boy's got
e tremor, see, in the right hand, but
it came to throwing the rope he con-
l it. That's pretty terrific."
his isn't a diagnosis, this is roping, for
sake what's the matter with you!"
ng Angel Obregon, shorn now of his
lack braids, needed no such instruction.
e two inevitable reactions to his child-
years of petticoat servitude he had
n the tough one. He rode as one of his
ancestors. At sixteen he was a swag-
a chain smoker, the despair of his fa-
ngel and his mother Deluvina. At sev-
n he spurned Reata with all its years of
on family loyalty. He took a job as
y at the Hake in Vientecito and on his
to the ranch he swaggered the streets
nedict in sideburns, fifty-dollar boots,
irt, his hair pomaded to the luster of
oilcloth. He and his friends affected a
rd dialect made up of Mexican jargon,
ican slang, Spanish patois. His talk
f cars and girls. The Reata *vaqueros*
f him, in Spanish, "He's trying to
e the color of his eyes to blue." Young
ran with the bonche.
father, Angel Obregon the *caporal*, his
er were by turns furious and sad at
metamorphosis. He was a disgrace to
za—the proud race of Mexican people.
spoke to the padre about him. To old
Even to the *patrón*, Bick Benedict.

Almost tearfully Angel Obregon said, "He is a good boy, Angel. It is as if some *bruja*, some evil witch, had him under a spell. He is without respect for the things of life."

Thoughtfully Bick agreed. "I don't know what's the matter with the kids today. They're all alike." He hesitated a moment. But it was a temptation to talk to someone who felt as he did—someone to whom Reata was life, was the world. "My son doesn't have the real feeling about Reata." They were speaking in Spanish. Bick looked at this man whose blood for generations had gone into Reata. He wanted Angel to dispute his statement, he wanted him to say, no, you are wrong, he is a sincere Benedict, the type *genuino*. But instead Angel now nodded in sorrowful agreement.

Curiously enough, the friendship of the two boys had endured. On Angel's rare visits home he and Jordy discarded the pretense they wore in the presence of their parents. They heard each other in understanding.

"*Vaquero* with twenny or twenny-five dollars a month," Angel said, and laughed scornfully. "Sometimes I earn that in two days at the Hake if there's a big poker game on in one of the rooms, or a drinking bunch, and I'm on duty. *Vaquero* like my father and his father and his father, not me! I want to marry with Marita Rivas, Dimodeo Rivas's daughter. But I don't want my kid to be *vaquero*, and his kid and his kid. Now who does that is *borlon*."

Jordy said, "My father is always experimenting to get better beef. The perfect all-meat all-tenderloin heatproof tickproof beef animal. That's good, that's swell. But I want to do that with people, not animals. TB-proof Mexican-Americans, that would be even better."

On parting Angel no longer said, "*Adiós!*" He used the Mexican slang of the city. "*Ay te watcho!*" I'll be seeing you.

Bick Benedict decided the time had come for action. He would have a talk with Bob Dietz, the kid had finished at Cornell, he'd speak to him now. He called the Dietz telephone at suppertime.

"Bob? . . . Bick Benedict. . . . Bob, I want to talk to you about something important. Jump into your car and come over here about eight."

But Bob Dietz, it seemed, was going to a Grange meeting. Somewhat nettled, Bick said oh, the hell with that, you can go to a Grange meeting another time, this is important.

"I'm sorry," Bob said, "but I'm the speaker there this evening. I'm scheduled to talk on soil and crop rotation. I'll be glad to come tomorrow if that's all right with you."

"You turned into a dirt farmer or something?" Bick jeered.

"Just about," Bob Dietz said genially. "Tomorrow okay then?"

BOB arrived before eight. Bick in his office heard his voice and Luz's laugh from the direction of the veranda, they seemed to have a lot to say to each other, though Luz did most of the talking, there was the slower deeper undercurrent of Bob's voice with a curiously vibrant tone in it. Frowning, Bick came to the door. "Bob! Come on in here. I'm waiting for you."

"Oh. I thought I was a little early."

Bick preceded him into the office, he motioned him to a chair, he sat back and looked at the young fellow, he thought *Golly that's a handsome hunk of kid*. There was rather an elaborate silence during which Bob Dietz did not seem ill at ease.

"You wondering why I sent for you, I suppose."

"Why, no, Mr. Benedict. Not especially."

"You'd better be. I've got something pretty important to say to you." There was another silence. Bob Dietz did not squirm or shuffle his feet or cough. Bick thought he never had seen such clear eyes. The whites were blue, like a baby's. "I've been watching you pretty close these last few years. Ever

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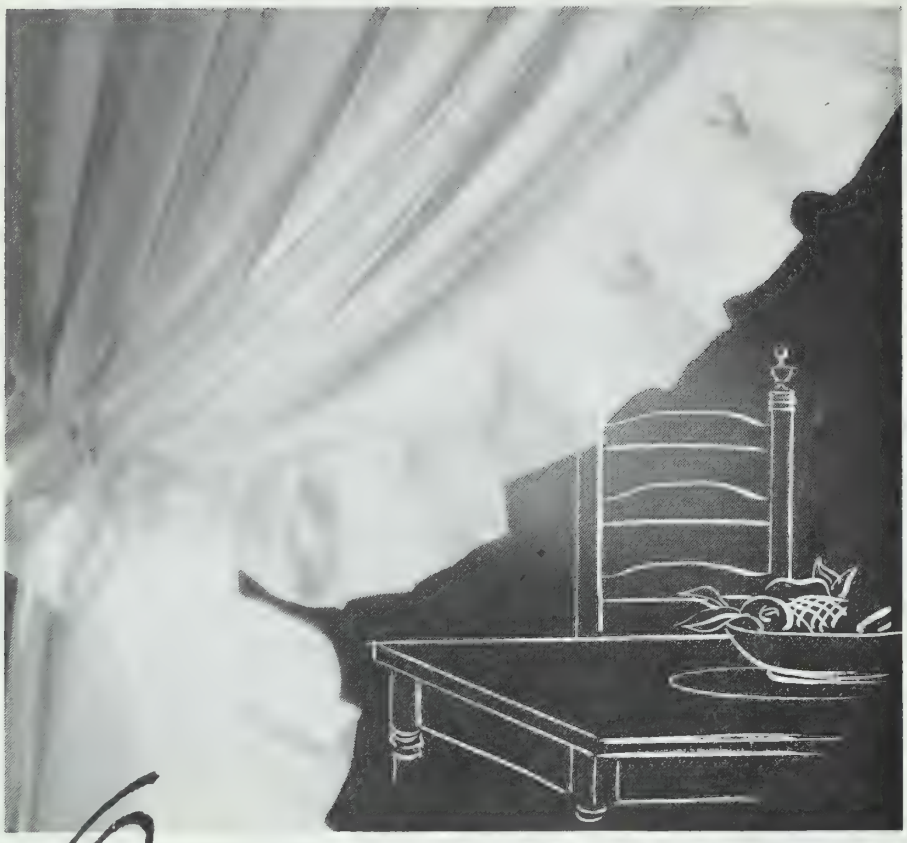
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since you were a little kid. Now I'm going to come to the point. Reata may have dropped a million acres or so in the last fifty years, but it's bigger than ever in more important ways. This isn't just a ranch any more, it's a great big industrial plant, and run like one. It takes experts. I know about you—well say, I ought to—and I've checked up on you at Cornell. And what they say there is pretty hot."

Bob Dietz looked mildly pleased. He said nothing.

"I'm not getting any younger—that's what my wife calls a cliché ——" Bick was a trifle startled to see Bob Dietz grin at this. "Anyway ten years from now this is going to be too much for me even with Jordy taking over a lot of it. I want to start you in now. From what they said about you, and from what I know, I'm not making a mistake. Soil. Irrigation. Breeding. Feeding. Crops. You know the works. My plan is, you start in next spring. I've got a ten-year plan and then another ten-year plan, and so on. Say, the Russians haven't got anything on us at Reata, huh? At the end of ten years you'll be general manager around here—under me and Jordy. At the end of another ten years—well, anyway, you're fixed for life. And good. Now don't tell me any more, when I call up, about how you have to go to a Grange meeting. Got it?"

"I think so, Mr. Benedict."

"You'll want to go home and talk this over with your folks," Bick told him. "You ought to. You go along home and mull this over and we'll talk about it again, say, day after tomorrow, that's Wednesday."

"I know now," Bob Dietz said. "I couldn't do it."

"Couldn't do what?"

"A ten-year plan—a twenty-year plan—the rest of my life on Reata, like my father. I want a place of my own."

"You crazy kid! A place of your own. Do you imagine you'll ever have a ranch like Reata!"

"Oh, no sir! I wouldn't want it. I want a little piece of land of my own for experimentation. Never anything big. That's the whole point. Big stuff is old stuff now."

"Is that so!" Bick was stunned with anger, he could feel something pinching his chest, little pains like jabs. "So big is old-fashioned now, huh?"

"I didn't mean to be—I didn't go to make you mad, Mr. Benedict. I just mean that here in Texas maybe we've got into the habit of confusing bigness with greatness. They're not the same. Big. And great. Why at Cornell, in lab, they say there's a bunch of scientists here in the United States working on a thing so little you can't see it—a thing called the atom. It's a kind of secret but they say if they make it work—and I hope they can't—it could destroy the whole world, the whole big world just like that. Bang."

As he left Luz must have been waiting to see him go. Sitting in his office, stunned, furious, Bick heard them talking and laughing together again. Then their voices grew fainter. To his own surprise he rushed out to stop them like a father in a movie comedy. They were just stepping into Bob Dietz's car.

"Luz! Where you going!" Bick yelled.

"Down to Smitty's for a Coke."

"You stay home!" But they were off down the drive in the cool darkness.

Leslie appeared from somewhere, she slipped her hand into his arm, she leaned against his shoulder. "Luz is almost grown up, darling. Girls of her age don't have to ask permission to go down to Smitty's for a Coke."

"Someday," Texas predicted, wagging its head in disapproval, but grinning, too, "someday that locoed Jett Rink is agoing to go too far. There's a limit to shenanigans, even his."

Other men might conduct their lives outrageously but Jett Rink had become a living legend. Here was a twentieth-century P Bunyan striding the oil-soaked earth hundred-dollar boots. His striding was d at the controls of an airplane or at the wh of a Cadillac or on a golden palomino w tail and mane of silver.

A fabric made up of truth and myth hung about his swaggering shoulders. Wh ever men gathered to talk together there a fresh tale to tell which they savored e while they resented it.

"Did you hear about that trip of hunting there back of Laredo? Seems and that Yerb Packer were in that hunt shack Jett's got there. They were eating the kitchen—you know Jett—drinking m than eating I reckon, and with this and t they got to quarreling and then to fighti They were clawing and gouging like a cou of catamounts, blood running down th faces, their clothes half tore off. Well, Y clouts Jeff a real sock and Jett he reac out on the shelf there for a big bottle of sc kind of fluid like it kills bugs and you p it down the sink and plumbing and so It's got acid in it or something. Anyway fetches Yerb a crack over the head with the bottle busts and the stuff pours all o Yerb, liked to burned the hide right off h they say he'll be months . . ."

". . . You know that hospital for old of the World War, a bunch of them b sitting around there for years now, p lunks, went in maybe when they were twe after the war, thinking they'd be out cu and now they're forty and more, some them and never will be out. Well, someb sent over a bunch of tickets for the foot game. So the bus t some of them that well enough to go to game. But along about middle of the game mean norther blew rain and cold, and qui few folks skedaddled home. This one old fell gets soaked, he wasn't feeling too goo begin with, a artificial leg and all. So leaves, he starts heading down the toward the car park, he figures someb will sure pick him up and give him a back to the hospital. Well, along beh comes Jett in his Caddy he's got th strong-arm guys always riding with h Jett's driving though, you know how h he'd been liquoring up to keep warm. know the way he drives, even sober a h derd miles is crawling to him. This lame vet don't hear him coming or maybe don't see him in the thick rain, he mi him by an inch. Well, the vet gives a qu jump, just barely saves himself and down a-course with that leg and all, bu scrambles up and shakes his fist at Jett a fella in a play and he lets out a lin language even Jett Rink couldn't do bet Jett gets an ear ful of this and what doe do he gets out with those guys with him they beat up this old cripple, they hit around the head and all, they say he's his hearing. I hear Jett paid out quite a h afterwards but just the same what I sa someday Jett Rink's agoing to go too f

"What became of that first woman married? Schoolteacher, wasn't she? agine!"

"Oh, that was a million years ago. had two others since then. Maybe thre haven't kept track. Second one was a se tary of his, must have had something on him."

Sometimes he strode, very late, into of the big city shops—Neiman's or Opp or Gulick's—when they were about to c for the day. He liked to inconvenience th he felt deep power-satisfaction in compel the saleswomen and department head stay on after hours, serving him, Jett R

"This looks like you, Mr. Rink," would say, fluffing out the misty folds cobweb garment. Frequently they were s moned to bring their wares to one of ranches and there these would be displa for him, an Oriental potentate in red fac

(Continued on Page 102)

The world is divided into people who think they are right.

—ANON.

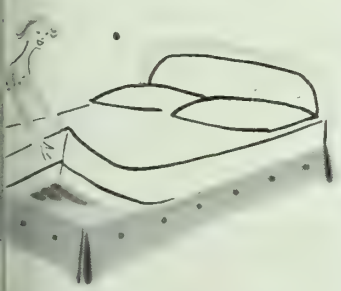
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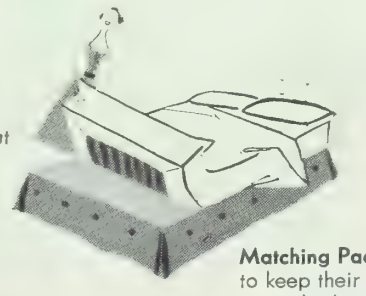
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(Continued from Page 100)

mink coat. A sapphire. A vicuña topcoat for himself or a special hunting rifle with a new trick.

SOCIETY

By Gloria Ann Wicker

Mrs. Jordan Benedict and daughter Luz are Hermoso visitors and shoppers this week. While in the city they are stopping at the Tejas Hotel. Miss Luz Benedict will spend a year or more at a select girls' school in Switzerland. There are other more interesting rumors which have not yet been confirmed.

Luz read this aloud to her mother as they sat at breakfast in their sitting room at the Tejas. "What rumors, I wonder. And just how interesting. It sounds so tantalizing. No girl ever had a duller summer."

"Reata's always good for a rumor," Leslie said, "when there's no news. Come on dear, let's get started or we'll never cover this list."

"Why can't we wait and get it all in New York next month?"

"I like the idea of shopping for ski pants in Texas when the temperature's one hundred."

Opper's opulent windows reflected the firm's disdain for such whims as temperature time or place. Hot or cold, autumn was just around the corner. Opper's window displays were aimed at those Texans who early armed themselves for a holiday in New York in California in Florida Europe Chicago or even that Yankeetown Dallas. The lure of one window was too much even for shoppers like Leslie and Luz. Wordlessly they stopped to gaze at it. Luxurious though every article was, each had the chaste quality of utter perfection.

The window held a woman's complete evening toilette. Nothing more. A fabulous fur wrap. A satin-and-tulle gown. Diamond necklace. A bracelet of clumped jewels. Long soft gloves flung carelessly on the floor like thick cream spilled on carpet. Cobwebs of lingerie. Wisps of chiffon hosiery. Fragile slippers. Jewel-encrusted handbag.

"M-m," said Luz.

"Nice," Leslie said.

As they stood there a hand slid through the arm of each, separating the two women. "Like it?" said a man's voice. "I'll buy the whole window for you, Leslie."

Leslie stared into Jett Rink's face. Instinctively she jerked her arm to free it. His hand held it inescapably. He was scarcely taller than she, his eyes were level with hers, his face was close, the eyes intent, bloodshot. He was smiling. Now, still holding the arms of the two women, he turned his head slowly to stare at the girl.

"You're Luz. I'm Jett Rink, Luz."

"Yes. I've seen pictures of you. Look, do you mind, you're just a little too hearty, you're hurting me."

"Luz. A hell of a thing to do to a pretty girl like you, name her after that old bitch."

The arms of both women jerked to be free. He held them.

He turned again to Leslie. "Am I hurting you too, Leslie?"

She thought, clearly, *On Sonoro Street in Hermoso in front of Opper's. Nothing must happen. Nothing to disgrace Jordan and the children.* She spoke quietly as she always had spoken in the past to the violent boy, now a more violent man.

"I'm not going to wrestle with you on the street. Take your hand away."

He swung them around as if in a dance, one on each side. "Would you wrestle in the car?" At the curb was an incredibly long bright-blue car. A man sat at the wheel, an other stood at the rear door. "Come on girls. Let's take a ride."

It was unbelievable it was monstrous. Fo the first time she knew fear. He propelle them across the sidewalk.

"No!" Leslie cried. Faces of passers-b turned toward them, uncertainly.

Luz's free left hand was a fist. Now sh actually twisted round to aim at his face bu he jerked his head back, and he laughed great roaring laugh and the passers-by, re assured, went on their way grinning at th little playful scuffle. "I'm not going to hu you. Don't make such a fuss." He and th man standing at the car door half lifted ha pulled them into the deep roomy rear sea Jett between them. The door slammed, th man whirled into the front seat with th driver, the car shot into traffic.

Her voice rather high, like a little girl' Luz said, "What is this, anyway! Let's g out, mama."

Leslie looked at the monolithic faces of th two men in the front seat. "If you hu Luz," Leslie said, her voice low and eve "you know perfectly well no bodyguard can keep him from killing you." At the a surdity of this melodramatic statement sl began to laugh somewhat hysterically.

"There you!" Je turned triumphant to Luz. "Your n knows I was just foo ing, I saw in the pap where you girls we in town and I be wanting to have a litt talk with your ma. been stuck on your n for years. Did y know that?"

"I think you're goon," Luz shouted

Jett's voice took an aggrieved ton "There you go. Com to a Benedict, no ma ter what I do, it wrong. I was just ki ding around. I watch for you to come o of the Tejas. And th over to Opper's a standing there looki in the window like couple of little stenc raphers or somethi Say, you don't have tell me," he went on, easily, conversatio ally. "I know Bick's pinched for money the time, that big damn fool place he thin he runs. I'd buy you the whole Opper setu Leslie, the whole ten floors and everythi in it, if you say the word."

"What are we going to do, mama?" L said. Her voice now was as quiet as h mother's had been, but its undernote w tremulous.

"It's all right, dearest," Leslie said. "I his idea of a joke."

"I ain't joking, Leslie. I got to talk you. Like I said."

The man seated at the right, in fro picked up a sort of telephone receiver th was one of a battery of contrivances tached to the dashboard. He spoke into with mechanical clarity and concisene "Passing corner of Viña and Caballero . three minutes. . . . Past corner Viña a Caballero . . . two and three quarters m utes."

THEIR speed never slowed, a huge build like a warehouse loomed ahead, a ten-f metal fence enclosed it. The car approach this at terrific pace, in that instant bef what seemed an inevitable crash the ga swung sharply open, the car tore throu without diminishing speed, the gates swu shut, the huge car stopped with a shriek brakes. The man in front got out. He st at the car door.

Jett Rink was scribbling a note, hold the pad up close to his chest as he wrote. tore it off, the man at the door took it. "Y call them yourself. And tell them it's go

(Continued on Page 104)

Leaf by Golden Leaf

By Louis Ginsberg

Like ripe and radiant fruit,
In amber haze,
Slowly drop the mellow
Autumn days.

As twilight burns a while,
Like Isles of the Blessed,
Even as sunsets yearn
Against the west,

Even as summer went,
Rose by rose,
So leaf by golden leaf,
Autumn goes.



BRILLO
soap pads
Twice the Shine
in half the time!

Don't fret and frown over crusty pans. A spunky metal-fiber Brillo pad just whisks off greasy crust!

Laboratory tests show Brillo outshines all cleansers tested! Shine-meter records prove Brillo actually gives aluminums twice the shine in half the time!

No soaking. No scraping. A marvelous Brillo pad-with-soap cleans, scours, polishes all at once! Because Brillo has jeweler's polish! Makes grimy pans sparkle like new! *And* Brillo guarantees results—a new utensil free—if Brillo fails to clean.

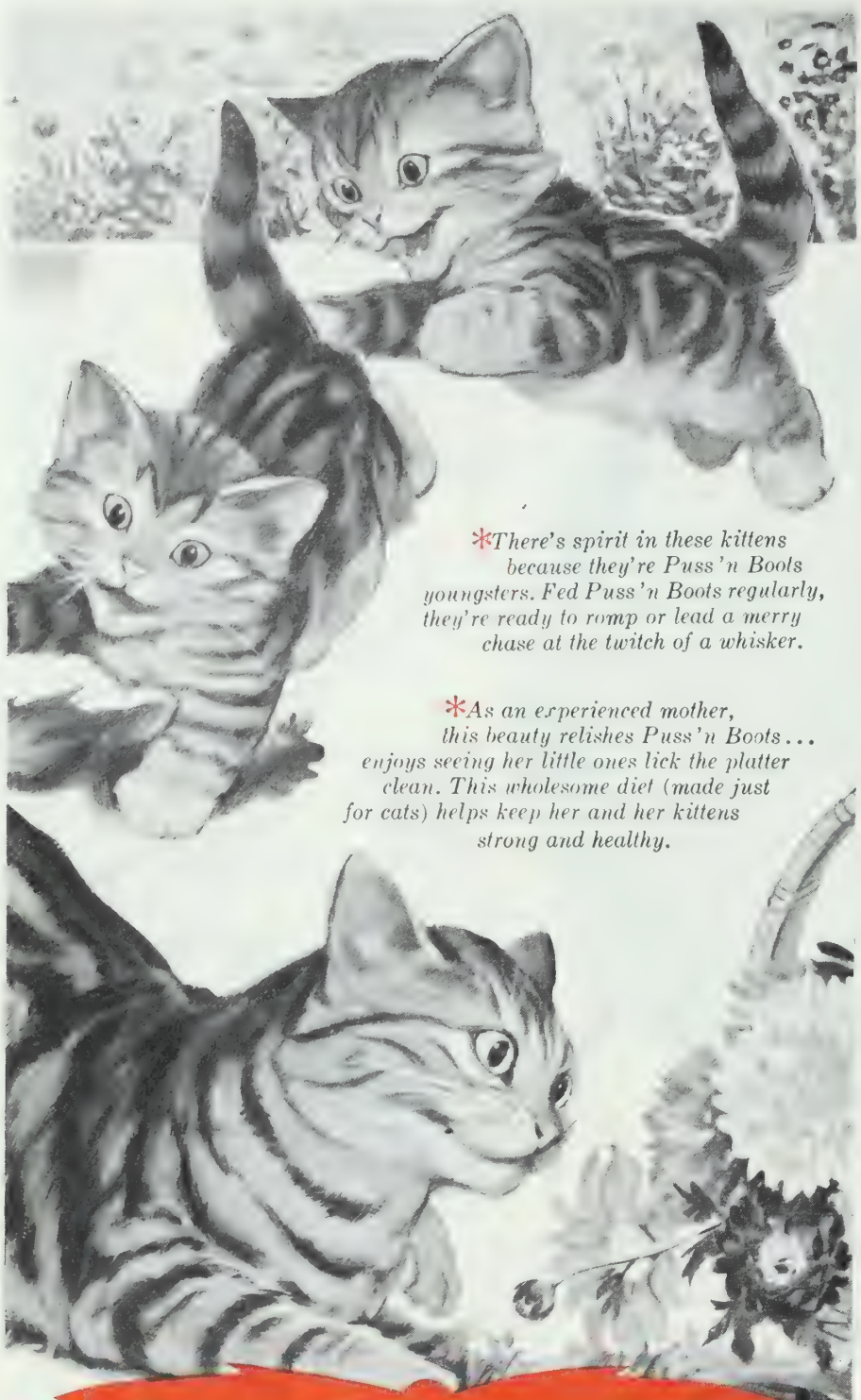
And now—Brillo is better than ever! You get *more* shines in every pad. Use thriftier, faster-shining Brillo every day to keep pans *gleaming*. It's perfect for ovens and stove burners, too!

Brillo Soap Pads (Red Box)—The soap is *right in the pad*
Brillo Cleanser (Green Box)—Pads plus cake soap



Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

NEW IMPROVED BRILLO LASTS LONGER! THRIFTIER, TOO—5 & 12 PAD BOXES!

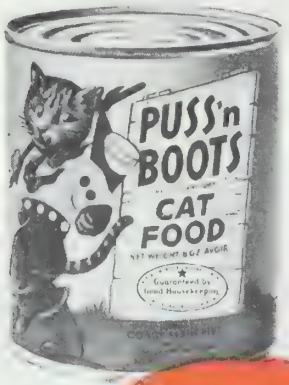


*There's spirit in these kittens because they're Puss 'n Boots youngsters. Fed Puss 'n Boots regularly, they're ready to romp or lead a merry chase at the twitch of a whisker.

*As an experienced mother, this beauty relishes Puss 'n Boots... enjoys seeing her little ones lick the platter clean. This wholesome diet (made just for cats) helps keep her and her kittens strong and healthy.

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Puss 'n Boots is a carefully prepared food made of fresh-caught *whole* fish and selected cereals. It furnishes the proteins, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins found in liver, beef, salmon, milk and food from the table—including vital Vitamin D. Feed your pet Puss 'n Boots and see what *fun* it is to own a Puss 'n Boots cat!

Puss 'n Boots adds the PLUS!

QUALITY MAKES IT AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CAT FOOD

(Continued from Page 102)

be there within a half an hour or no dice... Now then, girlies, I want to talk to your ma, Luz. Do you want to sit here in the car while we go and sit on the bench there in the shade? Or do you want to sit there and we'll stay in the car."

Curiously, it was Luz who now took over. "We'll both get out or we'll both stay in. Or I'll begin to scream and while it probably won't do any good in this place I'll scream and scream and scream until ——"

"Oh, all right." Wearily, as though agreeing to the whim of an unreasonable child. "It's hot, no matter where you sit. You go on over there, other side of the entrance. Your ma and I'll sit on that bench here, have our little talk. Either you girls want a Coke or something cold to drink?"

Leslie looked up at the blank windows of the building. "What is this place?"

"It's nothing only a warehouse where I keep stuff, valuable stuff. I got places like this all around. First I was going to drive you out to the ranch, I got a place about an hour out. But a lot of folks out there all the time, visiting and all, I figured you wouldn't like that. I wouldn't want to do anything you wouldn't like—you and the kid."

She glanced at him but his face was serious. "I thought you were drunk. But you're not, are you?"

"I ain't had a drop for two days. Minute I knew you was in town I quit, I knew I wanted a clear head and sometimes I get fuzzy when I take a couple. I'm stone-cold sober."

Slim, almost boyish seated there beside her in his neat expensive clothes, a blue shirt, a polka-dotted tie.

"Such silly behavior. You've scared Luz to death, she didn't know you when you were a greasy kid on Reata. What is it? You want me to help you make friends again with Bick, or something like that, I suppose."

"You suppose. You suppose I don't know you're smarter than that! You're the only really smart girl I ever knew." He had been smoking a cigarette. Now he tossed it away. "Look. I been crazy about you all these years. You know that well and good." He was talking carefully and reasonably as one would present a business argument or a political credo. "I tried everything to get shut of it. I had all the kinds there is. I even been married three four times. Did you know that?"

"I've never thought about it at all."

"Why do you suppose I done that—did that?"

"Some men do. It's an unadult trait. It means they've never really grown up."

He dropped his tone of calm reasoning. The little twin dots of red flicked into the close-set hooded eyes. He leaned toward her. "I got to get shut of it. It's making me sick. Look at this." He held out his hand. "Look at that! Shakes like that all the time."

"That's alcohol and shot nerves and fear," she told him.

"Leslie. Leslie. Come with me. Leslie."

EQUABLY, and quite conversationally as though exchanging chitchat with a friend. "I'm really quite an old lady now, you know. You just think you're still talking to that rather attractive girl who came, a bride, to Reata. . . . It's very hot here, Jett."

"Anything you'd want. Anything in the world. He wouldn't care. He don't care about anything only Reata."

She stood up. "All right Luz!" she called. "We're going now."

He grasped her arm. "I'll go after Bick and you and your two kids. I swear to God I will. I'll never let up on all of you."

"You've been seeing too many West movies."

She moved toward the car. The man up at the wheel. The second man came do the steps and toward the car.

"I ain't going," Jett said. "Luz, you up front there with him. Leslie, you get the back here. You too, Dent. You call b here for me in ten minutes." He stood th a moment in the brilliant sun. "I'll do lik said," Jett called softly to Leslie, throu the window.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"Opper's," Leslie said airily. "We hav great deal of shopping to do."

"No. Please." Luz did not look rou "I'd like to go to the hotel first. For a m ute. I forgot something."

"Tejas," Leslie said then.

The gates opened.

DOWN the street. In traffic against tra in and out in sickening suicidal zigzags. *has told them to kill us this way,* Le thought. Then, reasonably, *No, they'd killed too, so probably not.* They stopped the Tejas entrance. They were in the lob they were in the elevator, they were in th rooms.

"I'm going to call up papa."

"I wouldn't," Leslie said. "Not u we've talked a little first."

A traveler in Switzerland tells us that, uncertain of his way, he asked a small lad by the roadside where Kandersteg was, and received the most significant answer that was ever given him. "I do not know, sir," said the boy, "where Kandersteg is, but there is the road to it." That is an epitome of the spiritual experience of man.

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Luz was cryi quietly, her eyes w open and the te sliding unwiped do her face. "I w scared. I kept thi ing I'd do someth terrific and brave, I was scared."

"So was I, dea Luz wiped her f now, she stood star at her mother as some new arrest object. "I think the most roma thing I ever he of! And I th he's kind of cute."

"Don't say that," Leslie told her.

"But I do. I've heard a lot about H and I never believed it, but it's true. H a kind of modern version of the old buccar type like Grampa and Great-grampa Be dict. They were tough, too, in a differ way, of course, land swiping and probab lot of hanky-panky with the Mexican g I must say Jett Rink's windup was an a climax, though."

"You're being silly, Luz. This man i twisted ——"

"The Snyth twins say he's the fash now, he's so tough he's considered chi must say I'm impressed with you, ma being the secret passion of that h boiled ——" She had gone into her bedro her voice trailed off, then came up shar "What in the world is all this! Mom! C here!"

Boxes. Boxes and boxes and bo Stacked on beds and chairs. The sn distinctive blue-and-white-striped Op Schlenk boxes.

Miss Luz Benedict, the address slips r Miss Luz Benedict. Miss Luz Bened Miss Luz Benedict.

She yanked at the cords. She opene box. Another. Another. The fabulous wrap. The satin-and-tulle evening dress. necklace. The slippers. . . . The window.

". . . Opper-Schlenk?" Leslie at the t phone. "I want to talk to Mrs. Bakefi Mrs. Bakefield's office. . . . This is M Jordan Benedict. . . . Mrs. Bakefield? Mrs. Jordan Benedict. There has bee mistake. We just came in—the Tejas— there are a million packages that don't long to us. It is just some terrible take. . . . Oh, Mrs. Bakefield! He must h seen some sort of mention in the ne paper. . . . No. . . . Oh, no she doesn't e know him. . . . I hear he is very—we eccentric now and then. . . . Just send them. . . . Yes . . . now."

(To be Concluded)

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100% AUTOMATIC DEFROSTING REFRIGERATOR

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HERE'S HOW FROST-FREE ELIMINATES THIS DIRTY JOB . . .

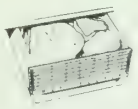
The 100% automatic FROST-FREE even disposes of the defrost water automatically! In fact, the Freeze Chest defrosts so fast . . . stays so cold . . . even ice cream stays store-hard *always*, never thaws and refreezes. Yes, you're free of all food-keeping worries with this great FROST-FREE. You get five separate zones of cold for keeping all five kinds of foods. Extra cold for frozen foods . . . special cold to keep butter ready to spread . . . proper cold to keep meat fresh . . . dry cold for the big main Food Compartment . . . moist cold so vegetables stay crisp and tasty. See the four great FROST-FREE Refrigerators at your retailer's now. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Mansfield, Ohio.

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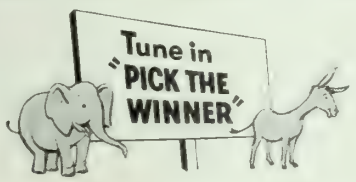


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Flavor of Springtime!

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tender-grown
Swift's Premium

Quick & Easys for Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

DONALD STUART



Haven rates Peggy's way with chicken — best ever.

"THE prime favorite dish in my repertoire, so far as Haven and I are concerned, is the way I do chicken. I have no name for it—Haven just calls it 'Peggy's Chicken.' With the chicken, I serve broccoli with lemon butter and toasted walnuts. Endive, date and orange salad is an extraordinarily simple salad and is easy to arrange decoratively. We like this with French dressing, instead of dessert."

PEGGY'S CHICKEN

Quarter and clean a 2 2½-pound ready-to-cook chicken and shake the pieces in a paper bag with ¼ cup flour mixed with 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Sauté chicken in ⅓ cup butter or margarine, turning the pieces now and then during a period of 15 minutes so they brown evenly. Lift the chicken out of the pan and sauté 2 or 3 scallions or green onions and 1 dozen peeled mushrooms in the fat. ("You must peel them," Peggy says. "Everyone has her own opinion on whether to peel or not peel mushrooms, but I will solidly hold to mine—that they are much, much more tender peeled. The skins make them too heavy.") After the mushrooms and onions have cooked a few minutes, add 2 ripe tomatoes, peeled and cut into pieces. Cook until the tomatoes are tender, then put chicken back in pan. Cook 10 minutes. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and about ⅛ teaspoon dried chervil and ⅛ teaspoon dried tarragon. Use a bit more of this if you have it fresh. Cover and cook until chicken is beautifully tender—possibly another 5–10 minutes. Taste for seasonings. You may want to add a little more salt, perhaps. If there's any left, the chicken is delicious cold.

FOR THE SALAD

Make a wheel of the endive leaves around a plate. Arrange sections of orange in the curves of the leaves. Sprinkle pitted dates, cut in half, in the center. If you can get fresh dates, it's even better. Serve with French dressing.

Soup for Supper

"We're both great soup fans. When we have a good, hearty, filling soup, we hanker for little else. A vegetable salad and perhaps a bit of fruit is plenty with a soup meal. One of our favorites is a potato bouillon with crumbled bacon in it. It's delicious! Men gobble it up.

"Another pet of ours is cream of chicken soup flavored with curry. I thin a can of cream of chicken soup with milk and add 1 teaspoon curry powder and 1 teaspoon chives, snipped fine with the scissors."

POTATO BOUILLON WITH BACON

Bake 4 small or 2 large potatoes and scoop out the centers. Fry 3 slices bacon crisp. Drain on paper toweling and crumble it into bits. Put potatoes through the ricer. Heat 1 can condensed beef bouillon with ½ cup water. Add the riced potatoes, ¼ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. "You can make the soup thinner by adding more bouillon and water, but we rather like it on the thick side." Sprinkle the crumbled bacon over the soup just before serving.

Vegetables are Our Meat

"Fortunately for our budget, Haven isn't the kind of husband that thinks dinner isn't dinner without meat on the plate. We're both crazy about vegetables if they are served interestingly—particularly now when vegetables in the markets are so crisp, fresh and good-to-eat-cooking. We have often dined on corn on the cob and sliced tomatoes alone—nothing more, but I won't tell how many ears of corn we ate apiece. We like fresh tomatoes cooked, too—stuffed with curried rice, especially. With them, I serve peas cooked with a little minced onion—and spinach we like best in a salad. If Haven remembers to bring it from town, we'll have sherbet for dessert."

BAKED TOMATOES CURRIED RICE

Slice the tops off 2 large tomatoes; scoop out the insides and mash up with a fork or pastry blender. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper, 3 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper and ½ teaspoon curry powder. Heat together; blend in ⅓ cup soft bread crumbs and 1 cup cooked rice (use the precooked rice for speed). Stuff tomatoes with this mixture. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Broil 10 minutes under low heat until tomatoes are just tender. Keep your eye on them.

UNUSUAL SPINACH SALAD

Sauté several slices bacon to a "sharp crispness." Drain and crush it. Dip whole washed spinach leaves *lightly* in the hot bacon fat. Put in the refrigerator to cool. Make a simple French dressing, seasoning with salt, pepper and dry mustard. Toss the glossy spinach leaves with the crumbled bacon, some chopped salted peanuts and the French dressing. The combination of flavors and textures is very pleasing.

A Perfect Dinner

"We like the food so much in Italian and French restaurants that I find myself constantly borrowing seasoning and flavoring tricks for my own cooking. I've had great success with an Italian veal dish. Though it is not an authentic reproduction, Haven says he likes my version best. With it, I serve sliced zucchini squash cooked with cut-up peeled tomatoes instead of water and seasoned with salt, pepper and just a little orégano—just a little. Cucumbers marinated in a good dressing will be our salad. Diced ripe pears, icy cold and bathed in ginger ale, complete what we call a perfect dinner."

VEAL CONTINENTAL

Sprinkle 1 pound thinly sliced veal cutlet with 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Pound the cheese into veal with the edge of a saucer or wooden mallet, if you have such a gadget. Turn the veal slices and pound 2 tablespoons more cheese into them. Heat 2 tablespoons salad oil in a skillet. Brown the veal in it quickly on both sides. Add 1 clove garlic, peeled and split in two, a liberal pinch of thyme and of marjoram, ½ can condensed bouillon, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Cover and simmer about 30 minutes.

(If gravy has any fat floating on top, gently float several thicknesses of paper toweling on top, blotter fashion. It will soak up the fat and leave only the rich brown gravy. Don't forget to remove it. This trick works like a charm on soup stock, too, when it is hard to skim without removing soup *with* the fat. Since Peggy told us about this we've used the idea in our own daily cooking in the Workshop.)

A Meal on Toast

"Every so often we have what I call a meal on toast. It's a dandy way to use leftover meat and vegetables when there isn't enough of any one thing to use solo. The combinations are endless, but here are two favorites. With our toast plates we like a big salad, and for dessert—apples and cheese. We're great cheese lovers. I can never pass by the cheese counter and often come home with two or three kinds at a time."

MEAL ON TOAST I

Lay buttered slices of freshly made toast in a shallow baking pan. Top with slices of cold chicken. Lay cooked or canned asparagus tips over that. Pour cream sauce over the chicken and asparagus. Snow under with grated Parmesan cheese and broil 8 minutes.

MEAL ON TOAST II

Lay buttered slices of freshly made toast in a shallow baking pan. Lay slices of cooked ham on top. Spread ham with prepared mustard. Top with leftover cooked green beans. Sprinkle with minced onion. Melt a jar of Welsh rabbit in the double boiler and pour over the beans. Or you could use process cheese melted in double boiler and thinned with milk. Broil slowly until bubbly and spotted with brown—far enough from heat so it won't burn.

Cranberries are Ripe



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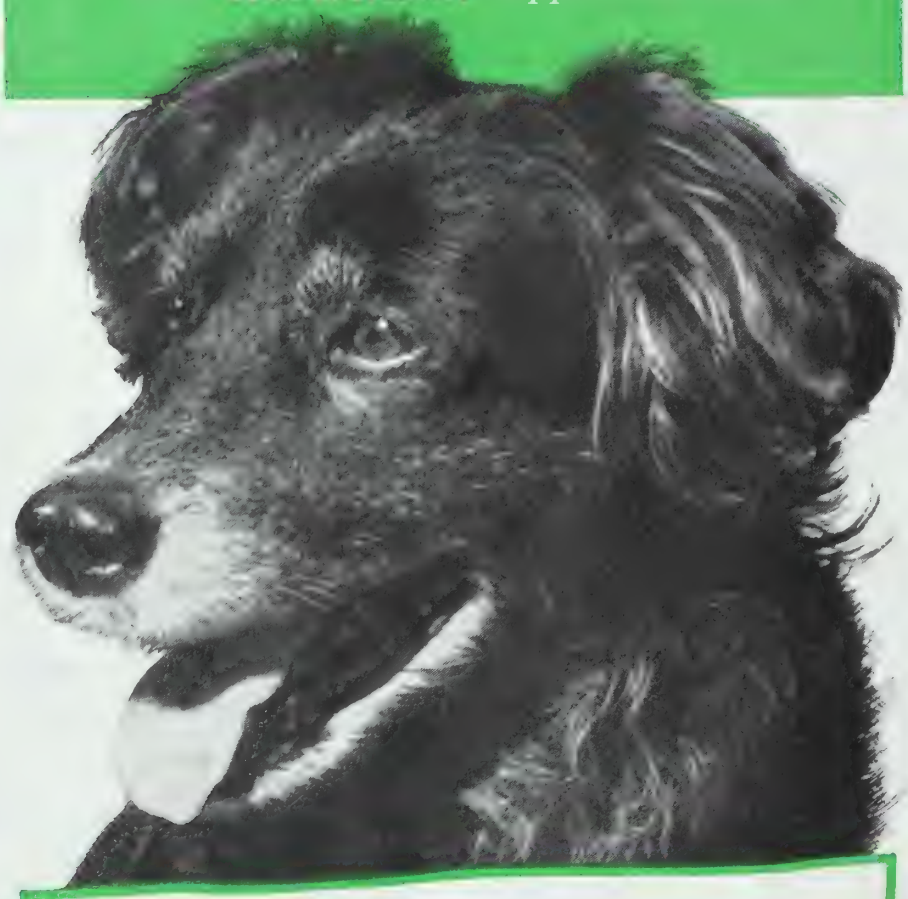
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THESE FOODS END DOG ODORS, TOO!



KEN-L-BISKIT
Crumbled in small pieces with real meat meal, baked right in. Hearty, appetizing nourishment plus chlorophyllin to end offensive odors. In 2, 4, 25, 50 lb. sizes.



KEN-L-MEAL
Extra appetizing, extra nourishing because it's made with real meat meal. Quick and easy to mix. Costs only pennies a serving. In 2, 5, 25, 50 lb. sizes.

FROM KITCHEN TO CONVENTION

(Continued from Page 75)

control her own county convention and throw her out in April. In May she played a vital role in freeing the party from the Old Guard leadership of Minnesota National Committeeman Roy Dunn, who had held his job for sixteen years without producing a victory in Minnesota for any Republican presidential candidate.

Through energy and enthusiasm Kay manages to surmount limitations of time and dollars. Her earnings just about cover her clothes, full-time help at home (a young high-school graduate who lives in) and some necessary furnishings for their new $12,500 home. The Strommens began their married life with $250, so both promptly went to work. Now, ten years later, they still have no savings. Kay's leisure time is just about nil. Friends marvel that she can hold down a full-time job while enjoying what seems to be an exceptionally serene and loving home life and still take on so many civic and church responsibilities that she is away from home almost every night.

"I honestly believe, however," says Kay, "that I give my children more individual attention now than when I was home all day." Sunday is "the kids' day" for nine-year-old Judy and five-year-old Jackie. Every night Kay spends the hours from six to eight with the children, playing games on the floor, reading and listening to their prayers. Two days out of four the children's father can provide daytime companionship, for his schedule as a railroad passenger brakeman permits him to stay at home.

Les Strommen, nearing forty, is a lean six-footer, blue-eyed and fair-haired. A native Minnesotan of Norwegian descent, he entered the war as a private, served overseas, emerged a major. Politics and world affairs have always fascinated him and he spends a great part of days off reading. Since Kay has time for no more than a casual skimming of newspapers, she relies heavily on Les' excellent backlog of information. She would like to see him run for Congress, but Les modestly pooh-poohs the idea. He prefers to observe from the side lines, keeping Kay informed and seeing that she doesn't get "too wrung out" by the emotional strain of politics. Besides, he doesn't feel they could afford it.

The whole family seems outgoing. A recent fire in St. Cloud left an unemployed worker and his large family homeless and Kay suggested that her children donate some clothes. Judy responded with her favorite skirt and very best blue silk blouse

Just before she went to the Chicago C vention, Kay took her two youngsters t Fourth of July celebration. As she watch their happy faces on the carrousel, s thought, *If only I could transport that wh carrousel to the middle of the Convention flo Politics can be such a hard-boiled, low-do business, and it's the future of these kids they really deciding—these laughing, trusting ki*

At the Convention, Kay observed amo the crowds the many expensively dres women about the Conrad Hilton and Amphitheater. "The Republican Party v never win as long as the people connect with special privilege for the rich," she marked feelingly.

As one of four children of a laboring m Kay can recall vividly some of the meals mother was forced to serve during the pression. The family income was $40 month, which her father tithed faithfully the church. One dish she remembers buttermilk soup with raisins.

"Most of my friends suffered as we during the last years the Republicans were the White House. Now they've got money the bank and are living better than they e did. When I first met Eisenhower in Chica there was only one question I wanted ask him: 'General, how are you going to peal to the workingman with the full d ner pail?'

"Sure, I'm for Eisenhower's foreign poli but that won't win over most of the voter St. Cloud. We've got to make this a mo campaign—the need for some good fashioned honesty in Washington, a thoro house cleaning. And that can be done s cessfully only with a man of integrity an change of the party in power."

A March of Dimes campaign two an half years ago first influenced Kay to en politics. Giving full time on a volunt basis, she organized enough helpers to c vass every home in St. Cloud, often ring doorbells until midnight herself. That y the house-to-house drive yielded seven tir as much as the year before.

"I decided then to go into politics," s Kay. Listening to all those Democrats me that socialized medicine was the o answer to polio made me hopping mad I wanted to do something about it."

Accordingly, she sat down and ripped o letter to the State Republican Committ which ever since Harold Stassen took o Minnesota's government in 1939, and m it one of the most cleanly run and progress

(Continued on Page 110)

FOUR POLITICAL MYTHS

Myth 1. ***The South is solidly Democratic.***

FACT: Only South Carolina and Mississippi are solid. All other states have some Republican counties. Winston County, Alabama, has been Republican ever since it raised a regiment of soldiers for the North in the Civil War. Madison County, Arkansas, was Republican in 1948; so were 30 counties in Virginia, 12 in Florida, 3 in Georgia, 14 in North Carolina, 10 in Oklahoma, 35 in Tennessee, 30 in Kentucky and 8 in Texas. In Louisiana, Dewey's name was not on the 1948 ballot, but he carried two counties in 1944.

Myth 2. ***Maine and Vermont are the most Republican parts of the country.***

FACT: Most solidly Republican counties in those states show a vote of slightly less than four to one. That record is bettered in Alpine County, California; Jackson and Owsley counties, Kentucky; McIntosh County, North Dakota; Johnson and Sevier counties, Tennessee; and Gillespie County in Texas. The most Republican spot in the country is Jackson County, Kentucky. The vote there in 1948 was more than six to one.

Myth 3. ***As Maine goes, so goes the nation.***

FACT: Maine has elected Republican governors, but the nation has often gone Democratic.

Myth 4. ***City voters turn out in larger proportions than rural.***

FACT: West Virginia and Utah consistently have a larger percentage of registered voters going to the polls than more urban states.

BUY-LINES • • by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE



The best friend I have on special occasions is WESTERN UNION . . . for it helps me out in so many wonderful ways. For example, when I want to say "Happy Birthday," "Best wishes" or "Congratulations," I say it with a Telegram because it's such a gracious gesture and the beautiful color-illustrated blanks in their greeting envelopes make such marvelous keepsakes. And if I want to send a gift, I "page" WESTERN UNION Shopping Service . . . tell them what I want to give, the price to pay and they do all the rest. And distance makes no difference . . . they'll deliver your gifts around the corner or across the nation. But if I'm in a dilemma as to what to give, I send a Telegraphic Gift Money Order . . . delivered in attractive check form and decorative envelope . . . something I know everyone appreciates. Remember all this next time . . . and make WESTERN UNION *your* friend, too. And be sure to get this:



FREE Booklet . . . *"The WESTERN UNION Telegrammar."* Contains a monthly reminder calendar, suggested sentiments for all occasions, *plus* the many WESTERN UNION services. So check OFFER #1 on coupon.

Have you "put off" your new home permanent . . . because you *so* dislike those stubborn "ew-perm" kinks that insist on going one way when *you* want them to go the other way? Then do discover modern PINWAE . . . the *only* method that gives soft, pincurl naturalness *right from the start!* Why? Well, with PINWAE, you don't use thin rods, or "process" your hair for hours and hours on crimpy little curlers. You just set your hair as you *always* do . . . using regular, *full-size* aluminum or plastic pincurl clips or curlers! No re-setting, either . . . your PINWAE stays set while you neutralize, rinse and dry — with a dryer if you wish. Easiest, quickest . . . but most important of all, your PINWAE is *already trained* in your favorite style . . . soft and pretty AT ONCE! So Pinwae today . . . and be party-pretty tonight! Costs only $1.25, plus tax . . . at all Cosmetic Counters.



Every woman is more attractive when she's lighthearted and *gay* . . . so don't let those "certain days" every month make you feel ill at ease and unsure of yourself. You don't have to, you know . . . when you rely on the modern TAMPAX method of monthly sanitary protection. That's because TAMPAX is worn *internally* and absorbs *internally* . . . eliminates tell-tale pads, pins, belts and bulges . . . as well as chafing and embarrassing odor. This means you can wear your snuggest slacks or sheerest frocks . . . accept every invitation that comes your way without a care in the world that your "secret" will be known. TAMPAX is worthy of all confidence . . . for it was invented by a doctor for this special use. It is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed into handy applicators. It's easy to insert, quick to change . . . no trouble to dispose of. Comes in 3 absorbency-sizes . . . at drug stores and notion counters. So get TAMPAX today . . . be your charming self *next time.*



Here's news, exciting news about fitted sheets . . . about the new, improved LADY PEPPERELL *Snug Fit* Sheets. They're the ones with pre-shaped corners that hold the sheet firmly in place without having to be tucked in in the morning . . . need no ironing since they fit so smoothly. And they're even better than ever now because they're *reversible* . . . can be used on both sides and thus save you laundry costs. Best of all, though, LADY PEPPERELL Reversible Snug Fit Sheets are *one-third stronger* at the corners than ordinary fitted sheets . . . and it's the corners that "go" first when a fitted sheet begins to wear out. The seams lie flat, too . . . and there're no edges to show or catch in the laundry. LADY PEPPERELLS are also "*Sanforized*" . . . not just pre-shrunk. And remember . . . you get all these advantages *plus* the traditionally fine quality, exquisite texture and long "life" of regular LADY PEPPERELLS. Come in Fine Combed Percale and Superfine Muslin, in white and colors . . . but turn to page 137 and see them in actual color.

Whenever anyone asks me what I recommend for quick, comforting relief from a painful corn or callus, I always give the same answer . . . use new BLUE-JAY Corn or Callus Plasters. And the reason is this . . . BLUE-JAY Plasters (and *only* BLUE-JAY!) contain the new Wonder Drug, *Phenylium.* But you know all about *Phenylium* . . . how it helps push out corns from *underneath.* In other words, it travels down through your corn right to its base . . . quickly. And there it helps new live tissue cells to grow. In a short time, these new cells push up even a stubborn corn . . . you can just lift it out. Sounds technical, I know . . . but in actual tests, *Phenylium* went to work 1/3 faster and worked more surely than old-style remedies. So the next time you have a burning corn or callus, *don't* accept any treatment supposed to be "just as good" . . . insist on BLUE-JAY Corn (and Callus) Plasters with *Phenylium.* Come in both regular and Ladies Size . . . at drug counters everywhere.



New BLUE-JAY Helps Push Out Corns From Underneath

Let's talk about the high cost of living for a moment . . . and let me remind you that a luscious, rich gravy can turn inexpensive dishes and even leftovers into flavorful, appetizing delights. But don't depend on risky pan browning alone or ordinary gravy aids . . . use KITCHEN BOUQUET and be sure of a *perfect* gravy every time. It's absolutely failure-proof . . . always "serves up" an *extra-rich, extra-brown, extra-delicious* gravy. KITCHEN BOUQUET never adds any flavor of its own, either, or smothers natural flavors . . . for since it's a unique blend of 14 choice vegetables, herbs and spices, it simply brings out and points up the true natural taste of meat or fowl. And that isn't just my opinion . . . KITCHEN BOUQUET has been the favorite gravy secret of good cooks for over 75 years. The cost? Amazingly little . . . and just a little at a time is all you need. So don't worry about rising food costs . . . depend on KITCHEN BOUQUET for delicious, thrifty meals.



My party menus vary . . . but whether I'm entertaining a crowd or a couple, I always serve TRISCUIT Shredded Whole Wheat Wafers. They make a hit every time, too . . . for there's nothing so crisp, so crunchy and a-tang with hearty whole-wheat goodness. And TRISCUIT Wafers are salted to a "T" and toasted to a golden fare-thee-well . . . perfect by themselves or "crowned" with a luscious spread. Like this one, for instance:



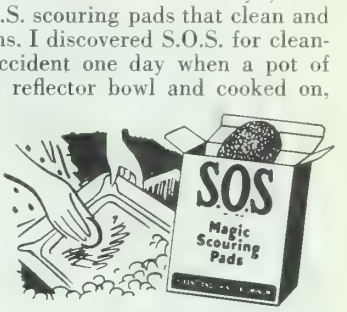
Let ½ lb. process American Cheddar cheese stand at room temperature to soften. Then with back of spoon or electric beater, work together with 3 tbsp. light cream or top milk, 1 tsp. grated onion, dash pepper, ¼ tsp. salt, until smooth and well blended. Stir in ½ tsp. caraway seed, ¼ tsp. dried sage, ¼ tsp. dried thyme. Cover; store in refrigerator several hours before serving.

Your family will welcome TRISCUIT Wafers with meals and between meals, too . . . so if I were you I'd get several packages at a time. You'll recognize them by the red NABISCO Seal on the corner of the package.

Look what you can get almost as a GIFT . . . BORDEN'S brand-new 28-page book called *"70 Magic Recipes."* And don't think it's just another recipe booklet . . . far from it! To begin with, this marvelous new booklet is beautifully illustrated in color . . . lets you see what each sweet-treat looks like *and* gives you original ideas for decorating desserts galore. The recipes are completely different from ordinary ones, too . . . in fact, they're so unusual you'll want to repeat them over and over again. And talk about simple . . . why BORDEN'S Magic Recipes are quicker and easier than any I've ever used . . . as well as fool-proof. Just listen . . . there are luscious Pie Fillings that need no cooking . . . delicious Puddings made in a twinkling . . . smooth, swirly Frostings in minutes . . . Cookies that almost make themselves . . . and many other dazzling delights. Want a copy? Of course, you do . . . and you can have it for only 10c! So don't delay . . . check OFFER #2 on coupon this very day!



I've found a short-cut for cleaning stoves (and, goodness knows, *everyone* wants an easier way!). It's S.O.S. . . . the *same* S.O.S. scouring pads that clean and shine your pots and pans. I discovered S.O.S. for cleaning stoves purely by accident one day when a pot of rice boiled over on the reflector bowl and cooked on, *hard.* Obviously, the usual washing would mean a lot of tough scrubbing. So I picked up S.O.S. . . . swish! . . . the rice was gone. S.O.S. interwoven fibres, with soap right in the pad, cut the crust, *fast!* And then I tried S.O.S. on the rest of the stove . . . with *spectacular* results! . . . especially on the oven. S.O.S. gets into corners . . . wraps around grills . . . gets even greasy, spattered broilers *really clean.* No wonder an independent survey found that countless stove manufacturers, home economists and homemakers already use . . . and recommend . . . S.O.S. for cleaning stoves. So why not take the S.O.S. short-cut? . . . use S.O.S. on all your pots and pans *and* on your stove.



I venture this prediction . . . you'll never be content with ironing the old-fashioned way, once you try PRESTO Automatic Vapor-Steam Ironing. I'm sure of it . . . for at last you get all 4 of the distinctive features you've wanted in this one amazing iron. But let the facts speak for themselves:



1. It uses just ordinary *tap water* . . . distilled water NOT needed. 2. Vapor-Steam irons . . . *without* sprinkling. 3. Vapor-Steam presses . . . *without* press cloths. 4. It dry irons perfectly . . . *without* fatigue.

And besides being completely *automatic, only* a PRESTO Vapor-Steam Iron has the sole plate heat indicator . . . clearly marked for all types of fabric to prevent scorching. Just think of the money you'll save . . . on pressing bills alone. For this single reason you can easily afford one . . . so see it soon at your Electric Housewares Dealer, Hardware, Department, Furniture or Jewelry Store. And don't miss this:

FREE Booklet . . . which shows you how you can make your ironing *faster, easier* and *better.* It's truly invaluable . . . so check OFFER #3 on coupon.

Send coupon to Nancy Sasser,
Dept. J-9, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.,
for your copy of:

☐ OFFER #1 . . . *"The Western Union Telegrammar"*—FREE.
☐ OFFER #2 . . . *Borden's* brand-new book of *"70 Magic Recipes"*—enclose 10c, please.
☐ OFFER #3 . . . *Presto* Booklet on Ironing—FREE.

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Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Good Frying's Easier with Wesson Oil

from the moment you pour it into the pan



Have you tried modern, quicker frying—Wesson frying, with its promise of better flavor and digestibility? No digging out solid shortening, no wondering how much you have to put into the pan. You *pour* Wesson Oil until you have exactly enough.



America's Favorite Salad Oil and Liquid Shortening



Just taste chicken fried in finest salad oil. There's a lightness and delicacy *exclusive* with Wesson Oil—because only Wesson selects the finest of vegetable oil—and refines it to sparkling perfection by the Wesson process. So the Wesson Oil that graces your lovely salads will bring forth all the tempting flavor of your fried foods. And the crisp, crackling crust will be a special Wesson delight.

Your kitchen stays smokeless. Wesson Oil is pure, vegetable oil—and nothing else. Even the finest solid shortenings have a "secret ingredient" which may smoke and burn in frying. Wesson keeps smokeless—even at the highest correct frying temperatures. In that way, it protects the flavor of foods fried in it.

IMPORTANT! Your Wesson-fried chicken is even *easier* when you use the new **DULANE FRYRYTE ELECTRIC DEEP FRYER** with thermostatic control for correct frying temperatures.



"Wesson Oil" is a registered trademark of the Wesson Oil & Snowdrift Co., Inc., New Orleans, La.
"Dulane-Fryryte" is a trademark of Dulane, Inc., River Grove, Ill.

(Continued from Page 108)

in the country, has been zealously cultivating political idealists, particularly women. (At Chicago, Minnesota had a higher proportion of women delegates than any other state.) Kay's offer of help sounded so eager, however, that she received only an evasive answer.

"There was a remote possibility that this girl might be some kind of crackpot," remarked a high state official, who nevertheless mentally filed away the name.

All doubts about Kay were removed when Mrs. C. E. (Marge) Howard, State Republican Chairwoman, made a trip to St. Cloud in the summer of 1950 in hopes of reactivating the sluggish Women's Republican Club there. When she asked various questions about the state organization, Kay was the only woman present who knew every answer. She was promptly elected president. Kay worked hard all summer to arouse local interest. But when at a meeting in August she confidently expected 100 women and only 13 showed up, she acknowledged temporary defeat.

"I decided something entirely new was needed," remarked Kay with characteristic decisiveness.

DOWN in the Twin Cities the Republican Workshop was attracting women in droves. With male encouragement, women were organizing classes in practical politics. "The trouble with most women in politics," says Mrs. Marge Howard, mother of two, "is that they are too easily discouraged. In 1948 we found women who were willing to work day and night for Harold Stassen. Then when he lost the nomination to Dewey, most of them gave up, went home and sat on their hands. At the Workshop we don't try to paint any rosy picture of politics. We try to teach women to be realistic and to compromise without surrendering the main principle. Sure, there are plenty of smoke-filled rooms from which women are excluded. But this year, women played a magnificent role in state politics because they knew what they were doing and were therefore twice as effective."

Before long, Kay had launched a successful branch of the Republican Workshop in St. Cloud. As recognition for her work, the State Central Committee offered her the job of Stearns County Republican Chairwoman.

"Nobody else really wanted the job," says Kay candidly. "There was no organization—at least, not since Truman won in 1948. There was no money, no workers, just me and a chairman. When he resigned, I was urged not to appoint another, to prove that a woman could do the job alone." This was not Kay's idea. She finally persuaded a young St. Cloud lawyer named Paul Hoffman to take the job.

Starting in the fall of 1950, Kay typed up all party communications, signed the chairman's name to them, then dug into her own funds for Mimeographing costs, envelopes, postage and phone calls. "I've never kept track of what I spent—my husband would be wild!"

For party workers she drew heavily on friends made in her March of Dimes work, church people, and Workshop women. When Harold Stassen was scheduled to make a campaign speech in St. Cloud last winter, Kay calmly suggested to the Workshop that they call the entire phone book. Seventy women phoned 10,000 people, urging them to come; a whopping 1600 showed up.

Kay had never met Harold Stassen until the first delegates' meeting last fall, and was immediately bowled over by this great hulk of a man whose views of what the Republican Party needed (a broader, more liberal program to win the support of labor, Negroes and youth) coincided exactly with her own. Kay as a delegate from the Sixth Congressional District was willing to campaign through fifteen Central Minnesota counties before the March 18th primaries. However, when Eisenhower's name was removed from the ballot because of some technical irregularities, it appeared as though there would be no contest and the Stassen organization slowed down. Some people in Minnesota b lieve that it was Stassen who maneuvered t have Ike's name removed from the ballo this, however, Kay refuses to believe.

"Most people can't understand why Sta sen went on campaigning in state after sta with no money and no showing. He did because General Eisenhower was still Europe and there was no one preaching liberal Republican platform to contradi Taft. Right from the beginning, Stassen h been in almost complete agreement wit Eisenhower."

Kay feels that the "miracle in Minnesota, the tremendous write-in vote for Eisenhowe which was one of the early factors in pe suading the General to run for office, was reality a protest vote.

"Minnesota voters are an independer bunch," explains Kay. "By voting for Ik they showed their deep resentment of th fact that his name had been removed fro the ballot."

Despite Eisenhower's impressive showin however, his delegates carried only tw districts; in all the rest, including Kay' Stassen and delegates pledged to him we the winners.

After the primary, Kay began organizin precinct caucuses to select delegates to th Stearns County convention. Last year, n precinct meetings were held. This year Ka and Paul set up over forty. Little did sh realize that the people she urged by phon letter and visits to attend would save h neck at the county convention.

Stearns County conventions are he every two years. In 1950, only three perso appeared experienced party hands, wh promptly nominated themselves as del gates to the state convention. Kay was dete mined that this year the convention would truly representative of the will of the ra and file of the party.

Shortly before the scheduled date, some the Old Guard Republicans sought Ka support in pushing through a resolution su porting Taft campaign manager Roy Du for National Committeeman. When she r fused, they threatened, "You'd better swa low your pride and go along with us on th resolution, or we might cause trouble for y at the county convention."

Kay was well aware that she had been a pointed, not elected, to her county cha woman job. On Saturday the delegates cou vote for any woman they wanted. Neverth less, "I wouldn't have to swallow any pride she answered, "but I would certainly have swallow my principles in supporting a m who is an avowed worker for Taft when t people here want a liberal candidate. If y want to give me trouble at the conventio go to it."

Afterward Kay learned that the Du supporters went directly to the law offices Paul Hoffman. They promised to suppo Paul for county chairman if he in turn wou support Dunn. An understanding was reache (Kay's name was not mentioned, Paul i sisted later.) Kay immediately guessed wh had happened when Paul asked her if could put two strong Dunn supporters the Resolutions and Nominations comm tees. Kay agreed, but urged that at lea six of the sixteen delegates from Stear County to the state convention be women

THE day of the county convention was bright, warm Saturday in April. Kay w ried whether people would pursue gardeni or golf rather than politics. However, 1 elected delegates crowded into the big cla room at St. Cloud's Teachers College wh the convention was held—country-new paper editors, schoolteachers, bankers, far ers. About two dozen women from the Wo shop were there in bright flower hats a white gloves. All too soon it became appare that this was a rigged convention. As coun chairwoman, Kay expected to sit up fro Paul Hoffman, however, indicated that s could sit in the rear with the ladies. Out the corner of her eye Kay watched in growi alarm as the two Taft-Dunn supporters b tonholed each delegate coming down the h

Committees were appointed and th scattered throughout the dim school co

r to caucus. Kay found that she was put
Rules. This committee was handed a
ar dard sheet of rules, which had, however,
e n penciled over with new ones, including
e omission of the secret ballot. "The Dunn
o le are trying to run this show," Kay en-
H tened the committee and went on to tell
e n why. In high indignation, they erased
e y penciled suggestion and restored the
r et ballot.

Meanwhile the Nominations Committee
v n the hall was arguing in a tense knot. An
u r later, when they presented the slate,
a r's name was not on the ballot as county
s rwoman. The group of women hovering
c ut Kay buzzed like angry bees, then went
i ng off to find somebody to nominate her
o n the floor.

"Get a man!" Kay directed, white-faced
c biting her lip.

Suddenly, men from all over the county,
ie of whom Kay had never seen before,
e on their feet demanding recognition. "I
c n't heard that Kay Strommen had re-
ied," said one. "This is a slap in the face
a wonderful worker."

"None of us would be here today if it
en't for Kay," yelled another.

Now then," remarked the Dunn sup-
ter soothingly, "there's no malice in this.
simply wanted to spread the jobs around
county." This remark was greeted with
isive laughter, as both men on the slate
e from St. Cloud.

Kay was on her feet, trembling with anger
winking hard to keep back the tears. "I
ow I'll make enemies
ing this," she began,
at I want you to know
t a member of the
nn forces told me he'd
se trouble for me at
convention if I didn't
port his man. I refused
do it. I'm not going to
y that kind of politics.
n't any of you—any of
here"—her eyes roved
r them in tear-blinded
eal—"ever come to me
h a deal like that. I'm
ays going to work for
man and the principle I believe in ——"
e rest of her speech was drowned out as
ple leaped to their feet, yelled and ap-
uded. Seconds later Kay was nominated
m the floor and voted back into her job
animously.

The news of Kay's victory raced about the
nty. That night her phone rang con-
ntly. Kay was equally elated that the
vention did not bind her to vote for Roy
nn.

Speaking of two Taft-Dunn men who
d opposed her, Kay said thoughtfully,
"hen you see how often men's particular
erests influence their actions in poli-
s, it makes you realize how important
men are. Both of these men are in busi-
ses directly affected by state legislation.
d who is Mr. Legislator in Minnesota?
y Dunn. These men aren't concerned
ut whether Taft and Dunn are the best
ssible men for public office. They're think-
mostly about themselves."

THE state convention a month later was
of the liveliest and bitterest within Re-
olican memory. Three liberal governors
d tried to oust Roy Dunn. None had suc-
ded. This year only 15 of Minnesota's 87
nties supported Dunn's re-election at
ir conventions. The present governor an-
nced that he would support a young
eral, George Etzell, newspaper publisher
d former G.O.P. chairman of Kay's Sixth
ngressional District.

George Etzell was the man who first urged
y to run as a Stassen delegate. She im-
diately sent out more than 1000 letters to
te-convention delegates supporting him
inst Dunn. This was Monday. That night
stayed up until 1:30 A.M. sending out
000 polio pointers to school children.
esday night she went to a P.T.A. dinner.
dnesday she got the day off to attend a
(coffee alone was served) to raise money
her expenses to the Chicago Convention.

Thursday, after a day at the office, she attended her daughter's first piano recital. On Friday she arrived at the Hotel Nicollet in Minneapolis and went into high gear in her personal campaign for George Etzell. She cornered every Dunn supporter she could find, in hotel corridors, in smoky hotel suites. "Taft can't win in November," she told them. "He can never carry Minnesota. Then we'll be stuck for another four years with a Taft national committeeman."

ON the day of the state convention, more than 1000 delegates crowded into the Lyceum Theater in downtown Minneapolis. Two bright orange tractors dominated the stage under a huge banner, "Plow 'Em Under!" The band played There'll be Some Changes Made over and over. The auditorium bristled with white county standards bearing the picturesque names of Crow Wing, Yellow Medicine, Freeborn and Blue Earth.

Kay glanced proudly at the row of delegates under the Stearns County sign. "Two years ago, I was the only delegate here. Now, look, sixteen of us, and half of them women!"

That day three delegates at large and nine alternates were elected, pledged to Harold Stassen. The real contest was reserved until Saturday night, when the State Central Committee gathered behind locked and guarded doors in a Nicollet banquet room to elect a national committeeman and committeewoman. As Dunn supporters rose to second his nomination with words like "an old-fashioned Republican," "a time-proven Republican," "a man of know-how, integrity and experience," Kay toyed with her coffee cup, bit her lip anxiously. A caucus of the George Etzell group had indicated that the vote would be very close. Kay conferred with her chairman, Paul Hoffman, who had come back to Kay's side in repudiating Roy Dunn. The vote, by secret ballot, seemed to take an eternity as 216 delegates filed to the front of the room to deposit ballots. A split second before the result was announced, the news was whispered excitedly throughout the hall. George Etzell had won by a scant 28 votes.

"It was the women who stood firm," exulted Marge Howard. The new national committeeman publicly gave women the credit for his victory. "It's the end of Dunn's political career," said Kay.

The greatest fight lay ahead—the defeat of the highly organized Taft forces in Chicago. They controlled not only the National Committee but hand-picked the keynoters and the temporary chairman, and it is said even tried to control what visitors got into the Convention.

"I will never vote for Taft's nomination, *never!*" exclaimed Kay. "I'm convinced from the telegrams I've gotten that the people don't want him."

For weeks before the National Convention Kay had been receiving as many as thirty or forty letters a day. One scurrilous piece of literature linked General Eisenhower to a "rich Jewish clique" bent on destroying America.

Sickened and dismayed, Kay visited St. Cloud ministers, enlisting the help of people in prayer to see her through the crucial days ahead. A Minneapolis paper featured the story. "Re article on prayer," a constituent wired her at Chicago, "your vote is mine." Another wrote, "Your plea for the public's prayers was the best political news in a long, long time."

Les took a week's vacation to accompany Kay to the Convention. They arrived at Chicago separately from the rest of the delegation because their railroad pass was honored on only the night train. Greeted by a brass band for Eisenhower early Sunday morning at Union Station, they taxied to the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Kay eagerly drinking in the noisy, good-humored crowds, the Ike

One day while browsing about Lillington, Nathaniel Hawthorne strolled through an old churchyard and read this epitaph: Poorly lived, Poorly died; Poorly buried, And no one cried.

Deep Fried Foods are Best with DULANE Fryryte

the original automatic electric deep fryer



Seals vitamins in...brings flavor out

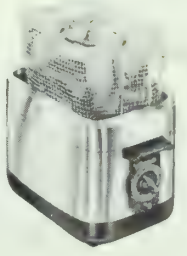
Tender golden-brown chicken, crisp, tasty French-fries—over 100 different foods—are at their flavorful, healthful best when deep-fried in the Dulane Fryryte. That's because the Fryryte instantly forms a flavor-tight, vitamin-tight casing around the food making it cook in its own steaming juices. The flavor is intensified, the texture is tenderized.

Cook anything cookable: Oysters, onions, fritters, fillets—even cherry pies! Cook them in the same shortening—the flavors will not mix. It takes only 2 to 7 minutes. Perfect results every time. New Model F-5 shown above is compact as a pop-up toaster yet has larger cooking capacity than any deep-fryer in its class. Shortening stays right in the Fryryte till you're ready to use it again. No pans to scour.

Lovely new design in sparkling chrome. New illuminated control panel. See your dealer.... **$36.95**



We recommend the use of Wesson Oil, America's favorite pure liquid shortening.*



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Model F-4 Fryryte (at left)—the original automatic deep-fryer is now available in your choice of six gay decorator colors. **$29.95**

Coffyryte—the sensational new coffee-maker gives you real drip coffee electrically, automatically. Another Dulane first! Metered-flow strainer. 208° water contacts the grind *once*. No rebrewing! No bitterness. Full rich flavor. Dramatic design. See your dealer. **$39.95**



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UNBREAKABLE PLAS-TEX WASTE BASKETS
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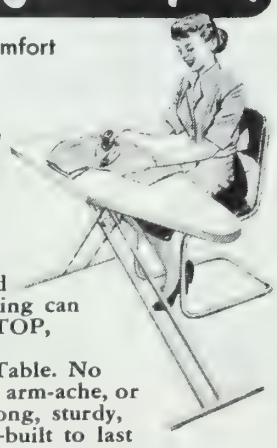
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helicopter and live elephant on Michigan Avenue. "This is *living!*" she kept repeating during their hour-and-a-half wait to get a room. Les looked worried. "The best I could do was $10.50 a night." They had $125 raised by friends to last them the entire week.

An hour later they were at Stassen's suite at the Blackstone Hotel, where the presidential hopeful clasped their hands and greeted them warmly by name.

"Things are looking up. We've got promise of more support on the second ballot," he told them. The Strommens enthusiastically joined a Stassen parade, a handful of young people carrying banners and shouting, "Unite with Stassen!" For one wild moment, Kay really believed that a miracle might happen and that out of a prolonged deadlock, Stassen would emerge as victor.

HER elation carried her through the crush of 5000 people trying to shake Eisenhower's hand at an afternoon reception, and an even greater mob at Taft's welcoming party. The sticky, intense heat was by now almost unbearable. Word was passed to the Minnesota delegation that Eisenhower would meet them that night.

"He's the most simple, natural kind of guy," marveled Kay after the meeting. "He even says 'Yeah,' like me. We asked him about taxes on farm co-operatives. He said he didn't know too much about the subject but would listen to the experts on both sides, then make up his own mind. I still feel we just couldn't have a better President than Stassen!" she ended loyally.

That night Kay attended a Stassen caucus until 1 A.M. A team of workers under a floor manager was picked to canvass the other delegations to find out how they planned to vote. "Minnesota is so respected that we knew in advance within three votes out of twelve hundred and six exactly how each roll call would go," said Kay proudly at the end of the Convention.

On Monday morning the Convention had barely started when a bitter and unrehearsed debate broke out on the contested delegates. Kay was "ready for business," bareheaded and barelegged, wearing a sleeveless cotton dress and flat strap sandals. Les sat nearby in the visitors' gallery. Kay was jubilant when the Eisenhower forces won handily a resolution preventing contested delegates from voting on any question of eligibility. She could observe the antics of several governors nearby and hear the comments of their delegations. The strong-man methods she saw shocked her, even though they were on her side.

"In our delegation it's every man for himself. I don't give a single dang how anyone else votes. Even Stassen couldn't make me vote against my conscience, and he would never try to."

General MacArthur's speech that night "left me cold," commented Kay. As the sonorous voice droned on, condemning the Administration which "withers initiative" and "destroys free enterprise," Kay yawned openly. "Nothing constructive," she said. "No program, nothing to *do* to cure the evils in Washington."

By midnight Monday when the draft-MacArthur drive fizzled, most delegates felt Eisenhower's victory was assured. At about this time, a feeling of restlessness broke out in the Minnesota camp. The governor and the national committeewoman, attractive Mrs. Peavey Heffelfinger, had come out for Eisenhower months ago, but were pledged to Stassen on the first ballot. They wanted a release from that pledge, but out of loyalty to their former governor hesitated to ask for it. Kay repeated, as she had all along, that she would stick to Stassen "to the last gasp," although legally she could vote for whomever she wished if Stassen failed to get more than 10 per cent of t vote on the first ballot. Since he had only pledged delegates out of 604 necessary win, Kay felt it imperative that whatev small strength he had should stick by hi

The next day as the "stolen" delegat fight waged on before the Credentials Co mittee in the stuffy TV-spotlighted ballroo of the Congress Hotel, Kay began to wond if her funds would hold out. Taking buss instead of taxis and eating at soda fountai it was still costing the Strommens $20 a da and no end to the Convention was in sigh One of the high officials in Minnesota po tics offered to help Kay out, but she refus politely. "Les and I would rather ma some sacrifice of our own," she said p vately. "I don't want to be obligated to an body." She was touched and pleased when friend left a small check in her hotel roo "for flowers, or a trip to the beauty sho anything to make your week more pleasant Another woman friend phoned from Cloud offering to lend her some mone "We'll make out," Kay told her cheerfull

Wednesday night an atmosphere of gre tenseness gripped the Convention as t Eisenhower forces, yelling "No compr mise!" prepared to bring the Texas-Georg delegation fights onto the floor. Kay watch uneasily as dozens of blue-coated policem filed into the vast auditorium, taking st tions at five-foot intervals everywhere t eye could see. She was on her feet in an i stant when a fist fight broke out during pro-Taft speech. D mayed at the bitt ness in the great ha the catcalls and bo that threatened rend the Republic Party through t middle, Kay to heart when Rep sentative Walt Judd, of Minneso approached the spea er's stand. This sma wiry, ex-medical m sionary to China h long been a perso idol of Kay's.

If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there is beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. When there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.
—CHINESE PROVERB

"This fight has helped the Republic Party, not ruined it!" he shouted wi strong gesticulations of both hands. " shows we can't be pressured and regimente When a man has tuberculosis and I tell hi so, it's the disease that's going to kill hi and not the diagnosis."

Kay, springing wildly to her feet, for a m ment almost fainted, then pulled herself t gether and yelled, clapping and wavi "How can we build a party if we don't people in?" Moments later the Taft for conceded the Texas fight and the cha man's gavel rattled the session to a close 1:30 A.M.

Kay, like many other delegates, began to f both sorry and sympathetic for Taft. "H a great man, and a good Republican. H held the party together as no other man h It's the people behind him that I object Like the two Taft-Dunn men who tri to get rid of me because I wouldn't pl their way." At the same time, devotion Stassen caused her to have some doub about Eisenhower. She began to feel bett however, when Senator Thye, of Minneso put his arm about her shoulder and plained how he felt about Eisenhow "Kay, this is a war of diplomacy," summed it up, "not of arms. And Gene Eisenhower is the man to win it."

AT 2 A.M. Kay and Les were talking their hotel room. Kay was puzzled that caucus had been called, and on impu called the Minnesota floor manager. As was telling her no meeting was schedul she could hear the babble of voices in room.

"A lot of hot things breaking tonight," told her.

Kay again asked about a meeting. "Wel she announced finally, hanging up, "he ga me the lamest excuse he could. He said was too late."

(Continued on Page 115)



If your mother didn't tell you-- listen carefully now!

No, darling . . . we're not going to lecture about the birds and bees. If Mother hasn't already cleared up that little question, far be it from us to try.

But we do want to set you straight on another matter that's just about as important to a girl's happy home life. We're speaking of the automatic washer. Greatest discovery since the honeymoon.

You don't agree? Well, look at it from your husband's point of view. Think he wants to rush home from an office full of glamour girls to find the little wife looking like a fugitive from a sweat shop?

Okay . . . so what with cooking and cleaning and raising a family, you simply won't have time to keep up with a big weekly wash—*and* keep that come-hither look that landed him in the first place.

Just what we're saying. With an automatic washer in the house you can cross washday right off the calendar. As far as you're concerned, Monday will be just another day in the week.

Take time out to look over the modern automatics first chance you get. The gleaming new models are actually mechanical marvels — sleek as a strapless evening gown. And just as amazingly engineered.

Take your pick of any of the makes you see. They're all tops. And remember this . . . *your automatic washer is at its wonderful, work-saving best only when you use "all."* *"all"* is the washing powder especially prepared for automatic washers. The wonderful detergent every top-flight automatic washer maker recommends.

"all" will make your automatic washer perform its glorious, wife-saving miracle every blessed time.



IS THE WONDERFUL WASHING POWDER RECOMMENDED BY EVERY TOP-FLIGHT AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINE MANUFACTURER

All the shelves roll out in the new Cycla-matic Frigidaire

Just what you've been waiting for to replace your obsolete refrigerator



SEE this big, true food freezer!

Completely sealed off, completely insulated—with its own cold-making system. Keeps every pound of food fresh and firm for months at a time, in absolute zero-zone safety.



SEE the only heatless automatic defrosting!

Cycla-matic defrosting is the newest, simplest of them all! Not only banishes frost before it collects, but gives you positive moisture control at the same time. And does it *without adding heat!*



SEE exclusive Levelcold —produced by the Meter-Miser!

No more see-saw temperatures! No more "hot spots" or "cold spots." Fresh foods keep beautifully on *any* shelf. And there's a separate thermostat outside as well as inside, so constant temperatures are maintained regardless of where you place the Cycla-matic Frigidaire.



SEE all the shelves roll out—all the way!

See the aluminum shelves that cannot rust, glide out all the way—putting every ounce of food right at your finger tips! *In no other make of refrigerator can this be done!* Shelves on the door, too, for added storage space. It's wonderful!

FINEST OF 15 MILLION FRIGIDAIRES

Cycla-matic Frigidaire

New Low Terms. Now is the time to trade in your present refrigerator. Look for Dealer's name in Yellow Pages of phone book. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Toronto 13, Ontario.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice

(Continued from Page 112)

s roared with laughter, pointed out that
s indeed a quarter to three in the morn-
Kay, burning with curiosity, felt that
nd the other women of the delegation
been deliberately excluded from a smoke-
room. A moment later, briskly putting
er hair in curlers and swallowing a sleep-
pill, she announced, "I've got it all
ed out. Soon as we get home, I'm going
art a piggy bank for the 1956 Conven-
whether I'm a delegate or not. I figure
n attend ten more of these things—I
it not live for more than forty years."

FTER four hours' sleep, Kay was up for a
reakfast caucus that stretched until
. She sat in session all afternoon,
bed a hasty supper near the Amphi-
ter, and was back in her seat until
A.M. In a half-dead stupor she sat
ugh the deafening marathon of the nom-
ng speeches and demonstrations that
wed. Buffeted by the thunderous noise,
and exhaustion, she clung to the infini-
nal hope that her candidate might win.
three days she had been collaring every
delegate she saw, trying to win them to
side. One of these, she found out later,
Rex Bell, husband of ex-film star Clara
, from Nevada. "Every one of them
ght Stassen was a great man, but that
ouldn't win. It's hopeless."
But, Kay, you've known that all along,"
in Les.
he Taft demonstration lasted half an
. The Eisenhower show went on with
e brass bands (all play-
different tunes), whis-
balloons, snake dances
a full hour. Kay sat
tly in her seat. Stas-
would be placed in
ination after Warren.
decided not to have
demonstration," she
spered. "We thought it
ld only emphasize our
lness."
inally, after the Taft,
nhower and Warren
onstrations, as the del-
es moved restlessly
it, sipped sodas, loos-
l their collars, chatted and dozed, a dark-
ed woman in a daffodil-yellow dress
bed to the speaker's rostrum. It was
. Marge Howard, second woman to
inate a presidential candidate in the
ory of the Republican National Con-
ion.
In 1938, a clean, fresh breeze blew into
nesota," she began her speech for Stas-
Several times as she spoke Chairman
Martin rapped with his gavel for the
vention's attention. Mrs. Howard smiled
iously, completely unperturbed. ("I
w nobody listens to speeches at conven-
s unless they're the chest-thumping va-
y," she said later. "I aimed mine
he television audience.") Mrs. Howard
talking about the kind of people who
red politics "not for what they can get
of it, but for what they can give." Kay,
ing forward tensely in her chair, clapped
ly and cheered. "What has been hap-
ng to the Republican Party in the past
months has been happening in Minne-
for years!" The entire Minnesota dele-
on cheered. The Lieutenant Governor
olorado seconded Stassen's nomination.
re were no other seconding speeches.
alf-hour demonstration broke loose for
eral MacArthur.
ay wearily pulled herself to her feet, got
ed at 3:30 A.M., took another sleeping
"Gee, it takes courage to stand alone."
he momentous day of final balloting
ned. After an all-morning caucus (again
out breakfast) Kay walked out of the
rad Hilton in tears. Senator Thye had
ented a tally from the floor manager
wing Eisenhower had 592 votes on the
ballot. On the strength of this (which
only 3 votes wrong) six delegates asked
sen to release them from their pledge on
first ballot. "He could have held them,"
said furiously. "They represent the
people back home who gave Stassen his majority. But he's too big a man for that. He let them go. Then they asked him if the entire delegation could reconsider its vote and give it unanimously to Eisenhower if it appeared he could win on the first ballot. Stassen again gave his permission. We were all crying by then—the women, the men, even Stassen." Kay consoled herself with thoughts of the future. "He's young yet, only forty-five," she said. "Someday he'll be President."

Stassen's case was by now so hopeless that Kay decided if Eisenhower should get 575 votes on the first ballot she would switch to him. When Eisenhower passed the 590 mark, Walter Judd conferred hastily with the Minnesota group, then raced for the speaker's stand. He whispered in the ear of Chairman Joe Martin that Minnesota wanted to be recognized after the Virgin Islands vote. Martin smiled, nodded. When the roll call was completed, Taft had 500 votes and Eisenhower 595, or 9 short of victory. Governor Fine of Pennsylvania grabbed his state standard and waved it wildly, jumping up and down. Governor McKeldin of Maryland shouted for recognition. Martin's eyes roved toward the Minnesota delegation. Senator Thye then seized the Minnesota microphone. "Mr. Chairman," he shouted. The convention, sensing the switch, electrified the hall with screams, whistles and shouts for a full five minutes. Thye could finally continue. "Minnesota wishes to change its vote to twenty-eight for Eisenhower." Kay screamed so loud she had a sore throat for twenty-four hours; she stood on a chair, excitedly pinned an Ike badge over her Stassen button. The Convention organ began the exultant strains of Minnesota, Hats Off to Thee. A delegate across the aisle teased Kay: "I see Dewey got your bunch too."

Solon, the wise man of Athens, was asked how crime could possibly be abolished in any state. "It will be abolished," said he, "when those who are not wronged feel the same indignation as those who are."

Kay rose to the bait with fire. "Nobody in this entire city knew what we were going to do except the Minnesota delegation. I want you to know that not one single person in the Eisenhower or Taft camps tried to influence me or even argue with me during this Convention. Nobody pushes Minnesota around."

A minute later Kay said, in a hoarse whisper, "I'm very happy."

Eight days after they had left home to attend the Chicago Convention, Les and Kay walked in their front door in St. Cloud. Jackie fell on his mother, half laughing, half crying, and once he was fully in her arms, burst into tears. Kay held him close. "Sure it tears me apart to be away from the kids so much," she said later. "But gee, what's the use of raising kids to be big and strong and healthy—see that they drink their orange juice and tell the truth—and then hand them a world in chaos when they're eighteen?"

Soon the phone began ringing and Kay was laughing and squealing and telling all her friends how they had vanquished the Old Guard in Chicago. Her family told her that while she was gone, one of the men who had opposed her at the county convention had phoned to ask if he personally could help out with her expenses at Chicago.

"That makes me feel real good," commented Kay, who is incapable of rancor.

Now, in October, as the campaign swings into high gear, Kay feels that the split in the party in Stearns County is largely healed. "We've got a winning ticket, and a fine ticket," a strong Taft admirer told her recently.

"Everyone I meet in the streets of St. Cloud nowadays—Republican or Democrat—seems to be for Ike," exults Kay. "He'll be a real, *real* good President. The whole world respects his integrity. But it will take all the Republicans we can find and a heck of a lot of Democrats to elect him in November." THE END

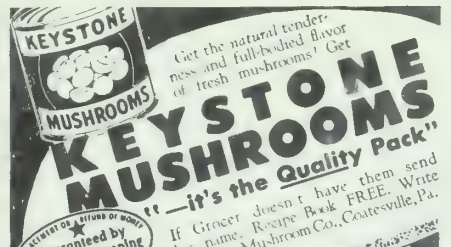


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FROM HER Wonderful Whirlpool



Thorough washing and rinsing, perfect drying in minutes—
with the greatest combination of exclusive features in automatic home laundering!



THE ONLY **WASHER** WITH
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Wonderful Suds-Miser* savings of soap and hot water give you money back each wash-day. And SEVEN scientifically thorough rinses chase every trace of soap or detergent! *(*Optional. Soon pays for itself.*)*

Agiflow Action perfect for all the modern fabrics! Ever so gentle, yet total cleansing!

Germicidal Lamp washes sunny *freshness* in as the dirt's washed out!

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plus—Flexible Operation, lets you wash-as-you-wish—Automatic Filling to correct level—counter-high Top Loading—Five-Year Warranty on Transmission.



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Protective Selective Temperature
Lets you give clothes luxury care—the correct degree of Whirlpool's breeze-blown *Tempered Heat* for drying every type of fabric exactly as-you-like-it!

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Among all automatic washers and dryers, only Wonderful Whirlpool has been honored by the Fashion Academy for distinctive beauty of design.

Promise yourself that soon you'll know the supreme satisfaction that Wonderful Whirlpool can bring to washday! Picture your pride, with these beautifully-matched automatics "on display" in your laundry room. Between them, they assure you conveniences beyond compare . . . economies without equal. Yet Whirlpool costs no more than ordinary appliances! Your dealer will gladly tell you how easily you can own the Washer, the Dryer, or both Wonderful Whirlpool units.

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Complete and perfect

By GLADYS TABER

THIS month's kitchen I watched grow from the time the first shovelful of earth was lifted for the little Cape Cod house. The architect's blueprints were exciting — two comfortable bedrooms, the bathroom, the gracious living room with the big corner fireplace, the small kitchen with a view of the bay.

The biggest problem in this 8′ x 12′ kitchen was to make room by the sunny windows for an eating place for four, since the little house has no dining room. Secondly, the lady of the house wanted room for a full-size refrigerator with freezing space, since the village is several miles away and weekly shopping saves time. She also dreamed of a two-oven range and a dishwasher.

With the wise architect and the JOURNAL staff, the kitchen was completely planned before the walls went up—and what a difference the planning made! For example, by moving one window on the plan a few inches, a whole extra row of cabinets fitted in. Right then and there, I learned a large lesson for all home builders: plan first and you won't have regrets afterward.

The equipment in this kitchen was lined up along two walls. Shallow shelves and a cupboard were recessed in the end wall, leaving the window wall opposite for a table and chairs.

A plastic-coated wallpaper in a spring-flower pattern blossoms with soft blue, pale pink and green. Raspberry-pink floor tile and delectable pink counters give a year-round lift to the room.

Complete and perfect, I said to myself, a book could be written about this kitchen. But better still to live in it!



Comfortable seating for four by sunny windows. Table top matches pink plastic counters for use in between-meal sit-down jobs. White plastic chair pads are wiped off with ease.

LIVING-DINING ROOM

STUART-STEPHENSON



Sink-dishwasher has garbage grinder. Maple cutting board at right of refrigerator has knives filed in rack at the back. Cabinet over refrigerator is moved forward for easy reaching.

Double-oven range flanked by cabinets with one-piece plastic tops. In corner, 9″ cabinet files cooky pans, cooling racks. Ventilator above whisks all cooking odors out of the kitchen.





Tall closet files all cleaning supplies for the entire house.



Pull-out bin keeps vegetables fresh and handy to the sink.



4½″-deep shelves add extra storage from floor to ceiling.

Your Savings on a Hardwick will help remodel your kitchen



EconoTrol TOP BURNERS. Two burners in one. A high heat for fastest boiling; click and only the center flame burns for keep-boiling or keep-warm. The lowest setting is ideal for waterless cooking . . . keeps foods "steam-table" hot . . . melts butter, chocolate without a double-boiler. Even with this important feature you make a substantial saving when you buy a HARDWICK gas range.



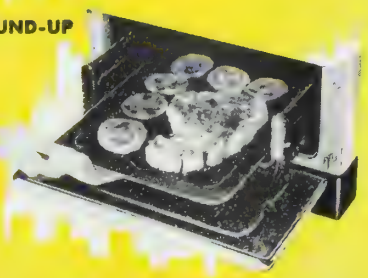
Better baking will reduce your food bills. Long after you've done over your kitchen with what you've saved when you bought your HARDWICK, you'll keep saving on your grocery bill. The balanced-heat oven bakes perfectly everywhere—no shifting or turning of pans, no baking failures to waste food.

Gas has got it!



Old Stove Round-up Time

Trade in your old gas range on a New HARDWICK during the OLD STOVE ROUND-UP



Hardwick's smokeless broiler will be a wonderful asset in your newly remodeled kitchen. The live flame imparts charcoal-like broiled flavor to steaks and chops . . . keeps your kitchen smoke-free and sparkling. You will save money by not having to redecorate so often.



EconoMatic — HARDWICK'S economical, automatic method of lighting all burners, including the oven. The thrifty pin-point pilot is about ⅓ the usual size, so even this luxury feature will save you money . . . and it means a cooler kitchen even in hottest weather.

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GAS RANGES

A. G. A. Approved for Natural, Manufactured or LP Gases

No Matter What You Pay — You Can't Buy Better Cooking Performance

See your dealer, or your gas company, or write Dept. L-19

HARDWICK STOVE COMPANY • Cleveland, Tennessee

THE INCOMPETENCE OF CANDY

(Continued from Page 44)

"Thank you, darling," murmured Jane; and then, on a falling inflection, "Oh—mushrooms."

"Oh dear, don't you like them? You always used to."

"Never mind. It's perfectly all right—but I don't believe I'll have any tea, thank you."

"Would you rather have a glass of milk?"

"Well ——" Jane paused delicately. "You haven't any cocoa, have you?"

Naturally Jane would yearn for cocoa on the one Sunday in the whole year when the tin was empty. Jane herself never ran out of things, not even small gold safety pins.

"I'M sorry, but we haven't," Candy said briskly; and added, "Wouldn't you like to come downstairs for a little while after your supper? It would be a change for you." *And if Green sees her now, so appealingly flower-like, so delicately dependent* ——

"Thank you, darling," Jane sighed, "but I really don't feel up to it."

"Greenall Parker's here, and he's dying to meet you." If this was not perhaps the strictest truth, Candy was able to quiet her conscience with the peculiar assurance that if Green *had* known Jane, he *would* have been dying to meet her.

Jane shook her head languidly. "Next week, perhaps."

"He doesn't come every Sunday."

"Oh, doesn't he?" Jane sounded surprised. "I thought ——"

"Gracious, no!" Candy arranged the tray on a small table. "He and Bill have an endless chess game, but —— Oh, Mollie and Adam Campbell are coming in later. Would you like Mollie to come up and see you? Just for a minute?"

"No!" said Jane in a surprisingly strong voice. "Not even for a minute!"

"No?" Candy blinked.

Jane subsided into weariness. "I know Mollie's your closest friend, and do forgive me for being so frank and no doubt it's all my fault—but I never do understand Southern girls. All that clinging-wisteria, drifting-Spanish-moss business."

"Mollie Campbell is about as languorous as a detachment of marines," Candy said, "but if you're sure you don't want to see her ——"

"I'm sure," said Jane, and she sounded almost normal.

Candy went downstairs again, but not to the kitchen. She needed a respite. Let Jane droop over her mushrooms in solitude; let Bill and Greenall rewrite English history. Candy was far more interested in Queen Elizabeth in the magazine section, and she settled down comfortably before the living-room fire. . . . Half an hour later, much refreshed, she heard the Campbells arrive, and Bill come out to greet them. Eventually everyone came into the living room.

"Well, for heaven's sake," Bill exploded indignantly, "will you look at the American housewife! While Green and I ruin our hands and slave away in the kitchen, you loll over an extravagant wood fire doing nothing—absolutely *nothing!*"

Mollie curled up happily in a corner of the sofa. "Listen, Willy Stewart, Candy is one of the very few women in the world who *can* do absolutely nothing. She doesn't have to knit or smoke or hem or chew gum or—or *anything*. She just sits. It's remarkable. It's unique."

"It's disgusting," said Bill, outraged.

Candy glanced at Greenall, slouched comfortably in one of the wing chairs. He was grinning amiably at this exchange and their eyes met. Candy reflected that Green had an extraordinarily sweet smile. *Oh, dear, if only Jane* —— Adam had entered the argument about Richard the Third, and Candy stared into the flames, distressed once more at the confusing problem of her younger sister. Jane, who was so much more beautiful and clever than anyone else in the family, was simply throwing away her life.

Most pretty girls have two or three ardent suitors and a handful of beaux; Jane had a fat, neat green leather notebook, full of Men. All the Men in the notebook seemed to want to marry her immediately; Jane wasn't even slightly interested in marrying any of them. And yet Candy, who had known her sister intimately for twenty-six years, was well aware that Jane had a goal—and it wasn't Big Business. Jane's goal, like that of any other less beautiful, less brilliant girl, was a Man—a very Special Man, and a house to put him in, and children to put in the house with him. Candy was perfectly convinced that Jane had already bought and furnished the house—mentally—down to the last doorknob, and planned the children at well-spaced intervals. The only thing Jane seemed to have left unplanned, was the identity of the children's father; *and*, Candy thought waspishly, *not even Jane can have three fatherless boys and a girl. Not without causing talk.*

She heaved an enormous, frustrated sigh: Greenall Parker would be so absolutely perfect as Jane's Special Man. A sweet disposition, an excellent mind, attractive to look at, a gentleman—what more could any girl want? And, in addition, Green had what Candy always thought of as All That Money; and there was no denying that Jane was a rather expensive girl.

Bill's voice suddenly caught her attention: "—— trouble with American women is that they have to do too many things."

Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they fly ever by twilight.

—SIR FRANCIS BACON

"And what does that do to the American women?" Adam inquired politely, and added "Sir?"

"It confuses them," Bill explained.

"I'm not in the least confused!" Mollie objected.

Green spoke suddenly from the depths of the wing chair. "If women today are confused, it's no wonder. Our grandmothers were kept busy just being wives, mothers and housekeepers—but to women of the twentieth century that's just amateur stuff! Our women have to be wives, mothers, mistresses, interior decorators, financiers, dressmakers, dietitians and taxi drivers. They have to know how to arrange flowers, telegraph congressmen and wear perfume that expresses their personality. And they have to look ten years younger than their age. And furthermore," Green said, his right arm dramatically aloft, "furthermore, do you realize that the American man doesn't have to know more than a quarter of these things? Why, he doesn't even have to know what kind of permanent wave to have!"

THERE was a small silence. Then Adam unfolded his endless legs and, stroking the top of his head, spoke more in sorrow than in anger: "Mr. Parker speaks truth. The American man hasn't even got any hair. But American women have hair. Now, Mr. Parker, can you account for that?"

"Lots of hair," Bill agreed sadly. "Greenall, you're a dangerous influence. I didn't realize you were a feminist."

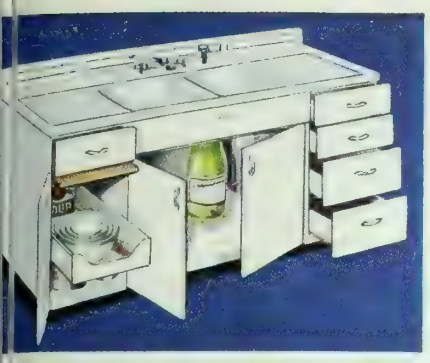
"I'm not!" Green objected. "I'm a realist. But I'm delighted to hear that I'm a dangerous influence. I was going home, but I guess I'll stay."

"Nothing wrong with American women!" Bill mused wonderingly. Candy threw a magazine at him and missed.

"I didn't say there was nothing wrong with American women," Green said. "There is. They prefer competence to charm."

Bill eyed Greenall, his scalp lock waving like an antenna. "Now there I agree with you. And I can give you a perfect example. My sister-in-law. Jane." Candy looked wildly about for something else to throw.

(Continued on Page 120)



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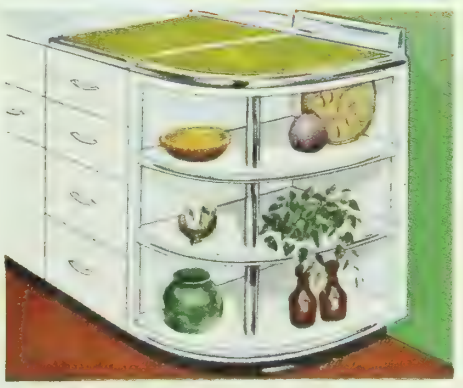
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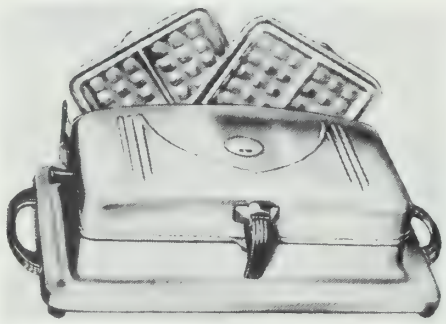
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(Continued from Page 118)

Mollie sat up. "While you're looking for examples of American womanhood, why not examine the *whole* field? Look, for instance, at your wife, William."

Obediently, Bill looked at his wife. "Oh, well, all this isn't true of *Candy*."

Green's smile was charming. "No—we're not talking about Candy."

"Oh, I thought you were discussing American women," Candy said innocently. "Mollie, dear, we D.P.'s must stick together. Mollie is twice as capable as I am, and everyone thinks she's a born fool."

Mollie took this as the tribute it was intended to be, and looked modestly down her piquant nose. "Well, you see, where I come from, women have cooed and fluttered their eyelashes while they hoed corn and delivered babies. It just depends on what you were taught."

"I wonder what Jane was taught?" Bill asked dreamily. "And where?"

"Now Bill ——" Candy began, but Adam began to sing in an impressive if unstable tenor, to the tune (as nearly as one could tell) of It's Wonderful, It's Marvelous:

"You're capable—you're competent—you're 'most as good as me!"

Bill took it up: *"Awful smart—got no heart—as far as I . . . can see!"*

"Oh, Bill!" Candy begged. "Stop it! She'll hear you! And anyway it's not true!"

Bill subsided, grinning evilly. "All right, all right, darling, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it."

Soon afterward, Green Parker left. Mollie followed Candy out to the kitchen and began absently to rinse glasses.

"You know, Mollie ——" Candy said.

"Mm?" said Mollie, brightly receptive.

"About Jane," said Candy. "I think she's pining away for Christopher Bement."

"Christopher? You don't mean that cast-iron British beau of hers? The one who came while you were away last fall?"

Candy nodded solemnly.

"But he called her a donkey!" Mollie said wildly. "How can she pine for a man who called her a donkey? He walked right out of this house and left her!"

"That's why," Candy said.

"Darling," Mollie said gently, "you're out of your mind."

CANDY earnestly wound the dishcloth into a damp rope. "Listen, Mollie, you know what *I* think? I think the trouble with the American woman is that she has to do so many things, she gets turned into the boss of the family and she hates it! No—no—*no;* I don't mean she wants somebody to push her around and grind her to powder. I just mean—well—she likes to be pushed around a *little*. She likes to be told firmly but kindly what to do."

"So she can go and do the opposite," Mollie said. "Mm. I see what you mean."

"But it has to be done *gently*. A sort of tender, bullying affection."

"And do you think that Outpost of Empire gave any evidence of gentleness and tender affection?"

"Certainly not!" Candy cried. "That's what I mean! Why, I wouldn't marry that Christopher if he were the last ——"

"Well, that's good, dear," Mollie said equably. "Aside from the fact that you've never seen him, there's always Bill."

"But *I'm* not *Jane*. Oh, don't misunderstand me, Mollie! I wouldn't have Jane marry him either. Why, she'd regret it the rest of her life! But *she* thinks that Christopher is strong-minded."

"She could be right," Mollie said.

"But—oh, dear, you just don't understand Jane!"

"No," Mollie agreed with finality.

"Jane has had her own way for years and years. She just looks at men and they fall as flat as though she'd hit them across the base of the skull with a length of lead pipe. And when she's tired of them, she tosses them aside like a—like a ——"

"'Worn-out glove,' is the phrase. So?"

"So, when she meets someone like this atom-splitting Christopher thing, she goes all to pieces. She thinks this is It. And, really, he isn't the sort of man who could make Jane happy at all. The man who could make Jane happy"—Candy paused, glancing over her shoulder at the pantry door—"is Greenall Parker." There was a short silence. "What's the matter?"

"What makes you think," Mollie asked carefully, "that Greenall will agree with you?"

Candy's mouth fell open. "Why, there's never been a man yet who looked at Jane ——"

"There has to be a first time for everything," Molly observed. "And anyway, what about Jane? If this Christopher Bement is on her mind ——"

"Well, of course, that's perfectly true." Candy gave a deep sigh and unwound the dishcloth. "That's why I wanted Jane to meet Green now, while she's—well ——"

"Feeble-minded," said Mollie understandingly. "Well, dear, it's a noble experiment. Godspeed."

Sleepy Wind

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

Not one cloud
Has dared to stray
In the high blue sky
This October day.

Nose on its paws,
The wind lies down
Where the fallen leaves
Spread brittle and brown.

Sometimes it stirs
In its sleep, until
One leaf flutters
And then is still.

During the following week, Jane recovered rapidly; that is, she recovered her appetite, her color, the glints in her dark red hair and even a part of her energy. She did not, however, recover her disposition. To tell the truth, Jane snapped.

When the telephone rang, Jane stiffened and, as Candy described it to Bill, pointed like a bird dog. If the call was for her—as it frequently was—she flew as she had never bothered to fly before, and the tone of her "hello" was flutelike. But each time, the flute flattened out in disappointment. The square white box of violets that she opened so eagerly was ignored after she had read the card. ("Get well soon. All my love. Phil." The two new books lay unopened on the living-room table. ("To speed your convalescence. Yours, Don.") She went through her morning mail like a steam engine and subsided into languor immediately.

Unquestionably, Jane was not herself.

And then it was Sunday. Bill had gone to collect David from Sunday school; Sarah was happily cooking sand under the apple tree at the foot of the garden; Ellen was cooking something more edible in the kitchen and, in the living room, sunshine streamed through the bay window over the pages of the Sunday paper. Around its corner, Candy could see Green Parker, happily immersed in the book-review section.

At the last moment, she had decided not to take any risk. It was true that Green dropped in nearly every Sunday, now, to play chess with Bill; but suppose this Sunday he should decide not to, just when Jane was really at her best—still a little limp, but lovely to look at? So Candy had called him up and invited him to lunch.

And there he was; and there, coming down the stairs in a green jersey dress the color of lichen, was Jane, the sunlight burnishing her autumn-leaf hair.

(Continued on Page 122)

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(Continued from Page 120)

Exactly, Candy thought incredulously, *the way I planned it. It's an omen—now I know it's going to work!* Feeling slightly dizzy with power, she dropped the paper on the floor.

"I must go and get Sarah ready for lunch," she said. "Oh—Jane, darling! You're down! Jane, this is Greenall Parker—you've heard us talk about him, I know. My sister ——"

And she drifted out of the room, out of the house, down to the apple tree at the foot of the garden. She sat on the sand pile beside Sarah. Now, if Bill and David would only see a lot of people they knew at Sunday school and take a long time getting the ice cream . . . an eggshell satin wedding dress with Grandmother Goodwin's lace veil . . . and the bridesmaids in leaf green ——

SOMETIME later, the station wagon roared into the driveway; from it emerged Bill and David, bearing between them a quart of vanilla ice cream.

"Where is everybody?" Bill asked.

Candy said primly, "Jane and Greenall are in the library."

"H'm-m," said Bill. "Been there long?"

"Over half an hour." Candy tried unsuccessfully to keep the triumphant note out of her voice.

"H'm," said Bill again, but differently.

They left the ice cream and the children in the kitchen with Ellen and went through into the front hall. Quietly Candy moved to the living-room door—and stopped with Bill immediately behind her.

In the big wing chair only Green Parker's tweed-trousered legs were visible beneath News Section No. 2. Jane was cozily ensconced on the window seat, inside the section marked Drama—Music—Travel—Gardening. The room was filled with the sort of quiet that has unmistakably gone on for a long, long time.

"Hi!" said Bill.

Nobody jumped guiltily. Green lowered the paper and said "Hi!" cordially. Jane kept on reading in unfeigned concentration and then looked up with a bright smile.

"Hello," she said. "Back at last? Isn't lunch nearly ready?"

"Right away," Candy said crisply; avoiding Bill's sardonic eye, she picked up the front page and enclosed herself within it. Let them manage without her for a while. If the Sunday paper was so utterly fascinating, she could be fascinated too.

Lunch was even more maddening. Jane and Greenall seemed to be on the best of terms. They clearly liked each other enormously, they laughed heartily at each other's jokes—and that was all. Jane treated Green exactly as she treated her brother-in-law Bill; and Greenall behaved as though the beautiful Jane Goodwin were nothing more than the pleasant little sister of an old friend.

It was not until lunch was over that the dramatic event occurred, which—as Candy told Mollie the next day—was the worst moment of her life, to date. They had just finished their coffee; the children had gone up to take their naps; and Jane, putting down her cup, had said, "Well, if you don't mind, I think a nap sounds awfully invit——" when the doorbell rang. Bill went out into the hall; and Candy's heart leaped like a salmon going upstream. For Bill was saying, with great heartiness, "Why, Christopher Bement! Come right in—I haven't seen you in months!"

Jane's lovely mouth, which had been open in midsentence, stayed open. Candy scrambled to her feet. Only Green Parker seemed quite unperturbed.

Mr. Bement entered the living room with that curious brand of self-possession which belongs only to the British and is frequently mistaken for shyness. He was slight and not very tall, with straight flaxen hair and perfectly blank blue eyes; and he kept his handkerchief up his sleeve. To Candy, Mr. Bement came as a distinct shock. Why hadn't Bill told her that Christopher was mild as milk?

"I thought perhaps," Mr. Bement was saying diffidently, "that—er—Jane might like a bit of a walk?"

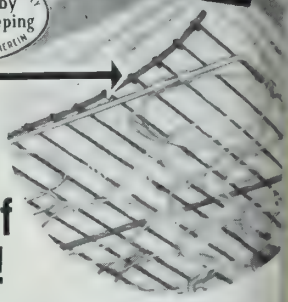
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oh dear, Jane oughtn't to walk very y:t, Mr. Bement." Candy was distressed. 'e's just beginning to feel strong again." M-. Bement smiled. "Best thing in the 'll for her—exercise," he observed mildly. e your coat, Jane, there's a good girl." d less than ten minutes after Mr. nent had walked into the house, he ked out of it with Jane, so to speak, under arm.

REEN PARKER and Bill settled down with ressboard between them. Candy exam- d Green's face closely. Was he perhaps a chagrined? A little worried or resent- She was forced to admit, reluctantly, t Green looked neither worried nor grined; he looked, in fact, far more inter- d in chess than in Christopher Bement. ertheless, Candy, as she went upstairs n the whole Sunday paper), thought t just possibly the arrival of Mr. Bement not, after all, been a bad thing. It would r Green, at any rate, that other men d Jane desirable enough to pursue all way to Mustard Hill.

wo hours later, Christopher and Jane re- ed. Christopher's cheeks were still pink, blue eyes still blank, but Jane's eyes ered, her face was white and haggard, manner high-pitched, cordial and be- ed. To Candy's worried eye, she looked ly insane.

Jane," she whispered, "wouldn't you to lie down for a while?"

ristopher, apparently, had the ears of ake. He said, "Only walked for a bit. more than an hour or so. Good for her." Christopher told me all about birds," said shrilly, gazing on Bement as though he St. Francis of Assisi. ristopher blushed in ry of shame. "Don't y much about 'em." He knows absolutely bout them!" Jane cried atically, and sat down lenly on the sofa.

Come upstairs at once!" Candy ordered. u're completely exhausted!" She glanced Bill and her message was very clear: *dly dispose of Mr. Bement!* But Bill was g their pink-and-blue guest as though istopher were a rare and valuable animal h Bill was about to trap.

And you, Mr. Bement," said Bill lov- y, "must stay for supper."

andy bestowed upon her husband that of postponed vengeance which only bands know.

Righto," said Mr. Bement placidly. an't be a nuisance?"

ill bestowed the look right back upon wife. "Certainly not," he said airily.

andy took Jane upstairs.

s Jane crawled into bed, she murmured she was sorry to be such a bother.

The only bother," Candy assured her, king in the blankets firmly, "would be to e Mr. Bement and Green Parker fight a over you."

ane opened one eye in which exhaustion drowned in astonishment—or was it, dy asked herself suddenly, on the way nstairs, amusement?

was clear that, for the moment at least, istopher and Green Parker were not en- ed in a duel. On the contrary, they were o in a discussion of Green's theories on hard the Third. When Christopher Be- t left to drive back to town with Green, was explaining to an absorbed audience cricket takes three days to play.

ane seemed a little tired the next morn- and extraordinarily vague, but her dis- tion appeared to have improved beyond gnition.

wo or three days passed in unprece- ted peace. Candy presided at her first ting of the Mustard Hill P.T.A. with hands and burning cheeks, and en- ed it. The Warings called up from New anon to invite Candy and Bill to their th-wedding-anniversary party the follow- Saturday evening. Jane found a pale e chiffon evening dress in the Village ss Shoppe marked down to practically nothing and presented it to Candy with her love. It was delightfully naked and fitted like a dream. Life was very pleasant.

And then, on Thursday morning, there was a telephone call for Jane from the city, a messenger with a brief case for Jane at the front door—and Jane was suddenly transformed from a dreamy convalescent to a brisk, clear-eyed, trenchant young woman. Mr. Harley Winchester, it seemed, had to fly to San Francisco on Sunday evening. On Monday, Mr. Winchester had to make a speech—an all-important speech full of facts and figures. Mr. Winchester had to make the speech—but Miss Goodwin had to write it.

"I write all his speeches," Jane said, setting up the card table in the living room. "You can't expect a busy executive like Mr. Winchester to correlate masses of material like this and then make it into a *speech!* Besides, his syntax is frightful."

On Thursday evening Jane was still brisk and clear-eyed, though possibly a little tense. By Friday noon she had begun to look wan. On Friday evening she was hollow-eyed, the living-room floor was covered with crumpled sheets of paper, and it was dangerous to speak to her at all.

Candy bent over her anxiously. "Jane, darling, don't you think you ought to go to bed?" she asked in a low shout; Jane had developed a sort of occupational deafness. "Jane!" Candy called, in a muted howl.

Jane lifted her head. "Go away!" she barked. And then, pitifully, her emerald eyes swam in tears. "Candy, I can't *do* it! I don't know what's the matter, but the figures won't come right and it all sounds so awful and oh dear what am I going to *do?*"

"You're going to bed this minute," Candy ordered. "Bill will help you tomorrow—and I'll call Green Parker and ask him to come too. He's marvelous at this sort of thing."

Jane gave a single loud sob and put her head down on a bottle of ink. "I don't want Greenall Parker!" she wailed. "I want Christopher!"

Candy looked down at Jane's coppery head and grinned slowly. "All right, darling," she said. "You shall have Christopher."

Christopher, on the telephone, seemed to grasp the situation at once. His part of the conversation consisted of a series of "quites," and the calm statement that he would be at the Stewarts' the following morning.

At half past nine the following morning, Christopher was standing in the front hall. Under one arm he carried four books; in the other hand he held a large bouquet of daffodils, unwrapped.

"STOLE them," he said, handing them to Jane. "Empty house. The books are for you to read—today."

"But ——" said Jane.

Christopher gestured with his head. "Upstairs. Anyplace. Just brief me first."

"But ——" said Jane.

"Rather not have you helping," Christopher said blandly. "You can check up at lunchtime on what I've done. See how you like it. If you disapprove, I'll do it again."

"But," said Jane, "it has to be in Mr. Winchester's office at five this afternoon!"

Christopher shook his head slowly and firmly, and Jane collapsed on a chair with a look of utter despair. "Can't get there before six," said Christopher. "Saturday traffic. Come on—where's the stuff?"

Half an hour later, Candy was going through the upstairs hall when Jane, looking dazed, wandered out onto the landing, bearing the four books and the bouquet of daffodils. From behind the closed door, the rattle of a typewriter alternated with an occasional pause, filled with the rattle of papers.

Jane stared at Candy. "Isn't he *wonderful?*" she asked, in an awed whisper.

The morning wore on. Christopher emerged for lunch, every flaxen hair in place, his manner placid and unhurried, a sheaf of papers held modestly against his chest. Jane, with a small scream, snatched the papers and began to read them, ignoring her lunch.

It is impossible to tell where an orderly woman will put things. —ANON.

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Some minutes later, she looked up, her eyes shining.

"Oh, but Christopher—it's *exactly* right! It's *just* what I was trying to say! How did you know?"

For the first time, Christopher smiled. It was a charming smile, but there was a gleam in that serene blue eye. "Clearheaded girl," he said with his mouth full. "Easy to see what you meant. Your notes are better than those figures from the office. Clear those up this afternoon. Insert them." And he went on with his cheese soufflé.

At five o'clock, Christopher came out again; this time he carried a bulging brief case, and announced that he would now drive into town, wait while Mr. Winchester looked through the speech, and return.

"If you'll give me dinner," he said to Jane, "I can tell you what he said."

"Of course." For the first time in her life, Jane sounded almost shy. "The others won't be here. They're going to New Lebanon to a party. But, Christopher—you must tell Mr. Winchester that you did it. You can't let him think ——"

"Your job." Christopher put on his coat. "Just put it together. Didn't have flu."

Candy went upstairs to dress. She and Bill were driving the station wagon with Mollie and Adam Campbell and Green Parker as passengers. At a quarter to six, Bill was still struggling with a shirt which had apparently been starched with diluted steel, and Candy started downstairs to wait. The new blue dress gave her that delicious and indefinable conviction of looking her best that occurs just often enough to make one appreciate it to the full when it comes. As she reached the foot of the stairs, Green opened the front door.

She greeted him with undisguised pleasure. "Ah, men in black ties—I do love them. You look *beautiful!*"

Green followed her into the living room. "So do you," he said, and there was a note in his voice that made Candy feel suddenly and absurdly uncomfortable. The blue dress seemed, without reason, to be very new indeed, and somehow strange. Everything, in fact, seemed new and strange. She began to talk rather fast. She told him about Jane's work on the speech, about her collapse, her demand for Christopher, about Christopher's work on the speech, about Christopher's departure and his eventual return . . . and then there seemed to be nothing else to say to him at all. She looked up at him. His eyes looked sad. Amused, gentle—but sad.

"I'm sorry," she said impulsively, "that it wasn't you, Green. I did hope ——"

Green grinned briefly. "Dear Candy, your intentions were not only honorable, but quite visible."

SHE laughed. "Oh, dear. Well—next time I'll try not to be so obvious about it!"

Green said quietly, "Don't bother about a next time, Candy." He smiled. "I guess I'm temporarily a little spoiled for being married off."

Candy felt a blush burn her throat, and surge painfully up to her forehead. There was no time to analyze her distress; she knew only—and the realization later appalled her—that mixed with her agonizing sympathy and shock there was an undeniable streak of gratification. She could only say, uncertainly, "Oh, Green ——"

"It isn't your fault," Green said gently. "Besides"—his voice was dry—"they say you get over it. Time, the Great Heel ——"

"Oh, Green!" said Candy. If only Bill would come. No, if only Bill would stay upstairs. If only ——

Green walked across the room and sat down in a far-off chair. "I'm a little bothered by etiquette, though," he remarked conversationally. "The correct thing to do in these cases, I understand, is to stop coming round. Suddenly. You know. No explanation. The behavior of a gentleman. . . . But the trouble is, I like playing chess with Bill. In fact, I'm devoted to Bill. And David and Sarah. I like this house, and the feeling in it. In two or three years I probably won't mind it at all and you can start all over again marrying me off."

"Oh, *Green!*" said Candy.

"YOUR conversation," said Green, "is ever so slightly monotonous, if you'll forgive the criticism of an old friend."

Candy made an enormous effort, and smiled. She said lightly, "An old and *valued* friend."

"Thanks," said Green.

Bill came downstairs with his tie crooked and they left to pick up the Campbells.

The Warings' party turned out to be gigantic, gay and disorganized: the sort of party that makes excellent material for post-mortems. On the way home through the cool spring night, Bill regaled them with the details of his evening, which appeared to have centered around a lady whom he described as a strapless Argentine with 120-watt eyes.

"The last I saw of her," he said, "she was winding that large economical family-sized chiffon handkerchief around Adam's right arm like a tourniquet. 'Oh, Mr. Comble, your mossles! So strrrong, like tree tronks, Mr. Comble!'"

"Her voice lathered up nicely, didn't it?" Adam said smugly.

"*You* lathered up nicely, darling," Mollie observed. She and Candy then began to talk at once. Green sat silent.

After they had dropped the Campbells and Green, Bill drove slowly home. It was nearly dawn. Candy murmured sleepily, "You know what you are, darling? You're cozy. Everybody should marry cozy men. . . . Do you think Christopher will be cozy to Jane?"

"Oddly enough, I do," Bill said.

"Green ——" Candy hesitated. "I did wish he and Jane ——" There was a quality in Bill's silence which Candy understood, inexplicably, but completely. She asked, almost humbly, "You don't mind, do you?"

"Only for the poor guy."

"But you weren't jealous, were you?" She sat up straighter. "Are you so sure of me?"

"Yes," said Bill simply. "Now that you mention it."

"I feel as though it were all my fault," Candy said. "As though I'd been—somehow—incompetent."

"Competence is not a virtue," Bill stated. "People seem to think it is, but it isn't. Other things are. Things like kindness and patience. And loyalty."

Candy drew a deep sigh. "Yes," she said. "Isn't it lucky?"

They had turned into their own road when she spoke again.

"You know what Green can be?"

"No, what?"

"Godfather to our third child."

"That," said Bill, "is the best idea you've had in a long, long time."

Somewhere on Mustard Hill, a rooster crowed. THE END

INFANTRY

Horses were of immense value to ancient armies. They not only gave great mobility to units; the size and weight of the animals would carry their riders deep into the ranks of the enemy. Since there were never enough mounts for everyone, soldiers with the greatest seniority were usually given the horses. This meant that raw recruits had to fight and march on foot. Their average age was much less than that of the cavalrymen. So a unit made up of such fledgling fighters was called *infantry*. With its original meaning forgotten, the term spread into many of the languages of Europe. For centuries it has been applied to foot soldiers, no matter what their age!

—WEBB B. GARRISON

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BLOW YOUR TOP!



Here are statements guaranteed to raise your political blood pressure. They were all made by members (not necessarily the wisest) of one party or the other in the heat of controversy. By labeling each of them True or False you can take your own political temperature. You may also use the label Neither True nor False for those you feel are only part true. For scoring rules turn to Page 208.

To stir up some real fun and discussion at your next party, try this quiz on your guests.

1. Twenty years of Democratic Party rule has saddled the country with corruption and political hacks. The country needs a change. ☐

2. A Republican President would be the tool of big business. ☐

3. The best hope for peace is in strengthening NATO. ☐

4. Acheson should have been dismissed for standing by his old friend Hiss. ☐

5. Capitalism would have collapsed during the depression, but the New Deal saved it. ☐

6. The union worker's rights have been unjustly denied by the Taft-Hartley Law. ☐

7. If we had bombed the Chinese Reds a year ago, the Korean war would have been over by now. ☐

8. Taxes could be lower if the present Government had not wasted money so outrageously. ☐

9. Inflation will continue to spiral as long as the Government keeps on giving wage increases for its own political advantage. ☐

10. Relief-benefit payments have always been used for political purposes. It's time for reform. ☐

11. By helping the backward nations of the world, we can stop the spread of communism and help ourselves. ☐

12. McCarthy has done more harm than good. ☐

13. Roosevelt sold out the U.S. when he was taken in by Stalin at Yalta. ☐

14. The unions are full of racketeers and actually don't represent the workers. ☐

15. We shouldn't call it the national debt. It's an investment. ☐

16. The Democratic Administration is taxing us into socialism. ☐

17. If we don't have price controls, inflation will ruin us. ☐

18. To get a square deal for the minorities a civil-rights program, whether state or Federal, is essential. ☐

19. The U.S. should give financial and military support to Spain in return for military bases. ☐

20. During the years of 1948 to 1952 big industry has piled up the biggest profits in its history. Increased new taxes should come out of these profits, not out of the pockets of the wage earners. ☐



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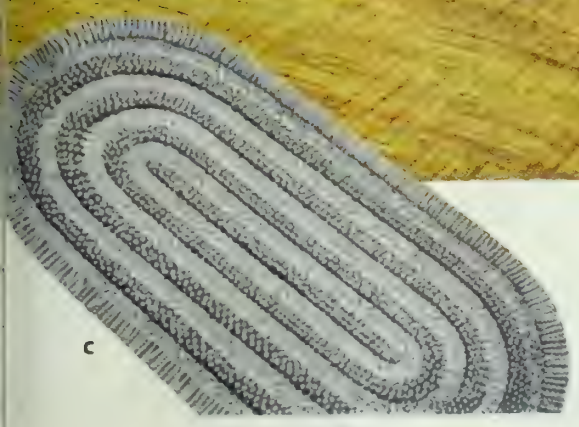
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C Parallel—Fringed decorative accent rug in 22 cotton colors. From 2′ x 3′ to 6′ x 9′. Oval, Round, or Oblong. From 6.95.

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OCTOBER GIVES A PARTY

(Continued from Page 71)

sweet cider over the ham and sprinkle it with 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ cup dark brown sugar. Turn the oven up to 400° F. Bake ½ hour, basting frequently to make a fine glaze. Remove to a platter. Garnish with parsley and spiced crab apples.

GRAVY

Drain the fat from the pan drippings. Measure 2 tablespoons of this fat into a saucepan and mix 2 tablespoons flour into it. Add ¼ cup drippings, 1 cup sweet cider and ½ cup water. Stir until thick as gravy and smooth. Also, be careful that it is cooked enough that no taste of flour is left. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve over hot sliced ham or pork.

Strong-arm stuff. You can find a lot of curious things in a cornfield. Some are "curiouser and curiouser," as Alice in her famous Wonderland so truthfully said, but I'll bet she never came across a Hubbard squash. The Hubbard squash is a very curious thing. It is covered with what one might call warts. It has a strange and unusual visage. It is of a rather repulsive green, as if it had been grown under compulsion and under some system that called forth a sort of resentment. It is as if an old maid, having given up the role of being a wallflower, had decided that she would not only be as ugly as possible herself, but would do everything she could to damage the wall behind her. Resentment can go no farther than this.

My objection to Utopia is that there can be no adventure in a perfect world.
—F. YEATS BROWN

But inside it is quite another story. Our maiden squash has a wonderful disposition. She is as hard as nails, but melts at the slightest loving and understanding treatment.

BAKED HUBBARD SQUASH WITH FILBERTS

Cut open a Hubbard squash. You'll need an ax for this. Remove the seeds and cut it into serving-size pieces. Place on a rack in a steamer or a covered roaster. Add 1½ cups hot water. Cover and steam about ½ hour. Lift out the squash and arrange it in a shallow baking pan. Brush it generously with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with salt, pepper, nutmeg and chopped filberts. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for ½ hour or longer, until tender, while ham is glazing. Baste with additional melted butter or margarine after 15 minutes of baking.

Not a pin wheel in a million. Every little boy and girl in this country knows what a pin wheel is. They associate it with just one thing, and that is the Fourth of July. What we are about to discuss is quite a different matter. It is the pin-wheel roll and this is what it's all about. You can do these rolls all the year round and change the name according to season. As of now, they are

ONION PIN-WHEEL ROLLS

Prepare a roll mix according to directions on the package, or rolls made according to a receipt you know well. After the dough has risen, roll it out on a lightly floured board into a rectangular shape, about 8" x 20". Spread the dough with a mixture made this way—and be sure you let it cool before spreading: Sauté 2 cups chopped sweet onions in ¼ cup butter or margarine until golden brown, season with ½ teaspoon salt. Roll up like a jelly roll. Cut into ¾" slices and place cut side up in greased muffin pans. Let them rise and then bake them in a hot oven, 400° F., about 15 minutes.

BEET-RELISH SALAD

Drain 1 No. 2 can whole or diced beets. Chop half of them. Dissolve 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add ½ cup beet juice, ¼ cup cold water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon grated onion and 1 teaspoon salt. Chill until thick. Fold in 1 cup chopped cabbage and 1 cup chopped beets. Pour into a 1-quart mold. Chill until firm. Garnish with greens. Serve with a bowl of sour-cream dressing.

SOUR-CREAM DRESSING

To ½ pint thick dairy sour cream add 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon sugar, a little grated onion, and salt and pepper to taste. A little dried dill adds a nice flavor.

Glamour in the making. To make something glamorous is the first duty of woman. If she can't be glamorous herself, she should turn glamour her way by using hand and knowledge to produce something that will cause her to be talked about—in a nice way, of course—for a long long time to come. She can take a simple fruit and turn it into a confection that will make her guests' eyes bug out and cause her family to chorus, "Why haven't you done it before, ma?" Ma can smirk at this remark and refuse to answer, not on the ground that it will incriminate her but because she will be blushing with that supreme pride that comes only with a superb culinary achievement. In other words, ma has hit the bull's-eye, and she fully intends to keep it up.

Yes, she has taken the simple orange and done something that savors of genius. Ma has achieved a home run. Read on, and learn what she did, for she made

ORANGE SHERBET IN FROSTY SHELLS

First things come first, or so I say. So let's make with the orange shells. For 6, you'll need 3 good-sized oranges. Cut them in half and squeeze out the juice. Take out all the membrane and pulp so that you have clean shells. Wrap them in wax paper and set them aside in the refrigerator until your sherbet is made.

Sherbet Filling: Beat 2 eggs until light, adding ¼ cup sugar gradually while beating. Then add ½ cup light corn sirup, 1 cup light cream, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and ⅓ cup frozen orange-juice concentrate (use it undiluted). Add a few drops of yellow and red food coloring to make the color more attractive. Pour this mixture into a freezing tray. Put it into the freezing compartment and set the indicator to its coldest position. When almost frozen, but still a little soft to the touch in the center, scrape it all into a bowl. Beat it smooth with a rotary beater. Return this to the refrigerator tray and freeze until firm.

Fill each half orange shell with a ball of sherbet, rounding it as smoothly as you can. Stick a piece of citron on the top, to imitate a stem. Return them to the freezing compartment until the orange shells themselves are well frozen. This takes several hours. In fact it is better to leave them there overnight. This is something that won't spoil, but gets better as the hours drag on. If you have a freezer, or a refrigerator equipped with a special freezer compartment, you can make them up several days or even a week ahead. Be sure to take them out 10 or 15 minutes before you serve them, so that the shells can become frosted on the outside. For this is what makes them glamorous.

In the fall of the year. And now we have come to the fall of the year. Whatever our dreams may have been, whatever our ambitions may have been, whether dreams and ambitions have come to fruition or frustration, we must take up the slack of summer and make of the days that are here what we have missed, what we have passed by, what we have forgotten. I shall be seeing you in some other October, and then we can compare notes and see how we all came out.

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A LOVELY LIGHT

(Continued from Page 53)

getting along all right and so is Norma and Kathleens cold is better now I went to practice and a boy called me a little chamipion and I asked him what he ment and he said because I was the best singer and I thanked him * * * * * here I will write you a peace that I am going to speak Thanksgiving

On Thanksgiving Day little Dorothy said,
With many a nod of her wise curly head,
The cook is as busy as busy can be,
And very good to for tis easy to see
She gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner

I do not know the other verses so good. lots of love to you your loving daughter VINCENT

Edna St. Vincent Millay was eight years old when she wrote this letter. She was born February 22, 1892, at Rockland, Maine, the eldest daughter of Cora B. and Henry Tolman Millay. Like all eagerly literate children in America during the latter part of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, she and her two sisters were avid readers of St. Nicholas Magazine. In the summer of 1906, E. Vincent Millay, as she signed her work then, sent to the St. Nicholas League a poem called "Forest Trees." It was published in the October issue.

The following year three of her poems were accepted and she had the added excitement of receiving the Gold Badge of the St. Nicholas League. Four more poems appeared in St. Nicholas. Then in 1910, approaching the age limit of 18, she won the prize which she acknowledged in this final letter:

Camden, Me.
[Summer 1910]

Dear St. Nicholas:

I am writing to thank you for my cash prize and to say good-by, for "Friends" was my last contribution. I am going to buy with my five dollars a beautiful copy of "Browning," whom I admire so much that my prize will give me more pleasure in that form than in any other.

Although I shall never write for the League again, I shall not allow myself to become a stranger to it. You have been a great help and a great encouragement to me, and I am sorry to grow up and leave you.

Your loving graduate,
EDNA VINCENT MILLAY

While the Millay girls were still young, their parents were divorced. The girls lived in Camden with their mother, who did practical nursing to support them. Relations between Henry Tolman Millay and the family, however, were always friendly. He was superintendent of schools in Kingman, Maine. As children, Edna, Norma and Kathleen were known in the immediate family as Sefe, Hunk and Wump. These names appear repeatedly in the poet's letters to her mother, who was often of necessity, away from Camden.

Camden, Me.
August 18, 1911

Dear Mother,—

It's too bad! Wump [Kathleen Millay] and I have been waiting for Norma to write as it is her turn, but she doesn't seem able to get around to it and I'm not going to wait any longer * * * * *

Doesn't it seem good to be out of quarantine? I should think you'd be just hopping joyful. Unless you're too tired even to hop, you poor dear. Binnie's sorry!

Norma's just found out that we're writing. She's madder than time. She's just rushed in for her stationery box and I'm afraid you're in danger of receiving three letters from us in the same mail. I thought if she saw us writing she'd get started. Poor young-one! She was almost crying. Serves her right! Do her good!

About my photographs. I've just called up Mrs. Merrill and she told me to call him up this noon. I would have done it before but I didn't want him to send them up until I could pay for them, you know. He's such a cross old bear. I'll send you a card and let you know about them. Will you go in and pay for them? I'm crazy to get them.

No, we haven't a cent, but we'd just as soon. I'll write papa today. I'm crazy to go

(Continued on Page 131)



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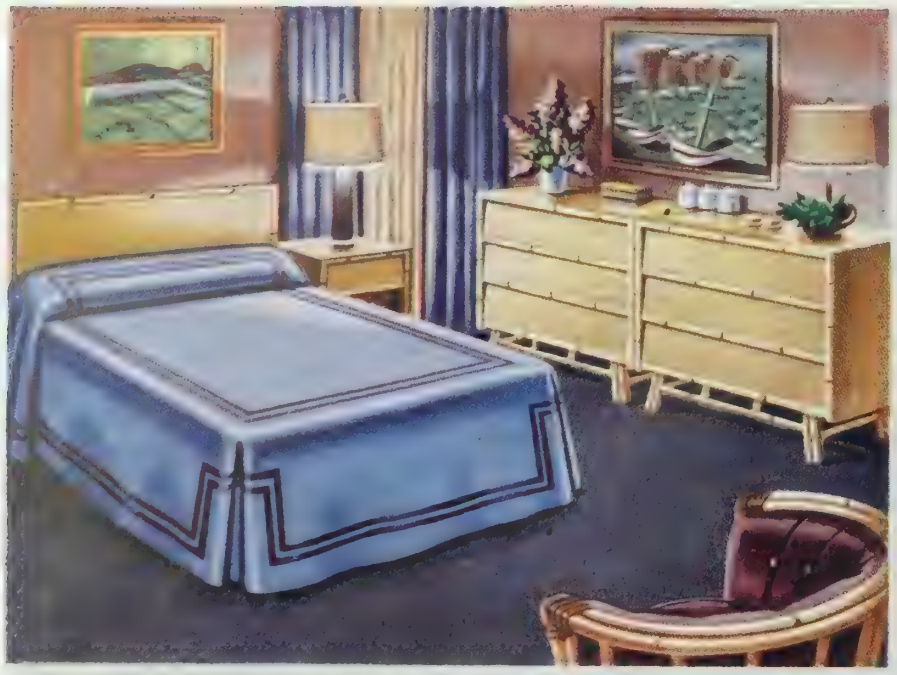
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(Continued from Page 129)

e festival. I'll be mending and getting
s ready from now on.
lon't know how you got the idea about
wo middy-blouses, and Norma's going
ie picnic. She didn't go. It was just my
d. And I do want a middy-blouse, a
white one with a black middy tie. I pre-
ort sleeves but if you have to get long
all right. And if you have to get blue
r and cuffs, all right. Katie wants blue
and collar trimmed with white braid,
I think she'd better have a white one
a red middy tie. Norma doesn't know
she wants. Couldn't you send up a
ber of different ones for us to choose
? I'm crazy to have one. I wore Norma's
he picnic. We had some awfully cute
s taken. They aren't developed yet—
pting the original lot, I mean—so I can't
you any. Per-
they'll be done
re you leave
e. If so, I'll send
some.
his is a crazy let-
isn't it. If you
e any spare
ge, why, send it
m'dear!
his sweet pea
all by itself
hout being
ted, out by the
is—with a few
e just like it. The
r is one of my
wax babies"
are growing
stockily out
s.
ly geraniums
plentifully
ded but I have-
any blossoms
The begonia—
nounced "Be-go-
", you remem-
—you brought
n Mrs. Smith's
riving, and the
Aunt Rose gave
is big enough to
a confederate
ier in.
must hurry now and get dinner. We serve
e meals a day at "Millay's Cafe", if you
se. Send up the Middy-blouses quick and
r you get my postal see to Mr. Merrill
k and come home quick as you can to
r "free bad tids."

Lovissimusosso.
VINCENT.

Mon. Mar. 4, 1912
Kingman, [Maine]

r Mother;—
apa is better and they think he will get
. [When her father fell seriously ill in the
ng of 1912, Edna Millay went to King-
n to be with him.] I have been too tired
too busy to write before and now I
en't time to write much of anything but
certainly time I wrote. I don't know just
t has been the matter with papa. He's
pneumonia I guess, and asthma and a
heart and Friday I think they didn't
ect him to live through the day. Dr.
nerville says his recovery is marvellous—I
't know whether that's spelt right ——
have a lot of pleasant things to tell you
I can only tell you a few now;—Mr.
nton [head of an insurance company in
ngor with which Mr. Millay was con-
ted] has invited me to visit them on my
back and has promised to take me driv-
all over the city behind his pair of light
stnuts—which papa tells me are the best
n in Bangor—Think of it! Gee! Doctor
es me driving every day. On one of our
ves I pointed to a big snowy mountain
asked what it was and Doctor told me it
Mt. Katahdin. Yes sir, I've seen it!
utiful! * * * * *
see Papa twice a day. We can't talk very
ch but he loved to have me with him. Of
rse too much talking would tire him. Mr.
nton calls up every day from B. to in-
quire. I never in my life heard so many people inquire for one man. All festivities here are postponed until he recovers. An M. D. and an L. L. D. from somewhere around here came in on the train today just to see him a minute—great friends of his.

I'll write later, home, Love,
VINCENT.

She had been graduated from the Camden High School in 1909, living at home since, keeping house and writing. "Renascence" was written in 1911. At a party given at the summer hotel, Whitehall, in Camden during the season of 1912 the poet read "Renascence" and sang some of the songs she had composed. One of the guests was Miss Caroline B. Dow, head of the National Training School of the Y.W.C.A. in New York City. Miss Dow took an interest in her and suggested that she apply for a scholarship at Vassar. She undertook to help her in this and provide funds for her to take preliminary courses at Barnard College, Columbia, before entering Vassar in the fall of 1913. Miss Millay's volume, Second April, is dedicated to Miss Dow.

Camden, Me.
Oct. 23, 1912

Dear Miss Dow,—

I am enclosing a list of my courses in school: the only other courses provided that might be of use to me I think are Physics and Solid Geometry. I could take them up next term, if you think best. I have, myself, very little idea of the Vassar entrance requirements.

The principal of the High School here has been helping me hunt up the files; he will be very willing to get for me any further information you may need.

I will give you now a rough list of authors and books, the principal ones; without attempt at classification:

Authors with whom I am very well acquainted:—Shakspere, Dickens, Eliot, Scott, Tennyson, Milton, Wordsworth. Also Ibsen, Arnold Bennett, and Robert Hichens.

Well acquainted with:
—Hawthorne, Browning, Kipling, Barrie, Mark Twain, Elbert Hubbard.

Slightly acquainted with:
—Bacon, Addison, Lamb, Macauley, Burke, Ruskin, Richard Jeffries, Thoreau, Mabie,—and Josephus.

Have read:
—Tolstoi, Anna Karenina; Kingsley, Hypathia; Holmes, Elsie Venner, and Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; Chas. Reade, Cloister and the Hearth; Swift, Gulliver's Travels; Defoe, Robinson Crusoe; Carlyle, Sartor Resartus; Cervantes, Don Quixote; Bunyan, Pilgrim's Progress; Bronte, Jane Eyre; Blackmore, Lorna Doone; Dumas, Black Tulip, and Count of Monte Cristo; Stevenson, Jekyll & Hyde, and Treasure Island; Amelia Rives, The Quick or the Dead, and Dione; Goldsmith, Vicar of Wakefield, She Stoops to Conquer, and others; Saint-Pierre, Paul & Virginia; Hughes, Tom Brown; Mulock, John Halifax, Gentleman; Wilkie Collins, The Moonstone; John Watson, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush; Sienkiewicz, Quo Vadis; Von Hutton, Pam, and Pam Decides; Rostand, Chanticleer; Marguerite Audoux, Marie-Clair, Maeterlinck, Mary Magdalene.

This list must seem awfully crazy to you. I've really read so much that I hardly know what to pick out.

Believe me, I will do my very best at whatever you think best for me to do. And

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believe, too, that I quite understand and deeply appreciate what you are trying to do for me.

I will type-write the little poem and send it to you.

Very sincerely,
VINCENT MILLAY.

(Enclosure)

Sept. 1904–June 1909.

Algebra	5 terms	average 87
Plane Geom.	1 year	" 97
Ancient History	1 year	" 93
English	4 years	" 95
Latin	4 years	" 95
French	3 years	" 97

(These figures are only approximate, as we were ranked by letters; of course, if you want them exact, I can get them for you.)

The year 1912 was an important one in the history of American poetry. In the fall there was issued in Chicago the first number of Poetry, a Magazine of Verse, edited by Miss Harriet Monroe. Some weeks later, in New York, appeared a book called The Lyric Year, the first and only number of what its editor, Ferdinand Earle, had planned to be a yearly anthology of the best in this country's contemporary poetry. Long before its publication Earle announced that three prizes, totaling $1000, would be given by him to the three poets whose work was adjudged best by himself and two other judges, Edward J. Wheeler, editor of Current Opinion and president of the recently founded Poetry Society of America, and William Stanley Braithwaite, poetry editor of the Boston Transcript.

Manuscripts immediately began to roll into the office of Mitchell Kennerley, who was to publish the volume.

Up in Maine, Cora B. Millay, during a long night watch in a patient's room, picked up a discarded magazine and read the announcement. She wrote to her daughter and urged her to submit some of her recent work. She herself sent a brief poem.

In a letter written a few months before his death in 1951, Mr. Earle tells how he and a friend, Professor Donner, passed one week end examining scores of manuscripts forwarded by Kennerley.

". . . it was Mr. Donner who happened to open Miss Millay's two contributions. We were silently unsealing the piles of envelopes and casting the discards into two tall wastebaskets. I heard the thud of a manuscript hit the bottom of Donner's basket as he gave a chuckle.

"'What's so amusing?' I queried. Still chuckling, Mr. Donner fished a long envelope out and began reading:

RENAISSANCE (sic)

'All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood;
I turned and looked another way,
And saw three islands in a bay . . .'

"'Ha, ha, ha!' And again I heard the thud of the manuscript falling into the basket!

"'Hey! That sounds good!' I exclaimed. And Donner once more fished it out and began reading: '*The world stands out on either side, No wider than the heart is wide;*' etc., the closing passage of the poem.

"'It doesn't sound so bad after all!' Donner admitted, and turned to the start of the piece and read it through, twice! We both agreed that it was tops."

Misled by the maturity and finish of the poem and the signature which followed it, Earle immediately wrote to the poet in Camden, Maine, "E. St. Vincent Millay, Esq., Dear Sir: . . ." telling of his enthusiasm. Unfortunately Mr. Earle's enthusiasm ran away with him. Without waiting to learn the conclusions of his fellow judges, he brashly announced to the young poet that he expected "him" to receive the first prize of $500. But the two other less clairvoyant critics not only refused to consider "Renaissance" for the first prize; they did not deem it worthy of either a second or third prize.

"Before I had selected the 'best' 100 poems out of over 10,000 mediocre manuscripts, most of them insipid and drivelling nonsense, it was like a shot in the arm to receive a letter from Miss Millay . . ." says Mr. Earle in the letter previously referred to.

He continued corresponding with the poet. She told him of the genesis of the poem and also of a desire that her other poem, "Interim," and not "Renascence" (she had accepted an editorial suggestion that the title be Anglicized) be the one chosen for inclusion in the 100 poems.

When the volume was finally published in November, 1912, Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Renascence"—though voted first by the edi-

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-came out fourth and without award. The
ates were Orrick Johns, T. A. Daly and
ge Sterling. The storm that broke about
crowned heads overwhelmed them and
judges. Orrick Johns in his autobiography
of receiving:
'. . . the news that 'Second Avenue' had won
Lyric Year first prize of $500.00. Nothing
been further from my expectations, and
the book arrived I realized that it was
nmerited award. The outstanding poem
hat book was 'Renascence' by Edna St.
ent Millay, immediately acknowledged by
y authoritative critic as such. The award
as much an embarrassment to me as a
aph."
nong the poets who appeared in The Lyric
were Arthur Davison Ficke and Witter
ner. They had been classmates at Harvard
had both published verse in magazines and
ook form. Together with Mrs. Ficke, they
a letter to the author of "Renascence"
ng, "This is Thanksgiving Day and we
k you. . . ."
a letter to Miss Millay, dated December 3,
, Ferdinand Earle wrote: "Here is a quota-
from Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke's letter to
which you yourself must answer: 'The thing
has moved me,
onally, into want-
o write to you is
choice of Miss
ay's poem for the
prize. And the
judges passed it
Last night Witter
ner, who is visiting
and I read through
of the book*****.
denly we stumbled
is one, which really
s up the whole
. It seems to both
a real vision, such
Coleridge might
seen. Are you at
ty to name the au-
? The little item
t her in the back
le book is a marvel
umor. No sweet
ng thing of twenty
ended a poem pre-
y where this one
; it takes a brawny
of forty-five to do
*****.' Will you
Mr. Ficke, please,
e . . . and thank
for the remark-
compliment, at
ame time convinc-
him of his error
h is very amus-
"
his was the begin-
of a correspond-
and a profound
dship with Arthur
ison Ficke which was to last until his death
45.

Camden, Maine.
Dec. 5, 1912

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davison Ficke and
Witter Bynner:—
ou are three dear people. This is Thanks-
ng Day, too, and I thank you.

Very truly yours,
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Mr. Ficke and Mr. Bynner:
Ir. Earle has acquainted me with your
surmises. Gentlemen: I must convince
of your error; my reputation is at stake.
nply will not be a "brawny male." Not
I have an aversion to brawny males; *au*
raire, au contraire. But I cling to my
ninity!
it that you consider brain and brawn
nseparable?—I have thought otherwise.
, that is all a matter of personal opinion.
gentlemen: when a woman insists that
is twenty, you must not, must not call
forty-five. That is more than wicked; it is
screet.
Ir. Ficke, you are a lawyer. I am very
h afraid of lawyers. Spare me, kind sir!
e into consideration my youth—for I am
ed but twenty—and my fragility—for
do protest I am a maid"—and—sleuth
no sleuths!
eriously: I thank you also for the compli-
t you have unwittingly given me. For
I do not yet aspire to be forty-five and brawny, if my verse so represents me, I am more gratified than I can say. When I was a little girl, this is what I thought and wrote:

Let me not shout into the world's great ear
Ere I have something for the world to hear.
Then let my message like an arrow dart
And pierce a way into the world's great heart.

You cannot know how much I appreciate what you have said about my "Renascence."

If you should care to look up the April, 1907 number of "Current Literature", you would find a review of my "Land of Romance", (near a review of Mr. Bynner's Fair of my Fancy.) And you might be interested in Mr. Edward Wheeler's comment: "The poem which follows (by E. St. Vincent Millay) seems to me to be phenomenal. The author, whether boy or girl we do not know, is just fourteen years of age."

E. ST. V. M.

P. S. The brawny male sends his picture. I *have* to laugh.

Louis Untermeyer was another of the contributors to The Lyric Year and among the first to praise "Renascence"

Camden, Maine
Dec. 5, 1912

Dear Mr. Untermeyer,—

I was especially glad to get a note from you. Your verses are among the first in the book to me. There is a twist to them, whimsical, daredevil and pathetic combined, which particularly appeals to me. Please don't think I am just "hitting back."

I am glad you like "Renascence" so well. If you do indeed review the book as you spoke of doing, will you send me a copy of the paper, please? I should not be likely to see it otherwise, and I shall wish to.

Very truly,
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

Camden, Me.
Dec. 15, 1912

My dear Mr. Ficke:

Even the "dulcet phrases!" You deserve them. And I make it a point always to "gie the deil his dûe." I can with impunity, since you have called me "the limit", say that you are a ridiculous thing; and I will add that your home-life is mild in comparison to what I had imagined it, and that Mr. Metcalf's portrait of you is no doubt a flattering likeness,—but I must, out of justice, admit that I love the little book. Indeed, I cannot tell you how much! But I can and will tell you the things in it that I like best. First of all what "The Other Sculptor" says. That is one of the very finest things I ever read. It seems to me quite perfect. And its simplicity is breath-taking. Then the shepherd's song. Did you ever hear sheep, Mr. Ficke? I do not see how otherwise you could have done it.—"This year winter was not bad," and "Such a pair as thee and me," and this, loveliest of all "Many a day and many a day." I truly do not see how I ever got along without the Shepherd-song! And I love the page beginning "I will remain till my last line is writ." And, oh, the first stanza of that "Monday in April"! You need not wish to be a painter, my friend; you are one. And truly a poet. I am very glad you wrote me. And very very glad to have "The Earth Passion" [volume of poems by Arthur Davison Ficke]. The earth passion! I have always had that. Perhaps that is why I love the book so well. I thank you for it—and for the scribble on the fly-leaf.

(Continued on Page 135)

In the next issue . . .

FABULOUS FANNY

By Norman Katkov

BEGINNING the story of one of America's great comediennes, Fanny Brice—a girl who burst from poverty to enchant millions with song and fun, who grew through petty thievery, heartbreaking love, and marriage to a swindler, to win a place of uprightness in the hearts of all who knew her. It's the story of a woman who had everything except happiness. Begin it in the

NOVEMBER JOURNAL

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(Continued from Page 133)

"Do you read Coleridge?" you mean 'Renascence' done in imitation of 'Ancient Mariner'"?—no, it is not. I read Coleridge, of course; but not for . And I never even heard of William . (Should I admit it, I wonder?) the line you speak of—"Did you get a book?" indeed! I'll slap your face. r get anything from a book. I see with my own eyes, just as if they were st eyes that ever saw, and then I set to tell, as best I can, just what I see. I have an idea that there are vastly "accidents of composition" than one think.

I will answer honestly, as you bade lid see it, yes. I saw it all, more vividly ou may suppose. It was almost an ex- ce. And it is one of the things I don't out easily. All of my poems are very me, and take a great deal out of me. I ssessed of a masterful and often a cruel ation.

his is just the wee-est bit confidential, now, and just because you asked be honest.

Not in a Silver Casket

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

XI

in a silver casket cool with pearls
ich with red corundum or with blue,
ked, and the key withheld, as other girls
e given their loves, I give my love to you;
in a lovers'-knot, not in a ring
ked in such fashion, and the legend plain—
per fidelis, where a secret spring
nels a drop of mischief for the brain:
e in the open hand, no thing but that,
emmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,
one should bring you cowslips in a hat
ng from the hand, or apples in her skirt,
ing you, calling out as children do:
ok what I have!—And these are all for you."

Fatal Interview, published by Harper & Bros. Copyright, 1930, by St. Vincent Millay.

en I bring out a volume (save the mark!) all certainly know.

as interested in your book's dedica- 'Cambridge days and *nights!*" T. N. M. course Mr. Metcalf. And is Witter er H. W. B. or W. H. L. B.? If the for- I am convinced that his first name is iah. If, as you predict, you fail to ack the snap, I will send you another. onder if I may be remembered to Mrs. ? Sincerely,

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

[1913]
Friday Morning

Mother,—

is is a hurry-up note. * * * * * O, what u think!—I've got another letter from Untermeyer, and he's sent me a copy e volume "First Love" that you've me speak of. I'm crazy about his po- —He's married, and invites me to call em when I come to New York. There's er place. And, oh, mother, he wrote on y-leaf, "To (me) With the intense ad- ion and best wishes of (him)." What do now about that? * * * * *

und the *dearest* shoes at Haskell's. Per- oves,—tan, lace, broad soles, sensible high ones—but the smallest he had a 2½ and they were too big, so I had end for a pair of twos. They'll probably re tomorrow. * * * * *

ot an invitation to the Poetry Society r. Wish I could go! Why *don't* they back my Mss.? Love from us all,

VINCENT

In preparation for enrollment at Vassar, Miss Millay went to New York in February, 1913, and studied at Barnard College during the spring term. Her first letters back to the family in Maine were written from the Residence of the National Y.W.C.A. Training School.

135 East 52nd Street
New York City,
Feb. 6, 1913

Dear Mother and Girls,

This is the first chance I've had to write, and I can't write very much now, because I'm tired and I have to get up early in the morning to go to school. Yes, *so* quick! * * * * I'm all registered and I have a class ("English 24," they call it) at 10 in the morning. I am in room No. 840, on the eighth floor of the National Training School—the loveliest place and one of the biggest I ever saw almost, that is,—I've seen some pretty big ones already. . . . We have dinner at night, on the eleventh floor. I sit at Miss Dow's left at the head table. She's "de hull ting" here and lovely to me. She's the busiest woman I ever saw. I probably shall be here only a week or two. We've begun already to make investigations concerning a dormitory, Brooks Hall or Whittier Hall it will be. We shall perhaps know tomorrow.

From my window in the daytime I can see *everything*—just buildings, tho, it is buildings everywhere, seven & eight stories to million and billion stories, washing drying on the roofs and on lines strung between the houses, way up in the air;—they flap and *flap!* Children on roller skates playing tag on the sidewalks * * * * * And *noise*, yes, in New York you can *see* noise. * * * * *

I rested beautifully in my berth last night. (I tipped the porter, too, this morning, a dime.) The train was an hour and a half late. In the night we stopped somewhere and I reached out and raised the shade a little so as to peek and leaned on my elbow and looked and saw a big sign all lighted up on a big dark factory—"Brockton Die Company", I think it was. * * * * *

Just think, I traveled Pullman all the way. It didn't seem very long, I was so lovely and comfortable. This morning . . .they made me go to bed when I got here and after a while a maid came in with my breakfast on a tray and raised the shade and told me what time it was and went out and I had more fun. I'll bet when the chambermaid put away my kimono & slippers and cap she thought they were cute. I found the kimono on a hanger in the closet and the slippers under it and the cap over the corner of the mirror. Send my comb along will you?—I forgot it and have had to borrow one * * * * *

I'll write you whenever I have time but I guess I'm going to be awfully busy.

Must go to bed now. Just basketfuls of love.

VINCENT

[135 E. 52nd St.]
New York City.
Feb. 9, 1913

My dear Mr. Ficke,—

Shall I give your regards to Broadway,—now that I am here within hailing distance of it? To any question that you might raise concerning my presence in this locality I could only answer, "I'm here because I'm here because I'm here." And I might add that I expect to take a few courses at Columbia this semester.

Yesterday I got a note from Sara Teasdale, inviting me to take tea with her. Whaddayouknowaboutthat! The news of my arrival has *sprud clean* from here to East 29th Street!

How do I like New York? O, inexpressibly! Yes, the Public Library is! No, the subway *isn't!* O, the St. Patrick Cathedral!—Quite too sweet, I assure you! And the view—charming, charming! So many roofs and things, you know; warships, and chimneys, and brewery signs—*so* inspiring! Yes, to the



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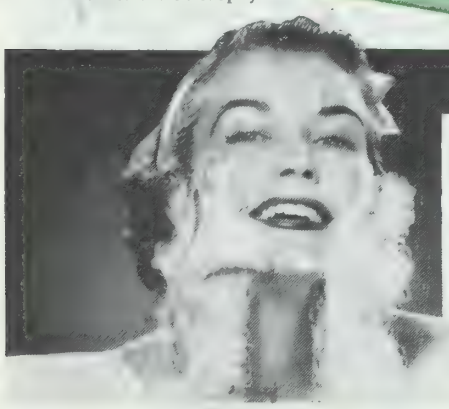
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Madison Avenue Presbyterian! Dr. Coffin is *wonderful*. O, my *dear*,—tre*men*dous!

I have learned to glare with a wild hunted expression all about me at a corner, to elbow fiercely on occasion those fellow creatures whom I love as myself, and to run and grab,—literally *grab* a streetcar! I have been here since Wednesday and I am become a hardened citizen of a heartless metropolis.

Adamantinely,
VINCENT MILLAY

P.S. That is the name I am called by. I didn't think how odd it would seem to you. V.M.

[135 East 52nd St.]
New York City
Mar. 6, 1913

Dear Mr. Ficke,

I think you are very, very nice. And I wish very much that you were here in New York and that some of the people who are here were out in Iowa.

I am not being a Bohemian. I am not so Bohemian by half as I was when I came. You see, here one has to be one thing or the other, whereas at home one could be a little of both. And whereas heretofore I have amused myself in idle moments by the diffusing of indiscreet letters which I would now give the half of my kingdom to recall, I am at present (unless indeed that confession has made this letter also indiscreet) prudent to the point of Jane Austin. I left all my bad habits at home—bridge-pad, cigarette-case, and cocktail shaker. I brought with me all my good habits,—diary, rubbers, and darning-cotton.

This is not intended to be humorous. So please believe that this whole page is true, and take it seriously.

Tuesday, at the luncheon given by the Poetry Society to Alfred Noyes, I met, among others, our friend, Witter Bynner. He was one of the speakers, and he spoke very well.

Miss Rittenhouse [Jessie B. Rittenhouse, poet and critic] is to have a Literary Evening (don't you hate the expression!) Sunday. I'll tell you about it later perhaps,—it may be a lot later, you understand. I am sure that no one in New York has time to write letters. This is quite an effusion for me now. I hope you didn't ask me any questions.

I am quite settled down. I run in my rut now like a well-directed wheel. Sometimes, it is true, I feel that I am exceeding the speed-limit. But I seldom skid, and when I do there is very little splash.

Please give me some good advice in your next letter. I promise not to follow it.

Very sincerely,
VINCENT MILLAY

New York City,
Mar. 13, '13

Dear Family,—

I don't think I've written you a really truly letter since a week ago yesterday,—and that was a small one, wasn't it? So I'm going to start in with March the fifth and tell you a little of what I've been doing since. * * * * *

Saturday—Went to International Art Exhibition. Impressionistic school, you know and perfectly unintelligible things done by people they call "Cubists" because they work in cube-shaped effects. Everything they do looks like piles of shingles. I'll get some postals of the pictures, I think—especially the one called "Nude descending the stairs", and if you can find the figure, outline it in ink and send it back to me. * * * * *

Sunday—*My* party at Miss Rittenhouse's. She told them they were there to meet me. There were present (it was just a small party) Mr. & Mrs. Edwin Markham, Dr. & Mrs. Rolf-Wheeler, Mr. & Mrs. Louis V. Ledoux (he's charming), Sara Teasdale, Anna Branch, Edith M. Thomas (tell Mother to look her up in *those Atlantic Monthlys* . . .), Gertrude Hall, three or four others, Witter Bynner and Dugal Walker, a young artist that Miss Branch is very anxious to have fall in love with me and me with him. She doesn't suspect that I know it. But you should hear her talk about him to me. * * * *

He's really a darling, too, but Sunday nig I was very much taken up with Witt Bynner, with whom I had a long chat, a Mr. Walker, early in the evening, w lassooed and tripped and thrown by a swe young thing from boarding school who ca with Miss Thomas. * * * * *

Yes, I have seen and talked with Witt Bynner. He has said to me, "Do you mind I smoke?" and I have said to him, "Not the least". He has proffered me his cigaret case and I have said, "No, thank you." H has raised his eyebrows and said, "O, y don't smoke?" And I have replied, "N here, certainly".

He—Then you have no prejudice again it.

I—None whatever.

He—I'm glad of that. My sister used think it dreadful, but now she smokes mo than I do.

(Did you ever think of Witter Bynner having a sister?—I never did.)

We talked a long time. And later in t evening he read "Renascence" aloud. He h a beautiful voice, and he reads beautifull It was truly wonderful to hear it like tha He's crazy about it anyway.

I suppose he's gone back to New Ham shire now. He lives right on the border b tween N.H. and Vermont. * * * * *

Monday.—That letter you forward from Texas was from the craziest kid y ever heard of. He sent me some of h verses, "To a Spring Flower." I w hysterical the rest of the day. * * * * *

Lots of love,
VINCENT.

135 East 52nd St.
New York City
Thurs. 8 of May,

Dear Family,—

I'm feeling awful tickled about somethi It isn't that I have another poem accept Don't jump at any conclusions. It just h to do with Barnard. Last week, being ha up for a theme to send in, I dug up *Inter* & submitted that. I hated to, because M Brewster [professor of English at Columb usually reads the verse themes * * * * * (picks out three or four themes with a gen cynicism which would spoil even good ver and is especially hard on middle-class). If takes a dislike to anything he delivers accordingly & I was scared to death for fe he would read it & I should be obliged to up and take it away from him. * * * * *

"Here," he said, "is a very interesti piece of verse that I want to read to y that is well worth reading."—I noticed th there wasn't even the twitch of a twinkle his eye, and you may be sure I was watchi for it. * * * * * "It's supposed to be t thoughts of a man about the woman he lov who has died very unexpectedly & very cently. The attitude is naturally rath tense. It is written in blank verse.—Well it is called "Interim" then," and he beg

He read it beautifully. I was never astonished in my life. He had really got h at last of something he liked, and he wa changed man. He seemed to understa every bit of it. Nothing struck him funn Even the *Santa Claus* figure at the end a which some people have thought ridiculo you know, he read with understanding, a when he stumbled over one line (it wa sixth or seventh carbon & very faint) he we back and did the whole paragraph over.

When he had finished he asked, as usu "Any comment on this theme?" (The gi by the way, are crazy about it, of which m anon)—and when somebody suggest "Well, it certainly isn't very amateurish he said, "It isn't amateurish at all." Th he went on, "No, it is a very remarka production for a girl in college. The ve is very smooth, and there are a great ma striking figures. For instance this,—" a he read over the part about the plan spinning "like tops across a table." * * *

That's about all he said about it, but course he gave me an A on it. * * * * *

You needn't bother to send the "Forun I've seen it in the college library. Have y read Witter Bynner's tremendous "Tig in the same number? It isn't a very pleas

n;, but it is, I think, wonderful. We out
e are really face to face with the terrible
ditions which he describes. None of us
s dares go alone to the corner of the street
e dark for fear of being kidnapped. There
s a wonderful statuette called "The White
ve" in the International Art Exhibit here
tle while ago. But it is not a pleasant
ject.

went to Ellis Island last week. It is
most enthrallingly interesting place I
ever in. Can't tell you about it till I get
re.

om will be tickled to know that when I
singing to myself in the living-room this
noon the girls came in and made me
on and I did & sang some of my own
ing little songs and they all love 'em and
der why on earth I haven't sung before.
glad I didn't tho. Because now I have a
enough good chance to be really modest,
for the first time in my life, I think. * * * *

got a letter from a *Princeton* man,
her student or instructor I do not know,
ratulating me on my "articulation of a
d essentially inarticulate", if you please.
ven't answered him because I haven't
time, and I guess I won't anyway; I've
much to do to bother with men. * * * * *

osh, there goes a Ger-
band under the win-
playing the kind of
ttishe you walk, (ask
k). How's a feller go-
o write to his family?
ell you that joke some
r time.—If there's a
tion I haven't an-
ed, just remind me of
your next.

———Gosh, goodbye,
VINCENT.

Mrs. Cora B. Millay:

May 9, 1913

Girls, I can't wait to
you—I have seen

Sarah Bernhardt
in
Camille!

ast came back, and I'm
one to pieces, but, oh,
soul—She only did one
—the last—she is in
deville, you know and
e were a half-dozen other things beside
But oh, when I can tell you, when I can
you!———V.

Camden, [Maine]
July 8, 1913

r Mr. Ficke,—

you hadn't written to me for as long as
ven't written to you I should be feeling
just about now, thinking I had lost a
nd. Probably men are different, and you
en't noticed. I hope so. You see, it was
picture, the other one, the one I was
end back,—I have started to do it a
dred times, and then somehow haven't,
I've packed it and unpacked it, and
ed it around with me for years and
s—it's been a veritable Flying Dutch-
that just couldn't get to port, you know,
ing bewitched and unholy, its influence
me has been hellish and horrible beyond
ession,—and now, *take it!* I have sent it
e! Yes, I have. Don't ask me how I did
don't know.

ou'll find a little tear at the bottom. I'm
y. I didn't do it. Both were that way
n I got them. There was a little notice
he outside saying "Received in the New
k office in bad condition." But I'm sorry
the same.

he one I've kept I think the more like
Anyway, it is the one I like to think is
more like you. Tho the one I am return-
is not without interest. * * * * *

's Vassar for me next fall, I think,—and
n Prose all summer. But there's *got* to be
tle time for paddling. Do you know any-
g about a canoe? Someday I shall *live* in
just *live* in it. And then I shall be happy.
to have one of my almost own all sum-
mer, if you know what that means. It means
I can paddle *bow* all I like.

Such a crazy letter!

Sincerely your friend,
VINCENT MILLAY

"My Native Heath"
July 12, 1913

Dear Mr. Ficke;

Your letter got stuck in the box and I have just found it. Of course by this time you know that I am back in Camden and that it is "all off" but I thought you would appreciate a letter of condolence. This is it. I have been back and forth about New York so much for the last few months that it doesn't seem possible I'm really not to see you, that I can't just run in and be there, you know. It would have been fine to see you. I'm sorry.

But why on earth didn't you come on a little sooner? I've only been home about two weeks now.

I have a fearful amount of study ahead for this summer. I must pass examinations in mathematics and American History, and I always just—just—*skun*, as you might say, through algebra, and all I know about American History is one verse of the Star Spangled Banner. It's really horrible, when you stop and think, which I'm taking pains not to do. I'm stealing time for this letter. I hope you appreciate it. * * * * *

Now I really must stop. Write me when you get to New York. It's a lot different from Iowa to me now,—just across the yard, you know, in everything but distance.

Sincerely,
VINCENT MILLAY

The term *restaurant* was originally the name of a French soup which was declared by sixteenth-century quacks to have "restorative value." It was made of chicken and meat chopped fine and "distilled" in barley, roses, cinnamon, coriander and currants. Of course the result was nothing but water with no substance or flavor, but for a hundred years it was drunk by the faithful and credulous. In 1765 a tavern catering to the wealthy adopted the name *restaurant* and the practice spread rapidly.

ANON.

During the summer of 1913, with entrance to Vassar in view, Miss Millay applied herself to her studies. She was being tutored in Latin by correspondence with Elizabeth E. Haight, professor of Latin at Vassar. At the same time she crammed on other subjects to be ready to pass the entrance examinations.

Professor Haight says in Vincent at Vassar, a Memoir, written after her pupil-friend's death: "The college then set exacting conditions for the B. A. degree: required year courses in English, one Classical Language, one modern (French or German), History, Mathematics, Physics or Chemistry, half a year of Philosophy, and students had to take 14 or 15 hours of class work for three years, 12 to 15 in the last year.

"Vincent fulfilled all these conditions and then built her course around her own interest. English studies were its foundation, and they included a wide range and great teachers: Old English and Chaucer with Christabel Fiske, Nineteenth Century Poetry, and Later Victorian Poetry, an advanced writing course with Katherine Taylor, English Drama with Henry Noble MacCracken, the Techniques of the Drama with Gertrude Buck . . . Then she enriched her knowledge of literature by many courses in foreign languages: both Greek and Latin, French, German, Italian and Spanish."

To Arthur Davison Ficke:

[Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
1914]

Go to!—Would you have me write you an *im*proper letter?—Upon my soul, I half believe you would! And I am not yet so Vassarized but that such a thing is still possible. But I should never send it, you know—so what would be the use?

Let me tell you something: Don't worry about my little songs with wing; or about any of my startling & original characteristics concerning which you ought to worry, an you be my friend, for quite a different reason.

I hate this pink-and-gray college. If there had been a college in "Alice in Wonderland" it would be this college. Every morning when

(Continued on Page 139)

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4. Night Cream: Apply Nox to help keep your skin lo soft, smooth, lovely. Always bit extra over any blemishe help heal them—fast. It's *medi*

**externally-*

(Continued from Page 137)

wake I swear, I say, "Damn this pink-gray college!"
t *isn't* on the Hudson. They lied to me. isn't anywhere near the Hudson. Every in Poughkeepsie ends in a heap of cans rubbish.
They treat us like orphan asylum. They se on us in a hundred ways, and then g on ice-cream—and I hate ice-cream.
They trust us with everything but men,—they let us see it, so that it's worse than trusting us at all. We can go into the ly-kitchen & take what we like and pay ot, and nobody is there to know. But a is forbidden as if he were an apple.
h, dear. I said that if I should write an roper letter I should never send it, but going to do just that thing. And it's own fault.
Ir. Ficke, are you fond of truncated ms?—If you are I will ship you a box. s is where they N. * * * * *
I am, if you prefer an eemly abandon to a emly reserve",
Yours irrevocably,
VINCENT MILLAY

Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
May 7, 1914

ar Mother,—
love you. In a few nutes I'm going to be ne. We've drawn lots next year's rooms & ave a perfectly won-ful single in North, orner room with two ndows & lots of room everything. * * * * *
I'm going to get me ttle alcohol teakettle I can have tea & ng back my lovely a-set for show & use cute one. I'm going subscribe for a couple good magazines and newspaper, so the om'll look alive, so to eak. And I'm going try most always to ve a flower. I'll have buy a little furni-re—we get it here cond-hand from the niors. Desk & extra t, etc.
O, I'm so crazy to get me!—Seems to me I n't wait, tho I'm crazy about the college everything. * * * * *
Four weeks from tomorrow I take my last am. Martha Bull wants me to stay over r Commencement,—the 10th, but I can't. ouldn't stand it.
It's lovely weather here now. That helps. ut I tell you I'm all ready to be home—Vhat a wonderful summer we'll have, 'spite Latin Prose & all the rest!—Please make m plant some pansies, if nuffin else.
Yo' lovin' chile,
VINCENT.

[Vassar College]
October, 1915

Dear Mr. Ficke,—
I have just come across & reread two letters that I received from you last spring, and remember now how very nice you are, and think with chagrin how you will probably never write to me any more.
Do you recall writing to me last April, saying that you were coming to New York, & inviting me to an ice-cream soda?—I can't for the life of me think why I didn't answer that letter.
It couldn't have been because I loath ice-cream soda,—for I must have realized, even as long ago as April, that you would make it something else, if requested,—a whiskey & soda, for instance. The reason might have been examinations,—the reason often is, up here.

Anyway, I am become superstitious about you. I think it is fated that we shall never meet.—And possibly that is just as well;—I might be terribly disappointed in you.—(You see I feel perfectly sure that you would like me.)

So you have forgotten telling me that your son's name is Stanhope.—Think of this:—You may have told me a hundred things that you fancy still secreted in your esoteric heart!—Doesn't that make you awfully nervous?

Sometime when you are in New York you might run up to see me. Mightn't you?—Or mightn't you?—I suppose you mightn't.—But then, again, you might.

Very truly,
VINCENT MILLAY

P.S.—That you should *see* any "reserve" in my signing myself "Yours truly" is a matter of interest.

[Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Jan. 29, 1917]

Darlings,—
Excuse everything.—I am cramming as I have never crammed before in all my cram-mous days for my baby Italian exam.—I am actually learning the whole grammar by heart.—The three o'clock bell has just rung,—& my mind is on you—I shall be with you—but do you mind if under these most 'straordinary scum-stances I study in your presence?

I have something nice to tell you—I had a letter a few days ago from no less a person than John Masefield—he says that a great many of his friends have written him, telling him how wonderful I was as Vigdis & he wishes he could have been here. * * * * * He is going to send me a copy of the book as soon as it is published in England. * * * * *

The letter was so exciting. It said, "Opened by Censor" on it. * * * * *

Lots of love & thanks for dollar. Will really answer letters after Thursday.

VINCENT.

In a later letter to her mother in the summer of 1917 Miss Millay wrote: "I had a letter from John Masefield yesterday; isn't *that* nice? Says he likes my poetry very much, that I have a 'quite rare gift'."

Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
June 6, 1917

Dear Mother & Sister,—
In a few days now I shall write myself
A. B.
& send home my sheepskin for you to frame & hang up unesthetically in a conspicuous position. Everything is all right. My bills are paid.

But I must tell you something unpleasant but quite unimportant which has just occurred.—Because I was absent-minded & stayed away out of town with three other girls one night, forgetting until it was too late that I had no right to be there because I had already lost my privileges for staying a couple of days in New York to go to the Opera,—the Faculty has taken away from me my part in Commencement.—That

WITH THE CHILDREN

An eleven-year-old had disobeyed his parents and was quite unreasonable when discussing the incident with them. At the time, the parents were so vexed they decided to wait until the next evening to issue punishment when the fire had calmed. On that day a stamp album, that had been ordered some time previously, arrived by mail and the boy's father came home with some additions to the boy's chemistry set—donated by a family friend.

When the boy saw the two prized packages his eyes went swimming. A bit choked, he said, "I never felt like such a stinker in all my life. I wish you were the kind of parents who whipped their children and were kind of cruel. It is an awful feeling to know you have hurt your mother and father and have them so kind and good and fair and not take things out on you. I'd rather be spanked last night when we were all mad than feel like this now. This probably doesn't make sense but I feel worse now than after any punishment I ever got in my whole life. You even love me; I can tell."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON

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doesn't mean just what it says, because my part in Commencement will go on without me,—Baccalaureate Hymn, for instance, or the words of the Tree Ceremonies, which we repeat—& all the songs & our Marching Song which will grace the final activities,—no one really has a speech or anything in Commencement.

What I mean is this,—I can't stay here at all for Commencement: I can't graduate with the class,—my diploma will be shipped to me, as I told Miss Haight, "like a codfish"—& it all seems pretty shabby, of course, after all that I have done for the college, that it should turn me out at the end with scarcely enough time to pack and, as you might say, sort of "without a character."—The class is exceedingly indignant, bless 'em, & is busy sending in petitions signed by scores of names, & letters from representative people, all that. It will do no good. But it is a splendid row. * * * * *

I don't pretend that I don't feel badly. I do.—I have wept gallons, —all over everybody.—Terribly nervous, you know, because I had sat up three whole nights during exams, to get my topics done.—& no sleep in the day-time. I don't want Wump [Kathleen] to know until after she is through there, if we can help it.—This will make no difference about her. If she passes her exams she has next year here sure. * * * * * It isn't a disgrace, you see, folks,—it's just a darned unpleasant penalty for carelessness of college rules, occurring at a darned unfortunate time.

But I never knew before that I had so many friends.—Everybody is wonderful.

Now, listen,—wonderful news, maybe. Edith Wynne Matthison [the actress]—who, by the way, is Mrs. Kennedy—not Mrs. Matthison, writes that she thinks she has an opening for me. It may mean my going to Milwaukee for eight weeks this summer, beginning some time in July. * * * * * Mrs. Kennedy has shown some of my poems to Mr. Platt, & told him about me. Mr. Platt is the man who produced "The Blue Bird" in New York—He is going west this summer & play wonderful plays,—some of Synge,—who wrote "Deirdre," and I am to see him, & perhaps will get the chance to go,—I never was so happy, in spite of my trouble. * * * * *

Love,
VINCENT.

New York
Sunday

Dear Norma—

Tell Mother it is all right,—the class made such a fuss that they let me come back & I graduated in my cap and gown along with the rest. Tell her it had nothing to do with money;—all my bills have been settled for some time.—Commencement went off beautifully & I had a wonderful time. Tell her this at once if you can. I didn't get the Milwaukee season, so I'm staying here & just looking around for a job. * * * * *

I have sold "October-November" to "The Yale Review", a fine magazine.

If I got an engagement for the fall then I could come home & do some writing, which I am very anxious to do, this summer. But I *can't* come home unless I have something sure here to come back to.—you understand. * * * * *

I am feeling much rested—& all keyed up to go to work—but, oh, I am so *homesick* to see you, dear, & Mother,—& the garden & everything! Never mind, if I have good luck I shall come home.—unless I have to begin work at once. * * * * *

Please write my darling, darling, darling sister.

VINCENT
(Edna St. Vincent Millay, A.B.!)

Soon after this was written Miss Millay returned to Camden and from there wrote to Edith Wynne Matthison. One of the important friendships of the poet's life, and one which began at Vassar, was with this actress, notably successful in the play, The Servant in the House, written by her husband, Charles Rann Ken-

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It was to Miss Matthison that Edna St. nt Millay wrote:

If I should lose my hearing, I
Two senses would have lost thereby,
There having passed beyond my reach
At once my hearing and your speech.

Camden, Maine
July the Sixth,
1917

r. Mrs. Kennedy;
ave fled to Maine—it is your fault, ly. You see, you told Haight to tell me 'wear my prettiest frock"—and that ied me—because everything I had was tters—and when I found by telephon- hat Mr. Milton was out of town for a ,—I just suddenly got on a train and home, because it's only at home that an work & iron & mend & sew on ons & run in ribbons & make window ins into hats,—isn't that true?—I am ng back as soon as I have something y to wear,—but I know it would have silly to stay, & I must have seemed a al outlook to any theatrical manager. u wrote me a beautiful letter. * * * * * ing that has happened to me for a long has made me so happy as I shall be to you sometime.—You must not forget you spoke of that,—because it would point me cruelly.

---

sten: if ever in my letters to you, or in conversation, you see a candor that s almost crude,—please know that it is use when I think of I think of real things, ecome honest,—and bling and curcumven- seem very inconsider-

---

hank you for the let- [introductions to rge K. Tyler and Win- p Ames, New York atrical producers]. y will still be in time n I get back to New k, will they not?

---

our husband was so cute to put a post- ot to your letter—it made me feel so ndly with you both—I shall write him

Yours very sincerely,
VINCENT MILLAY.

.S. Thank you, Mr. Kennedy.—I shall be re and uncompromising with Mr. er; if he assays procrastination, I shall g him sharply to account.—V.M.

[New York]
Monday, Oct. 29, '17

rest Mother & Sister,—
his is my annual letter home. I am a st;—but od's my life! It is a beast of den that I am!—Yet after this I shall e you often, whether I have time to say thing or not,—(and see how you like t!) * * * * *

h, dear, I wish you were here! I have so ny things to tell you that I can't write, ause it takes so long & for other reasons— ut Salomon & me and how we raise the il, for one thing!—I've seen quite a bit of lately. [Salomon de la Selva, a native of aragua, wrote poetry in both English Spanish. Miss Millay had made his uaintance at a Poetry Society meeting in 3. According to W. Adolphe Roberts, or of Ainslee's Magazine, it was with de la va that she took the famous ferryboat immortalized in the poem with the nish title, "Recuerdo," beginning,

"We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry."]

and I took Mrs. Schauffler to the Poetry iety last Thursday after having dinner Henri's. I was to meet them there & just ore I got to the door—dressed so pretty my green blouse & wisteria velvet skirt & aring a big bunch of tiny yellow roses— nan & a woman who were passing turned alf-stopped, & I looked at them & we all stopped—it was Helen Westley of the Washington Square Players & that darling Ralph Roeder—such fun to just plain meet them on the street. * * * * *

I feel really at home in New York now—the man in the Information Booth in the Grand Central Station knows me and nods & smiles when I come up for a time-table or something—I never really lose time-tables but I have an unfortunate habit of keeping them in the bottom of my trunk, you know.

Did I tell you about the day I went into the Grand Central Subway Station to take an up-town train & discovered that I had left from my shopping only a couple of pennies & a couple of two-cent stamps?—Well, Hunk, the sweet man behind the wicket, in that one of the seven busiest places on earth, took the two stamps & a penny, smiled at me & gave me a ticket—whaddayou-know!—Oh, I do have such a good time in New York—it's such fun to treat people as if they were human beings just like yourself! They always like it & come right back at you with it.—I picked up a spilled bundle for a woman the other day—her arms were so full she could hardly bend—& carried it for her a couple of blocks—& she blessed me as if I were an angel—kept saying how kind I was—& that it was things like that, happening once or twice in a life-time that made life worth living.—I wish you were with me, Hunk—but you will be later! * * * * *

Tuesday Morning

I think I shall send this Special Delivery, because I have more stamps than I need—(that is somewhat reminiscent of a poem I once wrote, isn't it?) & tomorrow is the last of October, & after that I believe one has to use three-cent stamps. * * * * *

Tonight I'm going to another concert—going all alone & secretly—it is an adventure. One day a few weeks ago, as I was coming in from Long Island on the train, where I had been to see the big Rosemary Red Cross Pageant—in which Edith [Wynne Matthison] played—I sat down beside a young man, because there were only single seats,—I have told you I always pick a man under those circumstances, because if they talk to you it is either interesting & you are glad they did, or rude and you can shut them up,—but women always talk & you can't do a thing about it—well, Aunt Calline [Caroline Dow] was only four seats in front of us—thank chance it was in *front*—but I became suddenly very well acquainted with the young man, a Polish musician named Edward Kreiner, who had been in the Pageant Orchestra.—We had a wonderful time. * * * * He is extremely well-educated, aged twenty-eight, married & has a little girl named Edda. And tonight he is to play as one of a string quartet. * * * * * & I promised to go & hear him & to go behind & speak to him afterward.—And it is pouring * * * * * but I'm going anyhow.

I must bring this to its formal close.—If there's anything I've done which I have kept from you, remind me of it & I'll tell you in my next!—Next time I'll try to answer some questions

Berlieve muh, Hi ham
Has Hever,
Your obedient & humble servant
SEFE

The beautiful is as useful as the useful, and sometimes more so.
—MATILDA BETHAM-EDWARDS:
French Fireside Poetry
(George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)

A few months later Miss Millay's sister Norma came to New York to join her. Having found a small room in the heart of Greenwich Village. they began the year 1918 earnestly prying open their oysters. In his Love In Greenwich Village, Floyd Dell, who himself had migrated from the Middle West a few years before seeking success as a writer, gives a pen picture of the young poet:

"When the Provincetown Players were starting their venture, and a play of mine was to be given, I remember how, in response to a call for some girl to play the ingénue part. a slender lit-

(Continued on Page 143)

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(Continued from Page 141)

le girl with red-gold hair came to the green oom over the stable, and read the lines of Annaelle in The Angel Intrudes. She looked her rivolous part to perfection, and read the lines o winningly that she was at once engaged—at salary of nothing at all. . . . She left her name nd address as she was departing, and when she vas gone we read the name and were puzzled, or it was 'Edna Millay.' We wondered if she ould possibly be Edna St. Vincent Millay, the uthor of that beautiful and astonishing poem Renascence.'

"And indeed she was. Having just been graduated from Vassar, she had come to New York o seek fame not as a poet, but as an actress: for who could expect to make a living at writing oetry? She acted in several plays at our theater, and put on some of her own, including the remendously impressive 'Aria da Capo.' But he stage, as it turned out, could offer even more meager rewards than poetry, and so Edna Millay turned back to her first Muse, fortunately or American literature.

"She lived one icebound, dreadful winter in a tiny room on Waverly Place, a few doors from the house where Poe wrote 'Ligeia.' The house she lived in may one day be known as the place where 'She is Overheard Singing' and 'O think not I am faithful to a vow' were written . . ."

The majority of the letters available for 1919 were addressed to Walter Adolphe Roberts, editor of Ainslee's Magazine. In each month's issue of that periodical there was a Millay lyric or sonnet; and in the May, July, September, October and December issues also appeared stories and sketches signed with her pseudonym, Nancy Boyd.

She was also acting in various bills staged at the little theater in Macdougal Street by the Provincetown Players group, including Susan Glaspell, Djuna Barnes, Eugene O'Neill, George Cram Cook and Floyd Dell. She appeared in the first bill of the newly formed Theater Guild. Playing the role of Columbine in Bonds of Interest, she made a handsome picture in the robe designed by her friend, Rollo Peters, who also acted in the play, as did Augustin Duncan.

Her one-act play, Aria da Capo—which she herself directed—was given its first performance November 5, 1919, at the Provincetown Playhouse. Her sister Norma played the part of Columbine and Harrison Dowd was Pierrot. Charles Ellis, the artist—who later married Norma—played one of the shepherds and designed the sets and costumes. Aria da Capo had a tremendous success, and is still being played by little-theater groups.

449 West 19th Street
New York City
April 7, 1920

Dear Jessie [Rittenhouse]:

If your [Poetry Society of America] bulletin of which you spoke to me is not already gone to press and you wish to include therein any information as to my recent illustrious activities, then these are um.

I went out to Cincinnati in February and gave a lecture and reading from my own published and unpublished poems before the Ohio Valley Poetry Society. (Last year they had Amy [Lowell]; wherefore I deduce the system as being: one year a fat girl, next year a thin girl). * * * * * It had never occurred to me before to do things like that but I find it is rather nice to do,—people are lovely to one, aren't they? Also this spring I have read before the MacDowell Club here and at the Sunwise Turn, and made my first real after-dinner speech,—at the dinner given by the Society of Arts and Sciences in honor of John Drinkwater and St. John Ervine.

But the most interesting thing I shall have done this year is to have three books of poems published; one, named after fearful imaginative struggles, simply "Poems" [later published as "Second April"] which will be out in about two weeks; the second, my one-act play "Aria da Capo," also in about two weeks; and the third, "Figs from Thistles" sometime next fall. * * * * * "Aria da Capo" has already been produced by several little theaters, among them the Provincetown Players of New York, the Community Players of Boston, and the Vagabond Players of Baltimore * * * * * Probably the extremely favorable review of the play in the New York Times, in which Mr. Woollcott spoke of it as being the most beautiful and the most interesting play in the English language at that time being played in New York accounts for the wide publicity which has been given it. * * * * * I find myself suddenly famous, Jessie, dear. * * * * *

Forgive this expansiveness. Would I had time to convert it all into an epigram.

Affectionately,
EDNA MILLAY.

449 West 19th St.
New York City
[Spring 1920]

Hal, dear—[Witter Bynner],—

You have by this time, I think, the proof of my two books, but I am not sure that you have a copy of "Aria da Capo," so that I send you this, clipped from *Reedy's Mirror* of March 18. It is an unconscionable bunch of stuff to be wishing on a man, but it's *your* obsequies—I hope you were not intoxicated when you wired.

My heart is breaking with envy of you. The day you sail I'm going down to Chinatown and get a job in the *Oriental*, scrubbing chow-mein off teakwood tables with Old Dutch Cleanser. Ah, me.—and if Arthur goes with you there is only one thing left: I shall asphyxiate myself in Pell Street punksmoke.

Good friend, write me sometime. It would afford me no end of innocent girlish pleasure. And forbear to let the yaller petticoats and little green eyes crowd me entirely from your heart.

And yet perhaps my dearest wish for you would be that you might forget all of us here, and everything, and rest.—Because you told me you are very tired.—

Wherefore, for a year, dear Hal, be faithless as a god to all mortals! EDNA.

(Continued on Page 144)

THE FIRST DIXIE'S LAND

Because a Dutch farmer's idea that the rocky soil of his Manhattan acres in the Haarlem section would grow tobacco didn't work out we gained, centuries later, a song which was to become a bit of our folklore.

The dark-skinned, husky Krumen whom he brought from Africa to work his land couldn't work enough months of the year in that climate to make the project pay, so Johaan Dixie packed them aboard a ship bound for Charleston. All eight were bought by a plantation owner from the Piedmont section and their long lazy days were over. Working in the tobacco fields, they'd chant their nostalgic memories: "Ah wish Ah wuz on Dixie's lan' ——"

The plaintive melody was sung by their children and their children's children, until none who heard or sang the words had any idea that Dixie's land was a faraway, rock-ridden farm on Manhattan Island.

And it was on that same island that minstrel showman Dan Emmett wrote his immortal song Dixie. He had heard the slaves in the Southland chanting it and recalled the words and rhythm when he was at home in the North. He had no idea that the word Dixie was not of the South too. While he was composing his song he had no notion that he was within a stone's throw of the Dixie's Land about which he was writing.

—MARY ALKUS



At better stores. For stores near you write Flexees, Inc., Dept. J, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16





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SHULTON

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[1920.]

Arthur, dear,—

Please don't think me negligent or rude. I am both, in effect, of course, but please don't think me either.—My mind is full of pounding steam, like a radiator. And I am sodden with melancholy.

However, I should not be saying such things to you, who have arrived quite honestly & even meritoriously at your wits' end; my own progress, while by no means vicarious, is rather piffling.

I shall send back the sonnets in a day or two. I had to keep them a long time, or my judgment on them would have been worthless. In order to understand them sufficiently to criticize them, I have been obliged to live so closely with them as to make it seem I had written them myself.—The first time I read them I didn't like them. They struck me as wanting beauty, which seemed important to me, & besides that, they oppressed me vaguely. It is true that they haven't, except very sparsely, the actually material beauty of color & sound which we tend to consider an immaterial, a spiritual beauty. But the second time I read them I recognized that they have much beauty, & that it is of a nature truly spiritual. They weighed me down as before, but no longer like a cloud, —like a great stone, rather. It is their intellectual integrity which weighs the most, although the harsh & sombre restraint of your manner of treatment is extremely telling.—I am scribbling the margins of the sonnets with my separate, respective reactions to them. Once in a while, not often, I feel you do something for an easy, & so unworthy, reason; but for the most part I think the sequence is a very fine and beautiful piece of work.

Your little note was heart-wringing.—It saddens me, too, personally, of course, to look into your mind through these sonnets, my dear friend,—though, naturally, I forget you quite in reading them, as you would wish me to do.—It is a pity you are so far away. There are so few people in the world to whom one has a word to say, Arthur!

Write me sometimes.—I shall always care for what you are thinking. —VINCENT.

Miss Millay's letters of 1920 tell of new friends, continuing work in the theater, articles and short stories which she had begun to write (some signed Nancy Boyd) for magazines, as well as poems published. Among her friends were Edmund Wilson, then managing editor of Vanity Fair; John Peale Bishop, associate editor of the same magazine and poet; Allan Ross Macdougall; Rollo Peters, the actor. Unfortunately her letters written to Rollo Peters were destroyed by fire.

To Edmund Wilson:

Truro, Aug. 3, 1920

I don't know what to write you, either—what you would like me to write, or what you would hate me for writing.—I feel that you rather hate me, as it is.—Which is false of you, Bunny.

The note you sent to 4th Street was forwarded to me here. Otherwise I should surely have seen you again before I left. Twice I started to call you up, anyway, but thought that perhaps you would not want me to.

The main contention between married couples is that the other half is a knave or a fool or both. Unlike lovers' quarrels, they do not demand instant discharge and settlement, but they can be run on the credit system, each party chalking up the score against the other and paying it off in his or her own time. A married couple with a good technique can bicker right up to the second they ring your bell, behave in a perfectly civilized way throughout the evening, and pick up the quarrel like a piece of knitting the moment your door shuts behind them. —ANTONIA WHITE: Spice of Life (Burke Publishing Co. Ltd.)

I don't know just when I shall be in New York again. I am going to the Adirondacks a week from today to spend about a fortnight, & after that to Woodstock for a few days, & on my way back from Woodstock I may stop in New York a day or two.—But that won't be for a month, or nearly.

I don't suppose you can get away from the office during the week, & especially now that John [Peale Bishop] is away. But could you get away Thursday or Friday of this week, do you think?—Then you could go with me Sunday or Monday as far as Boston, on my way to Lake Placid.—If you can make it, please do come.

I have thought of you often, Bunny, & wondered if you think of me with bitterness.

EDNA.

In March, 1920, Allan Ross Macdougall, about to sail for England and France, suggested to Miss Millay that it might be a good idea to take some of her poems and see if he could place them in English magazines. It was also decided that he take Aria da Capo and try to interest a theatrical manager. Miss Millay and Macdougall were both admirers of the comic strip, "Krazy Kat," and often wrote to each other in the "Krazy Kat" jargon, as she did in this farewell verse:

BLESSING ON THE HEAD OF A.R.M.
(On the occasion of his going abroad aminstrelling)

Allin dear, li'l' wisdim toot',
Spirit uv eternil yout'
Bless you up and bless you down,
Bless you into London town:
Bless you round and round about,
Bless you into France and out;
Let your sayin' an' your singin'
Set the bells o' London ringin',
Let your singin' and your sayin'
Set the beads o' Paris prayin';
Let the sun and rain so sweet
Bless the road before your feet,
Bless the ditch you lay your head in,
Bless the weeds will be your beddin';
Allin dear, li'l' wisdim toot',
Edna luvs you,—thet's the trut'.

77 West 12th Street,
New York City,
September 11th, 1920

Dearest li'l' Alling [Allan Ross Macdougall]

Long time ago I wrote you a big big lovely letter, but it never got mailed at all, because in it I told you exactly what to do about Mr Macdermott [director of Everyman Theater in London] and "Aria da Capo." * * * * *

Allan, I do wish Mr. Macdermott would see the light and send me a more reasonable and decent contract, asking for only one year instead of three years monopoly on my play. I want him to play the play but I hate to sign such a doggone document, so learned and legal and whereasinine. (Isn't that a lovely silly joke? It just occurred to me!)

* * * * * Rollo [Peters] is here in town, they tell me, but I just got back so I haven't yet seen him, the Lord bless and keep him, the darling. I have met a handsome and perfidious Don Giovanni of an Italian baritone and am learning to speak Italian. He sings the solo baritone parts of the Metropolitan Opera Company in Boheme and Butterfly and Faust and Pagliacci, etc. From the point of view of character and personality, he is just a sweet and friendly fellow, not so deep as a well nor so broad as a church door, but oh, how he doth sing! He was spending three

(Continued on Page 146)



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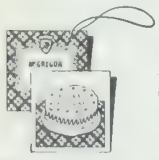
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HE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU GAVE HIM

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At his favorite men's shop or department store

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(Continued from Page 144)

weeks in Woodstock. And I learned a lot of Italian. * * * * * I can read it, I find, almost as easily as French, which is to say, almost as easily as English. And in a short time I could speak it, were I in Firenze, let us say, or had I an uncle that kept a fruit store.

Did you know, li'l wisdim toot', that li'l aingil had had her hair bobbed? 'Sawful cute. I look, when I am blessed with health, approximately twelve years old. Don't cry, Alling, for Edna's pretty hair. She was so tired of putting the pins in. I'm wondering what Rollo will say. He will think he is sorry, but he won't be, really.

I have enjoyed the Victrola so much! I can whistle almost the whole of the Fifth Symphony, all four movements, and with it I have solaced many a whining hour to sleep. It answers all my questions, the noble, mighty thing, it is "green pastures and still waters" to my soul. Indeed, without music I should wish to die. Even poetry, Sweet Patron Muse forgive me the words, is not what music is. I find that lately more and more my fingers itch for a piano, and I shall not spend another winter without one. * * * * *

I bet you know some new songs, the wedding ceremonial chants of the Igaroots, or some such darned thing, ol' dear.

Lots of love, li'l' Alling, till I see you again, which will be soon now. EDNA.

77 West 12th Street.
New York City
October 29, 1920.

Arthur,—

I love you, too, my dear, and shall always, just as I did the first moment I saw you. You are a part of Loveliness to me.—Sometimes at night, when you were in France, I would read over the sonnets you had sent me—just as you have been doing now with mine—& long for you in an anguish of sweet memory, & send all my spirit out to you in passion.—It seemed incredible you were not in the room with me, you were so much nearer than anything else, nearer than the dress I was wearing.—It doesn't matter at all that we never see each other, & that we write so seldom. We shall never escape from each other.

It is very dear to me to know that you love me, Arthur,—just as I love you, quietly, quietly, yet with all your strength, & with a strength greater than your own that drives you towards me like a wind. It is a thing that exists, simply, like a sapphire, like anything roundly beautiful; there is nothing to be done about it,—& nothing one would wish to do.—There are moments, of course, when I am with you, that it is different. One's body, too, is so lonely. And then, too, it is as if I knew of a swamp of violets, & wanted to take you there, & share them with you, because you are my friend.—But all that is the least of it, my dear.—And you must never think that I don't understand.—

You will never grow old to me, or die, or be lost in any way. —VINCENT.

West 12th Street
New York City
Monday night, Dec. 20, 1920

Dearest, beloved Mother,—

The reason why I have not written you for so long is because I have been sick. I am all right again now, but I have been quite sick, almost ever since I moved in here,—bronchitis for a while, & another small nervous breakdown after that. I didn't want you to know, for fear you would worry.—But now that I am all right again I have decided that the thing for me to do is to have a change,—change of everything,—so I am going to travel.

The editor of Vanity Fair has a scheme which calls for my doing two articles a month for the Magazine, one under my own name & one under Nancy Boyd. So I am going to Europe, technically as "foreign correspondent" for Vanity Fair, although the articles need not necessarily be foreign articles,—probably most of them will be. This is the thing I have always wanted to do, you know how much, dearest,—& my work, more than anything else, my poetry, I mean, needs fresh grass to feed on. I am becoming sterile here; I have known it would be, & I see it approaching if I stay here.—Also, New York life is getting too congested for me—too many people; I get no time to work. Over there I shall be entirely alone, except for a few people to whom Mr. Crowninshield & some of my friends here will give me letters. And I need to be alone for a while. I shall come back a fine strong woman.

Now, darling, it is needless to say that I cannot possibly go without seeing you. And I am sailing on the 4th of January, two weeks from tomorrow. I have made all arrangements about my passport, etc. & have bought my passage, & have my stateroom on the Rochambeau. * * * * *

I send you for your very own—not to give away, because it is just an extra one—one of the pictures I had to have taken to go on my passport. In some ways I think it one of the most remarkable photographs I have ever seen,—no retouching, no shadows, no flattery—just stark me. I hope you will like it.

COULD YOU SAY IT WITTIER?

Edited by John M. Henry

The straight and narrow path would probably be wider if more people used it.
DON C. PARR
in Willow Springs, Mo., News

"A cautious man is one who has not let a woman pin anything on him since he was a baby. Frightened by a triangle then, he has stayed out of them since."
Overheard in Augusta, Maine, haberdashery

"Perhaps the greatest satisfaction with school taxes comes when the kids become educated enough to read the comics themselves."
Elizabethtown, N. J., Parent-Teacher speaker

If you follow the crowd, you may have to come back.
R. B. LOCKHART
in Pittsburg, Texas, Gazette

Until the time comes when a man can get alimony by crossing his legs before a jury, equal rights are only a delusion and a snare.
JAMES CORNWELL
in Stanton, Neb., Register

Sweetheart, could you come as far as Aunt Georgia's, or perhaps even Uncle Charlie's, in about a week, do you think?—Then I will come to see you. * * * * *

Mother, dear, this is the whole thing just as I've told it. It has nothing to do with any love affair, past or present. What the future may bring I don't know, maybe something more satisfactory than I've had so far. But that is not even on the horizon. I'm going as a free woman, a business woman, & because I want to travel.

Write me, dear. And will you forgive me for not writing before? I have been sick, you see. Your devoted daughter,
VINCENT

Hôtel des Saints Pères
65, rue des Saints Pères
Paris,
March 6th, 1921

Dear Auntie Kem [Mrs. Albert W. Parsons],

This is just a wee note to thank you and mother for your beautiful letters, which have made me so happy.

I just got the two that you wrote me on my birthday. As for my birthday itself, I was sitting up in bed on the morning of the 22nd, having my cafe au lait, when into the room came the concierge, bearing for me twenty-six letters, and two cable-grams!

It took me all day long to read my mail! You see it just happened that all the mail which had been collecting for me in New York was forwarded by Kathleen so that it arrived on my birthday,—or, perhaps she planned it.

It is spring here in Paris. In the Bois de Boulogne where I am so fortunate as to be taken driving sometimes (it is the Central Park of Paris) although much wilder, a real wood,—there is a white cherry-tree in blossom, and several little pink trees whose names I don't know, and a weeping-willow all hung with yellow fringe.

It is not really very warm yet, but it is really spring.

I am working very hard, but not too hard, and I do a great many interesting things, which I haven't time to write you about now.

I will tell you when I see you.

Lots and lots of love to you all from your niece VINCENT

Paris
July 24, 1921

Dear Hunk [Norma],—

Whatever you ever have done or ever will do to me, I will forgive, for the sake of that letter about the party given on my birthday which you and Chas concocted together. I never in my life read anything so funny. * * * * *

I saw Peggy Johns Cowley. She said that you are looking perfectly beautiful, and like a million dollars plus war-tax, or words to that effect. * * * * * Bunny Wilson is at a hotel just around the corner from me. I haven't seen Djuna, but have had a note from her, and am going to look her up. * * * * *

Oh, honey, your little friend John Coggeshall has been around to see me a couple of times, and I went on a jazz-party one night with him and Starkie and Pete Chambers. It was terribly funny. Starkie told me afterwards that Pete had said to him when they were getting up the party—which was to include several other kids and some kid girls, besides—"Can Vincent dance?" And Starkie had replied, "Oh, no I don't believe so. Probably not a bit. You couldn't expect her to. She's probably awful. And Pete, you take her on, because you lead better than I do. I don't dare try her out." So that night when I appeared in my most beautiful evening gown,—a Poiret gown, by the way, which I bought at a place where they sell the gowns which have been worn by the models—we all motored up to the Acacias, and the jazz-band jazzed,—and Pete "took me on." Really, darling, it was a scream. Of course, he didn't say a word, but his face was actually stupid with astonishment. Naturally, I didn't know about the conversation which had taken place before, but I had a hunch that they probably thought I couldn't dance very well and I outdid myself. I never danced more beautifully. It was too comical for anything. Pete dances extremely well, and it was a lot of fun. * * * * *

Johnnie Coggeshall is a dear kid, isn't he? He talks about you, and how he and his father and sister are all crazy about you. He behaves a little bit silly about me, too, as you knew he would of course but I hold him sternly in check. For heaven's sake don't let him know I said this, it would so terribly wound that adolescent pride, which is such a delicate thing to deal with. He belongs to the most beautiful type of characteristically American youth, I think.

If you see Henrik van Loon, give him my love. The drawing was very amusing. I adore it. * * * * *

Love-love-love-From-Bincent.

Hôtel de l'Intendance
50 rue de l'Université
Paris [August, 1921]

Dearest Mother,—

You do write the sweetest and the most wonderful letters! They are so lovely that very often I read parts of them aloud to people, just as literature. * * * * * Thanks for the little flower. I never saw one like it, either.

I'm going to the sea-shore in about five days now, and I am crazy with excitement. * * * * * Sweetheart, how would you like, in place of the birthday present I did

(Continued on Page 148)

WHAT'S THE SOFTEST THING



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But some skins are slower at "sloughing off" the flaky, dead skin cells. These dry particles accumulate on the skin surface—layer upon layer—until they begin to "choke" the tiny sebaceous and sweat glands. Your skin begins to look dull, flaky—and worst of all, pore openings begin to enlarge . . . blackheads are apt to appear. Your skin takes on a drab, not quite clean look.

Now—Pond's brings you a special at-home treatment to help speed up a too-slow sloughing off of dead skin debris. This remarkable treatment is the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's quick. It's easy. And it's amazingly effective.



Wonderful results in 60 seconds!

Just spread a cool Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream lavishly over your face—everything but your eyes. Leave this snowy Mask on for one full minute. The "keratolytic" action of the Cream *loosens* stubborn clinging, dead skin cells—*actually dissolves them off!* Frees the tiny openings of your skin glands so they can function normally again. Now—after just 60 seconds—tissue *clean*. How delightfully fresh and tingling your skin feels. How much brighter it looks. Smoother . . . clearer . . . *lighter!*

Always before you go out—give yourself a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. A Mask two or three times a week will help keep your skin at its loveliest.

For the skin that doesn't like a heavy make-up...

use a thin, *thin* film of *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, fine-textured, smoother powder base!

(Continued from Page 146)

not send you for the 10th of June, sometime in the late fall or winter, depending on how much money I can make between now and then, to come over here, and play around with your eldest daughter a while in Europe? We could go to Italy and Switzerland, and to England and Scotland, and, if there are not too many riots and street fights there at the time,—mavourneen, we would go to Ireland!

It would take a lot of money but * * * * * I will write a lot more stories, and then, my Best Beloved, you and I will just have ourselves a little honeymoon.

With all the love of my heart,

VINCENT.

Care of American Embassy
Rome.
October, 1921

Arthur, my dearest,

I must write you, or you will think I did not get your letters. But when I start to write you all I can think of to say to you is—Why aren't you here? Oh, why aren't you here?—And I have written that to you before.—I have no news, you see.—Or rather, there is news enough, but when I try to write it, it all goes from my mind, & I have nothing to say but that I long to see you.—I take the photograph with me everywhere, the big one. I love it.—Arthur, I have no good photograph of myself, but if when you are in New York you should call to see my sister Kathleen, who is now Mrs. Howard Young, and lives at 184 West 4th Street, she would either give you or tell you where you could get one that is not so very bad. I will send you some snap-shots, too, as soon as I get them developed.

Dear, when I come back to the States, won't you come east to see me?—I know you can't come to Europe, but you could come to New York, because you often do, to see Hal, or somebody, & don't you love me most as much as you love Hal?—I think we might have a few days together that would be entirely lovely. We are not children, or fools, we are mad. And we of all people should be able to do the mad thing well. If each of us is afraid to see the other, that is only one more sympathy we have. If each of us is anguished lest we lose one another through some folly, then we are more deeply bound than any folly can undo.

Doubtless all this reasoning resolves itself into one pitiful female cry,—what ever happens, I want to see you again!—But oh, my dear, I know what my heart wants of you.—it is not the things that other men can give.

Do you remember that poem in "Second April" which says, "Life is a quest & love a quarrel, Here is a place for me to lie!"?—That is what I want of you—out of the sight & sound of other people, to lie close to you & let the world rush by. To watch with you suns rising & moons rising in that purple edge outside most people's vision—to hear high music that only birds can hear—oh, my dearest, dearest, would it not be wonderful, just once to be together again for a little while?

(Just as I wrote those last words the muezzin began to cry his prayer from the little white minaret—he is still singing—.)

One is so silly, isn't one?—Listening to him it seemed that he was calling us to worship—heaven knows what—something that we both hold dear. [This reference to the Mohammedan public crier dates this letter from Albania sometime in October, 1921, although the mail address given is American Embassy, Rome.]

Arthur, I am glad that you love me. Your letters have hurt me & healed me. Such sweetness, to be loved like that. But to be loved like that by you,—how shaking & terrible besides.

That sonnet you asked me about—the one, "There is no shelter in you anywhere"—was written both about you and about myself—we were both like that—but are not any more. The "golden vessel of great song", also was written to you. My time, in those awful days after you went away to France, was a mist of thinking about you & writing sonnets to you. You were spending your time in the same way, I believe.—That day before you sailed,—I shall never forget it.

You were the first man I ever kissed without first thinking that I should be sorry about it afterwards. There has been only one other, a boy I truly loved, in a simpler way.

Arthur, it is wicked & useless,—all these months & months apart from you, all these years with only a glimpse of you in the face of everybody.—I tell you I must see you again.—

EDNA.

From Rome Miss Millay wrote to the poet, Elinor Wylie, whom she had never met. One year later the two were introduced by Edmund Wilson and became warm friends.

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Palace Hotel, Rome
November 27, 1921

Dear Elinor Wylie:

I have read with keen delight your beautiful "Nets to Catch the Wind", of which I am writing a review for the New York Evening Post. Not since I discovered Ralph Hodgson have I had such happiness in a new volume of poems.

Keep well and strong. Do not suffer your foot to be moved.—A thousand people will be waiting, as I shall be waiting, with assurance, for your next fine book.

Wishing you all good things and the success which you so unquestionably merit, I am

Most heartily yours,
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

7 Floragasse, Vienna
Dec. 23, 1921

Dearest Hal,

I never received your letter of which Arthur speaks.—So that his crazy card-index note, and your post-script, are all I have to tell me what is in your mind.—Do you really want me to marry you?—Because if you really want me to, I will. I have thought for a long time that someday I should marry you.

Of course I can't write to you about it, you must see that, my dear, not knowing what was in your letter. Whatever I say would be perhaps the wrong thing to say.—And perhaps you will understand that I

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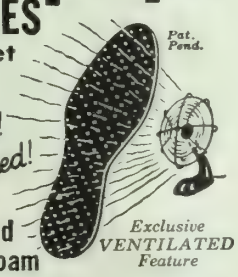
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Dr. Scholl's CLORO-VENT Foam Insoles

would give much if you were here at this moment. * * * * *

Dear Hal, there are thoughts in my head that I must not tell you now, particularly one of them. Because all this may not be true at all, may be just a dream that you had a month ago, and that I am having tonight.—Yet this I will say, that if it is a dream I am sorry.

I wish you could come here. It is not so very far, and I feel I must see you, and I can't come there. But I suppose you have duties now from which you cannot be released—even for me. (It is amusing and pleasant to say to you: even for me.) In any case, I wish you could come, and wanted to.

You will let me hear from you at once, Hal, won't you? Oh, if you knew the comical state my mind is in! What a ridiculous person you are! EDNA.

Floragasse 7
Wien IV
Jan. 23, 1922

Hal, dear,—

I have just got your note, with the poems, which are lovely—especially "Web"—that is very beautiful. My dear—and the one about "Moonlight" and the "Chinese Scholar".

As for your note itself—well, you have by this time received my letter, which seems to you, perhaps, a silly letter, and you know, if not how I feel about you, at least how I feel about us, as possible companions.—You wrote me once, "We are too much alike, you and I, for any earthly marriage." I believe that to be nonsense,—not as regards you and me, particularly, but as regards everybody. Why it should be thought a good thing for people to spend their lives, which might otherwise not impossibly be used to some purpose, in a series of disagreements, misunderstandings, adjustments, ill-adjustments, and re-adjustments, I have never been able to see.

But Hal, if there is something else, if you are sorry now that you asked me to marry you; if you have changed your mind, and don't want to marry at all; if you have suddenly decided that you would prefer to marry somebody else; if for some reason you were not yourself when you wrote me—if some unhappiness or disappointment had weakened you and made you lonely, or if you were intoxicated at the time (always a possibility, which people too seldom take into account!); or even if it was all just a roaring joke, which I for the moment was too earnest and stupid to see—oh, my dear, if for any reason at all you feel you made a mistake, that it is not I, after all, that you need and want—why then, you must just write and tell me so, quite plainly, and I shall understand; and you and I will be but friends again.

At any rate, I am glad you are coming to Europe.—I was always happy to be with you; and shall be no less so now, no matter what we do, or don't do.

Of course, I see from your note one thing which troubles you. And I want to speak to you about that.

It is true that I love Arthur. But we have all known that for some time,—haven't we?—I shall love him always. He is something to me that nobody else is. But why should that trouble you, Hal? Don't you love him, too? Don't you love several people?—If you loved me, I should not want you to love only me. I should think less highly of you if you did. For surely, one must be either undiscerning, or frightened to love only one person, when the world is so full of gracious and noble spirits.

Besides, I should not wish to marry Arthur, even if it were possible,—so it is not because you are free and he is not, Hal, as may have come into your mind.

As for you,—if I loved you more than the apples at the end of the bough, I should not tell you; for I have shared too much with you

(Continued on Page 151)



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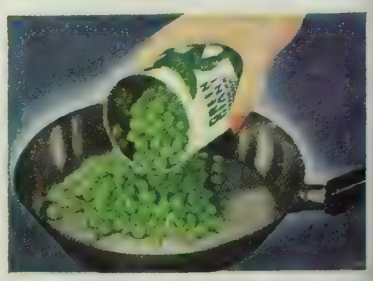
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Pour liquid into pan. Boil until one-half remains.



Add peas and pat of butter. Heat gently without boiling. Season and serve.

The Green Giant shows the best way to prepare his famous peas

The Green Giant wants you to get *all* the fresh young flavor (vitamins and minerals, too) that have made his tender peas the best-liked in the land. Fix 'em according to his quick, easy directions tonight. See how good peas *picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor* can really taste!

Green Giant Peas
BRAND

Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont.

"Green Giant" Brand Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ©GGCo.

(Continued from Page 149)

eady, and you with me nothing, saving r misgivings.

Oh, well—why be so serious, about a fle! You'll think I've lost my sense of ghter,—but it's not so.—If you think for noment I don't see the idiotic side of this arious business—just wait till you see my ivering smile.

Oh, Hal, do come soon, darn you!—And ite me a word when you get this letter—if s nothing but a cuss-word.

EDNA.

our little note hurt, hurt, hurt me, my ear, I don't mind saying.—I had been iting for it—don't you see at all?—But doesn't matter. Bless you anyway, mad eet thing.

7 Floragasse, Vienna IV
January 24, 1922

ear Arthur:

I am writing you on the typewriter, beuse I want to write you a long letter, and old a very nervous pen lately. Does your nd get that way sometimes, so that you nt to dig in the earth with it, or whittle ith] it, or thrust it into a broad fat back,—ything but write with it?

Your letters of December the 19th and th have just reached me, forwarded from me. The others came some time ago; I lieve I have received them all. You do not ow how much they mean to me, my dear end. You must never tear them up. Sometnes they have thrust loveliness back into y life, where there seemed almost no place r it. I am living curious and difficult days in this grey city where there is never a shred of sunlight. Outside my window is a great grey wall flattened against it like a hand; it is so near the window it is almost in the room; I have to keep the light burning all day long. I smoke too many cigarettes, and the German food nearly kills me—hot bread and cabbage and grease, when what I want is a bowl of plain rice and an apple. Fortunately I have to exercise, because I can't afford taxis, and I loathe street-cars. * * * * *

Well, so much for that. But when I tell you that I am lonely, and want a friend to talk with, you will believe me.

I am not getting much work done. I might as well try to work on a shipwrecked raft, in sound of the dice which are to determine which is to be et.

My dear, I knew all about the girl in New York, long before you told me. At least, of course I knew nothing at all about her, but I knew what had happened. I knew when you were to be in New York, and while you were there I thought of you, and I said to myself, "He is falling in love with some girl there." Then, you see, you didn't write me while you were there, and after you went back to Davenport your letters were different, a little, little bit. Anyway, I knew. It doesn't matter. Except that if she is hurt, it is too bad. How fortunate she was to be with you, to be where she could talk with you. But as for the rest, it doesn't matter with whom you fall in love, nor how often, nor how sweetly. All that has nothing to do with what we are to each other, nothing at all to do with You and Me.

Arthur, dear, I think I am going to marry Hal. He is coming over here in the spring. Of course we may do nothing about it. But I rather feel we shall. Would you be sorry or glad if I did? Tell me seriously, dear, what you feel about it. Of course, there is every geometrical reason why I should. We should make such a beautiful design, don't you see,—Hal and you and I. Three variable and incommensurate souls automatically resolved into two right angles, and no nonsense about it. Of course, it's not so simple as that. But there's something very pleasing about that aspect of it.

Do you remember when I said I was going to wait for you and Hal? How funny it all is.

Hal, poor fellow, is very much troubled about my feeling for you. At least, I don't think he would mind, except that he feels I care more for you than I do for him. I just got a note from him, in which I saw that plainly. That letter of mine to you, which he opened by mistake, was the devil, wasn't it?

Well, there's no denying that I love you, my dear. I have never denied it for a moment since the first time I saw you, whether to myself or to anybody else who seemed interested. When people ask me if I know you I say, "Yes, I know him." Then if they ask me if I like you, I say, "I love him." And that's all there is to that. And they can shut up, or go on asking questions, or talk it over among themselves.

You, best of all, know how I feel about you, and always shall. No one can ever take your place with me. We know each other in such a terrible, certain, windless way. You and I have almost achieved that which is never achieved: we sit in each other's souls.

But that's no reason why I couldn't marry Hal, and be happy with him. I love him, too. In a different way.

Well, enough of that.—It was like you, generous and comical, to send me your reverend father's impeccable paternal checque. I accept it quite humbly and gratefully, in spite of all my man-sized talk. (Oh, Arthur, you are so sweet, *so* sweet!) * * * * *

I am glad you like the "Lamp and the Bell." I know it has beauty in it. Someday, perhaps, I shall take it apart and make a really fine play of it through-out. I wrote it last February, under pressure of great hurry, and of course there are holes in it. * * * * *

The sonnets about me in "Seven Years" are beautiful. I have just been reading them over again. And you must by all means add the one which begins, "In times hereafter." But I think you should not say "*flee* to worlds where only shadows move." For surely people as proud as the people you tell of do not *flee* (Now tell me to mind my business. I shall bend my glance downward and reply with serene arrogance that it *is* my business, I am one of the people.). The first "Girl Beside Pool" is very, very lovely. [These two sonnets by Arthur Davison Ficke were published in his book, Out of Silence, titled "Go" and "Stay."] I hope the public *will* know it is I.—I shall be happy to have them know, to have everybody know, when they read your book, that you love me like that. Almost everybody, to be sure, is mortal, but the gods should worry.

I am sending you some new sonnets of mine.

Arthur, dearest, I feel quite gay and risible, having got all this pifflous bunk off my chest and onto yours. Next best to talking with you, after all, is writing to you. This dam letter seems to be full of *after alls*. Makes me think of a little French poem I wrote once and had forgotten:

Et apres tout qu'est-ce qu'on a fait
Pour la beauté, qu'on aime tant?—
Tout simplement, un cri ou deux;
C'est tout ce qu'on peut, pour la beauté.

Well, goodbye. I shall now issue forth and fodder my bewildered Muse on Wiener schnitzel, Brussels sprouts and beer.

Here's to crime. May the lowliest live to commit it.

With love,
VINCENT.

Write me and do not tear them up. For God's sake, post them.—I am suffering in this place.

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

MRS. Jones and Mrs. Brown were discussing their husbands. "You say it's the Brown in him," said Mrs. Jones, "while I say it's the Jones in him, but I'll tell you what it really is: It's the *man* in him."

"Oh, she's just a diluted girl," says our youngest, scoffingly, about another teenager.

The farther away the desk is from the teacher, the more apt it is to hold a little girl.

Before purchasing our Pennsylvania home my husband insisted upon investigating the prevailing winds, because for years our yard was filled with leaves from a campus. Now the same wild wind blows *our* leaves onto a horse farm across the road.

Any child will blow a fuse or learn to travel on a short circuit if the ideal set for him is too high.

When one of the black-haired daughter's suitors sent me a birthday gift of flowers bearing a card, "With affectation and respect," my husband hurriedly gathered a roadside bouquet and inscribed a card, "With mixed feelings."

My grandmother, a plump, darling round little woman, who held opinions, didn't think much of that "new fad of dieting." "No working beast," she told my mother acridly, "can live on a straw a day."

The wrong kind of ear-stoppers:
Apartment wives overheard: "Did you hear me yelling at my kids last night?" . . . "No, I was too busy screaming at my own."

By the time a boy is eighteen he knows that grime doesn't pay.

If her bridegroom doesn't seem to possess the usual nine faults, no bride should be too discouraged; she'll probably discover, after the wedding, that he has enough to give the marriage zest.

"My son has now reached the stage in art," boasts a proud parent, "where he can draw a tree or house that can be identified without inside information."

Conversation in our family:
Father, running sweeper . . . mother, daughter talking.
Father: "What?" *(Turns off the sweeper.)*
"We weren't talking to you, daddy."
Father: "Well, don't talk so loudly, I can't hear you."

When a child is taught to play with a few toys and to put them away before taking out others, he or she is learning how to manage tools and cooking tins later on.

The husband who goes around the house asking, "The iron's hot; are you ready to use it?" . . . "Do you want this burner turned on?" must really be amazed that the house doesn't burn down on the days he isn't home.

For daughters, the eventual by-products of helping mother are:
Better spirits,
Better complexions,
Better matrimonial prospects.

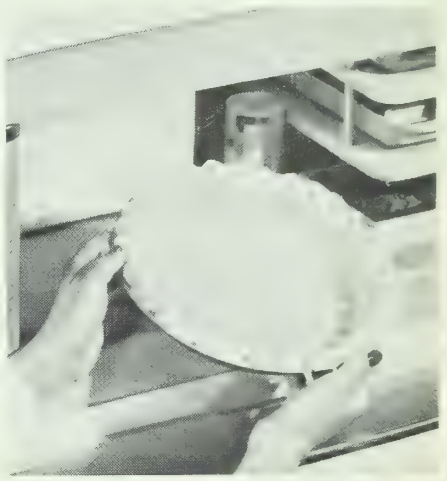
I still get a zing along my spine when, in reading Cinderella to a child, I reach the place where Cinderella slides her foot into the glass slipper.

How to get crisper undercrusts every time

—another pie-baking hint from Marie Gifford, *Armour's famous home economist*



It's easy to avoid soggy undercrusts in pumpkin or custard pies—simply freeze the unbaked pie shell before you fill it. Place the shell in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator, or in your food freezer. (If your freezing compartment is too small to hold pie shell, place it as near as possible to freezing unit of your refrigerator until frozen.) When you're ready to bake pie, fill frozen shell and place in oven without defrosting.



And for crisp, flaky, tender pie crust in any pie you bake—use Armour Star Lard. It's the lard so many State Fair pie-baking champions use. Only Armour Star Lard comes in the handy self-measuring cartons—with Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe printed on them. And this easy, can't-fail recipe is exactly right for Armour Star Lard—the *new-type* lard that needs no refrigeration.

Got a pie-baking question? Just write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 559, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Ill.—for her *Picture Book of Pie-Making Hints*. It's free.



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To Witter Bynner:

Hotel Ritz,
Budapest
February 22, 1922

Poor boy,—*did* Edna write him solemn letters from German cities and frighten him almost to death?

Oh, Hal, you abysmal nut!

As I sit in my small but costly apartment looking out upon the Danube, the thought of you hits me on the head like a piece of lead pipe.

Oh, Lord—oh, Lord—Oh, *Hal!*

Apoplectically yours,
EDNA.

I am now going under the divan and have a fit.

[Café de la Rotonde]
[Paris]
Tues. Apr. 25 [1922]

Dearest Kids [Norma and Kathleen],—

Here are your mother and sister sitting with Margot Schuyler at the famous sink of corruption (see above) of the Latin Quarter.—Mother has a cold and is imbibing a Grog Americain, which is to say a hot rum with sugar and lemon.

Me, I have been sick in bed about all the time since mother came—the weather is frightful here, it has rained every day for nearly three months. But in spite of hell, we have had a swell time together.—Mother is so wonderful, and she enjoys everyminuteit.*****

We have moved from the Intendance because it is so cust expensive, and are now in a cheap but not a very clean hotel on the Boulevard du Montparnasse.***** We have rooms right side by side. (I must eat my soup before it gets cold, mother says—forgot to say we are having dinner in the Rotonde Grill Room, a new addition to this emporium) * * * * *

I can never tell you, Normie, how beautiful I think the hat you made me. Every little thing about it is perfect, and oh, it is so beautifully made. * * * * * (Margot now says I must eat my noix de veau braisé aux endives while it is hot.)

The meat is now et, and I am doing as well as can be expected. * * * * *

Griffin and Curtis Moffet who have just come in say that I must eat my tarte aux cerises while it is cold!—Love, and thank you so much, darlings.

SEFE.

Shillingstone, Dorset
August 8 [1922]

Sweet old Arthur,—

Am having a fine time.—Wish you were here.

I've thought of you a lot.—I've been thinking somewhat, too, of Mrs. Fate and Mr. Gord, and other star parts in this Hicktown mellerdrammer full of worn-out jokes entitled, "Life, or Ain't it Hell to be Thirsty."

Gladys [Gladys Brown, an artist] is here, just down the road from me and has a horse to ride, and looks handsome in her ridi things—I have discovered that she pa damwell. Why didn't you tell me?

Oh, how ridiculous everything is!—O conversation broken off in the middle sentence!—My dear, you know what I me all I mean, and when I send my love know I mean that, too.

—VINCENT.

Hôtel du Panorama
Cassis-sur-Mer
Bouches du Rhône, Fra
Dec. 15, 1922

Dearest Little Sphinx [Isobel Simpson Vassar classmate],

My instinct, of course, when you tell to *come home* is to *come home!*—But I h a mother with me who *won't come home* u she has seen Italy! * * * * * at any rate, are leaving France very soon and g into Italy. We are going slowly along Riviera, to Cannes and Nice and Mo Carlo, and then o Italy. In the spr we are going to sp a month in Pa then a month in L don, and then are going to *c home!!*

Dear, there *has* b something wrong w me,—I have b very very sick; b am better now. I h been quite respe bly, but very u mantically ill,—t ble arising from improper diet, u miliar queer food Hungary and bania, etc., wh have played the d with me.—Th heaven mother been with me, has been getting straightened out. I came within an of having periton which is not a t thing to have.

Well, so much that. Only now I really better, and mustn't worry ab me any more, sw heart. * * * * *

From your n loving serpent,

EDN

At the close of the eighteenth century William Pitt said:
"There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."
At the beginning of the nineteenth century Wilberforce said:
"I dare not marry, the future is so dark and unsettled."
In 1848 Lord Shaftesbury declared:
"Nothing can save the British empire from shipwreck."
In 1849 Disraeli said:
"In industry, commerce and agriculture there is no hope."
In 1851 the Duke of Wellington, on the eve of death, thanked God he would—
"be spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that is gathering about us."
In 1919 Lord Grey said:
"Everything is tending to convulsion."
In 1921 Bertrand Russell said:
"In ten years Europe is sure to be a piffling, unregarded continent."
Each of these was thinking in the moment and of the moment only and demonstrated the truth long ago given by Shakespeare that:
"fears do make us traitors."
Each of these was proved wrong.

—RABBI ABRAHAM J. FELDMAN

[Hôtel du Panorama
Cassis-sur-Mer
Bouches du Rhône, Fran
Dec. 17, 1922.

Arthur, dear,

It's not true that I don't like the sonne love them. You know perfectly well, you ing dog, that I think you write wonde sonnets. The reason why I haven't said a thing about them is this:—I have been s so that I can just drag about, and w strength I have must go into the novel wh Liveright is to publish in the spring; ar couldn't bear simply to write, "I recei the sonnets; they are very nice;" I war to have time to speak of each one separat go over and over them, telling you wha thought about each little thing. And I hav been able to do that. So I've said noth And you know that what I'm saying is truth. So there's that.—And you can stop nagging me.

Isn't it funny about you and Gladys My God—it's marvelous.—You don't n to tell me what a nice girl Gladys Brown *"nicer than that!!!"* I know in my way, as well as you know in your way, how she is.—I knew it the first moment I set

(Continued on Page 154)

Family favorites become new treats *with* molasses

How long is it since *your* family has enjoyed the appealing flavor of old-time *real* molasses? It's a taste Americans have loved since early plantation days . . . a taste your whole family will really go for!

For real-molasses flavor at its *best*, insist on Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses, made from freshly crushed southern plantation sugar cane. In *all* molasses recipes, Brer Rabbit insures *finer* results.

NEW TREAT!
Brer Rabbit Molasses Oatmeal Cookies

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour	½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon baking soda	1 egg, unbeaten
½ teaspoon salt	½ cup Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses*
½ teaspoon allspice	1 cup seedless raisins (if desired)
½ teaspoon cinnamon	2 cups rolled oats
½ cup shortening	

Sift together flour, baking soda, salt and spices. Cream shortening; beat in sugar gradually. Blend in egg and molasses; beat well. Stir in sifted dry ingredients. Fold in raisins and rolled oats. Drop by teaspoonfuls 2″ apart on greased baking sheet. Bake at 325° F. (slow moderate oven) 12-15 minutes or until firm and brown. Let stand 1 minute, then remove to cooling racks. Makes 4-5 dozen.

**Brer Rabbit* GOLD LABEL, *which is light and mild . . . or* GREEN LABEL, *which is dark and full-flavored.*



IN MOLASSES COOKIES, in hot, spicy gingerbread—for glazing ham or "candying" sweet potatoes, *nothing* equals the tempting goodness of real New Orleans Molasses. Your family will say you're wonderful if you give it to them in dozens of delicious ways. Today—why not whip up a batch of these crisp Brer Rabbit cookies. The recipe is *easy*.



BAKED BEANS ARE *TWICE* AS GOOD if you enrich them with *plenty* of Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses! Add a little chopped onion and green pepper for an easy "casserole" guests will rave about. For an even heartier dish, cut frankfurters in half lengthwise, brush with molasses, arrange on top of beans and bake in hot oven.



A DRINK THE WHOLE FAMILY WILL LOVE is simply milk, (cold or hot) into which you've stirred 1 to 3 tablespoonfuls of Brer Rabbit Molasses. Tastes great . . . and adds food-iron needed to build good red blood!

FREE! **Write Penick & Ford, Dept. H-5, New Orleans 7, La.—for a colorfully illustrated cookbook of 124 *grand* Brer Rabbit Molasses recipes.**

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please give fair judgment

please spread the good news

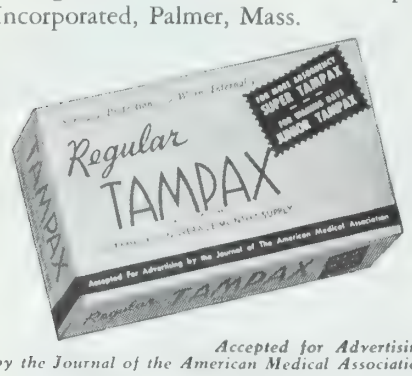


Just because the *idea* of Tampax and the *principle* of Tampax are novel in your experience, don't pass this product by without really *thinking about it*. Otherwise you may miss something of vast and practical value. . . . Tampax was invented by a doctor, particularly having in mind *the average woman* (married or single).

The first question for any woman when choosing a method of monthly sanitary protection is: *external or internal?* Well, Tampax is internal and it combines great absorption with very small size. Made of pure surgical cotton, each Tampax has its own dainty applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. No bothering with belts, pins or external pads. No odor or chafing. *You can't even feel it while wearing.*

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Full month's supply may be carried in purse. Tampax is so compact that disposal is the easiest thing in the world. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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Name_____

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(Continued from Page 152)

on her in Prunier's. You can't fool me. And you didn't think we'd like each other!—men don't know very much.

[The following year, December 8, 1923, Gladys Brown and Arthur Ficke were married.]

Is this a snippy letter, dear?—No, it isn't. I shall love you till the day I die.—Though I shan't always be thinking about it, thank God.—Yet I shall be thinking about it every time I think about you, that's sure.

As for Hal, there's not the slightest danger that I shall marry him: he has jilted me!

With love,
VINCENT

Croton-on-Hudson
[New York]
May 30, 1923.

Dearest Mother:

I have been a bad girl not to write you, or send you any money, or send the book to Aunt Susie, or anything. But you will forgive me when you know my excuse. Darling, do you remember meeting Eugen Boissevain one day in Waverly Place?—It was only for a moment, and possibly you don't remember. But anyway, you will like him very much when you know him, which will be soon. And it is important that you should like him,—because I love him very much, and am going to marry him.

There!!!

Will you forgive me?—My mind has been pretty much taken up with all this, and I have neglected my mummie.—We shall be married sometime this summer, I don't know just when. Anyhow, we are coming up to Maine to visit you, either before or after, it won't matter, because it's perfectly proper for me to bring a gentleman-friend to visit my mother. We are going to motor up. Gene has a beautiful big Mercer,—at least he had, but now he has given it to me, so I have one. Won't that be fun?

You must need money, dear, but I don't know where you are, so I don't dare send a money-order. Let me know as soon as you get this and I will send you some—I haven't at the moment a great deal (except my thousand bucks, [1922 Pulitzer Award for Poetry] which I ain't going to bust for god or hero,—going to start a bank-account with it)—but I will send you a little, and there'll be more coming.

The mayflowers and violets were beautiful, sweetheart. A few of them were a little bit faded, that's all. They were perfectly beautiful. And I was too thrilled for expression. If you're still at Aunt Clem's, send me some dandelion greens here!—I love 'em, and so does HE!

Don't tell a soul yet—*not a soul, nor a body either—on pain of excommunication!*
VINCENT.

June, Two Days Before the Tenth
[1923]
Tess' Room, Waverly Place
[New York]

Darling Mother:

I am in town just for a few days, motoring out to Croton again this afternoon. At last I am doing what I should have ages ago, having an excellent diagnostician examine me thoroughly and board me out to all kinds of different specialists who examine me in their own particular line, and all that. Pretty soon I shall know something about the condition of my insides, and what to do about it, and then I shall get well, and feel every day the way I felt that day in Cassis—do you remember?—when I took a plunge in the Mediterranean and then we went for a walk together up the hills among the vineyards. For the last three days I have been going to an X-ray man two or three times a day, . . . I have six doctors at work on me for different things. Don't be the least-bit alarmed, dearest. It doesn't mean that I feel any worse than I have done for the last two years; it just means that at last I am going about getting cured in a reasonable way. So much for that. * * * * *

I hope you get this letter Saturday afternoon before your birthday [June 10]. It isn't much of a birthday letter, all about me and nothing about you, but I know that nothing would be so nice a birthday-present for you as to know that I am being taken care of, and am going before long to be well and strong again. Eugen has been taking me to these doctors; probably by myself I would never have done it. You will like him, mother. I must go now and pack my suitcase to go back to the country. I have to see one more specialist, and then we leave. It's a wild life!

Recuerdo

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
It was bare and bright, and smelled like a stable—
But we looked into a fire, we leaned across a table,
We lay on a hill-top underneath the moon;
And the whistles kept blowing, and the dawn came soon.

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
And you ate an apple, and I ate a pear,
From the dozen of each we had bought somewhere;
And the sky went wan, and the wind came cold,
And the sun rose dripping, a bucketful of gold.

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
We hailed, "Good morrow, mother!" to a shawl-covered head,
And bought a morning paper, which neither of us read;
And she wept, "God bless you!" for the apples and pears,
And we gave her all our money but our subway fares.

From A Few Figs From Thistles published by Harper & Bros.
Copyright, 1919-1947, by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Love and love and love and Happy Birthday, sweetheart, and see you soon
VINCENT.

The marriage of Miss Millay and Eugen Jan Boissevain took place July 18, 1923, at Croton-on-Hudson.

[Croton-on-Hudson
August 24, 1923]

Tess, darling [Esther Root],—

No, they were not withered & I did not laugh,—all my childhood is in those bayberry-bushes, & queen of the meadow, or maybe you called it hardtack, & rose-hips. And cranberries—I remember a swamp of them that made a short-cut to the railroad station when I was seven. It was down across that swamp my father went, when my mother told him to go & not come back. (Or maybe she said he might come back if he would do better—but who ever does better?)

* * * * * I must lie down & rest before Gene comes home. I am much stronger, but I still have to lie down rather often.

Bless you, my dear. How sweet you were, & how wise. —EDNA.

To her husband, Eugen Boissevain, the poet wrote few letters since, until his death in 1949, they were rarely separated. In the later years ill health often made it necessary for Mr. Boissevain to act as his wife's amanuensis. Letters from strangers were answered directly by him. The following letter to Mr. Boissevain was written by Miss Millay on her first reading tour in the Middle West after her marriage.

Chicago & Northwestern Station
10:25 A.M. Wednesday [1924]

Darling:—

I have made my train & here I sit. The thing is just about to pull out. The conductor has just called *all aboard* in the most musical and lovely way—* * * * *

Did you ever go from Chicago to Cedar Rapids on one of these Middle-Western so-called Parlor-cars? Well, don't. The only difference I see between this and the day-coach is that in the day-coach you have one person at your elbow, & you see the backs of several people's heads, & if you are lucky you get a seat by the window & can look out:—whereas,—in the Parlor-car you have two people at your elbow—one at the right & one at the left, you stare into the faces of a long row of people, and your chair is nailed with its back to the window so that you couldn't possibly see a thing, even if you should happen to want to, which I should say is unlikely. * * * * *

I got through my two readings yesterday well enough—the one in the afternoon in Evanston was a great success—a crowded house, large audience, etc.—but the one in the evening was in a private house!—A bunch of wealthy people come together to see what I looked like, & bet with each other as to how many of my naughty poems I would dare to read.—My hostess herself & her children were sweet & real people, & intelligent. There were a few women who came up & talked to me who had really liked some of the poems beside the "Figs from Thistles"; & one man, who was motoring back to Chicago & brought me home, was really a delight, awfully nice & clever & amusing, & seemed to know all my books by heart.—He said his seventeen-year-old daughter also knows my poems by heart.—But on the whole. . . .—If ever I felt like a prostitute it was last night.—I kept saying over & over to myself while I was reading to them, "Never mind—it's a hundred & fifty dollars."—I hope I shall never write a poem again that more than five people will like. * * * * *

It's wonderful to write to you, my dearest. It takes the sting out of almost anything, I find. I wanted you so last night. I was pretty unhappy. And of course I was tired, too. * * * * *

I've just been into the diner & had my luncheon. I feel a little better. They certainly eat a lot of pork.

It's amusing to think how entirely, *totally, absolutely* different everything would be if you were in this chair beside me.—It makes me laugh, it's so funny that there could be such a difference.—Oh, it will be so lovely when we go around the earth together! I told some people yesterday that we are going to Java & China in March.—Why not? For we are, we are!—Aren't we? * * * * *

Well, darling, I have poured out all my troubles. None of them matters, when I think of you.— EDNA

A few weeks later Miss Millay and Eugen Boissevain set off on a trip to the Orient which took them to Japan, China, the Dutch East Indies, India and on to Paris, then home.

S. S. Taiyo Maru
May 4, 1924

Dear Normie,—

I am sending you enclosed a pressed flower,—an hibiscus, which grew in Honolulu. You've read about native Hawaiian or South Sea Island Beauties with hibiscus flowers in their hair,—well, this is it. We

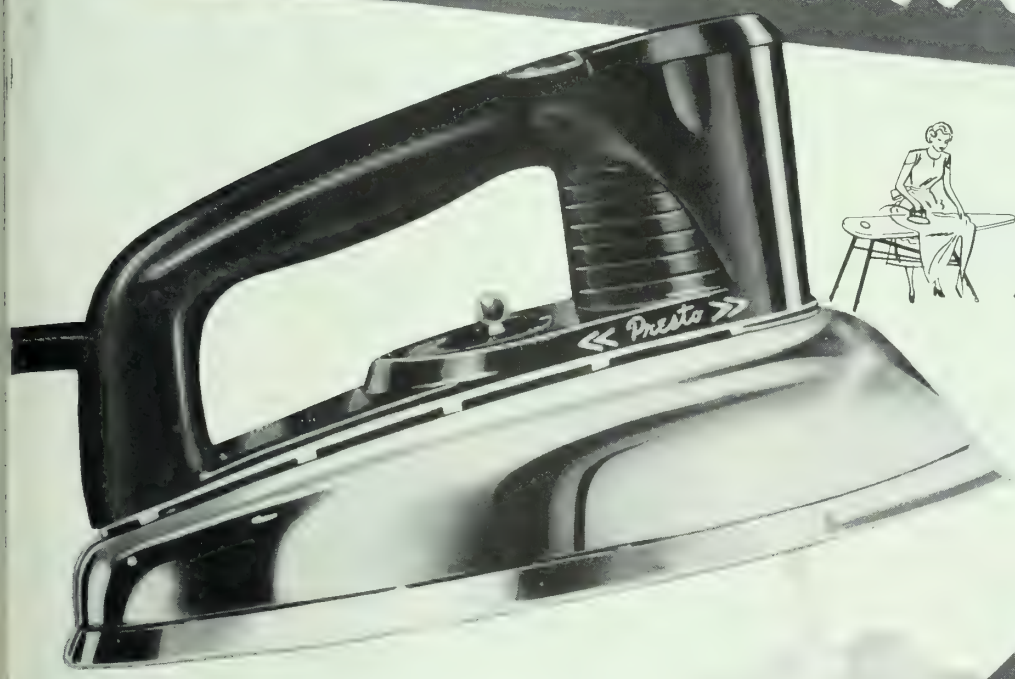
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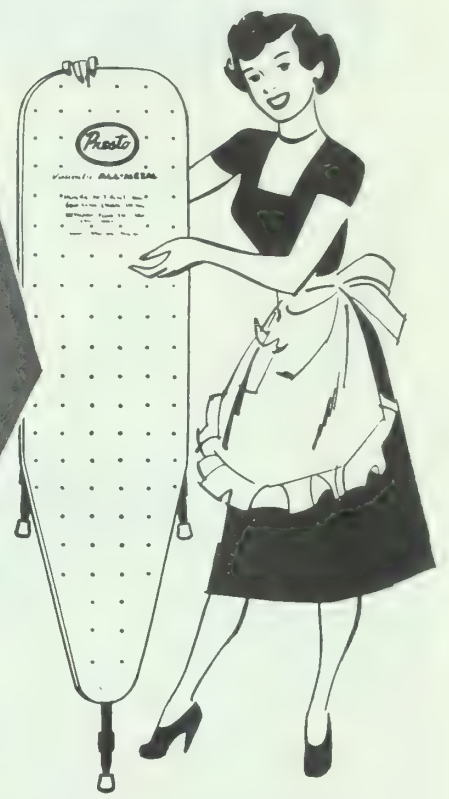
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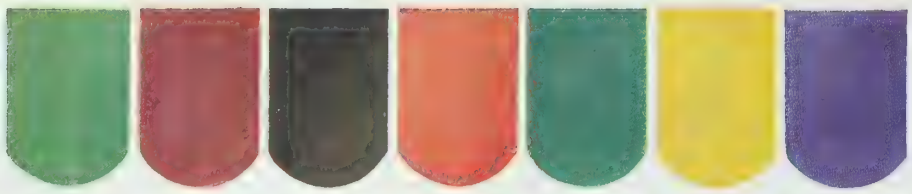
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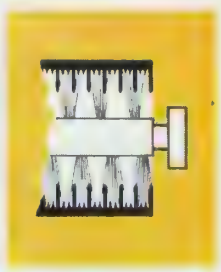


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(Continued from Page 154)

spent about eighteen hours in Honolulu. * * * * * It's the most *beautiful* place, tropical but not too hot, pineapples, bananas, dates, mangoes, papias growing all around, (This last a fruit I never saw before & don't much like) & flowers everywhere. Eugen & I almost decided to leave the ship right there & spend the rest of our lives lying on the beach, playing duets on the ukulele & eating mangoes.

This hibiscus flower comes from a garland I bought of a native woman. * * * * Maybe from Japan I send youse cherry-blossom, but I'm afraid it's too late—wisteria, maybe.

Lub to youse & Chas.
SEFE.

Broadway Hotel
Chefoo, [China]
June 22 (more or less)
1924

Dearest Mummie,—

By this time you will have received my cable. * * * * * We haven't written a letter for weeks, because we've been laid up with the flu again, both of us. Isn't that disgusting?—We had a marvelous time walking through Japan, Beautiful, mountainous country, awfully interesting funny little Japanese inns, where we ate & slept on the floor. I got very big & strong. But the moment we struck the cities again we got the flu. We went to Peking—a two days train trip from Shanghai, where our steamer docked—because we were crazy to see the place. * * * * * And when we got there we went to the hotel & went to bed with the flu—picked it up on the train, probably,—& stayed in bed ten days. When finally we crawled out, we took a steamer to this place, which is a lovely little seaside village on the Yellow Sea. We have chartered a Chinese sailing junk with a crew of two, man & boy, & every day we sail to some island or other & build a fire & make coffee, & swim & lie in the sun. * * * * * We are having a beautiful time here, getting brown & well.

I won't write any more this time, because I want to get this down to the boat which will leave soon. Our own means of communication with the rest of the world is by steamers which arrive here once or twice a week. Lots & lots of love, Mummie darling.

VINCENT.

August 28, 1924
Friday—after tea &
before dinner

On board S. S. Plancius
Out of Batavia—
bound for Singapore.

Dearest Mummie:

I have been spending five days alone with some friends of Eugen in Samarang, while he went to Soerabaya on business. Today I have left Samarang on this boat & tomorrow morning shall pick him up in Batavia. Until a week ago we were in the mountains, where it was cool, but Samarang is the anteroom of Hell. Still it is not so hot as the trains.—We go now to Singapore, & from there to British India—Rangoon, Calcutta, Benares, Agra, Delhi, Jaipur, Bombay—& then direct to Marseilles. * * * * *

This is just a note to tell you our plans. We expect to be in Paris by the middle of October—just too late to see Norma & Charlie & Gladys & Arthur!—but we shall not spend long in Europe—probably by Thanksgiving time we shall be home. After you get this it won't be so *terribly* long before you see me, old sweet *darling*. Maybe on Thanksgiving day we shall all be together.

—Love,
SEFE.

Back in the United States, they returned to their home, the smallest house in Greenwich Village at 75½ Bedford Street, a three-story brick house, nine and a half feet wide by thirty feet deep. In the late spring of 1925 they bought a farm in the Berkshires at Austerlitz, New York, from which this next letter was written.

Box 53
Austerlitz, N. Y.
June 22, 1925

Dearest Mummie:

Here we are, in one of the loveliest places in the world, I am sure, working like Trojans, dogs, slaves, etc., having chimneys put in, & plumbing put in, & a garage built, etc.—We are crazy about it—& I have so many things on my mind at this moment that must be done before I'm an hour older,—you know how it is—that I hardly know if I am writing with a pen or with a screw-driver.

I have written the Corn Exchange Bank to transfer one hundred dollars from my account to yours. You will probably receive notice of it in a few days. Make it go as far as you can, darling. Our expenses are staggering just now. The furnace & bathroom alone come to a thousand dollars. It's terrible, simply terrible. But it's going to be a sweet place when it's finished—and it's our

LIFE IS DANGEROUS

It is of no use to try to escape from fear by proving that life is not dangerous. Because it is. Infectious diseases are common. Accidents do happen. Invested funds do sometimes vanish. Unscrupulous men do exist, and they often cheat and rob innocent persons. Even good drivers get involved in motor accidents. Fires do break out. In fact, the things that cause fear cannot be eliminated from life. It is fear itself that must be conquered. When I served in the trenches in the First World War, I met only two kinds of men: those who conquered fear and went on with their work and those who were conquered by fear. I met none who did not know fear. What, then, is the way to escape from the power of this ever-present enemy? I know of none except learning that we are in the keeping of a God Who will never desert us. The whole secret is in the words, "What time I am afraid I will trust in the Lord." There is no fear where love is, and the love of God is always present.

This does not mean that no troubles will overtake those who trust in the Lord. The bombs in the late war killed believers and pagans indiscriminately. Righteous people were in that sense forsaken and their children left to the care of others. The most ardent prayers did not divert rocket bombs to waste places and leave human beings safe.

Till we have faced that fact we are not ready to understand what God does actually do for those who trust Him. But when we have learnt that truth, we may go on to say, "Come what may, we know that He will be with us and therefore we need not fear." We may have to suffer in the body, but His sustaining grace will never leave us. We may lose our dear ones and so be wounded in our very hearts, but His grace will give us strength to carry even that cross. We may have to face poverty; but if so, He will do for us what He has done for thousands, and teach us how to be poor and yet content. We may have to face hunger of the heart, and no one who knows what that means will ever think lightly of it; but even through that fiery trial His love sustains those who turn to Him. We may be slandered and unjustly treated, but He Who knows the truth will still be with us.

A. HERBERT GRAY, D. D.
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We're so excited about it we are nearly daft in the bean—kidney bean, lima bean, string-bean, butter-bean—you dow whad I bean—ha! ha! ha!—I'm off!—(Now you understand what I have been trying to tell you, that I am very interested in & pleased with the place that Eugen & I have bought.)

Please write me at the above address *soon*. Much love to you all three, from us,

UGIN & EDNER.

Miss Millay had begun working on the book of an opera for which Deems Taylor was to write the music. This, as well as a period of ill health, delayed a series of articles she had promised to Vanity Fair. The following letter was written to Frank Crowninshield, editor of that magazine:

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
March 17, 1926.

Dearest Crownie:

You will never know how your sweet funny little letters cheer me up. What a nice person you are! Eugen thinks so, too.

The etching is lovely.

As for me, I am getting stronger every day. Though my head aches still all the time, and I still look at the world through a veil of dancing dark spots, in spite of all that a thousand doctors have been able to do. All the king's leeches and all the king's men, haven't put little Edna together again!

I have started to work at last on the book of an opera [The King's Henchman] which I promised back in the dark ages to Deems Taylor and the Metropolitan. It will be done by the beginning of the summer. And then,—a year late!—the articles for V. F. will begin to come in. You have been a darling, Crownie, as I believe I said before. * * * * *

We have been snowed in here tight exactly six weeks tomorrow,—no road to our house at all. But I saw a blue-jay yesterday. And maybe someday it will be spring.

As ever, affectionately yours,

EDNA.

Steepletop,
July 20, 1927

Dearest Mumbles:

I haven't written you for such a long time, darling!—But I don't feel so very strong yet, though it was just a tiny operation. . . . I don't feel much of any change in my condition—but here's hopin'.

Lots of little pieces of news from Steepletop. Dolly Steepletop has a spotted calf born June 16, named Spotty Steepletop, a heifer. Blossom Steepletop has a beautiful calf that looks just like a young deer, born about July 1, also a heifer. We are going to raise them both.—We have a couple now to work for us. They live in the north guest-room for the present. The man does all the chores, which now includes milking three cows, & feeding two calves by letting them suck your finger in the milk-pail!—Picking about ten quarts of strawberries a day—the strawberries are wonderful, those we set out, you remember—& pecks of peas, & a million other things. * * * * *

We also have Freida, the young school-teacher from up the road. She does the housework, & serves at the tea-table; between them they do all the laundry. So you can see we are pretty well fixed.—Mumbles, we are not so interested any more in modern quilts; we have acquired a terrible crush on old ones, & are getting together quite a collection. * * * * *

We are still just as keen on the rag-rugs. But if you ever come across a pretty hooked rug, grab it for me.—The roses from Dreer did splendidly & are nearly all in blossom. * * * * * Lots & lots of love,

SEFE.

Steepletop
August 29, 1928

Dearest Mumbles:

It seems long, long ages since I heard from you, and I know it is even longer since I



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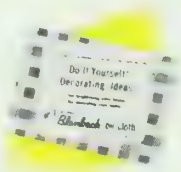
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wrote. Please forgive me, if you can, for not having hunted up the Little Green Cheeses [children's stories written by Mrs. Millay when her girls were young]. This has been a very upset place this summer. In the first place it has rained every day, with the exception of about six, since the beginning of April. * * * * * Everybody's oats are rotted, many of the fields so flooded that the teams couldn't go in to cut them, even if there should be a dry day. Ours are still all right, but they must be cut at once or we shall lose them, and we can't cut them in the rain,—we have about twelve acres of oats. Of course this is not my department, but it means quite a big money loss, and besides it is so depressing to see the rain ruining everything that it quite takes one's pep away. Then Anna and Conrad left without giving notice; for a while Freida and her sister worked for us, but they had to go because Freida had to get ready to teach school. Then we got a Swedish couple from an agency in New York, very nice; they have just given notice. In the meantime I have been working very hard on my new book of poems, trying to get it ready in time. That is finished at last, and the page-proof, and they are at work printing it; it will be published September 21. Right in the middle of everything I had to pick up the flu somewhere, or maybe it was only the grippe, but in any case it left me sort of weak, and I lost almost all the lovely extra pounds I had gained. Well, so much for all these lugubrious details. I am getting better now. * * * * *

Darling, your lilac-bushes that you pulled up by the roots and drug home here by the hair, and we planted by the sunken-garden—'member?—are growing simply marvelously. They will very likely all blossom next year. They are going to be beautiful in a few years. And your little pine, the only one that was left, is still flourishing.

I was to have been in Boston last week, at the Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting, and read some poems, but I was still in bed with the grippe. * * * * *

Arthur and Gladys are still with us. They have bought a beautiful place about fourteen miles from here, with a very good house on it, and are having the house remodeled. * * * * *

Max Eastman and Elliena have been up here several times, looking around for a place for themselves. Croton is getting pretty thick, and they want to sell their house and come here. They have not found the right place yet, however. Next year, God willing, we shall have a tennis-court, and have lots of fun. We want awfully much to have a swimming-pool, too. But if it rains as much next year as it has this year, we can just use the tennis-court as a swimming-pool.

Lots of love to you, and to the kids. We turned the radio on one day, and there were three people singing in harmony, little cute and funny songs. I couldn't help thinking it was not nearly so well done as Kay and Norma and I used to do it. * * * * *

Love,
SEFE.

Steepletop
Feb. 6, 1929

Dear Steve [Stephen Vincent Benét]:

Can you forgive a non-union poet, who for weary months has been working twenty-two hours a day on her own stuff, for not writing to thank you for "John Brown's Body," and to congratulate you upon a splendid piece of work? It made me so proud of you, Steve. And I don't know when I have been so happy about anything as I have been about the success of this book of yours—I mean its success from every point of view, not just that it's so darned good, but that so many people think so, and are buying it. What fun for you and Rosemary! What fun for all your friends, myself among them! And what fun for me to write to the Guggenheims as I had occasion to do the other day in answer to a letter such as they once wrote me regarding you: And what did I tell you once about Steve Benét—and wasn't I right?

Dear Children: I have just re-read the above and I see that it sounds rather as if I were proud of myself, than proud of you. It sounds as if it were written with the thumbs in the weskit-armholes. And although you know that it wasn't written like that—since who could type with any fluency and his thumbs in his armholes?—still I feel that I must hasten to tell you that this is not the case. I haven't seen you for a long time. I wonder if you remember me clearly enough to be sure how happy I am for you. * * * * I suppose you are hard at work on another big book now, Steve. I wonder what it is going to be. What ever it is, I know it is something I shall love to read. I thought some of the lyrics in "John Brown's Body" were among your loveliest. I adored the one about the Hilders, and the one that says Now listen to me, you Tennessee corn.

Good luck to you, and happiness, and all the things you want. And my love to you both.
JERRY.

"Jerry" was another of the signatures with which Miss Millay sometimes signed letters—Sefe, Vincent, Bincent, Edna, Edner, Vincie, Little Wince. Once she even wrote "Edna S Nonsense Millwheel."

Steepletop,
Austerlitz, N. Y.
Day after
Thanksgiving [1929]

Dearest Mumbles:

You are quite right not to travel when you have a cold, and of course this is not a very specially good time to be at Steepletop. But Ugin and I are both awfully disappointed that we shan't see you this fall. * * * * *

I have been having an orgy of playing the piano lately, several hours a day—Beethoven, Bach and Mozart. It has been wonderful. I seldom put my hands on the keys without remembering how you taught me to play when I was a baby, and all the money you paid for my music-lessons afterward. No one was ever more grateful for anything than I am to you for this beautiful gift you gave me, mother. * * * * *

Love, Mumbles. Sefe is terribly happy that you are better.

Love from Ugin, too.
VINCENT.

It is not generally known that the poet made an appearance in Camden, Maine, at the age of seventeen as a concert pianist. Her program on that occasion, Friday, June 4, 1909, consisted of works by Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Goddard and Chaminade.

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
June 10, 1930

Dear Kids [Mr. and Mrs. Deems Taylor]:

This is to invite you to a grand house-party to be thrown at Steepletop July 21st to 24th or as long as everything—meaning hosts, guests and liquor—holds out. On the evening of July 22nd we are having the Jitney Players here to give a show for us: Gilbert's "Haste to the Wedding." I believe it will be, but we may decide on something else. In any case it will be something silly and amusing and very well presented. * * * * *

We expect to have about fourteen house-guests. Then Arthur Ficke will fill his house with people; and our friends the Branns and the La Branches whose new houses will just about be ready to be moved into by that time, and to smooth whose ruffled plumage we suddenly decided just like that to give this here party, will also fill their houses with

PAY THROUGH THE NOSE

The Danes who conquered England and made a treaty with King Alfred in the ninth century were a little harsher on the Irish whom they subjugated. They levied upon them an exorbitant tax and slit the noses of those who objected to the tax or who were unable to pay it. That was really paying through the nose.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

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people, so that there will very likely be about fifty or sixty souls, poets and musicians included, to see the show. Please tell me at once that you will come.

Thanks for the cheque. It came in lovely.

We have no servants. But we have a new colt, born this morning. And our other mare, Molly, expects to be brought to bed at any moment.

Hoping you are the same, I am, as ever,

Yours, EDNA.

P. S. If you want to come up *before* July 21st, *we* don't mind.

Oct. 24, 1930

Dearest Artie:

It's not true that life is one damn thing after another—it's one damn thing over & over—there's the rub—first you get sick—then you get sicker—then you get not quite so sick—then you get hardly sick at all—then you get a little sicker—then you get a lot sicker—then you get not quite so sick—oh, hell— love from

LITTLE WINCE

Llewelyn Powys (Lulu) and his wife, Alyse Gregory, were guests in the cottage at Steepletop in 1931. While there Mr. Powys finished his book, Impassioned Clay, the manuscript of which he sent to his hostess.

Steepletop [Austerlitz, N. Y.]
April 20, 1931

Dearest Lulu:

I am sending you your manuscript. (Whether under separate cover or not remains to be decided.) I am sorry I couldn't go on to the end with it in the way I started. It was such fun. But I couldn't. I haven't even finished reading it. I can't seem to read anything serious. I haven't read anything but detective stories for ever and ever so long. * * * * *

We have been back from New York only a few days, and nothing could be more different than our life there and our life here. We get up at six o'clock every morning here, sometimes earlier. Ugin works in the kitchen garden all day. I spend half the day cleaning house, and the rest out of doors * * * * * We have no servants, and we're going to keep going without them just as long as we can stick it, it's so marvelous to be free of them.

* * * * * *

Darlings, I knew that you were sorry. But there's nothing to say. We had a grand time. But it's a changed world. The presence of that absence is everywhere. [The poet's mother had died on February 5, 1931, and was buried at Steepletop on February 12. Miss Millay's father lived until December 24, 1935.] EDNA

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
December the 8th, 1933

Dear Aunt Susie:

I thought I should see you some time this summer but it didn't work out that way.

Eugen and I early in the summer bought an island [Ragged Island] in Casco Bay not far from Brunswick. We intended to spend August there, but I had to go and get flu or something like it and have had it all summer,—and I haven't set eyes on my island since we bought it!

Isn't that too exasperating? We are sailing for Europe in about a fortnight now, going to spend the winter on the Riviera, where it will be warm, and I can work until I'm tired, and then go out and play tennis until I get tired in a different way. * * * * *

Merry Christmas and lots of love to you and Uncle Frank. VINCENT.

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
May 2, 1935

Dear Hal;

Yes, I did get the beautiful quilt. And you were a darling to send it me, and I was a pig not to answer. And there you are. I love it; it is extremely pretty; I remember your speaking to me about these quilts years ago when I was in Santa Fe; I am grateful to you; I think you a darling; but I simply can't write letters . . I have made a name for the disease from which I suffer; I have named it EPISTOPHOBIA. I haven't written a letter all winter. * * * * *



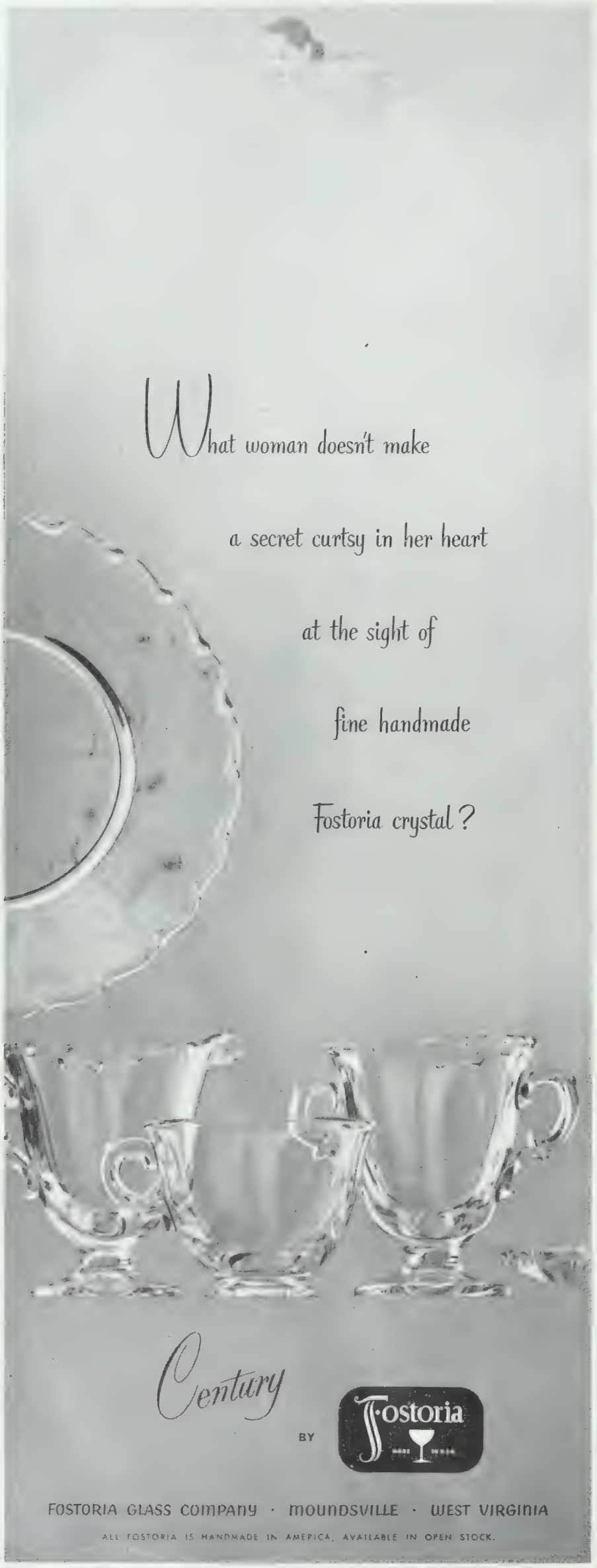
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Can you come to Steepletop sometime in May? Can you do it without bringing your mother? I know she's grand and all that, and besides she's your mother; but I'm going to die in a few days, and I have no time left except for people I'm crazy about. Please come. EDNA.

How dared you get my headache? And why must you be ill? Let them be ill who enjoy it—there are many. But for you to be ill—this is effrontery.

Steepletop, Nov. 29, 1935

Dearest Gladdie:

Here is a flock of books for Artie [Mr. Ficke was ill and hospitalized]; I've read most of them, and found some of them very interesting, others gay, etc. If he wants to take any of them along with him for the winter, tell him to go ahead. I have made a list of them, so it will be perfectly easy next summer to get them back from you. Some of them I've not read, and can't vouch for. Many people think "Butterfield 8" very exciting. I didn't; * * * * *

Ugin is in Florida, and has found a house for us, I don't know exactly where, somewhere between Palm Beach and Miami. I am going down tomorrow with the servants. I wanted so much to get over to see you and our darling Artie, but I am so simply exhausted after getting the Baudelaire [translation of Les Fleurs du Mal] off to Harpers, that packing—even with somebody else to pack under my direction!—is taking all the strength I have, and there are so many things to attend to, closing up the place without Ugin. Ugin knows how tired I am, and is wiring frantically for me to get aboard the next train. So I shan't see you, kids, before I go. But I'll see you next summer; and we'll have lots of fun, because Arthur will be w again, and more like his cute, gay old se and I shan't be working so hard, so perhap shall be a bit more like *my* cute, gay old se

Lots of love to you both, and I hope y will have as happy a winter as you both d serve, after all the hard knocks you've ha you poor kids. VINCIE.

Box 787, Delray Beach, Florida
Feb. 11, 1936

Darling Arthur:

So *that's* where you are, [in hospital] y poor sweet thing! What a wild time y *must* be having! Well, this is where *we* a We've been here since the first of Decemb in a cute little furnished house with all t conveniences except one—the water for on bath is heated on the roof by the sun, a since there's never any sun, but only fog a wind and clouds and pouring rain and weather, there's never any hot water, exce that which one heats on the kitchen sto

And speaking of the kitchen stove: Sop has just spilled grease on it, and the wh house is full of the smoke and stench of bu ing fat. (Yes, we brought Sophie and Ma down here with us. And in spite of things l burning fat, it's nice to have people arou who know from experience just what part ular species of cock-eyed, crazy idiot you a and to whom you don't have to be explain yourself and excusing yourself all the tim

I've just got off to Harper's my final c rected proof of my Baudelaire translatio together with a thirty-page preface . . . wh all winter I have been busy re-writing, pr ing, grafting, fertilizing and ploughing der. Well, the book will be published so time late in April. And that's that. * *

(Continued on Page 162)

flowers on the wedding cake



WEDDING cakes can be decorated with fresh flowers, the beauty and form of leaves and blossoms preserved with wax so they will last through the reception until that magic moment when bride and groom join hands to cut the first piece. Enchanting when the flowers and cake icing are matched to the color of the bride's dress and bouquet. Charming, too, if the cake carries out the tints and tones of the bridesmaids' dresses and bouquets.

FLOWERS TO CHOOSE: Not every flower takes to waxing. Those with fleshy textures are the best choice—roses, lilies of the valley, sweet peas, small spray orchids, bouvardia, narcissus, scilla, grape hyacinths and small button or cushion-type chrysanthemums, for instance. Very fragile blossoms are apt to lose contour and quality. This is true of leaves too.

HOW TO WAX: Melt enough paraffin, the kind you use for sealing glasses of jelly, to fill a small bowl up to the depth of 2–3". Set the bowl in a pan of hot water so that wax will remain liquid—145–150° F. is the best temperature. From time to time y may have to set the pan over low heat wax is too hot, the blossoms will "cook' darken. If wax is too cool, it will film o the top and not coat the blossoms quic and evenly. By all means, experimen not only to test different kinds of flow you will want to use on your cake, but practice the dipping. Leave about ½" stem on blossoms or leaves. Holding stem end with tweezers, dip bloss quickly into and as quickly out of melted wax. Hold blossom end downwa in the air a few minutes until wax sets. Th press into the icing while it is still s Work out your own arrangement. For ivory-tinted wedding cake shown in photograph, a cluster of individually wa pale yellow roses and lilies of the valley tied into the sugar bell for the top of cake. Sprays of lilies of the valley trim edge of the top tier. Groupings of pale y low roses, lilies of the valley, daisies, rose and daisy leaves arrange easily on bottom tier where they will least inter with the cutting.

by Louella G. Shouer

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(Continued from Page 160)

I am happy and excited to hear that a book of your new poems is to be published soon. I hope you haven't cut out any of my pets. *Have* you, Arthur? Don't be too clever now. This is the time when we all get so clever and cynical that we are capable of doing more harm to our own book than the Commissioner of Police could do!

I'm glad you got the flowers I sent. They were supposed to get there for your wedding anniversary, but probably they didn't.

I hope Gladys is with you now. It must have been pretty awful, being there all alone. I think you've got plenty of pluck, Artie.

Well, there are lots of things I want to say, but I think I don't need to say them, because I think you know what they are.

Love to you, and to Gladdie, from us both.

VINCENT.

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
Sept. 23, 1937

Arthur darling:

This will be one of the most unpleasant letters you ever received, and I'm sorry. But it's time I got this matter off my chest and onto yours, where it belongs,—for it's all your fault, my dear, for persisting in asking such shockingly indiscreet questions. The sonnet was not written to you.

When you came at me like a prosecuting attorney the other night in the La Branches' gun-room, asking me so casually—and I at least six cocktails off my guard,—"to whom did you write that sonnet, Vince?" [Sonnet VIII in Second April] I glibly and immediately countered with the only name which in the circumstances it would not be indiscreet to mention: your own. To keep my loosened tongue from folly.

That's all. Except that this is by no means the first time you've done that sort of thing to me. I remember your saying to me once, in exactly the same off-hand way—only with a little chuckle, too, that time, suggesting that whatever my reply might be the thing was just a joke,—"Vince, was Lulu ever your lover?"

My only reply was to rebuke you for your indelicacy in asking such a question. But the rebuke must have been a gentle one.

Knowing as you so well know, my dear friend, how reticent, both by nature and by taste, concerning my own private affairs and the affairs of other people, I am, it is wrong of you to do these things to me. But quite aside from that, and looking at it from your own angle, if you love me as you say you do, it is very foolish. For don't you see, Artie darling, that in the circumstances it is impossible for me to feel at ease with you, and that eventually just out of self-protection I shall avoid being with you whenever possible?

I know that I must have hurt you. I'm so sorry. But it was no good letting it go like that. Because it couldn't stop there. Our two distinct and incompatible memories of that moment in the gun-room, would have twisted out of shape every word we ever said to each other again. With love,

VINCENT

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
Dec. 29, 1938

Dear George [Dillon]:

You asked me to send you some of my new poems to read. [George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay had each translated selected poems of Charles Baudelaire's Les Fleurs du Mal, published in 1936 under the title, "Flower of Evil."] Well, here they are, cords of them. And you will probably not have time even to glance at them, especially if you are busy being urban, or putting the magazine to bed (do magazines go to bed like newspapers, or just sit up all night dozing in day-coaches?) Anyway, if you cannot find time to read them, particularly the two groups called "Theme and Variations" and "Sonnets from a Town in a State of Siege", please let me know at once.

I am bringing out a book on about the twentieth of May, that is, if I think it fit to print when I once get it pinned together. [Huntsman, What Quarry?] It will have been nearly five years since my last book of lyrics was published, a long time for me. * * * * *

I must make some more money rather quickly somehow—for just guess what I have gone and done, the most outrageous thing—I have bought a painting by Walt Kuhn, one of the clown ones, a beauty, the terms being one million dollars down and a ball and chain about my ankle for the rest of my life. I had thought that my reading-tour was over, except for one appearance in Worcester, an old friend which doesn't bother me much—; but now poor Ugin, much against his will (because he wants me to take it easy for awhile) is entering into unsavory correspondence with Lee Keedick, who has been anxious for a long time to sign me up for some more engagements late in January and early in February. * * * * *

Ugin is in despair, for it pretty well appears that I have sold myself down the river for good (or rather up the river, which is so much harder to swim); and I never made a penny on these tours, because although I ge very big fees for each reading, I have t travel so expensively that I never have a penny left when I get home, because if didn't travel like that I shouldn't be able t give the readings.

Please read the poems if you have time Otherwise wire me that you have no time.

Love,

VINCENT.

Saturday, Feb. 14 [1942?]

Arthur, darling,—it is wonderful and beautiful to me that at this moment in our histor somebody is studying ancient Chinese art—and I am glad that that somebody is you.—If I were in New York I would take a cours at Columbia, too, I think; I don't kno what, but something lovely and satisfyin like that, and full of peace and majesty—t take my mind for several hours a day awa from the ugliness and hypocrisy and gree that is like a stench under my nostrils all th time.—Have you ever read James Hilton "Lost Horizon"? Very likely you have, ar perhaps you hated it. I loved it, and I a going to read it again,—read about a wor where people have time to study witho haste and deeply all the things they long study, where people live long enough even acquire a little wisdom, or at least to val it.—If you haven't read it, please do.

Forgive this scrawl. Lots of love from both to you and Gladdie. VINCENT.

And You as Well Must Die

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

VIII

And you as well must die, beloved dust,
And all your beauty stand you in no stead;
This flawless, vital hand, this perfect head,
This body of flame and steel, before the gust
Of Death, or under his autumnal frost,
Shall be as any leaf, be no less dead
Than the first leaf that fell,—this wonder fled
Altered, estranged, disintegrated, lost.
Nor shall my love avail you in your hour.
In spite of all my love, you will arise
Upon that day and wander down the air
Obscurely as the unattended flower,
It mattering not how beautiful you were,
Or how beloved above all else that dies.

From Second April, published by Harper & Bros. Copyright, 1920–1948, by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

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Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
October 26th, 1944

Dan, my dear, [Dante Bergonzi had been a student at the music school conducted by Blanche and Alexander Bloch in Hillsdale, New York] I think so often and with so much pleasure of one night here at Steepletop when, because I felt sick and sad and nothing could cheer me up, you and Eolo suddenly departed to the studio and as suddenly returned with fiddle and cello and the music of that lovely Mozart trio, which you insisted that the three of us play together and at once, I to play the piano part at sight!—And it did not go so badly, either; there were even moments ————

It was 9:45 in the morning when I wrote the lines above. It is now nearly one o'clock. 10:45—11:45—12:45—it is now more than three hours that I have sat here, still as a statue except for thinking of that moment, that great moment which happened to the three of us, happened even to me, that moment above all earthly moments exalted—when all at once the music took things into its own hands,—so hard to express it—disregarding even its composer who had conceived, contrived, and set it down—the music, emerging, coming forward, speaking at last not through several instruments, but with one clear, beautiful voice,—

EDNA.

This letter to Allan Ross Macdougall written on both sides of two cards, was sent in its unsigned, unfinished state to the correspondent by Mr. Boissevain:

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
[January 9, 1945]

Dearest Alling,—

You must have known—surely our long years of friendship must have told you—that if I did not try to help you when you wanted my help—it was because I could not.—I have been very sick—I am just beginning to crawl about again. I could do nothing—or about nothing. (I will explain this remark later). I had no nurse (who might have written you a note for me), I have no secretary—we have no servants—nobody at all in the house to help us—and Gene, when he has not been running up & down stairs to wait on me, or doing the cooking, or washing the dishes, has been trying to harvest the crops, including three new acres of potatoes—with the help only of the hired man, our faithful John—who must also do the chores, milk the cows, churn the butter, cut and saw wood for the winter fires—oh, you see the picture, don't you: It has been enough to drive a body mad!

First came your book [translation of the Belgian classic, "Tyl Ulenspiegl" by Charles de Coster], an old love of mine and miles long. Immediately following, before I could even open the book, came your letter asking me to write something for publication—about the translation—and immediately following your letter came your telegram, saying that your publisher must have my material right away. I was completely floored. (Which means that, being sick in bed already, I fell out of bed)

[Fall, 1945]

Dear Arthur:

I *did* write that sonnet to you,[1] the one you asked me about.—I denied it at the time,—but what a hell of a time, and what a hell of a place, to ask me about it!—A cocktail party in George La Branche's gun-room! Of course, you spoke in a voice so low that no one could possibly have overheard you. But anyway. And besides, you sprang the question on me so suddenly, without the slightest warning, in the course of a conversation we were having about something entirely different, that it almost caught me off guard. And I loathe being caught off guard; it makes me furious. (A devil's-trick that is of yours, too, Angelin-all-else.)

Perhaps, also, I didn't want you to know, for sure, how terribly, how sickeningly, in love with you I had been.

And perhaps, also, I was still in love with you, or I shouldn't have cared.

[1]See letter of September 23, 1937.



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Well, anyway. The sonnet was the one beginning: "And you as well must die, beloved dust". In case you've forgotten. Which you haven't. VINCIE

Arthur Davison Ficke died on November 30, 1945. At his burial at "Hardhack," Hillsdale, New York, Miss Millay read this sonnet and passages from one of his favorite poems, Milton's "Lycidas."

Harper and Brothers had been publishing Miss Millay's books since 1924. In the extensive correspondence there are many letters to and from Eugene Saxton, editor in chief until his death in 1943. After that Miss Millay's letters were addressed to Cass Canfield, chairman of the board of directors of Harper's.

Steepletop
October, 1947

Dear Cass:

First of all, I want to thank you for your kind and thoughtful letter of last spring. I took you at your word, at the time, and did not write to thank you then. But I was deeply touched, and very grateful, and I still am. * * * * *

As to your proposition that Harper's publish my "Collected Dramatic Works", I am afraid I must disappoint you here, although I hate most dreadfully to do so. The fact is, I have too much pride and too much faith in myself as a dramatist, to permit the publication in one volume of seven dramatic works of mine, of which only three—"Two Slatterns and a King"; "The Princess Marries the Page"; and "Aria da Capo", are good plays, and only one of these three, "Aria da Capo", of any significance.

"Two Slatterns and a King" does exactly what it sets out to do. It is very light and slender, but it is carefully constructed, and plays well.

"The Princess Marries the Page" is romantic and sentimental. This, too, is well constructed. It is easy to act, and pretty to watch and listen to. It is a good little play, but of no importance.

"Aria da Capo", of course, is something else entirely. * * * * *

I am very proud of "Aria da Capo". I wish I had a dozen more, not like it, but as good. *Then* we could bring out a book!

"The King's Henchman" is a bad play. It was written in the first place as the libretto for an opera. Later, I tried to make it into a play. But it was hopelessly contaminated. It smells of libretto; and has other grave faults as well. This is a pity. For some of my very best poetry is to be found in "The King's Henchman",—to be found, that is, by a reader tough enough to struggle through acres of ostentatious and pedantic drivel in order to get to it.

"The Lamp and the Bell" was written as an occasional piece, and shows it. * * * * *

"The Murder of Lidice", of course, was and is, merely propaganda. * * * * * This piece should be allowed to die along with the war which provoked it. I only hope its death will not be so lingering as that of the war itself.

"Conversation at Midnight" is an interesting book; I like it. But the published version is not nearly so good as the original manuscript, which was destroyed by fire. I was able to remember the greater part of it, but there were many passages which I had to re-invent, and others which I was forced to leave out entirely, so that the result is patchy and jerky. * * * * *

We are left with only "Aria da Capo", one really good, serious play, and two other one-act plays, both skillfully wrought, but both inconsequential. We have nothing to work with. We have no book. * * * * *

I am writing. I have not many poems finished, but those that I have are good. The effect of writing so much propaganda during the war—from the point of view of poetry, sloppy, garrulous and unintegrated—is to make me more careful and critical of my work even than formerly I was, so that now I write more slowly than ever.

If Harper's can be patient with me there will be a book. Sincerely
E

Steepletop
Austerlitz, New Y
August 9, 1949

Dear Bunny [Edmund Wilson]:

This is awful; but I can't see you; I see anybody on earth just now; I am ing seventy-two hours a day; and I dare run the risk of being deflected.

This is an ironic and hateful thing: I so often longed to talk with you. I sha very sad about this—and I know t shall—as soon as I am able to feel any at all beyond the periphery of my i occupation.

I liked your longer poem; I liked it much. But don't use the word—if i word—"gals". Not even although it m fine Janus-faced rhyme for "slag". Do it. "Slag" is a fine word. "Gals" is common and indecent. Don't use it; for God's sake, use it, in a poem whic so much elegance. Lov
E

Eugen Jan Boissevain, after a brief and an operation at the Deaconess Ho Boston, died August 29, 1949. Mrs. M Herron, postmistress of Austerlitz, aide Millay at this time by answering all the of condolence. This unsigned note was v to Mrs. Herron:

Steepl
[Austerlitz, N.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Dear Mary:

Thank you for al kindness. I don't how I should have aged, without your

Yes, it must i seem impossible t that he will not be c down the hill to fetch the mail, this autumn day.

He never comes up the hill, eithe more.

Two of Miss Millay's long-standing frien were with Margaret Cuthbert, director of Affairs programs for the National Broad Company, and Alice Blinn, an associate e the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. On the De day when Miss Millay wrote them a joint she also wrote to Manuel Maria Misc Argentine poet who had translated seven sonnets for publication in Argentina.

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N
Dec. 10th, 1949

Dear Margaret and Alice:

If you chaps are determined to giv Christmas present, nothing I can s stop you. Not that I want to stop yo it does occur to me, and by no means first time, that for years and years an the two of you have been so occupied i fully selecting, efficiently dispatchin person to me bearing, so many baske salvers heaped with varied and del gifts,—that the wonder is you can fin even to sign your letters.

However, if I *must* accept a Ch present from you, I must. (Goody, goody!)

Whatever you send me, though, pl not send either newspapers or mag There follows a list of those which I receive: The Atlantic Monthly; H Magazine; The Saturday Review of ture; The Saturday Evening Post; T tional Geographic; The New Leade Herb Grower; American Forests; The bon Magazine; the illustrated Bulleti Metropolitan Museum; The Rura Yorker; The Chatham Courier; Pun The Herald Tribune.

Time was when I would read, or glance through, all of these. Now, ex The Herb Grower and the Museum and Forests and the Audobon Mag lug them all upstairs the moment rive, without even removing the w

(Continued on Page 167)



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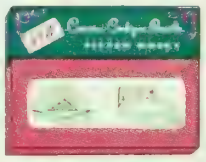
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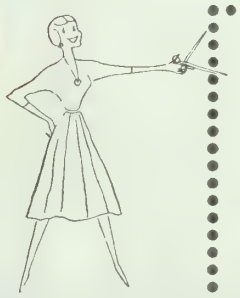
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(Continued from Page 164)

ve them on the library floor in stacks,
dy to be sent to Holland.
was a good scheme, kids,—darned cute.
o Out of Touch with People!—I ought
w What's Going On in the World!—it
d Take Me Out of Myself!—Well, well,
'oo bad)
n't mind my raging, darlings. I love
ry much)

---

now I'll tell you what I *should* like for
nas:

-3 Typewriter Ribbons (One for a
gton Portable; one for a full-size, ma-
ut very well-preserved Underwood;
e for a before-the-war-before-the-war
Smith * * * * *
on't use these three typewriters simul-
sly, like three telephones on a desk.
as its proper place and function: one
usiness; one is for typing out poems to
a loose-leaf notebook; and one is just
hell of it.)

6 Composition Books. (The kind that
cost ten cents. (!)—I want them with
vers, so that I can pick one up and
t against my knee and scribble in it,
al-like, and not have to precede my
ns by exerting myself to find a tin
a collection of Peter Arno to make it
at. I can buy Composition Books in
Barrington, but they are all the *bendy*
—before I can write ten words the
book is winding itself about my leg as
ere a bandage) * * * * *
ve set myself to curry and braid and
by hand for the Fair (to say nothing
Market) some poems I was working
st year. But first I must get the
cks out. And if there is anything
stimulating to such activity than a
new typewriter ribbon, it is a
new Composition Book. (With stiff
)

(For the time when the battery gets
and needs re-charging.) Some Who-
s and Westerns, in the Pocket Book,
Bantam, Penguin, Dell,—any of those
s. I think the ones I have mentioned
ways unabridged. I don't like the ones
re cut "to speed up the action". These
ave to be the very latest ones out;
vise I shall have read them at least

---

sweets, I'd be ever so grateful for any
three items above. I don't want you
nd a lot of money on me; I just don't
the price of things. The typewriter
is are the most important. But they
e three dollars apiece, or more, by
-in which case send nothing else. Oh, I
feel so rich, so reinforced, so sassy!—
new ribbon on each of my three type-
s. * * * * *

---

vens what an interminable letter!

Love, quickly,
EDNA

(P. S.—wouldn't you know) I am renewing my subscription to the Herald Tribune: all the pine-cones are deep under snow. (Modern poem)

Steepletop
Austerlitz, New York
Dec. 10, 1949

Dear Mr. Mischoulon:

You feared that I might be ill. I am far worse than ill. My husband has died.

I cannot write about it, nor about anything else. And I cannot answer questions. But I wanted to get some word to you, you were so distressed by my silence.

The books came, early in November. I have not yet been able to read them. But I thank you very much.

Good luck to you. Sincerely,
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
("Miss Edna")

Steepletop
Austerlitz, New York
January 27th, 1950

My darling little Sister and 'Loved;

I wanted to write you the minute I got Charlie's letter, but all I had time for then was the telegram, which I do hope you received. I have been so bedeviled with taxes to make out and bills to pay—and having not the faintest idea where to look for the necessary documents, so that I can check up on things—that what with stuffing myself with all the best proteins and taking my stinking vitamine capsules and my loathsome Liver-Iron-and Red Bone Marrow Extract, I haven't had a minute. * * * * *

When, in Doctors' Hospital, I made known to several friends who visited me there my decision to return to Steepletop and live here all alone, they were appalled, and begged me not to try it. They all said, "But you *must* have *somebody* with you! You simply *can't* be there without *anybody!*"

I knew, beyond any doubt, that to be here alone, was the only way I could go through with it. But I could not convince them.

Finally, by getting the doctor on my side, I prevailed. * * * * *

Don't worry about me at all, either of you. To pretend that it is no agony, would be silly. But I can cope.

So much love, dear Normie. And to my Charlie, too.

EDINER

Steepletop
March 3, 1950

Dear Margaret [Cuthbert]:

I might as well break down and confess—I might have known that I couldn't really fool you and Alice for very long—! Well, the reason why I didn't telephone you is because I have no telephone, I have been without a telephone for two months.

When the weather began to get cold, the wires began to make such a noise that I couldn't stand it. I tried everything—I had them make the wires more slack—I had them change the point of entry into the house (so that the noise wouldn't come right into my ear when I lay in bed)—time after time I got up out of bed in the middle of the night, and sighed, and picked up a couple of blankets and a pillow, and trudged up to my cabin in the pines, and tried to sleep there. But there is no bed there, not even a couch, just a rather small chaise-longue. So—I haven't had much sleep this winter.

I did not have the telephone instrument taken out—they are hard to get—I had the wires taken down, but arranged so that I could keep the instrument itself & pay for it at the minimum rate—until warm weather should take the humming out of the wires and I could have the blasted thing installed again.

Love,
EDNA

Steepletop
Austerlitz, New York
April 5th, 1950

Dear Mary [Herron]:

Enclosed is a little Easter book-mark. Isn't it sweet? I had a feeling you might love it. My aunt sent it me several years ago, and I kept it in a copy of Keats, so that it would open at "The Eve of St. Agnes," while I was learning "The Eve of St. Agnes" by heart. And even after I knew the poem by heart, the little bookmark stayed there, so that the string and tassel part of it look just a bit grubby, I'm afraid. Not very, though.

I'm going to write out my own cheques from now on, and attend to my book-keeping myself. You've been a marvellous help to me: I don't see how I could possibly have managed all these different kinds of business without you. But it's time I stopped being such a baby.

If you will please still read my mail, though and answer for a while still the kind of letter you have been answering for me, I shall be very grateful.

You can't have any more Steepletop butter until the roads are in better condition. Poor John has to walk every day to and from his work here. And I can't ask him to carry anything more than a few letters. I'll send you a nice big piece next time.

EDNA

To Mrs. Mary V. Herron:

Steepletop
Austerlitz, New York
April 20th, 1950

Why, you horrid little thing, you! I'm *giving* you the butter!—It's a *present!* Why, I never was so shocked in all my life! You make me sick.

Anyhow, it won't work: I refuse to have my arrogant, aloof, pure-Guernsey butter all computed into U. S. Gov. stamps. So if you want it, you'll have to take it as a present, and charge me for the stamps. (And no funny business)

After all that you have done for me, and are constantly doing—no sister could have given me more tender care—and I mayn't even give you a greasy little present! You make me sick.

More later. John must start splashing down for the mail. Enclosed cheque is for the American Cancer Society. Make the contribution an even fifty.

E.

April 20th, 1950

Dear M. (this continued from yesterday—I had no time to finish)

I want to give much more than two dollars to the American Cancer Society. Hence my cheque for fifty. Good God, I gave *five* dollars to the Infantile Paralysis Drive! And what is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba? (Hamlet would forgive me: he was a bit upset, himself)

My own sweet wonderful darling died of cancer.

As did, a few years ago, our good friend, that fine poet, Arthur Davidson Ficke.

As did, a few years ago, Eugen's brilliant young nephew, Dr. Charles Boissevain, well

SELF-PITY—ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Don't you, now and again, feel sorry for yourself? Don't you tell yourself that you are hard done by compared with other people of your acquaintance? They haven't to work as hard as you, or to shoulder your burden of responsibility, or to deal with the anxieties you face.

Self-pity, like most luxuries, is an enervating and debilitating thing. It has other qualities that are no less damaging. For example, consider how it exaggerates. The person who surrenders to the temptation to whine as a rule has outbursts of temper out of all proportion to the size of the original stimulus. People who labor under a smarting sense of some wrong that has been done them lose faith, hope and charity, and when those three go, happiness has a knack of going with them, for it is deeply attached to them.

Thank God for those who face life without whimpering and with high-hearted gallantry and courage. Their name is legion. . . . And what of the Master? He believed that this sinful world could be won back for God, and He started hopefully and blithely on that great task. And when the popularity died down and He saw that the end must be a gibbet, He said, "If I am lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me." And then He died with the shout of a conqueror—"It is finished."

—ROBERT J. McCRACKEN



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known in medical societies for his research not only in tuberculosis, but also in cancer.

To me, long before any of these deaths occurred, cancer was the most horrible and the most to be dreaded of all diseases.

The American Cancer Society doesn't know how to advertise itself. This is a pity. Infantile Paralysis is all over the radio and all over everything else with its tricky slogans—March of Dimes, and what not—; and Heart Disease has gone and spoiled St. Valentine's Day with its National Heart Week—as if it weren't bad enough to have heart trouble, without having St. Valentine's Day all ruined as well.

But all that the American Cancer Society ever does, is simply to announce, in a dignified way, that it exists, and is not averse to contributions.

I hope I didn't neglect to enclose the cheque. No. I remember, I did enclose it.

You wonder how I am going to stand the spring. I'm wondering myself, I can tell you. And I'm plenty scared.

Not scared that I sha'n't muddle through in some way or other. Just scared. Shrinking from being hurt too much. Scared the way I used to be as a child, when I had to go to the dentist. In the days before they gave you novocaine.

I have already encountered the first dandelion. I stood and stared at it with a kind of horror. And then I felt ashamed of myself, and sorry for the dandelion. And suddenly, without my doing anything about it at all, my face just crumpled up and cried.

How excited he always was when he saw the first dandelion! And long before the plants got big enough for even a rabbit to find them, he had dug a fine mess, for greens. He used to say "pick dandelions"; and I would say, "Not pick,—dig." And he would say, "Oh, don't scold poor Uge—he does so his best."

Alas, alas, and alas.

Unsigned.

August 2nd, 1950

Dear Miss [Bernice] Baumgarten:

This poem, of course, should be sold to some magazine where it will appear soon, such as the New York Times section or whatever it is called; you know what I mean. [Miss Bernice Baumgarten, of Brandt and Brandt, was Miss Millay's literary agent.]

But you must get a good price for it; otherwise you must sell it to something that can pay. I am as patriotic as anybody; but I have my living to earn, if I am to continue to write, and (with your help, lately, with the poems as well as other things) I am making a pretty good job of it.

Mr. Boissevain used to sell my poems for me. He got from the Atlantic Monthly, two hundred dollars for a sonnet; one hundred and fifty for a lesser poem; from Harper's Magazine, two hundred dollars for a sonnet; three hundred dollars for a poem which took a whole page. Of course they wrote saying that the figures were astronomical, as far as their budgets were concerned, and of course that was true; but they liked the poems, and they wanted them, so they bought them. I am telling you this merely for your information, as it is possible that you did not know how high a price such a magazine as Harper's and the Atlantic would be willing to pay for something they really wanted. You will, of course, use your own judgement.

It is not that I want to sell to the highest bidder. The highest bidder might well be . . .

Next Month

"If you cared for someone, wouldn't you rather help them to cheat . . . than to be cheated yourself?"

WHEN Sarah Moreton said this, Oliver Branwell knew... knew that his love for her must do battle with his suspicion that she was involved in a serious crime. Theirs is the swift-moving story of torn loyalties, of danger and intrigue—of a love that defied caution.

FORTUNE IS A WOMAN

by Winston Graham

Complete in the *November Journal*, condensed from the novel soon to be published by Doubleday & Co.

whose poetry editor has been after
years to send her some poems; she, of
would pay a very high price. But all t
creature has to work with (besides r
is that dreadful crowded little page, w
the poets and poems are all scrambled
gether, and oh, it is sickening. I like
sounds nice; and if ever I have some
little poem which still is a good po
doesn't mind being sociable, I will se
you, ear-marked for her.

Sincerely you
EDNA ST. VINCENT MI

Steepletop
Austerlitz, New
Aug. 14, 1950

Dear Tess [Mrs. Franklin P. Adams]

Ragged Island is not for sale.

As soon as I can bear it, I shall g
there. Possibly next summer. I don't

Tell John [Johnson] to board thing
best he can, and carry on. I long ago s
bothering about its being broken int
write him as soon as I have a little t
and when). I am working terribly
writing.

The Thanksgiving number of the
day Evening Post will have a poem o

No, I can
you, darlin
even if I c
would not—
ing you very
however. Wh
to Maine a
shall go stra
Ragged.

Lo
E

P. S. I suppo
know the tax
tor, Gladys
ton. Will you
ask her to
note to send
tax in future
my own nam
you know, I
used Eugen's
(Miss) etc. is
rect and legal
And it is n
annoying, bu
instance it is
right painful.
the tax for
written out
name (with just a Mrs. before it)—
so love the Island.

Steepletop
[Austerlitz, N.
Oct. 9, 1950

Dear Tess:

I should love to see you; but (a
is one hell of an invitation as I kno
you arrange to come after lunch an
before dinner? (!!!) I have no time
plain now; I want to get an answer
into this mail.

No, my dear. Don't bring me any l
And don't bring me any seaweed.

John is ready to leave for the pos
Lo
E

This final note was left one morning
autumn of 1950 for Mrs. Ruesch, one
two neighboring women who came eac
a week to keep house:

Steepletop

Dear Lena:

This iron is set too high. Don't p
where it says "Linen"—or it will sco
linen. Try it on "Rayon"—and the
haps on "Woollen". And be careful
burn your fingers when you shift it fr
heat to another.

It is 5:30, and I have been work
night. I am going to bed.

Goodmorning—

E. ST. V

On October 19 John Pinnie, the care
Steepletop, found the body of Edna St.

Does Dry Skin Label You An "Older" Woman?

One of the sorrowful moments in every woman's life is the moment she discovers her first wrinkle. For wrinkles and old age go together.

But so often, those little lines you see are not wrinkles at all—merely dry skin lines! And with five minutes' care a day, you can get rid of them!

Every day, treat your skin to a luxurious facial with Woodbury Dry Skin Cream. It contains a new wonder-working ingredient called *Penaten*. Penaten's special magic is that it carries the lanolin and three other rich softening oils in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream deeper into the important corneum layer of your skin—deeper than ever before.

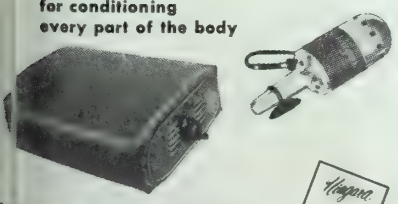
You'll see your skin glow with a tender, younger look when dry skin lines are smoothed away. It will be worth your time . . . and certainly worth your money, for Woodbury Dry Skin Cream is only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax. Try it today.



Models, stars and athletes acclaim Niagara as their top physical conditioner. For your health's sake, investigate Niagara DEEP Massage today. Compact 2-unit home kit for family use.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

2-unit Home Kit for conditioning every part of the body



An approved appliance used by hospitals, physiotherapists and athletic trainers.



FREE BOOKLET

Niagara Massage, Adamsville, Pa., Dept. L
Send me free booklet on Niagara 2-Unit Home Kits.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Millay on the first landing of the stairway leading to her bedroom, She had worked all night, going through page proofs of Rolfe Humphries' translation of Vergil's Aeneid. Death had come suddenly, due to a heart attack following a coronary occlusion.

To many these lines from Miss Millay's own poem, "The Poet and His Book," may seem the most fitting conclusion to her life story:

Stranger, pause and look;
From the dust of ages,
Lift this little book,
Turn the tattered pages.
Read me, do not let me die!
Search the fading letters, finding
Steadfast in the broken binding
All that once was I! . . .

Sexton, ply your trade!
In a shower of gravel
Stamp upon your spade!
Many a rose shall ravel,
Many a metal wreath shall rust
In the rain, and I go singing
Through the lots where you are flinging
Yellow clay on dust!

CHESTER DALE'S PRIVATE COLLECTION

(Continued from Page 50)

living" presence but a unique creation. There, hung on a bit of slanting wall, is Renoir's utterly lovely portrait of a girl; beneath her, a tiny, precise Corot. There, a late intelligible Picasso. There, Gérard's warm, sensitive painting of The Model. Inobtrusively dominant, each painting is a total expression, complete, it seems, to the last feather touch of the brush. When you look at one long enough, you can live in it and it seems you live deeply.

There is no describing a work of art and Mr. Dale does not try. "I collect pictures for only one reason," he tells you. "Because I love them."

All the paintings in his apartment, except one, are nineteenth- or twentieth-century French. The exception is his own portrait by his good friend Diego Rivera, noted Mexican muralist, with which the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL introduces its new series of fine art reproductions from the private collection of Chester Dale.

Seated on the divan beneath this portrait, Mr. Dale does not appear as gaunt as Rivera painted him in 1945. (He is now sixty-nine.) But his hands habitually assume the same positions, the hand holding the cigarette resting on one knee, as he tells of sitting for the preliminary sketch in Rivera's quarters in Mexico City.

When Rivera had been at work for a short while, Mr. Dale complained that the table was much too high, it was uncomfortable. "Look, Diego," he told the artist, "it's practically under my chin."

Rivera shrugged, called an Indian servant. "Saw the legs off that table," he ordered in Spanish. With much noise, the Indian did, while Rivera continued to sketch, unperturbed.

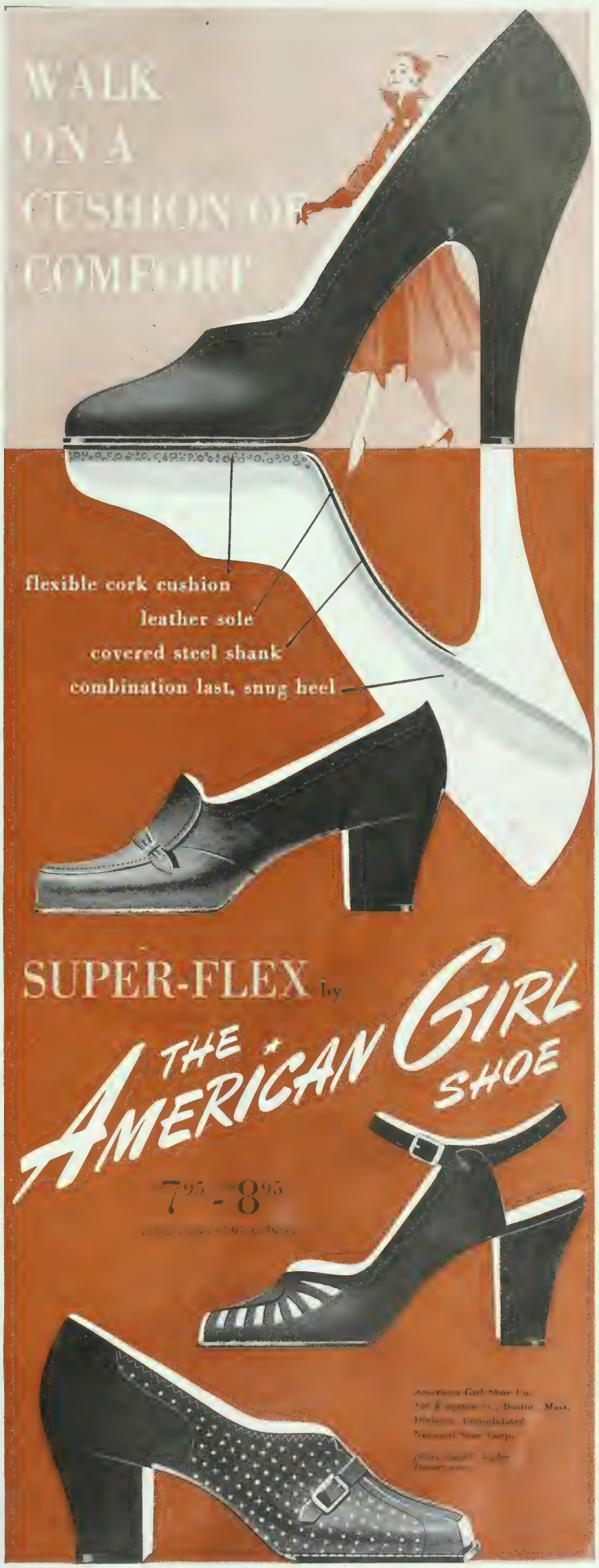
Mr. Dale found the sawed-off table much more comfortable, but he soon grew restless again.

"Here, look at this," Rivera said. "You probably haven't seen it." It was a book of masterpieces from the National Gallery, which Rivera had opened, apparently haphazardly, to one of Van Gogh's self-portraits.

Mr. Dale took his horn-rimmed reading glasses from the handkerchief pocket of his coat and dropped them on the printed page. "What'll I do now?" he asked.

"Just shut up," Rivera said. He sketched Van Gogh's self-portrait as he viewed it—upside down. The actual Van Gogh colors blend in perfect tonality with the deep brickish reds and yellow-greens Rivera used throughout the painting.

Mr. Dale admires the portrait greatly—but objectively, as a work of art. "The subject is nothing. When I am dead and gone"—his head swings upward—"that will still be the finest modern portrait in existence anywhere." —G. M. WHITE





Good morning! Good evening! Good eating!

Milk and Donut Time!

Do you know *anyone* who doesn't like MILK and donuts? At breakfast, in the lunchbox, when the kids come home from school, for a bedtime snack—"*any time* is MILK 'n' donut time." This great American twosome is your quickest, easiest answer for delicious, healthy, good eating. You *never* outgrow your need for MILK—and your taste never tires of MILK and donuts! Serve 'em for a snack tonight—or enjoy them for breakfast—MILK and donuts!

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
"Voice of the Prairie Farmer"
20 North Wacker Drive Building • Chicago 6, Illinois

FIRST IN FOODS

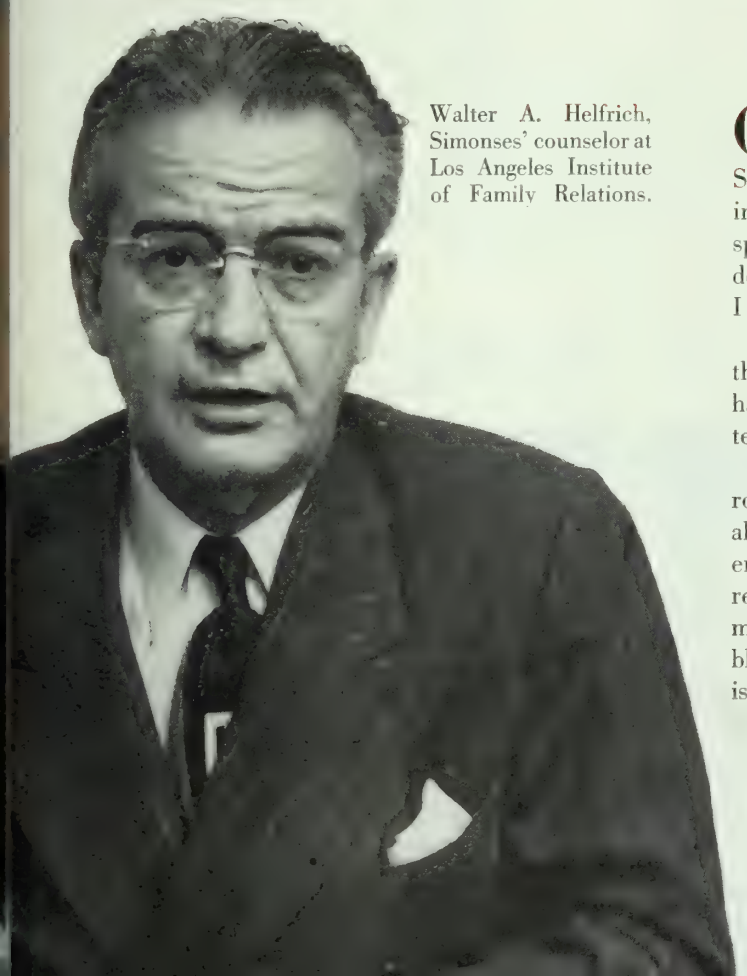


Strong personality conflicts, plus worry and financial stress during most of their fourteen years together, almost cost the Simonses their marriage.

They learned to love again

Meet Richard and Eugenia Simons, of Los Angeles, who faced marital failure—and refused to surrender to it.

By PAUL MARCUS



Walter A. Helfrich, Simonses' counselor at Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations.

ONE evening in January when their children were in bed, Richard and Eugenia Simons sat before their television set, talking. "All right," Richard said coolly, in response to an accusation from his wife; "I don't love you, I haven't for some time, and I want a divorce."

Eugenia was stunned. Until this moment, the possibility of such a disaster occurring had never entered her mind. She was also terrified, for she loved her husband deeply.

The Simonses live in a trim Cape Cod five-room house which they built for $5000 about ten years ago at 1804 Burnside Avenue, one of Los Angeles' quiet, clean, self-respecting suburban streets. Richard Simons is thirty-eight, tall, well built, with blond receding hair and blue-gray eyes; he is sociable, laughs a lot, but is reserved, almost watchful in manner. He is a salesman for Kingan & Co., pork packers, earns about $5000 a year. Eugenia is thirty-nine, has a slim, youthful figure, an attractive mobile face; friendly, vivacious, high-strung, she talks much more than her husband, is likely to dominate a conversation. Both are socially attractive, quick to be called "Dick" and "Genie" by others. They have two children.

Mary, eleven, is a blond, utterly natural, beautiful child, who likes music, draws and paints, likes rocks, plants and insects, exclusive of spiders: "They remind me of octopuses," she complains. She also likes to make up stories about the trees in her back yard: "That tree over there is the villain, and he likes the fat lady for her jewels." Richard Lee Simons, called "Buzzy" by all the family, is six, and an adopted child.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESTHER BUBLEY

HOW AMERICA LIVES

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"Genie says I put myself out to do things for others. She wants to isolate me from the world."

"... she wants guaranteed security ... she rakes over things I 'always' do ..."



"... he puts up a wall of ice ... he favors Buzzy ... disregards my plans ..."



"Dick absolutely cannot understand some of the things I feel. They seem incredible to him."



Mary, 11, usually does chores willingly, once rebelled: "Our house is always in a big mess. Other kids are used to just little messes."



Not strong physically, Genie relied on Dick's help —"And when I didn't do things her way, she thought I was showing contempt."

Towheaded, ruggedly built, he used to be subject to asthmatic seizures, but is much better since Genie began taking him to a specialist ("What happened with Mary?" the doctor would ask when Genie reported an attack. "Did you have a fight with your husband?") Buzzy plays mostly with a solemn little 5x5 called Butch and strongly favors a two-holster ammunition belt.

This, then, was the family that faced dissolution.

Genie did not agree to a divorce. They talked. By one of those strange coincidences that often move the world, the program on the television set changed. They watched Dr. Paul Popenoe, director of Los Angeles' American Institute of Family Relations, hold a simulated counseling session with one partner in an estranged marriage. "Maybe," Dick said ironically, "we'd better go see him."

"Maybe," Genie said earnestly, "we'd better."

The next day she called the institute. Located at 5287 Sunset Boulevard, now in its twenty-third year, this nonprofit organization has forty psychologists associated with it, last year gave 10,000 consultations to troubled couples, and takes credit for perhaps 100,000 private consultations given in Los Angeles, since they trained the counselors. Genie made appointments for herself and Dick (couples are always seen separately), and they were assigned to psychologist Walter A. Helfrich. When told about this *fait accompli*, Dick agreed to keep the appointment, though expecting nothing to come of it. At this writing, the Simonses have been counseled by Helfrich for about six months.

And this is the story of their marriage, how it went on the shoals, and what has happened to them since they undertook professional help.

As Genie recalls it, she fell in love with Dick because he was "honest, sincere, trustworthy." Their romance began in 1933 when they went driving together on a double date (they had been in Hollywood High together, but had hardly been acquainted). They soon began dating seriously, were engaged in 1936, and married two years later in an Episcopal ceremony in Amanda Chapel, Carthay Center, Los Angeles; two hundred guests attended, and afterward there was a reception for a hundred.

Dick was manager of a small grocery store, and they rented an apartment for their first home. Genie felt she got something real out of marriage: "He bolstered me up, made me feel that I belonged to somebody and had a home of my own." But almost from the first, difficulties beset them.

Genie's mother, a strong-willed woman, began visiting with them week ends; there were clashes between Genie and her mother, with Dick standing by as pacifier, which put a strain on the new family. ("Do you suppose," Dick once asked a visitor, "if in India when a man dies they burn his widow in order to keep her off her children's necks?") Dick's elder sister visited them frequently also; there were further clashes between the two women, again with Dick standing on the

Genie glamourized Dick's work day, says, "I felt 'second fiddle,' but when I tried to talk to him about it he crawled into his shell."



"Looking back on the crises mother has faced, I can see why she's domineering—but she sparked trouble between Dick and me."





Before counseling, when Dick came home to find supper not started, he cooked it himself, hoarding resentment. Now Genie is likely to hear, "That's *your* job!"

side lines, but not any happier than Genie. Stimulated, perhaps, by the intrusion of these two personalities into the young marriage, strong differences of temperament between Genie and Dick began to appear.

One important disparity which emerged was their relative talkativeness. Genie has always liked to talk. She says, "I felt an urgent need to get behind everything he did or said; I felt I was working in the dark, and I wanted to know more about him, but I couldn't get him to talk." When she tried it only made him "put up a wall of ice." When they had one of marriage's customary little spats, she says, "He would want me to just forget about it—I wanted to find some rhyme or reason why it happened."

But most corroding was a pervading, desolate feeling in Genie that in every situation she played second fiddle in Dick's life. "In the early years of our marriage," she said, "I was absolutely sold on the idea that anyone, any time, anywhere, could come ahead of our plans." If a neighbor asks Dick to help repair a fence, Genie notes that their own swing needs fixing, and feels Dick is putting someone else ahead of her. If he comes home late because he stopped off after work to have a drink with someone, she has the same reaction. To her, it seems as though their whole married life has been an accumulation of such incidents. But one incident in those early years appears particularly vivid to her.

Genie, one afternoon, dropped in at the store where Dick worked, to visit. They stood talking

Referring to Dick's coldness to Mary, Helfrich comments, "He saw his son as an ally. Mary represented to him the sister he had resented during childhood."



Since counseling, the Simonses share new pride in their home. Looking back, Genie admits, "I felt, at first, that Dick would benefit most from counseling; I had no idea how much I needed help."



"Counseling helps you to see yourself, gives you the feeling that you aren't alone. You get a sense of release."



Genie's jealousy: "Derived from low level of self-esteem."



"We want to give the children more consideration as individuals than we had. We want them to know the real meaning of security."



Dick and Genie are devoting more time to the youngsters—and finding it fun. Shortly after counseling began, Dick and Mary spent an afternoon together—"and," Genie reports, "they both came home walking on air!"

"The fact that Dick and I can laugh at things has been a saving grace."

awhile, and then a customer, a woman, came in. Dick left Genie, rather abruptly she thought, to wait on the customer. "He dropped me for someone else in the guise of business," she says, still feeling the old bitterness. "It was as though he were publicly saying, 'My wife, in my eyes, is not deserving of that kind of courtesy.'"

When they had been married a little over two years Genie became pregnant. Her first reaction was one of alarm. "I felt," she recalls, "that I wasn't ready to have a baby—I didn't know anything about it. I was disturbed that I didn't have careful plans all worked out." However, when Mary arrived, she brought Genie and Dick closer for a while. Dick showed great interest in the infant, bathed, fed and changed her when that was far from the pattern in the neighborhood. When Mary was a toddler, Genie remembers, "Dick took her around with him everywhere."

The growing family needed more living space, and it seemed most practical to build. They borrowed money for the down payment from Genie's mother, at interest. Of this, Genie says, "She might seem to do something warm and nice, but later you find the strings attached."

Behind such a remark, of course, there must be a history.

Genie was born in Los Angeles into a family which came from the South. Her father she describes as "tall, quiet, passive—a man who bottled things up." She was very close to her father. Her mother, though ill a great deal, appears to have been the dominating force in the family. She supported the children during two different periods when the father suffered nervous breakdowns. Genie's only brother, six years older, became an Olympic pole-vault champion in 1924 while still in high school, being the first man on record to jump over fourteen feet.

The mother often compared Genie unfavorably with her brother. ("I was small and puny," Genie says.) She dated all the troubles in the family from Genie's birth: "My mother always used to tell me that it was worry over me that sapped her strength." When she was *(Continued on Page 184)*



A happy marriage, the Simonses agree, requires "love, tolerance, a well-developed sense of humor; patience, congeniality, common interests." Dick adds, with a twinkle in his eye, "The safest thing is to marry an orphan."



t was years later

hat Henry Jones learned

the price of a pony

"NE GOOD THING about *us* is that we don't have to worry about keeping up with the Joneses. *are* the Joneses!"

That was one of Oscar Jones' favorite little jokes, l my Dad said he'd heard Oscar tell it a dozen es or more. But Dad also said it didn't keep car Jones from doing his best to keep up with Smiths, the Browns and a lot of other people town.

For instance, when one of Oscar Jones' friends ught a big house down on Church Street, it wasn't g before Oscar bought an even bigger one. When other traded in his old car for a big, low-slung eign car, Oscar Jones went right out and did the ne. And when his son Henry left for the uni- sity in 1936, nothing would do for Oscar but to d his boy off in style in a shiny new roadster his own. I went along with Henry, and was con- ced—as I'm sure everyone else in town was— t Oscar Jones was a pretty rich man.

It was during our junior year that Henry got word that his father died. He went home for a week or so to look after things—and never came back.

As I learned afterwards, all Oscar Jones left his family was a big house they couldn't keep up, a powerful car that didn't bring much at the used car lot, and a good many miscellaneous debts that Henry and his mother were hard-pressed to pay.

I lost track of Henry Jones for quite a few years after that, so I was a little surprised to find him waiting for me when I got to my office one morning last week. After a few minutes of general conversation he looked around and said, "I was in this office once before. That was back in the days when your father was an agent for New York Life, as you are now. I was only a kid then, but I still remember it. When we started out that morning, Dad had some money with him to pay the first premium on a policy your father had sold him.

"Well, on the way down we passed a place where they had a pony for sale. I wanted that pony more than anything—and that's where the money went. Dad wouldn't take the policy that day in spite of everything your father said.

"It wasn't until I had to leave the university that I understood why your Dad had urged mine so strongly to change his mind about the policy. Then I realized how much that pony of mine had actually cost. I decided then that if I ever got married and had a family, I wouldn't make the same mistake."

Henry and I started working out his life insurance program then and there. A couple of days later he stopped in again and handed me a check for the first premium. "I didn't see any ponies this morning," he said.

I laughed and thanked him. He grinned and said, "Don't thank me—thank your father. He made this sale for you over twenty years ago."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

Honey, it's money!

When you buy a cotton dress that shrinks out of fit, you're really throwing your hard-earned money down the drain.

So, always insist on seeing "SANFORIZED" on the label before you buy.

Better look twice to make sure your cottons are trade-marked "SANFORIZED"...then they can never, never shrink out of fit.



Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

The curly-bang effect prettily interrupts Eugenia Simons' high forehead, the delicate earrings soften her square jawline. A touch of eye shadow and mascara, pinky-red lipstick and a sheer film of beige powder add a pretty glow. Fresh flowers, a sparkle pin and a flattering neckline complete her new soft touch.



LILLIAN BASSMAN

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

The soft touch



'ıe hat is smart but not becoming; the suit o severe. Thin women, like Eugenia, need othes to point up a small waistline, soften shoulder line—camouflage a "bony" look!

Eugenia Simons' pictures on this page illustrate the lovely difference that can be made when a woman discards severity in favor of femininity. Her softly brushed-out curls, gently rounded dress and relaxed expression in the picture above provide pleasing contrast to her starkly tailored look at the left. Delighted with the results of her outer embellishment, Eugenia is anxious to develop the qualities of inner serenity which will make the pretty picture complete.

This one illustration is only a clue to the many other ways in which a woman can gain appeal, can draw people to her, by consciously (at first) softening her personality and appearance.

Women often lose the soft touch as they go into their thirties and forties. There are the ones who sacrifice femininity for smartness and, in trying to create a striking or interesting appearance, go to extremes. Far more women, however, lose the softness of youth because they get so busy they drive themselves and everyone around them; in their hurry and their worry over getting things done, they get sharp, they cut corners—the smile, the little joke, the personal sympathy and concern vanish.

Here are several of the suggestions we made to Eugenia Simons, an unusually attractive woman, as you can see from her pictures on this page, but one in whom tension and fatigue had taken over.

Practice slow motion— do essential work on schedule, let other projects go.

Stop to listen to your children and your husband—their troubles, adventures, and so on. Cut phone conversations short.

Wear soft colors, soft lines in everything from blouses to suits. Add one pretty touch a day, whether it's a freshly laundered hankie poking out of your blouse pocket, or a ribbon in your hair.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Smell sweet, feel sweet. Use a light, flower- *(Continued on Page 209)*

Mind your manners with your man

DO YOU:

Excuse his odd habits or personal shortcomings to others in a tone of wifely tolerance?

Give him a blow-by-blow description of everything that has happened during your day at home, and then turn a deaf ear when he starts to talk about the office?

Push him into action before he has a chance to do things for himself? For instance, do you constantly remind him to do such things as, "Take Helen's coat" . . . "Pass the hors d'oeuvres"..."Dance with Mrs. Jones"?

Deride his opinion on any subject if it happens to conflict with yours?

Let him arrive home after work, without going out of your way to greet him warmly?

Give the waiter the order, or the cabdriver the address?

Urge him on to bigger and better accomplishments, using a more successful man as a guide he might go by?



HAROLD FO

Fresh draperies and slip covers planned around a simple but definite color scheme create the effect of a whole new room. The book and magazine shelves are handy-man style.

Color Cover-up

by Henrietta Murdock

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

THIS charming room should be within reach of every woman with imagination, a little money and a sewing machine. Fresh paint makes the room look new, well-fitted slip covers hide the worn upholstery, and a gay color scheme supplies the charm.

These suggestions for freshening up the Simonses' living room show you the simplest and least expensive way of doing an all-out job in a worn room. Newlyweds who are starting out with secondhands can follow the same techniques. But whether you make your color scheme gaily modern, quaint or subtle, you go about the job in exactly the same way.

First, get set with your color scheme. Do this by shopping for inexpensive fabrics—buy half-yard pieces if you want to be sure—and make them into ensembles which you can pin up and study for a few days. If you have a rug, your new scheme, of course, must harmonize with it. The green rug in our photograph, by the way, was rewoven from old carpeting and dyed.

Best decorative fabrics for the new job are washable chintz, flowered sateen and printed muslin. At cotton-dress-goods counters you will find bargain prints in fine calicos and percales as low as 47¢ a yard. Hard-twisted cottons such as sailcloth, denim and rep are excellent for your plain slip covers. Since it is the texture of fabrics, rather than the color, that soils, don't be too practical if you want a real transformation. It is the light, bright gaiety of your theme fabric that sets the keynote of the room.

If you aren't an experienced slip-cover maker, buy a booklet at the counter where you buy your fabrics and take advantage of all the new tricks that make fitting and sewing easier. Use your machine attachments for hemming and ruffling your unlined curtains, to stitch your welting and slide fasteners.

Check to see if your lamps look up to date. They should match the scheme these days, be large and simple. The pair in the photograph was made from department-store vases fitted with wood adapters, shades are "blanks" covered with straw matting bought for $1.50. The cranberry-glass lamp was made from an old heirloom vase.

BUDGET FOR SIMONSES' ROOM

Chintz (30 yds. 36″ @ $1.60)	$48.00
Green rep (5 yds. 50″ @ $2.85)	14.25
Red rep (11 yds. 50″ @ $2.85)	31.35
Paint	7.50
2 Lamps @ $7.50	15.00
3 Shades @ $2.00	6.00
Lumber for bookshelves	4.00
	$126.10

HOW AMERICA LIVES

3 generations tell you why Maytag is the Automatic for you



All over America, three generations in the same families have chosen Maytags. Mrs. C. D. Chapin, Columbiaville, Michigan, belongs to a three-generation Maytag family. Her Maytag has a big double-walled tub, Roller Water Remover, Gyrafoam washing action, and Sediment Trap.



"I grew up with Maytag washers," says Mrs. Leon Martin of Detroit. "So, of course, only the Maytag Automatic could be my choice." She shows her new washer to Mother, Mrs. C. D. Chapin, Columbiaville, Michigan; and Grandmother, Mrs. George Dewey, Detroit.



Maytag Dutch Oven Gas Range. Most efficient, best-insulated oven you can buy. Speedy gas cooking. Easy to clean. The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa. Washers • Ranges • Freezers • Ironers.

"... washes clothes as clean as my Maytag conventional," says Grandmother, Mrs. George Dewey. Yes ... only the **Maytag** Automatic has famous Gyrafoam washing action ... the agitator action originated by Maytag. Clothes get cleaner as gentle water currents wash out even the most stubborn dirt. Safety Lid ... open it—washing action stops; close it, washing resumes. It's "children-proof." No bolting down ... perfectly balanced. This Automatic has adjustable legs to fit uneven floors.

"I like the way I can wash everything from nylons to blue jeans," says Mrs. Martin. That's because the Maytag Automatic lets you vary the washing time. Completely automatic operation ... even turns itself off. Up-and-over rinse flushes dirt *away* from clothes *not through them.* Thorough spin-drying leaves clothes fluffy, with no hard-to-iron wrinkles. Built by **Maytag** ... and that means you can look forward to many extra years of dependable, trouble-free performance and cleanest clothes.

Munsingwear Anti-Shiver Balbriggans

knit to keep you warm from chin to shin



a.



b.

Cozy, comfy, colorful Balbriggans, warmly fashioned of fine combed cotton. And knit and finished to resist shrinking, sagging, stretching.

$4.95

a. Blue heaven, coral sunset, pink dawn, yellow sunshine. 14-20.

b. Blue heaven, coral sunset, pink dawn. 14-20.



Sleeping Beauties BY Munsingwear

Matched pajamas to delight mother and daughter.
Blue heaven, coral sunset, pink dawn, yellow sunshine.
Women—14-20 $4.95
Girls—4-16 $3.50

• LINGERIE • STOCKINGS • FOUNDETTES® At better stores or write Munsingwear, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.



←
Lovely beige tweed softly tailored into a full-length topcoat. Pockets in seams, roll collar. Vogue Design No. S-1291. Small, Medium, Large.



Raspberry cotton in small jacquard design, in a delightfully simple dress with gathered skirt. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7768, 12 to 20.

\$50 Patriot Wardrobe

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Imagine a whole wardrobe for $50—a year-round one at that! Only by making your clothes yourself could this value be possible, because the wardrobe includes a lovely full-length all-wool coat. It has interesting shoulder detail and is fully lined in matching rayon crepe. The pretty raspberry cotton classic is Mrs. Simons' favorite dress. The easy gathered skirt, the three-quarter sleeves which can be pushed up, and the small collar will make it a year-round "go everywhere" dress. Her blue acetate-and-rayon (that looks like wool) dress and jacket combine in many ways for utmost use. The dress and jacket worn together look like a suit . . . the dress worn separately is perfect for dinner or the theater. We added an extra skirt in a co-ordinated striped fabric—this gives Mrs. Simons an extra suit when she wears it with the blue jacket. The striped skirt is also nice for sweaters and blouses. The $50 covers the cost of all fabrics, the patterns, zippers, thread and buttons.

By Nora O'Leary
Pattern Editor of the Journal



The slim blue dress worn separately lends itself to dressy accessories . . . looks pretty under the beige topcoat.



←
The blue jacket combined with skirt of co-ordinated stripes looks like a suit. Skirt, Vogue Design No. 7467, 24 to 36.

→
Jacket dress in a lovely shade of blue, in acetate-and-rayon, gives the effect of a suit. Vogue Design No. 707. 12 to 20.

LESLIE GILL



Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.)

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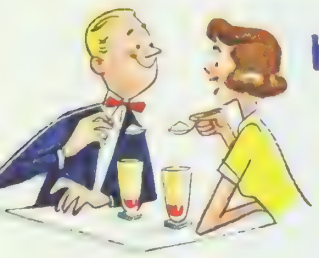
Other Views, Sizes, Prices and Itemized Cost of Wardrobe on Page 187.

To wives whose husbands deserve something special...



2 party-pretty homemade desserts!

made with his favorite jelly





2-WAY PARFAIT

Minute Tapioca Cream Jelly (any flavor desired)

Prepare Minute Tapioca, following easy directions on the package. Chill. Then spoon his favorite jelly into the dish, add the creamy pudding, and top with another spoon of jelly and a sprig of mint.

For a whipped-cream variation (don't save this one *just* for holidays), add ½ cup heavy cream to 2 tablespoons of the jelly, which has been softened with a fork. Add a few drops food coloring, if desired. Beat with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick. Now combine with Minute Tapioca Cream in a parfait glass, using the jelly-cream as an attractive center ring and colorful topping.

Sure-success cherry pie!

For sparkling cherry pie, with fresh, bright color and richly glazed consistency, use Minute Tapioca for a sure-success thickener.

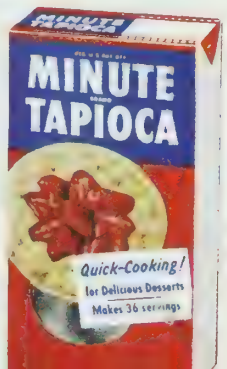
For all berry or fruit pie fillings, use Minute Tapioca instead of cornstarch (the same amount). If the recipe calls for flour, use slightly less tapioca instead.



REAL TAPIOCA!

MINUTE BRAND TAPIOCA

FULL OF COUNTRY-KITCHEN GOODNESS



oduct of General Foods



"It's fun and good eating when we cook together."

Two Cooks On

By **EUGENIA SIMONS**

WHEN Dick and I are working in the kitchen, we are as differe in our cooking as salt and pepper. He has his specialties, I ha mine, and together we cook up some wonderful-tasting meals.

I'm a simple cook—not the kind that lets things simmer and ste Dick, on the other hand, likes to experiment with seasonings. He h a sense of adventure in the kitchen.

California Style

Here in California, it seems to be the custom to begin the meal with the salad course, and our favorite features a sour-cream dressing.

SOUR CREAM-ROSEMARY DRESSING

Make a good strong brew of rosemary tea by pouring 3 tablespoons boiling water over 1 teaspoon dried rosemary. Let steep 5 minutes. Strain and add the tea to 1 cup thick dairy sour cream mixed with 1 cup mayonnaise. Add 1 small leek or green onion, finely chopped, a pinch of salt and 2 or more tablespoons vinegar. Make it as tart as you wish. This makes a pint of dressing and keeps well in the refrigerator for at least a week. It's truly wonderful on tossed green salads.

Chef Cum Laude

Although he's been given a chef's hat and apron, Dick refuses to wear them. He'd rather wipe his hands on the back of his old trousers, and usually does. His pet recipe is for barbecued spareribs with liquid smoke seasoning. The bottle was misplaced in the back of the cupboard for a while, but the ribs have taken on a familiar flavor now that Dick has found it again.

DICK'S SPECIAL BARBECUED SPARERIBS

Combine ½ cup catchup, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon chili powder, 1 teaspoon liquid smoke (optional), ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon onion salt and ½ teaspoon garlic salt. For 4, allow 2 sides of fresh spareribs. There's slim picking on those bones. Place the spareribs in a shallow baking pan and brush generously with the barbecue sauce. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., about 1–1½ hours until the meat is tender. During baking, turn the ribs once so they will brown on both sides, and continue brushing with addition barbecue sauce. Drain any excess f that accumulates in the pan. Ser finger-style with seconds—on napkin

Teamed with spareribs for this me are our ever-popular zucchini-chee boats. While Dick is cutting the spar ribs into easy-to-manage finger piece there's just enough time for me to sl a pan of cheese-stuffed zucchini und the broiler. Bubbly and hot, they a ways make a hit.

ZUCCHINI-CHEESE BOATS

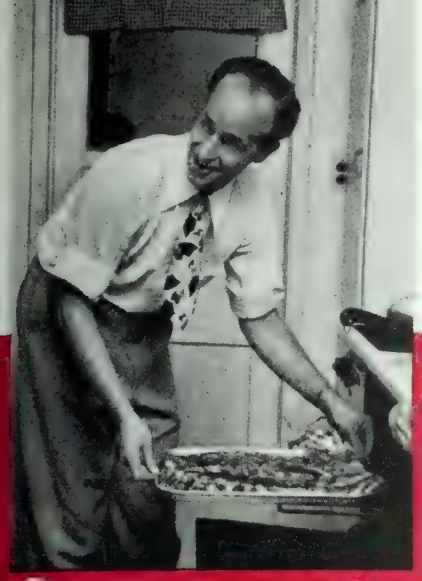
Wash and slice small zucchini squa in half lengthwise. Allow at least o zucchini per person. Parboil the squa in a covered skillet in boiling salt water until just tender. Don't let get mushy. Drain and scoop out t seedy portion in the center of ea squash half. Season the shells wi salt and pepper. Fill with grated sha Cheddar cheese. Sprinkle with a litt paprika and broil until the chee melts. The more cheese you use, t better people like it. Serve immediate while cheese is still bubbly and h

It's Teamwork That Coun

With teamwork on vegetable pre aration from me, Dick will never r fuse to cook up our special Bean P Stew. Dick insists that the bur offering of onion makes this ste better in color and flavor. We've us our old-fashioned bean pot for ma years. With stews, it's long, sl simmering that results in tenderne If you don't have a bean pot, a Dut oven works equally well.

BEAN POT STEW

Brown 1 pound cubed lean, bonel beef, lamb or veal in a skillet with tablespoon shortening or salad o Transfer meat to an earthenware be pot (or a heavy Dutch-oven-ty utensil). Next, brown 8 small peel whole white onions in the skillet, a add them to the meat. Now, add



"Barbecued spareribs are tonight's dinner treat."

ESTHER BUBLEY

Better than One

small onion, chopped, to the fat in the pan and burn it! This burning will add a lovely brown color to the gravy—wait and see. Rinse the skillet out with 1½ cups water, loosening all the burnt onion, and pour it over the meat and whole onions. Cover and simmer over low heat on top of range about 1½ hours or until meat is almost tender. Skim off any excess fat. Then add 4 carrots, cut into 2" pieces, 3 medium potatoes, peeled and quartered, and water to cover—about 1–1½ cups. Cover, and cook about ½ hour longer until vegetables are tender. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon catchup and 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce. Thicken with 1½ tablespoons cornstarch blended with 2 tablespoons cold water. Cook until your gravy is amber-clear. Leftover cooked peas and/or Limas can be added toward the end, if desired. Serves 4.

Budget Minded

Since Dick's work brings him in close contact with so many meat dealers, he is able to get a special price from them on a great many meat items. For instance, on Mondays he usually brings home 3 pounds of top-quality ground beef which I freeze in 1-pound packages for use later on in the week. This costs him about $2.00—a big saving for us when you consider the price of round steak these days. To make our household budget, which includes gifts and other small items, run the true course of $25 a week, we counterbalance the expensive with the inexpensive foods. Ground beef, prepared as follows, adds variety to our meals and extends a pound of meat to serve 6–8 people.

BEEF-AND-CORN-BREAD PIE

Brown 1 pound ground beef in 2 tablespoons shortening with ⅓ cup each of chopped onion, celery and green pepper. Cook about 10 minutes. Add 2 teaspoons meat paste dissolved in ¾ cup hot water. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon chili powder. Pour into a 9"x9"x1½" pan. Use a package of corn-muffin mix, adding a dash of salt and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley to the dry ingredients. Proceed as directed on the package. Spread evenly over the meat. Bake 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., or until corn bread is done. Invert on a serving platter. Cut into squares and serve with gravy. I keep canned gravy on hand for such occasions. Serves 6–8.

ALL-IN-ONE CASSEROLE

Chop 1 large onion and 1 green pepper. Brown in a hot skillet with 1 tablespoon shortening and 1 pound ground beef. Add 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes, 1 can whole-kernel corn, 1 small can pitted black olives, drained, 2½ teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Mix in 1 eight-ounce package of egg noodles which have been cooked in boiling salted water and drained. Reseason to taste and pour into a greased 2-quart baking dish. Top with ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese or buttered bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until heated through—about 20 minutes. Serves 8.

Grand Finale

My family insists that a meal is not complete without dessert. Most often, it's apt to be my lemon-meringue pie in a graham-cracker crust, made with our own juicy lemons, tree-ripened in the back yard. Sharing top honors with the lemon pie is apple pie. In fact, whenever I make an apple pie, papa's eyes just glow in the dark. Dick's baking accomplishments are in the cake department. He made Mary's birthday cake, and even made his own Father's Day cake when I was away. When one of the party guests questioned Buzzy about the cake, he proudly answered, "My pop can cook anything." You win if you guessed it might be a devil's-food cake.

DEVIL'S-FOOD CAKE

Combine ½ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 egg yolk and 3½ squares unsweetened chocolate in the top of the double boiler. Cook over simmering water until mixture is smooth and slightly thickened. Remove from heat and cool. Cream ½ cup butter or margarine with 1 cup sugar until light and fluffy. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Sift 2 cups cake flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with 1 cup milk. Dissolve 1½ teaspoons baking soda in 1 tablespoon hot water. Add to the batter, and flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Last, blend in the cooled chocolate mixture. Pour into 2 greased 9" layer-cake pans which have been greased, lined with wax paper and greased again. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 30 minutes. Let cool on racks 5 minutes before removing from pans.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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THEY LEARNED TO LOVE AGAIN

(Continued from Page 174)

only eleven Genie had to cook and keep house, because the mother was working, though Genie herself was seldom in good health.

Indeed, this motif of poor health is an important one in Genie's life, and in the marriage. Illness and fatigue often made it impossible or difficult for her to carry on as a wife—whether in running the house, or in love relations.

In 1942, Genie became pregnant again, this time without any negative feelings. But the child, delivered by Caesarean section, died a week after birth. Genie was told she could not have any more children, which was a great blow to her. A few years later, because both wanted a son, they adopted Buzzy.

Shortly after the adoption, an eye infection set in, and the infant nearly lost his sight. For ten days Buzzy's eyes had to be bathed every hour, around the clock. Genie did this. Dick helped out by doing the baby's washing, including the diapers, did the marketing, cooked suppers—he is a good cook, likes to experiment with dishes like goulash, and bakes cakes excellently.

Actually, Dick has always done a good deal of cooking in the house. But this, like so many things, became one more fly in the ointment. "I liked the fact that Dick could and did cook," Genie says. "But he had no idea how many times he came into the kitchen and said, 'Did you add enough salt, did you do this or that?' Of course, I took it as a kick at me; I thought he felt I wasn't equal to the job."

Meanwhile, shortly before Buzzy's adoption, Genie's mother was injured in an accident, and moved into their small home. It worked out badly. Genie and her mother quarreled frequently, with Dick, again, playing the role of pacifier. One day, when Buzzy was about three months old, a quarrel developed so violently that Genie's mother chased her daughter out of the house with a board. Genie took refuge with a neighbor, and her mother followed shortly after, holding a bottle of sleeping tablets. She swallowed a handful before her daughter, crying, "See? You've killed your own mother!" Genie summoned a doctor and an ambulance, but her mother very nearly did die.

The erosion of Genie's and Dick's marriage took on an accelerated pace.

It soon became apparent to Genie, for one thing, that Dick was becoming partial to Buzzy, ignored Mary. "There were times," she recalls, "when Mary cried." When she spoke to Dick about it, he protested that Mary showed no feeling toward him. Genie told him, "What you get from your daughter is what you earn for yourself."

But this exchange of views was unusual. By now there was very little conversation in the Simons house. More than ever, Dick kept his thoughts and reactions to himself, seldom either objected or praised. The harder Genie tried to drag him out of his shell, the more tenaciously he clung to it.

Genie is an expert manager of money, has handled her household budget so well she was able to pay out of it fees for Buzzy's asthma treatment, and buy herself a 1936 Chevrolet "jalopy" for $99. "It was about this time," she says, "that I felt Dick was a heck of a provider."

She felt that Dick was incapable of planning their expenditures, and was improvident. "Anything he wanted," she says, "he wanted right now." They have always bought a lot of things on time payments—a washing machine, vacuum cleaner, disposal unit, mixer, TV set, automobiles (they now own a 1950 Studebaker Champion which is all paid for)—and this has kept them in financial hot water. Genie admits that despite misgivings she acquiesced in each purchase; "Then, when we couldn't meet a payment, I'd bring it up," she admits ruefully.

Once Dick gave her a lovely, ruffled nightgown for her birthday. She resented it deeply. "I needed shoes," she explains, "and I thought he didn't even notice how I lived day to day." After that he gave her money on her birthday, told her to buy whatev she wanted for herself; "But I was 't noble' to do that," she now laughs.

As the relationship deteriorated, th already negligible social life declined to t vanishing point. Genie felt desperately co fined to the house. She frankly did not li housekeeping. She sought outside intere in the Burnside Girl Scouts, in local politics but this only heightened her difficulties running the house, for these activities we time- and energy-consuming. Dick beg rather frequently to mention at home a pleasant remarks made to him by women his office—"Particularly," says Genie, "t unmarried or divorced ones."

Finally, the marriage reached a po where, Genie says, "I could see he just did care; he didn't take care of the house, didn't care about coming home."

Then, this past Christmas, while Di was addressing some cards at home, a ki of climax came.

"I could read into things he did more th he realized," Genie says. "He had alrea addressed several cards to divorcees in t office, and hadn't had any trouble w those. But when he came to one card, asked me, 'How do you address a card t divorcee?' I thought there was someth special about that card. Later I opened the envelope. Where he had signed the otl cards 'Dick and Genie,' this one was sign 'Dick.' Naturally, I didn't like it. I ask him why he had signed only his own nar and his sole reaction was a sense of outra that I had opened the envelope."

Out of this incident grew a quarrel; out the quarrel came Dick's demand for divorce; and out of that came the Simons decision to try marriage counseling.

Genie spends one hour a week with counselor, Walter Helfrich (as does Dic and pays a fee of $5 a visit. Helfrich sits hind the desk in his pleasant office at 2 South Alexandria Street; Genie sits in a co fortable chair. She talks; he makes an oc sional comment. And out of this, much developed.

"To be truthful," she says, "when we gan counseling, I thought most of the go would be done to Dick. I had no idea h much I needed it."

At first she feared there might be no ho for their marriage, and asked Helfr whether a love that had been as damaged Dick's could be re-established. "He wo only tell me, 'There are lots of bad feelings be got out before there is room for good fe ings.' I think, now, that this applied to too."

Trying to sum up what she has got ou counseling so far—both through self-c covery and insights offered by Helfrich—s says, "I was feeling a lot of resentment wife has to do this, a wife has to do that. I once his help started to work, I got a sens release from tension. I saw that when a has a lot of resentment to get out, onl trained person like a counselor can help friend can't, nor a relative.

"Counseling is helping me see myself. I've learned, in order to be helped, you h to get so you can see something yourself; no good for someone to tell you about it. A the only growth emotionally that takes pl is when you yourself can take that step.

"I've gained the feeling that in counsel I'm doing something constructive. I've co to understand that we aren't alone, t there are few couples who don't have diffi ties. I am beginning to learn to accept own limitations; to give appreciation as as want it; to understand what is import in a man's eyes."

She now sees that she has been too agg sive with her husband; that when she t to drag him out of his shell, it only m matters worse. "Dick once told me, 'don't just ask me something, you are ju and jury and prosecutor,'" she recalls. 'was right; and now all he's got to say to n 'judge and jury' and it curls my toes u

e shares with Dick a new awareness
a couples must avoid reading "a mean-
g" into everything the other does or says.
nd above all, she has a sense of continu-
change. "I know," she says, "that some-
y I won't handle situations like the one
the Christmas card the same way."
Much of their life together, of course, looks
ferently to Dick.
When he fell in love with Eugenia, Dick
ught of her as poised, self-confident,
active; shy himself, he admired her
cuse "she was never at a loss for words"
er, he came to regard this quality less
ily). He remembers that before his wed-
g ceremony, while waiting in the ante-
n, he became ravenously hungry; his
man got him a barbecued ham sandwich,
ch he devoured. Why this should have
pened baffled him. Much that happened
sequently in the marriage baffled him too.

R example, this contention of Genie's
he always put her second to others. It
wasn't true, he felt. For instance, when
ie had what he describes as "a few
my sessions" with his elder sister, she
ed him to speak to his sister, but he re-
d, saying that it was her problem. She
made the familiar accusation. "I felt
ght in the middle," he says; and then
s, "And anyway, I took more guff from
mother than she ever took from my rela-
s."
He says of all the many incidents Genie
tes to "prove" that he makes her play
nd fiddle, "Whenever we quarreled, she
t way back to the beginning of our mar-
e and raked up the
gs I 'always' did, read
anings into the events
t weren't there—and
h time she did this, the
dents became magni-
." Of the time she
e to visit him at the
cery store, he says, "I
guilty to be standing
re talking to my wife
en the store was busy. When one of my
t customers walked in, I had no choice ex-
t to wait on her. Of course, it was unfortu-
e that she was a good-looking wench."
When Dick left the grocery store, it was to
e a job at Lockheed; he thought of this as
porary, but the war froze him in his job.
er the war he took his job with Kingan &
. as salesman "out of pure economics; it's
e way a man without any special training
n earn some money." As far as he can see,
has always provided for his family to the
t of his ability. Consequently, it is painful
his self-esteem when he gets from Genie
idea that she considers him a "poor pro-
er." He got this implication even out of
manner in which Genie so expertly
dled her household funds: "It was a way
aking digs at me," he thinks, "as though
were saying, 'Look what I can do with
dribble you bring in.'"
But if Dick ever got angry at what he con-
ered injustices in his marriage, he swal-
ed his resentment and said nothing—an
itude that even went into his work.
"Don't you ever get mad?" his employer
e asked him, and when Dick said that he
d, his boss remarked, "Well, you never
w it, and I wondered." That pattern of
avior, Dick realizes now, goes way back
this childhood, when "I was too darn nice
words."
Dick comes of a family characterized by
olent fluctuations of fortune: "We were
sh or broke too darn often," he recalls. His
ternal grandfather, a German Jew, was a
-er in San Francisco—a sheriff, a hotel
ner and a concert pianist who never hit
y dirt. Dick's father was a salesman and
omoter who moved his family about a
eat deal; Dick attended fourteen different
ade schools. The father also absented him-
f from the family a lot, so that Dick had
le relationship with him. Even so, Dick
ys, "I was always on edge when around
m, and a bit fearful—he was autocratic,
d a stickler for the rules he laid down."
Dick was his mother's favorite, he thinks,
t still considers that he wasn't very close
to her: "The truth is, I never got very close to anybody. I don't know what I was afraid of, exactly." He was a middle child, between two sisters. The elder he didn't like; she shirked her obligations in the family (most of which fell on Dick) and got away with it. The younger sister he regarded as a "pain in the neck," since he often had to take care of her. He says of his early years, "When I got in a tangle with a woman, all I knew how to do was back out of it."

And that's all he knew how to do when he got into a "tangle" in his marriage.

Gradually—and he would find it difficult to state at what point—Dick began to feel that he wasn't getting much out of the marriage. He felt that Genie refused to make decisions, and left all initiative to him. Her illness, her chronic fatigue and some of her attitudes combined to form a total situation which baffled him, and left him filled with unexpressed resentment.

"I thought she was a poor housekeeper," Dick says. "Her attitude was that if any woman kept house well there was something wrong with her, and in this way she made her own sloppy housekeeping a virtue." Dick has always done a lot of housework in his home. "On my day off," he recalls, "I might start cleaning up a big pile of dishes in the sink—not as a favor to her, but because I was sick of looking at them. While doing them, I might see her in the yard, pulling an occasional weed. Later, she would bawl me out for not having the yard cleaned up, saying, 'Why, I even gave you a start.'"

Dick admits, "I'm afraid most of what I did around the house wasn't done with good grace." However, he adds, he did expect some gratitude for his help. But things didn't work out that way. "She thought," he says, "that I was showing contempt for her whenever I did things differently than she did."

Some folks pay a compliment as though it were going to break them.—ANON.

Along with the housework, Dick did a lot of cooking. Partly, this was because he sometimes enjoyed it. But all too often he came home from work, found a tired wife stretched out on the couch, and no dinner started. Dick, of course, was rather tired too. Nevertheless, he got dinner himself.

But transcending all these things, from his point of view, what made his marriage increasingly intolerable was the poverty of their love relation. Even had everything else in their relationship been fine, he still might have felt like the man being counseled, quoted by Doctor Popenoe, who told his wife, "There are a thousand reasons why I shouldn't divorce you, and only one why I should—but that's the one I'm going to follow."

"I got the feeling there was nothing to come home to," Dick sums it up. And it was only a small step from there to asking his wife for a divorce.

DICK says frankly, now, that he began counseling under protest, and expected little to come of it. For some time he found it hard to talk to his counselor. But gradually, analyzing his troubles with professional help opened up a whole new world for him.

For one thing, he began to see himself.

"I was the kind of a cooky," he can now say with calm objectivity, "who never confided in anyone else, not even my wife; confiding meant to me giving someone the whip hand. All my life I had a fear of asking for anything; I didn't want to owe anything."

He is learning how to talk.

"I have become half convinced," he says, "that Genie was right when she said we should talk about our troubles (though I still think she talks too much). I've learned not to hoard my grievances, letting them grow in me; now, I am getting so I can roar a bit around the house."

And he has come to see his problems in broader perspective, as witness the following comments.

"I have come to see in what a mistaken light I have regarded myself all these years. . .

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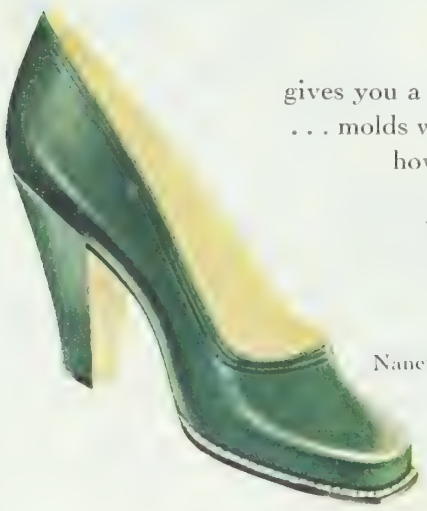
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"It was not just a question of my relations with my wife, it was a question of my relations with everybody . . .

"I have learned that my trouble was more with myself than it was with Genie. . ."

And, like Genie, Dick has a sense of further vistas of development. In almost any statement he makes about himself, he is likely to add, ". . . of course, I still have a long way to go."

But the results of six months of counseling are to be seen not only in how Dick and Genie feel about it. The family's situation has been objectively improved.

Dick's work has improved. "Son," his employer said to him recently, "I've been waiting for this to happen—but what is it? I knew you had it in you." Dick got a raise, and was told he was in line for the next promotion.

The relationship between Dick and Mary has grown much warmer. Not long ago they spent an afternoon together, and, Genie reports, "They both came home walking on air."

And Dick and Genie's love relationship has altered dramatically. This was so unexpected by Dick that he remarks, laughingly, "When my wife dropped her reserve in love, my first reaction was one of suspicion; I thought, 'What is she trying to do, trap me?'"

Both Dick and Genie are enormously grateful, to the institute, and to their counselor, Walter Helfrich. Helfrich, a medium-sized man of middle years with a quiet voice and a gentle manner of competence, has some interesting comments to make about their difficulties.

"Eugenia's aggressive attitude toward her husband," he feels, "was a natural extension of the attitudes she developed in her own family." He also thinks, "An aggressive wife never really wants that. If she succeeds in pushing her husband around she loses her feeling of security. The counselor's job is to help the person see the difference between what they think they need and what they really need."

Her unshakable feeling of playing second fiddle in Dick's life, he believes, is not based on reality, but is an attitude developed in the real situation of her early years. Her mother turned to the brother for rewards for her "sacrifices," putting Genie in second place. This experience became an attitude in her, and she brought it to her marriage and superimposed it there.

SHE has been in revolt against domesticity, he thinks, "at least partly because it was forced on her at home." Also, "she felt that being tired and without competence would win Dick's sympathy; this was her technique of trying to establish a relationship, rather than trying to win his admiration."

Genie's extreme jealousy, it seems to Helfrich, "derived from the fact that her self-esteem had always been at a very low level. She assumed that any woman who came along had capacities she didn't have, and was able to take her husband away. If Dick reported, 'Nellie thought this was a nice tie,' Nellie at once became a threat. Of course, in so reporting, Dick may have been saying, 'Other people see something in me, why don't you? And these others are quite a few, so the burden of proof is on you.'"

Though he agrees that Dick has often been thoughtless (though not more than she), Helfrich thinks this was at least somewhat brought on by her pattern: "She sent him to others for his ego satisfaction, then acce this as her doom."

But, "She is coming to grips with feel she never knew she had," he says, " that's quite a step forward."

On the other hand ——

"Dick," Helfrich points out, "form talked to his wife so little that she n knew how badly disturbed he was." thinks that "Dick was so involved in feel of inadequacy that he never had energ 'go out' to his family. When his wife t peremptorily to draw him into a problen simply caused new resentment, and he w drew even further—never showing the sentment."

HELFRICH thinks this pattern was est lished in Dick's childhood. "He sees wo as creatures who push men around, and fence them in, because of his experience his sisters. From childhood on, Dick ha be pleasant, could never object, avoided situation from which hostility might gro Probably, Helfrich thinks, this developed cause of his mother's approach: "You a good boy and your mother loves you," would say, "so give up your ball game take care of y sister." Dick ser rejection if didn't. He had stay affable beca otherwise he wo show the hosti and resentment felt; and to do he feared, wo cost him his m er's love. This p tern, established early, he brough his relationship Genie.

Also, Dick ha false concept, gai somewhere in ch hood, that his m culine attribu were insufficie "His whole feel about hims growing out of mistaken feeling masculine ina quacy, was that couldn't achie couldn't comp When he was able to re-evaluate his mas line qualities, his confidence in all areas creased."

Once Dick reached the point, with H frich's help, where he was willing to ris scene with Genie, rather than preferring sulk, things took an upturn. When H came home and found his wife asleep and dinner started, he was able to tell Genie t it was her job to get the meal. She then came able, in turn, to admit to her couns and herself that she was at fault; and t was a big step toward her recovery. "On says Helfrich, "when Dick had worked some of his own feelings of inadequacy he able to deal with a situation, and not into some kind of obscurity."

Helfrich feels that Dick's financial diffi ties may have come about because " violent ups and downs in his early life g him little feeling for planning finances. H haps, too, plans were too much of a challe to him, since he felt he never could achie Dick may have been too self-indulgent cause he felt, "If I don't take care of mys no one else will," in Helfrich's opinion.

Dick's coldness toward Mary, Helfr thinks, may have been resentment borro from his feeling toward his older sister; f ing surrounded by women, he saw in Bu an ally.

Helfrich is not a "talking man." By nat and by training, his appearance and meanor suggest that he would rather lis But when he has made the above comme a quiet, nearly hidden look of pleasure pride comes into his expression, and he one more thing to say.

"Both of them," he comments, "h made extraordinary progress." THE

Next Month

BANKS and Catherine Upshaw, of Dallas, Texas, could be voted the couple most likely to work as a team. Together, they have built up a successful publishing business. They are in complete accord on the rearing of their son and three daughters, share an active interest in church and community affairs. They have even agreed to disagree, on November 4, politically—a decision that often leads them a merry chase. Hop up on the soapbox, and join in the fun—read

POLLS APART

By Roger Butterfield

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the November JOURNAL



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THE GIRL WITH THE SPLINTERED PERSONALITY

(Continued from Page 49)

O'Brien at another table, usually alone. I would go to a bookstore, and there would be Jack O'Brien. It was just one of those things. Everybody has a certain person he is always bumping into, and he was mine.

I met Archer Hanley at a party to which he had come with a blonde and I with a man. It was several weeks later that I saw him on Fifth Avenue while I was running for a bus. I swore under my breath because I had not seen him before I gained momentum. There was nothing to do then but smile and wave and climb on the bus. I hated that bus driver for waiting for me, for Archer Hanley was an elegant man. He had dark smooth hair and he wore dark smooth suits and he was in advertising and he had a one-room apartment in the Village. I had one room, too, but it wasn't an apartment, even though I cooked on a hot plate in it; it was strictly third-floor furnished.

But I bumped into Archer again, one night after work, just as dusk was coming to 8th Street and the colored neon lights were glittering through it, and I kept trying to hold in back of me the brown paper bag with the chicken pie I had just purchased for my supper. We talked about the Village and how you were always meeting people in it, just like a small town, and then Archer looked around and put his hand on my arm and said, "How about having a cocktail with me, Jean?" And I said yes and came along with him to the Hotel Cavoort, wondering whether the brown paper sack would make a plop if I dropped it in back of me. We sat at the bar which was small but gleaming and there was a man playing Cole Porter on the piano and I was absorbed in what we were saying and having a lovely time. It wasn't until I followed Archer's eyes to my empty cocktail glass that I knew I had been drinking nervously all the while without realizing what I was doing.

"Well!" said Archer, lifting his brows. "You sure knocked that off!" He still had half of his left. He caught the bartender's eye and pointed to my glass. "You don't mind if I don't keep up with you?"

I laughed uncertainly. I thought he was kidding, but I couldn't be sure. I had nursed half a cocktail through the party where we'd met, knowing from experience that a whole one would bring that frightful feeling welling up in me of not knowing whether I was going to disgrace myself, would make me vow that if only the sickness waned, I would never try to take a whole one again. The bartender came over with the shaker and poured the cocktail into my glass and took time to look in my face before he turned away. He was probably surprised. I have sort of a baby face and I don't overload it with make-up. I have kind of reddish-brown hair which I wear short and curly and my eyes are blue and not bloodshot.

Who would have thought it would be convincing when I smilingly drew my cocktail toward me with a little "Ah-h-h-h," of anticipation and took an abandoned swig? But Archer's eyes widened and he said, "I had no idea you drank like this."

And then suddenly there I was with a part set up for me and I would have been embarrassed to disclaim it. I'll never know how I got through my second cocktail and struggled home in a fearful dread lest my nausea overwhelm me. It was like walking through water up to my chest. Later when the fog lifted and I felt only deathly ill, I couldn't remember whether Archer had suggested dinner or not, or even how we parted. Maybe the worst thing of all was that I had lost my chicken pie and I pictured with horror Archer calling up the next day to say he had it. *Why did you do it?* I groaned. *Why?* And something within me shrugged, hopelessly, helplessly. About a week later, Archer called. "Have anything more to drink after you left me that night?" he asked, in what sounded like a deliberately casual tone.

"Why, no. I don't believe so." What was there in me that could not resist following through a part?

"You're pretty young for that sort of thing, aren't you?" I lifted my shoulders. I don't know if it registered. There was a pause. "Drink," said Archer finally, "never

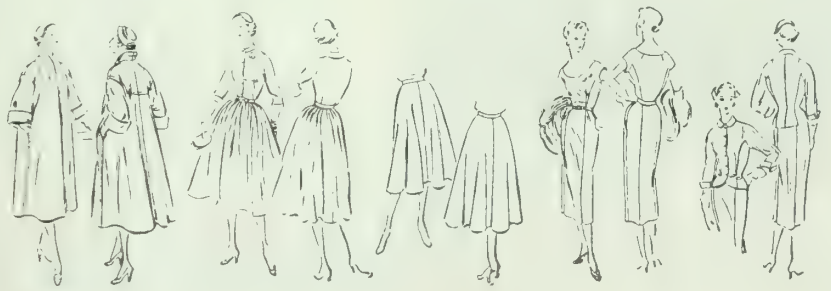
HOW AMERICA LIVES

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 181

Vogue Design No. S-4291. Coat; Small (30-32), Medium (34-36), Large (38-40). $1.00.
Vogue Design No. 7768. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.
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Fall Beauty Hints

—by Ruth Pearse



Top News—
Fashion's newest fanciness is the beautiful outside bra, to be worn as a dress-up blouse a-top an evening skirt or hostess slacks. Made of glamorous flowers or fabrics, these revealing pretties call for underarms soft and smooth as your neck and shoulders. That calls for YODORA, the beauty-cream deodorant. Used daily, YODORA protects against perspiration odor, helps beautify your skin at the same time.



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did anyone any good. But we'll discuss that later at dinner."

That night he led me straight to the table and said, "I want you to try something for me. I want you to take one cocktail and nurse it over the time in which you would ordinarily take two."

I was only too happy to oblige, though I couldn't help wishing he'd been brutal and cut down my ration completely, for I had a hard job getting through even the one. It sickened me and through the haze of my nausea I could hear Archer's words going on and on:

"Now I'm going to tell you what I believe, Jean. I believe that self-control is the secret of a success. Oh, that may sound corny to you—until you take a look at the boys on top. I came into the organization as a researcher and I'm handling accounts now. I'm not boasting, I'm just using my story as an illustration. Don't think I didn't have plenty of chances to tie one on with the boys. But I refused, politely, because I wanted to be . . . clear-eyed and alert the next morning; because I knew, Jean, that if you're clear-eyed and alert, you've got the world half licked."

I looked at him with my hot, dry little eyes and I spoke with an effort. "Yup," I said.

I felt a little better after dinner, well enough to accompany him to some friends' apartment.

"I'll mix Jean's drink," Archer said authoritatively. "I know how she likes it." It was very watered down when I got it, but I hated the sight of it.

ARCHER called me again for dinner several weeks later and I was very happy when he put me definitely on the wagon.

"Suppose we try to do without it tonight," he said, looking at me sharply. "Let's see if you've got the guts, Jean."

I must have stood up under the test all right, for at the end of the evening Archer looked satisfied, though I didn't know whether he was satisfied with himself or with me. I had thought a date with him would be more pleasant when I didn't have to drink, but the fact was, it wasn't, and I realized with surprise that he bored me.

Listen, Old Clear-Eyed and Alert, I thoug grimly when I was alone, *I don't know why ever pretended to be an alcoholic, but you ca tell me I could convince anyone who ever look beyond his own nose. What's more, all th smug talk is enough to drive a woman to t stuff. You are pure straw under that smoo white shirt, Archer Hanley, and I have h enough.*

I REFUSED his next date offer and I guess t feeling had come to be mutual. Archer mu have lost interest in me after he reform me. Anyway, you couldn't say exactly th I ever had any trouble with him, like hi threatening to commit suicide if I didn't s him. He never called again and when I sa him on 8th Street several weeks later, seemed to have consoled himself to sor extent with the blonde he'd had at the part At least, they were walking along, arm arm, eye in eye, the way he'd never walk along with an old soak of my acquaintanc

So it was good-by Archer Hanley, but still had the couple of characters I'd be dating all along, and each had a sort peculiar impression of me, but a harmle type. Then came Wes Firman and troub Real trouble.

I had gone to see this French movie myself, one cold Saturday afternoon in t Village, and it was a very tragic love stor This woman, another man's wife, dies in t arms of her lover having his baby. I cri and cried. I came out in the winter bleakne of 8th Street, feeling gloriously heartbroke and I wavered toward a hamburger resta rant, blinded by my woe. And then I bump into Wes Firman.

Now Wes was a member of my veterar organization. I mention this because I thi it sort of contributes to the oddness of t whole thing. I was a veteran and when I h come to New York after the war I joined t Village chapter of a veterans' organizati and served on a committee that helped t community in various ways. Wes had start that committee. He'd got up in meeting o night and said we had committees to ma up the programs for the next meeting a committees to raise funds to pay for the pr grams, and so forth, but all these committe were inward-looking, and wasn't it abo



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time, now that our chapter was safely launched, to look outward, to see what we could do for the community and not just for the chapter? Was our sole reason for being to perpetuate ourselves? He'd been asking around, he said, and found out they needed help with the kids at the settlement house and there was work going on in the Village that we could get behind, bringing people of different faiths together and helping people understand each other.

The chairman put the suggestion to a vote and it was unanimously approved and then he asked who would like to take over the job of organizing a committee to do those things and nobody raised his hand.

"I'll take it," said Wes quietly. He was on four other committees, too, and people were always coming to him with extra little jobs, for they felt if they asked him to do something he'd do it and do it well.

I knew he had an important job with a publishing outfit that put out daily trade newspapers and I would have liked to know him better. I didn't know anything else about him, like whether he had a wife or a girl, though my guess was that he didn't have time for either. And he couldn't have known anything about me—until that day after the movie when I bumped into him on 8th Street.

His smile of greeting faded. "Jean!" he said. He had never called me by my first name before. It was always, "Miss Mervis, what do you think of that suggestion?" He said, "Is anything wrong?"

"No!" I was surprised. "What makes you think so?"

"You look . . . terrible."

"Thank you," I said, and then realizing that my smile was just a little brave, I added hastily, "I'm quite all right. Just a little tired." I don't know why I didn't mention the movie. Maybe I didn't want him to know I was reduced to going to movies by myself on a Saturday afternoon.

His honest face was concerned. "You look more than just a little tired. Are you sure there's nothing wrong?"

"Oh, yes, quite sure," I said and, still under the spell cast by the film, I sighed.

He hesitated. "You know, you could talk to me. I swear I wouldn't repeat a word. Maybe I could help you ——"

"But truly," I said, and there was something welling up in my throat that made my voice have to squeeze to get past it. Sympathy always does that to me, whether I deserve it or not. I swallowed. "There's nothing to help me with," I finished weakly.

He said, suddenly stern, "Look, we can't have you wandering around the cold streets like this. Let me buy you a coffee."

We went into the hamburger place and he ordered coffee and I had to swallow again when the odor of the grilling hamburgers drifted toward me. I was hungry, but it wasn't polite for anyone to request a hamburger from an almost-stranger, and I guess he thought girls with tragedies in their lives didn't go around chomping on hamburgers.

He watched me sip the hot coffee and he drank his. "Does that help?"

I sighed for my lost hamburger and murmured politely, "Yes, I feel much better."

We stood outside and he linked his arm in mine. "How about a good brisk walk?" he suggested. "Maybe that will bring the color to those pale cheeks."

He was almost my height, just a trace taller, for I am tall for a girl, so it was very cozy to walk along with our arms clasped tightly. His profile was sober and his face was handsome in a good way, in an uneven, unaware way, with his slashing black eyebrows and his black hair that was a little tousled, and the winter redness of his cheeks. We walked down Fifth Avenue toward Washington Square and we walked around the square once and then sat down on a bench to catch our breath.

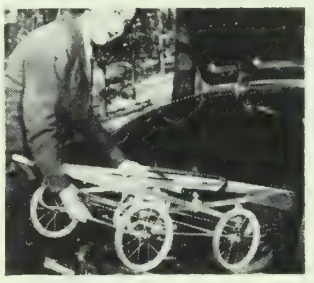
"Tell me about yourself, Jean," he said, and his arm was still wound in mine.

I talked quietly of how I had always lived in Ohio and gone to college there and joined the Marines and come to New York, afterward, to look for work in publishing. I told

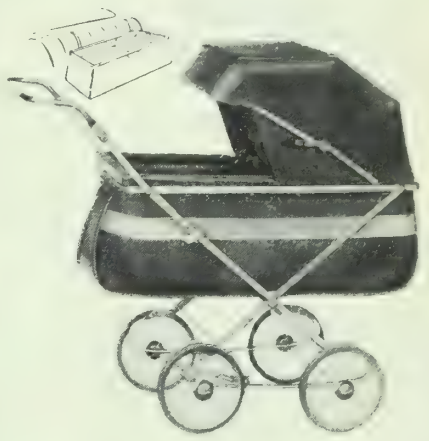


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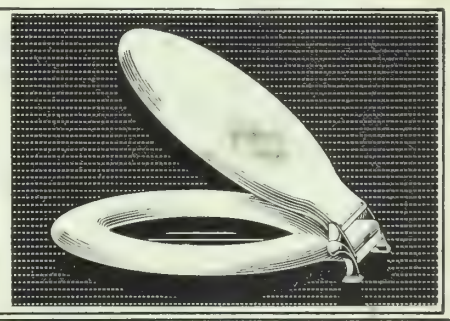
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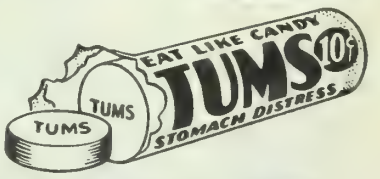
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him how lucky I'd been to get such a nice room my first day in New York, up on the third floor, overlooking a garden, but how it had taken a couple of months to find the kind of work which would lead to the kind of work I wanted. I told him about the office and my trip home for Christmas. And then I stopped.

"Go on," he urged.

"I can't go on," I said reasonably enough.

"But you've got to go on!"

"I *can't!*"

He grasped both my arms with his hands and turned me toward him. There was only an occasional passer-by through the square on such a cold day. "Look, Jean," he said, "you've got to trust me. I'll do anything to help you. But you've got to tell me what to do!"

To my horror, the tears sprang to my eyes and overflowed. Now, even experienced actresses have difficulty in crying on cue, so I am not just apologizing to say this was not all part of an act. I was emotionally very taut, for the movie had stirred me deeply and Wes's sympathy had worked me up to a high pitch. I needed only the fervid urgency of his tone and words to break down completely.

Wes gave a half gasp, half sob and pressed me to him, stroking my hair. "Don't cry, darling," he whispered. "Don't cry." And then, "You're trembling!" I was shivering from the cold.

"I must go home," I whispered. I felt exhausted.

"All right, I'll walk you there. And I'll call you later to see how you are." He hesitated, and then, when he went on, he did not look at me. "Is it all right for you to run up and down the stairs?"

"Oh, yes!" I said hastily.

He appeared relieved to discover that my tragedy, whatever it was, had had more mental effects than physical ones. I was glad I could clear a wrinkle from that troubled brow and I wished I could smooth it over entirely.

"Now don't you worry about me," I said in a practical voice, as we walked toward my house. "I'll be all right."

"Yes, of course you will," he said, and he squeezed my arm. "I'll call you later from home. I live with my parents uptown."

I went up the stairs to my room like any tragic heroine, back straight, head proud, eyes glazed, hand sort of feeling the way along the banister.

On the second landing I met Ruth, a six-foot-two dirty blonde who was always striding around the second-floor hall in a pink chenille bathrobe.

"Don't you feel well?" she demanded.

"Oh! Fine, fine," I said, coming to myself.

THEN I knew, with an inner groan, that I had somehow done it again; I had fallen into another pose. What was more, I realized I was a prisoner in the house until Wes Firman called, and I was famished. It was eight o'clock and I had had an early lunch. I got out the bread and jam I kept for breakfast, wondering a little crossly why it didn't occur to the knights who went around rescuing damsels in distress that the girls had to eat. I interrupted my slight repast several times when the phone rang to sprint out into the hall and hang over the banister, waiting for Mrs. Orange, the landlady, to send her croak winging upward. At last my summons came and I made much better time going down than I had coming up, tearing crazily around corners and almost knocking Ruth down on the second-story landing.

"Hello," I gasped into the phone.

"This is Wes Firman. How are you, Jeanie?"

"Very well," I said, trying to catch my breath.

"You sound weak."

"I'm . . . quite all right."

"Do you think the walk and talk did you any good?"

"Oh, yes, thank you so much, for . . . everything."

"Don't thank *me*. I'm on your team."

"I'm glad."

"Anything on your mind you'd like to say?"

"No-o-o, there's nothing, really . . . I can say."

"Then you go to bed and get a good night's rest and maybe I'll call you in the morning."

We saw a lot of each other in the days that followed and Wes's sweet kindness was enough to make an old sinner like me repent of my fakery, and repent I did, but that was as far as I could go. How could I explain at this point that I had merely slipped into the role he had been kind enough to provide for me, without making him feel he had been something of a fool? And that sensation, at least, I was determined to spare him. I was even afraid to joke with him when we had dinner together, fearing it would be disrespectful to his sympathy. He didn't joke with me, either, perhaps out of deference to my past, though he did say once he'd always wanted to know me better after I suggested to the chapter that we form a male auxiliary, as well as a female one, for the nonveteran brothers and husbands of women members. I don't think that was such a mad suggestion—actually, I was more entranced by its publicity value than anything else, and I still think, on that score, it had a great po-

DISCOVERY

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Beauty is sound as much as sight:
Cool water flowing through the night,
Bright wind in leaves or ripened grain,
And slow sweet coming down of rain.

Beauty is heard, as well as seen:
Flute notes of field larks, sharp and clean,
An evening frog's deep-voiced bassoon,
And crickets fiddling to the moon.

tential. Wes was always pretty serious at meetings, too, as well as when we were alone, so I had no way of knowing if he had a sense of humor, and this bothered me, for one of the things I had always listed first when it came to picking The Man was a sense of humor. It bothered me, because all the time I was with him I had a feeling as though I was sliding down the banister of a spiral staircase, and the fact that I'd never felt like this before didn't keep me from suspecting what was wrong with me.

We'd have dinner, on our dates, and talk very earnestly. Wes said once, "Where is the past? It isn't anywhere except in your head and so it's up to you what you're going to do about it. You can let it haunt you and ruin your life, but I'd be darned if I let something in *my* head ruin my life!" I loved his tolerant, matter-of-fact attitude, but I was afraid it would be out of character to express enthusiasm and so I merely nodded soulfully. After dinner we'd go for walks, usually to Washington Square, where the street lights glistened on the snow, and the trees were black.

One night there, in a shadowy, cleanly empty spot, he took me in his arms and kissed me and I had the feeling I had been shot clear off the end of the banister of the spiral staircase and been propelled into a soft, hazy, lovely void.

"You see that you have a life ahead, Jeanie," he said in a low husky voice, holding me tight. "You see that, don't you, darling?"

"Yes," I whispered, matching his tone. "Oh, yes, I think I do."

You'd imagine there was just one direction we could have traveled in after that, and I thought so myself. I didn't see that our relationship was an undernou thing. It lacked Vitamin L, for laught I can tell you now that you can't tak what looks like love too seriously or thing goes out of it. At first our tragic had been fun, but after a while it be depress the two of us. It happened suddenly. One night we were all ab with each other and the solemnity and the next night everything was knew it right from the moment we 8th and Fifth: something about the w avoided each other's eyes, something the way, as though on a prearrange we both immediately tried to make talk—"Quite a wind." . . . "The pap we can expect snow." . . . "Crowc Eighth Street." . . . "'Sale on Books

WE parted earlier than usual that e and there was nothing else to be do it was painful, making conversation, b it killed me to let him go. There was rible ache in my heart and I wanted him to say something to ease it. But h you ask that of someone who seems stranger? He hesitated a moment aft said good night and a small hope flare go out with a pop as he turned awa despair had become real instead of acting, but poor Wes had already u most of his sympathy.

He didn't call for a week, and wh met again, finally, it was worse. W sitting in this crowded basement rest and I was picking at my salad as I did. At first it was out of necessity tha lightly, in order to play through my but lately I had actually lost my ap

"Don't you ever finish everything o plate?" Wes asked suddenly.

Tears smarted in my eyes. "I used said, "before I knew you."

"Before *it* happened, you mean."

I bowed my head, which he took t acknowledgment.

"How long are you going to keep n it, Jean? How long are you going to h you?"

"I don't want it," I said pettishly.

"Then get rid of it. And there's on way you're going to get rid of it and by telling it to someone. So let go."

I shook my head.

"You won't talk?"

"I *can't* talk."

"Nuts." I had never seen him so before. "Listen to me," he said, naili with his hot eyes. "In all the time I've l you I've conjured up a thousand h events that might have affected you way. I assure you, the truth could worse than most of the possibilitie have occurred to me. Whatever it is, y believe me, the odds are that I'll be r and not shocked. I'm not curious; I jus to get it over with, and that will be Then we can go on from there. We even have some—some fun!"

I had thought I might invent a trag make him happy, but I was tired of li lie—and afraid to tell the truth.

"Can't you just forget about it?" unhappily.

"And you too?" he demanded. "I what you mean?"

I couldn't speak because he was so with me and he was right and there w thing I could say to make him less an I went on picking at my salad. He s and started eating again, too, and w little until we left the restaurant. He seem aware that I was with him a walked fast and aimlessly with me t miserably after him.

Suddenly he stopped in front of the Cavoort and he demanded belligerentl you want a nightcap?"

It was still quite early but I was af point this out to him and so I merely n and we went into the bar that was sm glittery and the man was playing Ge on the piano in back of us. It didn't exciting this time, though, the way it night I was there with Archer Hanley. just depressing and I kept thinking, *be gay, gay, it may be my last chance,*

(Continued on Page 192)

1 little 2 little 3 little indians*



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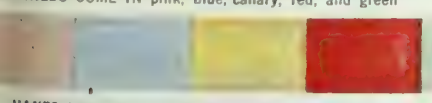
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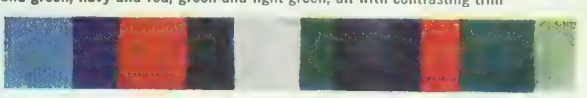
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(Continued from Page 190)

lift us out of this mood, but I still hadn't thought of anything to say by the time the ice had melted in our scarcely touched highballs.

And then all of a sudden someone was saying hello and there was Archer Hanley standing there all sleek and smiling. At first I thought he was the ghost of dates past, but then I knew he was genuine and I introduced him to Wes with a quiver of apprehension that Archer, with his peculiar opinion of me, might hammer in the final nail in the coffin of our affair.

"Have a drink with us?" Wes said without enthusiasm.

"No, thanks. Got someone waiting." He nodded toward a table where a blonde was sitting. "Just wanted to know how you were getting along, Jean." He looked at me closely. "You seem a little . . . tired."

"Just needs a drink," said Wes. My blood froze.

Archer looked at Wes and frowned a little. "You give her one every time she needs it?"

"Sure—only way to keep her happy." Wes was in a reckless mood. "Keep pouring the stuff down her gullet."

Archer's eyes widened, and that was when I took the vow. My vision glazed and I kept repeating, over and over, *Just let him go away, just let him go away and I'll never fool anybody again.* When my sight cleared, I saw that Archer had reddened and was looking angry.

"I don't think that's funny," he said. "Catering to her abnormal needs that way."

Wes tried to look serious as though he were playing along with the gag. "It's a great arrangement—I cater to her abnormal needs and she caters to mine."

I WAS dying a thousand deaths, but somehow I managed to think in the middle of it all, *He does have a sense of humor, he does!*

"Very funny," said Archer harshly. "But I wonder if you'll think so a few years from now, when you're both physical wrecks." He turned around and marched off.

Wes stared at him, dazed. "He *was* kidding, wasn't he? Or is he really insane?"

"Let's get out of here," I choked.

Hastily he paid the check, but we reached only as far as the foyer before I broke down and began to laugh hysterically. Wes was smiling in puzzled sympathy when we went out the door, and when we ducked into a dark shop doorway he began to laugh, too, to laugh until the tears came to his eyes, until I couldn't stop laughing because he was laughing and I begged him to stop.

"Tell me," he said weakly, wiping his eyes, "what am I laughing at? What did he *mean?* Was he serious?"

"Yes," I said, for the laughter had given me courage. "Sometimes I go around being people I'm not. I don't know why—or maybe I do, now."

Wes stared at me and I held my breath and heard nothing but the great whanging of my heart and the tolling of my own private Judgment Day bell.

"Who are you going to be next?" he said at last with a pleasantness that didn't fool me at all. "Anyone I know?"

"Wes," I said, risking everything, "can I be your girl? I mean, it wouldn't be an act. It would be the realest thing I ever was."

I had to wait again, but then he came to me, like the fulfillment of every dream I ever had, and he took me tightly in his arms and pressed his face hard against mine and I hung on like a sailor to a mast in a storm.

After a while he whispered in my ear, "You . . . witch!" And then he chuckled and said, "We needed a good laugh."

We went off arm in arm toward the square, frozen and blackened and lovely to all lovers. *Someday,* I thought, *I might tell him the whole truth about the French movie—but maybe better not, for there are certainly some things which are better left unsaid.* And I thought how true it was that I was not acting now and how maybe other young girls were like me and went around looking for people to be until they found out who they were: they were women in love. THE END

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Miscarriage . . .

Why it Happens, and How You May Avoid It

DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
·sident, Chicago Board of Health

IF the whole gamut of family tragedies, I doubt that any strikes more disappointment and fear to the hearts of ung married couples than to lose a first by through miscarriage. Why did it hapn? they ask themselves. Will another egnancy terminate the same way? Does is mean they can never hope to have a ild of their own?

For until recently, miscarriage has emed to be a mysterious act of Provinnce. It takes place in the early weeks or onths of pregnancy, sometimes even be-e a woman is aware that she is pregnant. ne tiny organism so ruthlessly expelled nnot hope to survive in the outside orld. And it is estimated that about one nception out of every five or six termi-tes in this way. We have accomplished onders in recent years in saving full-term babies, miracles in saving prematures. But how can science reach into the womb, as it were, and throw its safeguards about an embryo or a fetus?

Yet this is precisely what is happening today. We know now why most miscarriages take place, and hence how to avoid them. There are still rare cases, I must admit, that we don't understand. Occasionally it is necessary for the doctor to advise a couple that pregnancy would be inadvisable or dangerous. But at last we doctors are able to tell all but a small handful of expectant mothers, "Follow directions, and there is no reason why you should not have a fine, full-term baby."

Let me say at the outset that the one known cause of miscarriage which no amount of care can eliminate—accidental injury to the mother—is not so important as most women have been led to believe. It is true that when a woman is predisposed to miscarry, a shock or a bump or a fall may be all that is needed to bring on the disaster. We have found, however, that most healthy women can withstand rather severe shocks and knocking about without harm to themselves or to their unborn children. Not that I would have you throw caution to the winds and take unnecessary risks. But you need not fear that any slight accident is going to cost you your baby.

What, then, are the causes of miscarriage? A very common one has been found to be some disorder of the mother's endocrine glands. As you know, these regulate the functioning of many of the body's organs and have a great deal to do with the organs of reproduction in particular. During pregnancy, certain hormones are manufactured in great abundance for the sustenance and protection of the fetus. You can see how a lack in this respect would endanger the infant. It is wonderful news, therefore, that medical science can now supplement the supply of vital hormones, when a mother's own body does not produce

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enough. For instance, giving a hormone known as progesterone has prevented many a spontaneous abortion (the medical term for miscarriage) when started early in pregnancy and given in large enough doses. There are other hormones for special kinds of glandular deficiency.

It may be necessary, also, for the woman with this type of difficulty to stay quietly in bed for a few days or weeks, or perhaps to remain inactive throughout the whole course of her pregnancy. But if she wants her baby badly enough to follow her doctor's instructions with scrupulous care, she can have it in most instances.

Another important cause of spontaneous abortion is infectious illness that the mother contracts during pregnancy. For some reason which we don't understand clearly, virus infections suffered by the mother seem to be especially dangerous to the fetus. One of them, German measles or rubella, is thought to be responsible for a large number of miscarriages, stillbirths, and congenital defects in babies that survive. All infections are to be guarded against. While you are carrying a baby, keep away from sick persons. During the third and fourth months of pregnancy, when the effects of infections seem to be worst, it would be well to avoid crowded places where you might pick up a germ or virus.

A man is needed for a day, a dog for a week, a woman always.
—FINNISH PROVERB

Venereal diseases, also, take a high toll in miscarriage, stillbirth and defective babies. Tuberculosis may sap a mother's strength and impair her ability to bear a normal child. Thorough examination will reveal such infections as these. If a woman is not pregnant, the doctor will advise waiting for motherhood until the infection has been treated successfully or is under control. Even when a baby is already on the way, however, early discovery and treatment of such diseases as these may make possible a healthy, normal child.

The final known threat to the unborn child is the Rh factor. You are undoubtedly aware that Rh incompatibility of the parents' blood can cause a disease called erythroblastosis in the newborn baby. The Rh factor can also cause miscarriage, and unfortunately no way has been found as yet to prevent it in such a case. However, this is a rare condition, when compared with the whole infant population. Even where exists, one or two normal babies may be bo before the mother's sensitivity is built up t a point where miscarriage may result. An there is an excellent chance that a third fourth fetus may be born normally. The the marvelous measures we now have f treating erythroblastosis in newborns a very likely to bring it through. Doctors n longer advise against pregnancy because the Rh factor, except in very aggravate cases.

What, then, can you who read this do insure your individual selves against th heartache and fears of a miscarriage?

1. If I had my way, every wife would ha a very thorough physical examination by h family doctor before she becomes pregnan Thus any discoverable disorder may be r vealed, and corrective ste undertaken, before there a fetus to whom it ma be a threat.

2. Place yourself und your doctor's care the mi ute you suspect you a pregnant. Stay under h close supervision until yo baby is safely delivered.

3. Take every precaution you can to avo infectious illness.

4. Report to your doctor immediately a unusual sign, such as bleeding or cramps. G to bed and stay there until the doctor h come. Then follow his orders implicitly.

5. If you have ever had a miscarriage, a your doctor to make a special check of th functioning of your endocrine glands. R main quiet, exerting yourself as little possible, at the time in your pregnancy wh the previous miscarriage took place. Mi carriages seem to follow a pattern. If y are able to carry your baby past the dang period, there is every chance that it will con to full term.

Aside from these things, I would have y go about your daily life just as you did b fore the baby announced its coming. In pla ing yourself under the care of a doctor wh will guard against the possibility of a harm, you have done your part. Medic science stands ready to do its part. Betwe the two of you, you can insure the baby safe arrival into the world in nearly eve instance.

"WHAT'S SHE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T?"

(Continued from Page 57)

instructor is at all likable and inspiring, the students, without necessarily realizing it, begin to absorb her (or his) basic attitudes, to some degree. In fact, research has shown that this conscious or unconscious desire to be like a teacher is one of the strongest motives in all learning.

The drift of our population to the cities has also belittled woman's importance. On the farm in the olden days she cooked the meals (in fact, raised much of the food in her garden and chicken yard), wove the cloth, made it into clothes and then washed them every week, kept the house, bore and raised the children who were a great help to the farmer. If she stopped functioning for a day everyone was miserable. She couldn't help but feel important.

Now the factory makes the clothes, the canning factory precooks a lot of the food, the dairy makes the dessert. In cities the laundry or the washing machine does a lot of the wash, and you can always eat out if you have enough money.

Let's pretend for a minute that we are vocational-guidance experts who analyze job requirements and job rewards in order to help young people choose careers wisely. In this way we may be able to get a more objective view of how the occupation of housewife and mother stacks up against others.

Are the personality requirements less high for successful homemakers than for women in other professions? To become a distinguished novelist or dramatist, a woman must ha rare perceptive and descriptive skill, a gre urge and years of practice. But she doesn necessarily have to have the qualities th make her life enjoyable to herself and othe such as sociability or contentment.

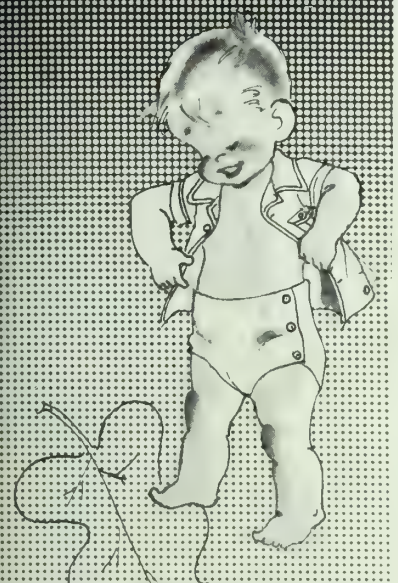
To become a successful buyer in a depar ment store, a woman must have unusu judgment, drive, years of experience in se ing. But there may be other qualities a satisfactions which she lacks and envies.

A young woman can be trained to be fairly good stenographer in a matter months, provided she has reasonable intel gence and conscientiousness. Lack of warm or of wisdom will not block her goal.

But you can't develop a good mother in year—even in twenty years—by traini alone. And a woman can't be a satisfacto mother on the basis of a few admirable trai The good housewife and mother is sure have at least fair amounts of all the mo pleasant human qualities. She is first of fond of people and able to get along wi them enjoyably, male people and female pe ple, babies, children, adolescents, adults a old people. (Of course she may think so people are poison, but she can keep the from getting in her hair.)

She is adjustable way beyond the requi ments of most other jobs. She is not crotche about the quietness or orderliness of h working conditions, the scheduling of her a tivities. She cannot fire her associates or

Baby's biggest blessing!



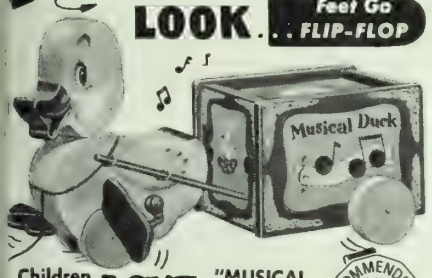
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sign. She must be on duty twenty-four hours a day, close to 365 days a year, though she has the privilege of sleeping on the premises. She never has the smug satisfaction of a job finished and out of the way. Raises in income don't come as a reward for doing her job superiorly, but only through her husband's success. Yet any serious degree of rivalry (with the father or with the children), which may be the mainspring of success in the business or professional world, would be fatal to success in the home. Even such a generally admired quality as excessive ambitiousness will, in a mother, throw the whole family system out of kilter and do harm rather than good.

The reasonably good mother has the natural leadership qualities of an Eisenhower without any West Point training, the ability to keep order of an English policeman, who is never armed. Though she loses her patience and gets mad, she remains basically devoted.

This recital of virtues, of course, adds up to the condition of near-saintliness—not that of the self-tortured saints, but that of the earthy, well-beloved saints.

These qualities are not learned or bought. They are mainly developed, year by year from birth, by a person's being brought up in a predominantly happy home. This makes being one of the company of good housewives and mothers as hard to achieve as the nobility—you usually are born into it.

Can we compare the achievement of a professional woman with the achievement of a successful mother? There's no exact way. Who can say whether a woman who has produced a soul-satisfying novel has done the world a greater or less favor than the woman who has produced two fine children?

THERE'S no question, though, that giving the world two well-brought-up children is a mighty contribution. Each of them can be counted on to do a good job to the limit of his or her capacities, whether this child grows up to be housewife, farmer, mechanic or lawyer. He or she will surely be a responsible citizen. He or she will be a person whom others like to work with, or live with, or have fun with.

Each successfully brought-up child not only does himself proud, but brings out the best in all the others with whom he comes in contact. Even more important, each such child is likely to marry happily and then to bring up a new generation of fine children. And it doesn't stop at two generations either. In fact, when you stop to think of it, the good adjustment, the happiness, the spiritual qualities that good parents develop in their children are as immortal as great works of art, for their influence, however much diluted, will still be counting for something through countless generations, as long as there are any descendants.

How does successful motherhood compare with other jobs in long-range satisfaction? Particularly well. To be sure, many people in other professions thoroughly enjoy their work while they do it and feel well satisfied after retirement. But many others who have made a great worldly success don't have the right taste in their mouths at the end.

There is the business leader whose hunger for further achievement only becomes greater with success, the way certain neurotic people are still craving more food when their stomachs are stretched tight. There is the great man or woman in the arts who loses his inspiration at the height of his career. There is the professional man who is miserable when he reaches the age of mandatory retirement. Childless people usually dread and sometimes experience loneliness in old age.

But the parents who have raised fine children are sure to enjoy them and their grandchildren, richly, as long as they live. There will never be the lonely feeling even though there are thousands of miles between them.

Occupation housewife and mother?

An occupation which if reasonably well performed requires a better balanced personality than any other job. An occupation that is as influential as any other regular job in the world. Probably the only occupation which, if well done, is guaranteed to give a feeling of full satisfaction for one's entire life.

THE END



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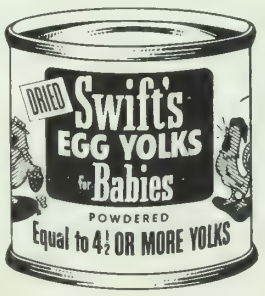
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TELL ME, DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 38)

"Now in your case, Miss White, the uterus has fallen over backward—well, about sixty degrees. The result is the blood supply of this region is affected, the uterus becomes somewhat congested, proper establishment of the menstrual flow is embarrassed, the bearing-down sensation of which you complain develops, as well as the backache and—partly on account of the congestion—leucorrhea is liable to result. That seems to explain your symptoms quite inclusively, does it not?"

"Indeed it does. It seems to be a mechanical condition."

"That is exactly what it is."

"What has caused this displacement, Doctor?"

"*Retrodisplacement,* we call it, a fifty-cent word for 'backward tipping.' I am not sure that I can answer your question directly."

"I don't remember having had any accident."

"I doubt that an accident had anything to do with this. Many such conditions are congenital."

"Meaning?"

"The individual is born with the condition. That might easily be your case."

"What should I do about it? I don't like the idea of going on this way."

"I don't think it should be neglected, particularly in view of your approaching marriage. The condition should be corrected."

"You mean an operation, Doctor?"

"M-m—I doubt it. If I operated on every woman who comes in here with a mild displacement, I wouldn't have any time to keep office hours. Such conditions are very common among young women. In fact, I imagine that a good many carry some degree of displacement all their lives, and never even know it."

"I should think their doctors would find it out."

"They often do, just as in your case. But many women go through a lifetime without checking up on the condition of their internal organs, unless some appalling symptom develops."

"I should think it would be discovered when they get pregnant. Most women have an examination then, don't they?"

"True. But after the third month of pregnancy, when the uterus rises out of the pelvis so that it can be felt above the pelvic bones in front, the displacement automatically becomes straightened out—it has to in order to find room to grow."

"But after a woman has had a baby, doesn't the uterus get smaller until it is normal size again? I thought it had to."

"You are quite right."

"Well, does going through pregnancy cause the uterus to be straightened out permanently?"

"It may, in some cases; but mostly the displacement persists after the uterus has become sufficiently small to allow it."

"THEN why doesn't the doctor discover it when he makes his examination after the baby's birth?"

"I begin to feel as though I'm being subjected to a cross-examination. However, I welcome it. It is refreshing to find a young woman able to ask such questions. To answer your last one, you'd be surprised to learn how many women neglect that follow-up examination, even though its importance is highly emphasized by all doctors and clinics."

"I *am* surprised to hear that."

"I'm glad you brought up this discussion of pregnancy, for I want to explain two important points in connection with it and the matter of uterine displacements."

"Yes, Doctor?"

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness, joy.

—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

"First, a severe displacement may offer hindrance to a woman's becoming pregnant."

"You mean that I'm sterile on account o my condition?"

"No, I don't mean that. Many women become pregnant in spite of having displacements worse than yours, but it *might* be a hindrance."

"Oh, I don't want that."

"You're not going to have it. The second point is—a severe displacement carries a definite threat of miscarriage, if the pregnancy *does* eventuate."

"Does it happen commonly?"

"RATHER frequently—enough so that it' considered one of the likely causes of spontaneous abortion. On the other hand, many women seem immune to such an accident, in spite of having even a bad displacement. You can never tell how any particular individual is going to react—that's why medicine has never become an exact science."

"All I know is that I shall want to become pregnant when the time comes, and I certainly shan't want to lose it."

"Of course. So we are going to take steps to see that you are safe on both counts."

"You didn't recommend an operation. I suppose, then, there must be some other way to correct the condition."

"There is, in a case like yours where the uterus is capable of being manipulated back into its normal position without undue trouble. Had I been unable to replace the organ satisfactorily, there would be no recourse except to an operation, because it would probably mean that the uterus had become adherent—grown fast to adjacent organs. In your case I think that we shall be able to do very well—I hope so."

"What is it that you recommend?"

"I am going to have my nurse take you back to the examining room and show you how to carry out certain postural treatment. It isn't painful, but you won't like it. You have had this condition a long time—possibly all your life; and it is not going to be cured overnight. The treatment will require weeks, perhaps months. This is going to require faithfulness on your part. If you get tired of the exercises and give them up, or skimp on the time you devote to them, you might as well not start; for your time will be wasted. You must stick to the job religiously, as you would your prayers. If you do, I think that after a while you will be able to feel the uterus falling into its normal, natural position when you begin your exercises. It probably won't stay there at first, but later on it will. I can't promise, but I believe you will be able to save yourself the necessity of an operation, later on."

"If you *should* have to operate, Doctor, what would have to be done?"

"A shortening of the ligaments which hold the uterus in place."

"An abdominal operation?"

"It is, but a comparatively simple one."

"If those ligaments were shortened, wouldn't it interfere with pregnancy?"

"There have been some very clever operative procedures devised to avoid that very thing. No, you wouldn't have to worry about its complicating a future pregnancy."

"Well, I'm going to work hard on those exercises."

"That's the way to talk, and I am sure you will get results. Now go with the nurse and listen carefully to what she tells you. Come back here after a month, and we'll see if your condition has improved. I'll hazard more than a guess that it will have."

"Thank you, Doctor."

Abortion may leave dangerous septic residue. Doctor Safford points out risks in the November JOURNAL

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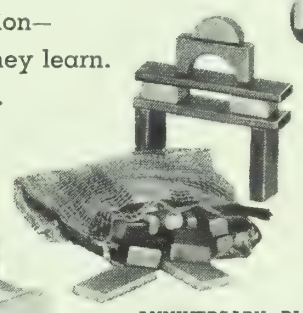
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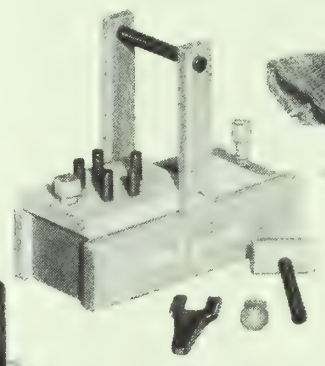




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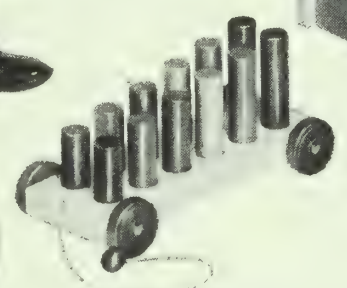
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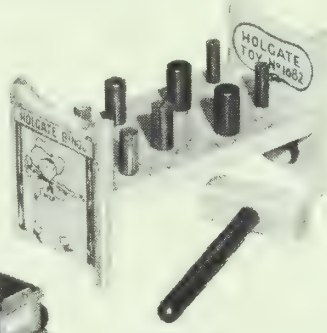


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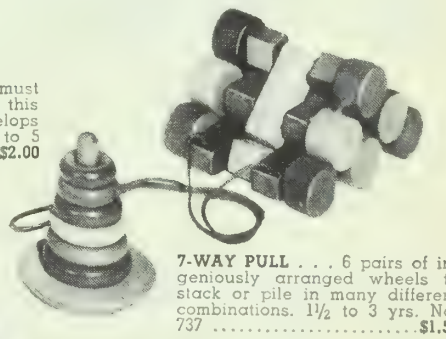


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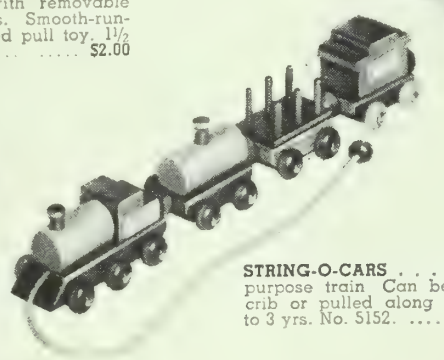




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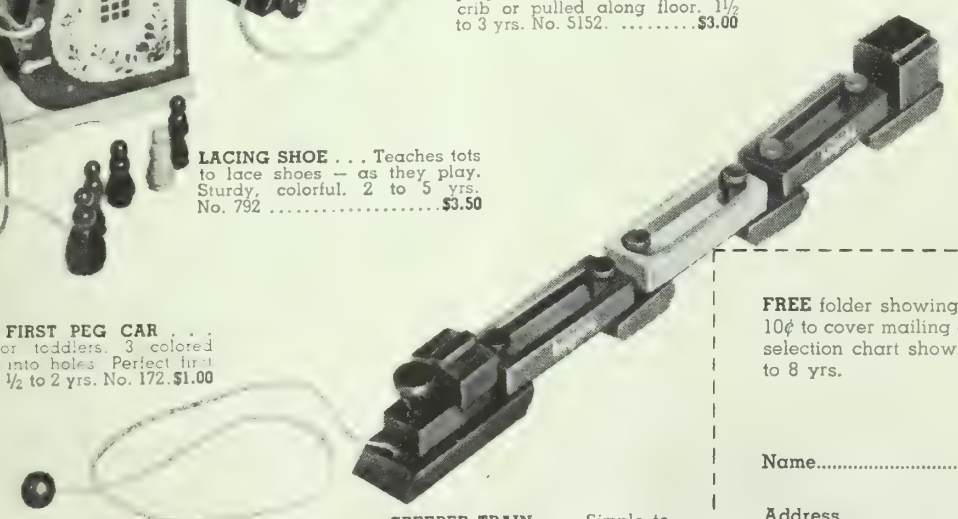


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When you buy cotton tips... buy the dependable JOHNSON'S brand!

THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD

(Continued from Page 73)

true sense of the word, since before airplanes were invented he owned a balloon in which in 1899 he flew from France to Russia. In 1909—before Blériot made his historic flight across the Channel—Jacques bought his first airplane, and received his license as Pilot No. 18. He went to Morocco as a volunteer airman in the war against the Moors in 1913 and 1914. It was a brave decision, for the Moors were known to kill their captives by slow torture, and airplanes were then monoplanes with a 65-horsepower engine. For exceptional service rendered to the Ministry of War he received the Legion of Honor.

In 1915 he, together with my father, who undertook to pay for the transport of any American who wished to fight in the French Air Force, and Doctor Gross, of the American Hospital at Neuilly, raised and formed the Escadrille Lafayette, which later was integrated into the American Army.

Looking back on the first years of my second marriage, I realize the essentially self-contained life we led. In our close companionship the outer world meant little to us. Our house in Paris overlooked the Champs-de-Mars, that big garden that stretches its green swards from the banks of the Seine to the fine old buildings of the École de Guerre. How lovely were those spring and early-summer days. The gay flowers in the parterres, the green velvet of the lawns, the golden rivulets of sand that enclosed them, the scent of lilacs and laburnum, the acacias stretching the stiff bouquets of their blooms to the sky, the birds singing, the swans on the gay little pond, and beyond the clear gray waters of the Seine lapping against the stone embankments where fishermen fished or read the news. At night the lights from the Eiffel Tower flashed above our roof and the stars seemed to answer from high above. Oh, the heartbreaking beauty of Paris in springtime!

Throughout all those years, I was blissfully happy in my life with Jacques and with our wide circle of friends; but at first I missed the work I was accustomed to in England. I was therefore glad when a group of social workers asked me to help them to build and equip a hospital for the professional classes. It was estimated that 200,000 francs would endow a room, and we made this the basis of our first appeal. Many entertainments were organized to raise funds.

The most touching of all the tributes to the memory of Marshal Foch, to whom our hospital was dedicated, was paid by Paderewski. No longer President of Poland but still a great pianist, he gave a concert for our benefit in the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. The long program must have taxed his failing strength; nevertheless, after the public ovation that greeted his finale he remained to play to a group of students who had gathered round him. Great in his generosity as in his genius, he refused any part of the proceeds, although heavy expenses incurred by his wife's illness were taxing his resources.

THE day dawned at last on which our hospital was officially opened by the President. Our chief satisfaction lay in the opinion expressed by the medical profession that no finer hospital existed anywhere—an opinion confirmed by the Germans in 1940 when they evicted all French patients and took the hospital over for their own use. In 1950 the Fondation Foch du Mont Valerian was rededicated to the "*classes moyennes*" for whom it had been built. In announcing the good news, Monsieur Justin Godart, to whose unfailing support we owed the successful termination of our work, informed me that I had been named *Présidente d'Honneur*, a mark of appreciation which, after so many years, deeply touched me.

It was also to his recommendation as Minister of Public Health that I owed the Legion of Honor. How well I remember the day he came to our house in Paris to give me the decoration. I had refused the public function he kindly suggested, and nothing could have been more to my liking than the informal ceremony when in the presence of our household he made a little speech and asked my husband to pin the cross on me, since, not being decorated himself, he had no power to confer it. He would, however, not be denied the accolade, which he begged my husband's permission to confer. It was all so very French.

Preceding the happy and busy spring months we spent in Paris each year were lovely months of winter sunshine on the Riviera, where our life, though equally social, was more informal. Years before Jacques and I were married, I had, while recuperating on the Riviera, been attracted by its beauty and its climate. Soon after our marriage, we decided to buy a property and to build a house there. We called our place "Lou Sueil," which in Provençal means the Hearth, for it was thus identified on local maps. Our house was built by six brothers who were stonemasons. Every Monday they walked over the mountains from Italy, returning to spend Sundays with their wives. They were accomplished artisans and quick workers; they built our house within a year.

We Will Wish on a Star, We Said

By May Williams Ward

We will walk as far as the wood
to see the sunset
And wish on the first star afterward, we said.
We marveled at autumn splashing
Technicolor
Everywhere. The sun went down
in red.

And then all at once the dark
came on and trees stood
As shadows only. Sky was vague
and far.
And our togetherness blazed in
the dim wood
So we did not see the first, or the
hundredth, star.

In the garden we planned terraces; for our grounds, like the hanging gardens of Babylon, hung in mid-air and unless terraced on stone walls would have crumbled down the steep mountainside. Under the olive trees the grass was carpeted with hyacinths and bluebells. The spring brought its seasoned order of tulips, peonies and daffodils. Almond trees bloomed first in pink-and-white showers; then came the prunus and the Judas trees with their bronze and scarlet foliage. Every month had its particular mimosa cascading in yellow fragrance.

There were rosebushes as big as hydrangeas. Stone walls were covered with blue kennedia, rose bougainvillia and purple clematis. Tall cypresses limned their slender blackness against the silver shimmer of olive leaves or grew in narrow avenues encasing a view. Red oil vats filled with flowers stood at protruding corners. This garden, jutting into the Mediterranean on its high promontory, created into an amphitheater by the surrounding Alpine peaks, became famous. We opened it to visitors. The money went to charities; one winter we made as much as 100,000 francs.

Entertaining brought its contretemps. There was the occasion when one of our guests telephoned that he would walk up from Monte Carlo to lunch with us. The distance being about five miles and u warned him to start in good time; bu tails had been served and still there sign of him. The person in question British M.P. of ministerial rank, I t it politer to wait a little longer, alth score of guests had already assembled. as our minister still did not appear, we

Halfway through the meal our butle pered to me, "A gentleman has arriv wants a bath." Sometime later our again appeared, looking worried. "I know what is the matter with the man, but he is throwing all his cloth the window to the gardeners and them to keep them!"

Good heavens, I thought; *I hope he d mean to come in naked*, for not knowi man, I had some apprehension.

At last our M.P. entered (thank goo properly clothed) and not at all abas being forty-five minutes late. "I like ing," he said airily, "and always t change in case I get hot. Hope you d mind my throwing my underclothes t gardeners; it avoids the trouble of ca them down."

"Oh, not at all, I only hope they properly grateful," I answered.

After a hasty meal, without a word numerous company or even a look view we were so proud of, he depar walk down to Nice, and I no longe dered why the English sometimes ar sidered eccentric!

A DELIGHTFUL and honored guest wa Curzon, who came to spend a fortnigh us in 1925, a few weeks before his d well remember the day of his arrival a request to view the house and gr Leaning on his stick, encased in his corset, he insisted upon walking dow then up our mountain. No one coul been more appreciative, and when fina rested, looking down on the glorious that from Toulon to Italy spread bef he turned round to me and said:

"Then it has been worth the sacri

"Sacrifice?" I inquired, somewhat st

"Yes—to give up being the be Duchess of Marlborough and all it me

I could not help smiling.

Winston Churchill and his beautif often visited us during the seventeen w we spent at Lou Sueil. Although known him some thirty years, he seemed as young to me as he had ever Even in his sixtieth year he was playin and his interests, instead of waning growing. He used to spend his mornin tating to his secretary and the afte painting either in our garden or in some site that pleased him. His departure or expeditions was invariably accompan a general upheaval of the household painting paraphernalia with its ease asol and stool had to be assemble brushes, freshly cleaned, to be foun canvases chosen, the right hat sorte the cigar box replenished. At last, dri our chauffeur, accompanied by a de the British government insisted upo viding, he would depart with the genia and rubicund smile we have learned sociate with his robust optimism.

In our little group there was Norah say (Mrs. Harry Lindsay) whose Irish recalled Sir Joshua Reynolds' children puckish faces with elfin eyes. She helped us plan our flower border laughed with us over the French gar dismay at the riotous disorder of an E herbaceous garden. One day in try explain why the phloxes had not kept color, waving despairing hands, he "But madame, I cannot prevent but from playing with the flowers!"—a description of Nature's propagating a

With these friends we explored the and ruins of Provence, often lu alfresco. Driving home in open cars w sun gliding into the sea, its pink glo

(Continued on Page 200)



Beautiful Hair

BRECK



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Hair tends to be dry, oily, or normal. For this reason three Breck Shampoos have been developed. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is mild and gentle in action, and leaves your hair clean, fragrant and shining. The next time you buy a shampoo, ask for the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair.

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(Continued from Page 198)

upward onto the snow-capped Alps, one held one's breath as round each bend a new beauty came to view—low olive trees with their silvery foliage, straight somber cypresses, stunted oaks clinging to steep planes where sheep grazed on meadows that smelled of rosemary and thyme. Cascading brooks leaped down the mountainside and from far above we heard the bugle calling the *chasseurs des Alpes* to their rest.

With the coming of spring in the north we longed for the fresh green of budding leaves and, turning our backs on the azure sea, we would motor back by way of Aix and Avignon or else across the Alps to Grenoble and the eastern provinces and so on to Paris, following the road taken by Napoleon on his fateful return from the Island of Elba.

As the years had passed we had found our house in Paris beginning to demand a special life of its own, as houses are apt to do. This was not to our taste, since we both preferred the simpler pleasures of the country. So about 1926 we began to look for a small place near Paris, and came upon the little château where thereafter we spent our summers.

It was love at first sight—a love we have remained faithful to, for, of all lovely places I have seen, it has the most charm. We restored the gardens and laid out parterres where fountains played amid boxwood traceries. My favorite garden was away in an apple orchard. Enclosed in high walls on which grew roses and honeysuckle, it held a pool and borders of sweet-smelling flowers. There were also water gardens with weeping willows, hydrangeas, iris, day lilies, lupines and anemones. Meadows beyond skirted the River Avre, and where it joined the bigger River Eure an old mill stood. This mill in time became an enchanting place which we lent to friends. and in the summers of 1938 and 1939, when it was full of children, Motel was gay with laughter and sound.

There were children riding in the forest jumping their ponies over hurdles in t fields, children playing tennis and swimmi in the pool, children fishing for trout in t rivers or canoeing on canals, children playi golf or bicycling in the gardens—it is witl pang that I recall the sweet, careless gaie of those last prewar summers.

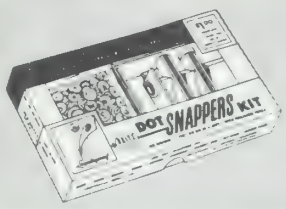
One week end Winston Churchill decid he wanted to paint our moat. After care thought he made up his mind that he p ferred the water rough to smooth. Sending Dreux for a photographer, he placed t gardeners in a boat and told them to cre ripples with their oars. I can still see t scene with Winston personally directing t maneuver—the photographer running rou to do snapshots—the gardeners clumsily laboring the water. With characteristic th oughness Winston persisted until all pos bilities had been exhausted and the phot rapher, hot and worried, muttered, "*M ces Anglais sont donc tous maniac.*"

Our happy life at Saint Georges Motel h earlier inspired my mother to acquire a c teau nearby. Not far from Fontainebleau was built of stone and was of the Renaissa period. What immediately appealed to was the legend that the great financier a builder, Jacques Coeur, had given it to daughter; from this she derived the vicari pleasure any tribute to the female hierarc gave her. Once settled, she proceeded to her fancy roam, creating improvements steadily that in spite of failing health last years were happily employed.

She was forever critically surveying demesne. Walking in the garden with Jacq and me, she would suddenly stop us a pointing to the river which flowed past house, would say, "This river is not w enough; it should be twice as large"; a when next we came an army of workm would have enlarged it. A great foreco separated the village from the house. It sanded instead of being paved. "This is



Dear Aunt Kate:
Here's the snapshot of Timmie and, incidentally, did you ever see a snow suit with so many extra "parts"? You'd be surprised how quickly I get them assembled, thanks to the Dot Snap Fasteners. They work so easily and I don't have to worry about them coming undone when Tim goes into his tumbling act.
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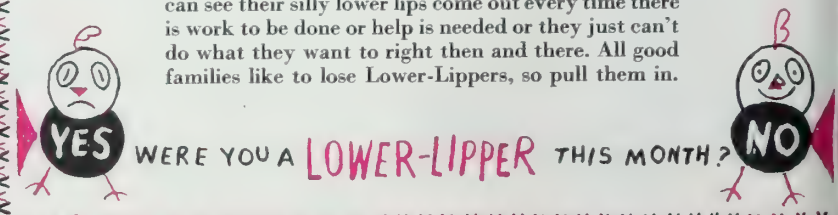
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THIS IS A LOWER-LIPPER



By Munro Leaf

OF ALL the disagreeable things to have around the house, a Lower-Lipper is one of the most objectionable. Whatever anybody asks or tells it to do that it doesn't want to makes it pout and complain and push out its lower lip farther and farther until it looks a mess. Lower-Lippers are first cousins of whiners and you can see their silly lower lips come out every time there is work to be done or help is needed or they just can't do what they want to right then and there. All good families like to lose Lower-Lippers, so pull them in.



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Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Ill.

wrong, it should be paved," my mother commented severely; and the year of her death old paving stones brought from Versailles covered the court.

On my next visit to her it struck me as strange, since she could no longer walk, that she should wish to build a bowling alley. It was in vain I tried to turn her thoughts to more suitable amusements. A bowling alley duly arrived from America. Here the nurses my mother no longer could do without sometimes bowled. More appropriate was a Bath chair Queen Victoria had used during her visits to Cimiez, which had been made by a famous French carriage builder. Its beautiful lines had captivated my mother, who had ordered a donkey, complete with its harness, sent all the way from Sicily to draw her.

Gradually my mother weakened, and we took her to her little house in Paris where, in the winter of 1933, she died. Leaving the Old World with its marked respect for the departed, where men have time to doff their hats and women to cross themselves in greeting, I found it strange to be met in New York by policemen on motorcycles who preceded the hearse while we raced to St. Thomas's Church. But the service there was triumphantly symbolic, with suffrage societies flying their banners as they came up the aisle wave upon wave. A hymn my mother had herself composed was sung—it naturally concerned a woman.

On our return to France, I plunged again into my work in Paris and at Saint Georges Motel. In time my chief interest there became a sanatorium or, as it is called in France, a preventorium, where there were some eighty young children who were recuperating from operations or in need of preventive care. I have always loved children; but like the old lady who lived in a shoe, what with my Preventorium and Recreation School and, in 1939 and '40, a few hundred refugee children from Paris, I had so many I very nearly did not know what to do. But at least it meant that we never experienced the tedium of country life.

During the last summer before the war, we went to Blenheim for the coming-out ball of my eldest granddaughter, Sarah, who is now married to an American. My son had succeeded his father as tenth duke in 1934. I went to Blenheim with anxious forebodings, for the international horizon was dark. But on that evening the scene was still gay, and my pleasure great in meeting so many old friends. I supped with Winston and Anthony Eden and wandered out to the lovely terraces Marlborough had built.

How rewarding are my memories of Blenheim in my son's time when his life, with Mary and his children, was all that I wished mine could have been.

SOMEWHERE in the hinterland of my consciousness lies the sadness, the haunting anxiety of that cold and desolate winter. We were icebound in our little château. Spirals of fleecy mists wound upward from the frozen ground. The fountains stood silent in mid-air like gleaming silver plumes. The trees covered with hoarfrost had their branches etched in black and white against the sky. In the garden nothing moved, everything seemed tense—*waiting*. Dressed in fur coats to keep warm, we used to huddle round the fire those long winter evenings. Jacques had rejoined the French army and was often away on various missions.

On Friday, May 10th, my maid woke me with the news that the Germans had invaded Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg, and were marching south and west. We knew then that the inevitable had begun and would soon be upon us. I told her to pack a valise and to put it under my bed. We studied our maps in sickening apprehension. Everyone of us knew that there was no hope.

With the invasion of the Lowlands came an ever-growing influx of refugees. Hurrying south, they flowed even into our little backwater of a village. First came the automobiles of the rich. Then followed a sad procession. Once again the farmers on their great wagons, drawn by four splendid Percherons, were trekking south, leaving their crops, their cat-

(Continued on Page 203)



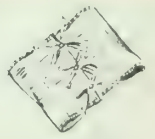
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Shrink-Resistant Gibbs *for comfortable fit*



TIE-SIDE SHIRT. Top quality, featuring twistless tapes and buttonhole construction, with "Didy Tapes." Sizes 1 to 4.

POLO SHIRT. *Interlock* "Soft As Doeskin" with taped reinforced shoulder seam, crew neck. White, blue, maize. Sizes 2 to 8.



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HUKILAU (NET FISHING) AT HANALEI BAY, KAUAI, AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANT(

Happy Hawaiian Harvest to you- from DOLE



At your grocer's now — the new pack of delicious DOLE Pineapple Products! Get some and serve some today.

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This frosty Minted Pineapple Cup, f'r instance: appetizer or dessert, it's as cool and refreshing as a Waikiki breeze! Easy — mix drained DOLE Pineapple Chunks with chopped fresh mint. Refrigerate, then garnish with a sprig of mint.

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Be sure it's Hawaiian - be sure it's DOLE!

Send 25c for idea-packed Party Book to DOLE Mainland Office, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 6, Calif.



(Continued from Page 201)

their homes to the mercy of the invader. typically French they were, those farm ons, filled with hay and household goods, mpanied by a boy who cracked his whip e walked beside his horses.

rched on the top of one of these I saw a old lady in an armchair. She was surded by her grandchildren, and was sed in her best black gown with a shawl sed over her chest, on her head one of e lacy high bonnets French peasants still r. When I spoke to her she said sadly, is is the third time *les Boches* have driven rom our home: once before the Battle of Marne; a second time in the late German e just before the end of the last war; and again."

ne old man carried a basket with great . I hoped he had saved something of ie, but when he opened it ten little klings walked out and he asked my persion to put them on our pond.

Is that all you have brought?" I asked.

Yes, madame," he answered. "We were l the Germans were only five kilometers y, and—*comment voulez-vous*—I could leave these ducks for them."

n May 17th the *préfet* summoned me to eux, a town some twenty kilometers dist. He asked us to prepare food and quars for 45,000 refugees who were due in ns from the north. No sooner had we be- than another order came to prepare hosal accommodation for wounded civilians. ere was a Boys' Vocational Training School ich we immediately evacuated, returning boys to their parents. We put clean ets on the 400 beds and installed a firstclinic; a cook prepared a good meal, the tron and several nurses from our sanaium were put in charge, and at sunset we e ready to receive them.

All night they waited—the wounded did arrive until next day. Their train had n bombed and disabled, and they had en refuge in ditches, and were finally ught to Evreux in motorcars. Many had n obliged to walk, and on the road they d been raked by machine guns from lowing planes. A distraught woman told me t her two children had been killed walk- a few yards in front of her. "I saw the ator's eyes as he aimed at them," she kept eating in her frenzied grief.

After ten years spent in a land at peace, I find it difficult to describe my reactions to the stress and turmoil of that spring. I remember a feeling of growing horror as the Huns approached. It was as if everything beautiful and fine and worth while was going to be destroyed. I had worked hard—I had simulated a courage I did not feel—I knew we were beaten. It seemed to me that the only thing that now mattered was to get our sanatorium children safely away. At that moment everything seemed unreal, and we were dazed by a disaster we felt very near, for the wind blowing from the north was bringing the sound of guns ever more clearly to our ears.

June 6th we set out for Pau in search of quarters for the children. Jacques had orders to go south and was able to take me in his small Citroen—our chauffeur had been mobilized. We left with a valise apiece, since we planned to be away for a few days only—just time to find a house, and then return to evacuate the children.

I shall never forget the sadness and the beauty of that last day at Motel. The fountains I so loved were throwing their sun-tipped jets into the still air; the children's laughter rang happily as they played nearby. I looked back as we drove away. The pink house with its blue roof was reflected in the waters of the moat. Then we were on the road caught in the traffic that flowed south.

We finally found a large villa which, although quite unsuitable for permanent use, could serve as a temporary home. We left Pau at 4:00 A.M. on the third day, glad to be homeward bound. It seemed strange to see our way so clear; no one was going north and yet the southbound traffic never infringed the regulations and our half of the road lay free before us, stretching through an endless row of caravans.

At Périgueux we drew up at a café for much-needed refreshment, and were greeted by two friends.

"Where are you going?" they asked us.

"To Saint Georges Motel," we answered.

"You are crazy," they said. "The Germans are already there; the government has moved to Bordeaux."

"Nonsense," said my husband, "they exaggerate," and we resumed our way.

Visions of the Nazi Motor Bicycling Corps swam before my tired eyes. *I would so much rather be shot than taken prisoner,* I reflected. Searching the traffic that now appeared to be flying south, I looked for our cars which, if the news were true, must be conveying our household to Pau. Suddenly I recognized one of them, and our butler sitting next to the driver.

The Germans were indeed in our village, which had been evacuated. Saint Georges had been bombed, but neither the château nor the sanatorium had been hit. The hospital at Dreux had received a direct hit, and our agent's wife, who had that day gone to be delivered of her child, had been killed, together with her newly born child. One more tragedy amongst so many when nerves are taut and sensibilities flexed is best ignored, and we chose rather to rejoice in the news that the sanatorium children had safely escaped.

Reaching the American consulate, we saw a long line of cars and crowds of excited people running in and out of its doors. Queues of frenzied people surrounded every official. It was impossible to reach one. Hemmed in the crowd, we were greeted by two American friends. One of them, an important official in the Red Cross, looked harassed and insistently begged me to leave the country. He told us that I figured on the Nazi hostage list. Only a few months back, Baron Louis de Rothschild had been imprisoned in Vienna and millions had been extorted from his family before he was returned. We were advised to cross the Frontier at once—for it would soon be closed.

Impressed by this evident anxiety for my safety, we decided to approach Jacques' chief, the *Ministre de l'Air,* for permission to leave the country. He was difficult to find, because the government was only then moving into its new quarters. But when at last we found him, the fact that an armistice had been granted made Jacques' demobilization easy and he was not only given permission, but also advised to take me to America immediately. It remained only to obtain our visas.

"Don't waste any more time," said our kind counselor of the morning. "You will never get anything done here. Have your passports visaed for Spain and Portugal at Bayonne, where they have consulates, and trust to getting your American entry in Lisbon. And hurry," he added ominously, "for the Frontier may be closed at any moment, then you will no longer get out."

We took the road to Bayonne. A great sadness filled me at leaving France, where I had found such happiness. I knew my husband would return to his country and I hated being the cause of his going.

THE evening before leaving Lisbon we dined with the Duke of Kent, who, having heard of our arrival, invited us to a lovely palace the Portuguese Government had put at his disposal during his official visit. We at first declined, but he insisted that we should come as we were, and he promised to take news of us to my sons in England. I sat next to him at dinner—it was just a year since we had met at Blenheim for my granddaughter's coming-out ball. Two years later he was killed in an airplane accident. How odd it seemed to sit at a formal dinner again free of anxiety and care—how little these people knew of the storm and stress of a country overrun by a ruthless enemy. That we had no evening clothes seemed strange to them. What a world of difference now lay in our outlooks. I shall not, however, forget the Duke's considerate kindness to us that evening. He brought England and my children closer to me, and I felt warmed by his solicitude. He was a man of great charm and had a sympathetic understanding of all things beautiful, inherited from his mother, Queen Mary.

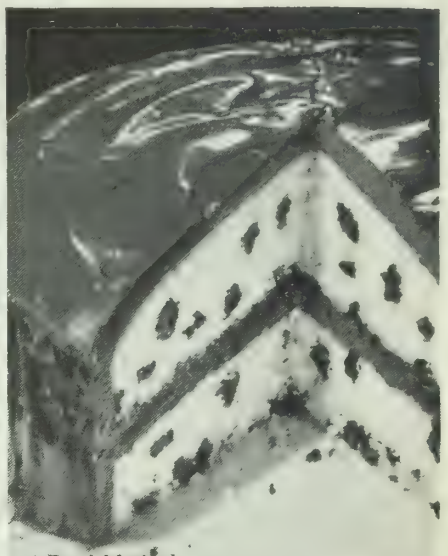
The next morning—thanks to the good offices of the American Consul and my brothers—we left Lisbon on the Clipper. I had an inhibition against flying, and this was my first voyage. As we moved through the waters and rose to our flight, I looked at the blue sky above and the slowly fading coast beneath and felt I had embarked on a celestial passage to a promised land.

THE END



"I thought you wanted me to forget your birthdays."

DELICIOUS!



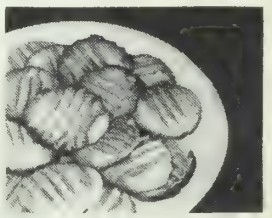
1-Bowl Method

3-MINUTE BIT O' CHOCOLATE CAKE

better-textured, fresher-keeping, made with Baking Soda

● Have all ingredients at room temperature. **Sift** together 2 cups sifted flour, 1 tsp. Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda, ½ tsp. salt. **Combine** ¼ cup vinegar, ½ cup milk, 1 tsp. vanilla. **Beat** 2 eggs with 1⅓ cups sugar 1 min. (125 strokes). **Add** flour mixture, ½ cup shortening (emulsifier type) and ½ of liquid. **Stir** until flour is moistened. **Beat** vigorously 1 min. **Add** remaining liquid and beat 1 min. **Fold in** 1 pkg. chocolate bits. Bake in 2 greased 8″ layer pans, 1¼″ deep at 375°F. (mod. oven) 25 to 30 mins. Top with chocolate frosting.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES



Cream together ½ cup shortening, ½ cup peanut butter. **Add,** and continue creaming, ¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed. **Stir in:** 1 slightly beaten egg. **Sift** together: 1 cup sifted flour, ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda. **Add** to first mixture; **blend** well. **Chill** 2 hours.

Shape dough into 1-inch balls; **place** on greased cookie sheet; dip fork in cold water; **press** each flat. Bake at 375° (mod. oven) about 10 minutes. Makes 48.



FREE! 20-page Cookbook. Write Martha Lee Anderson, Church & Dwight Co., Inc., 70 Pine St., New York 5, N. Y.

The soup is *stracciatella*, the meat *cotolette di vitella*—hard to pronounce but so easy to make . . . and delicious to eat!

Conversation Piece

By Ruth Mills Teague



HERE comes an Italian meal—and am I glad! I'm so fond of Italian food that I love to talk about it, and the dishes on this menu bring back happy memories because I had them all in various parts of Italy.

First, *stracciatella* (you call it "stratch-ia-tella"), one of the most delicious soups I ever tasted. It is made by stirring beaten eggs mixed with Parmesan cheese and a little farina into a hot soup stock—and of course the richer the stock, the better the soup. The meat will be *cotolette di vitella*. This combines scaloppine of veal, Mozzarella cheese and thin slices of ham, built up in layers like five-decker sandwiches with the veal at top and bottom. When they are fried gently the Mozzarella melts and becomes gooey. Good! And there's a sauce with them too. *Risotto con piselli*—rice with peas—is the other hot dish. Beef marrow, butter or margarine, onion, saffron, chicken broth and Parmesan cheese are involved, and all these ingredients plus the slow method of cooking make this a super dish. Add a salad of greens, tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes and ripe *(Continued on Page 206)*

STUART



Let your husband serve the hot main course . . .

. . . after you've presided over the soup tureen.

Beatrice Cooke's Mealtime Adventures



FOR OCTOBER: Beef Cheese Surprise, PTA Chicken Chow Mein, Crispy Butter Drops



THE COLD WIND DOTH BLOW!

e sun still shines brightly but you can feel the bite the wind these autumn days, can't you? And it's time start thinking of good, hot, nourishing foods for our milies. Since this month is Cheese Month I thought rhaps you'd like a new one-dish meal which makes e of this valuable and popular food. And here's one hope you'll use as much as I do:

Beef Cheese Surprise

-oz. pkg. macaroni, cooked and drained
bsp. Meadow Gold Butter
lb. dried beef
0½-oz. can condensed cream of celery soup
cups Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk
1 cup and ½ cup grated Meadow Gold Process American Cheese
2 tbsp. grated onion
¼ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup sliced pimiento
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. marjoram

ute beef in butter over low heat until edges curl and beef is ghtly browned. Combine rest of ingredients with the exception of the ½ cup grated cheese; mix well. Add cooked macaroni and beef; mix lightly. Pour into a buttered 2 quart casserole; sprinkle with ½ cup grated cheese. Bake in a moderate en, (350°) 30 minutes. Makes 10 servings.

ot or cold, cheese makes a dream dish you're looking for taste and nutrition gether. The recipe above uses wonderl, smooth-melting MEADOW GOLD AMERICAN PROCESS CHEESE. And you'll like both its taste and its texture. For variety you'll want to try MEADOW GOLD NATURAL CHEDDAR, AMERICAN and SWISS. Or SMOOZETTE, the popular MEADOW GOLD Cheese Food. Did you know the MEADOW GOLD people produce *10* different kinds of cheese? And they're all delicious—try them and see!

Are you a friend of SANITARY SAM?



I'm sure you are. Sanitary Sam is an inquisitive fellow who pops up at odd times around your MEADOW GOLD dairy, making sure that the MEADOW GOLD MILK you buy is absolutely pure and fresh. For Sanitary Sam is the name given to each of 26 dairy school faculty members from universities and colleges all over the country. It's their job to make surprise inspections of each of the MEADOW GOLD dairies, every piece of equipment, every operation. And so Sanitary Sam surely *is* your friend—he assures you the finest, purest milk your money can buy . . . MEADOW GOLD GRADE A HOMOGENIZED MILK!

Free Chinese Recipes

Fascinating! Unusual! Chop Sueys, Lobster Cantonese, Egg Roll, and many more. Just write LaChoy Food Products Division, Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. J-28, Archbold, Ohio.

Luncheon Party for the P.T.A!

I suppose your Parent-Teacher Association is flourishing now as the school year gets well under way. If your committee's been worrying over what to serve to 25 people or more at luncheon I have the answer for you here—an easy-to-make meal-in-a-dish for 25:

PTA Chicken Chow Mein

1 cup Meadow Gold Butter
3 5-lb. stewing chickens, cooked (dark meat cubed, white meat in strips)
6 onions (sliced thin)
2 tbsp. salt
1¼ tsp. pepper
5 cans LaChoy Bean Sprouts
3 bunches celery (sliced thin)
8 cups chicken stock and water
9 Cans LaChoy Chow Mein Noodles

For Flavoring and Thickening

1 cup cold water
1 cup cornstarch
½ cup LaChoy Soy Sauce
5 tbsp. sugar

Melt butter in hot kettle. Add onions and fry 3 min. Add celery, salt, pepper and liquid. Cover and cook 5 min. Add drained LaChoy Bean Sprouts and dark meat. Mix thoroughly and cook 5 min. Combine and add flavoring and thickening ingredients. Stir lightly and cook one min. Serve piping hot over LaChoy Chow Mein Noodles. Allow ¾ cup noodles and 1 cup Chow Mein per serving. Garnish with strips of white meat. Flavor individual dishes to taste with LaChoy Soy Sauce.

Isn't that an easy meal for 25? And you can depend on its being delicious if you're sure to use wonderful LaChoy American-cooked Chinese foods. LACHOY BEAN SPROUTS are crisp, tender sprouts of the tiny mung bean. Prepared and packed in spotlessly clean kitchens, which I've visited myself. You'll like LaChoy ingredients whether you're cooking for two or 200 . . . you can depend on them!



You'll want to send for my ten new FREE cookie recipes . . . Holidays are coming!

"VITTLES" FOR VOTERS!

Pretty soon now, on November 4, all good Americans will be going to the polls to elect local and national government officers. I know in many communities it's become the custom to invite friends and neighbors in for Election Night to listen to the growing returns. I think it's a charming American custom and to encourage it I'd like to give you a new recipe for cookies you can offer your Election Night guests.

Crispy Butter Drops

1 cup Meadow Gold Butter
1 cup sugar
2 Meadow Gold Eggs
2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
⅔ cup broken walnuts
⅔ cup chopped white raisins
1 cup shredded coconut

Cream butter and sugar together until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix well. Blend in vanilla, nuts, raisins and coconut. Chill dough for 1 hour. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) 10 minutes. Makes 4½ dozen cookies.

Like all good cooks I'm sure you know that it's the butter that makes your baking better—and I think MEADOW GOLD BUTTER makes it the best of all. For MEADOW GOLD is seventeen-times tested for purity and freshness, and the butterfat from 10 quarts of cream-rich milk goes into every pound. For that long-remembered Grandma's-kitchen flavor, you'll want to use delicately rich MEADOW GOLD BUTTER—*I* do!

FREE COOKIE RECIPES

Now I have ten newly tested cookie recipes on file cards for you—wonderful for the holiday baking season or the whole year . . . for instance, Apricot Stars, Almond Crescents and Chocolate Cream Drops. Just write to me, in care of Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. BC-12, 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Illinois.



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LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YO'CAIN'T DO THIS TO ME, WOLF-GAL!! AH IS A MARRIED MAN!!

OH, HAPPY SADIE HAWKINS DAY!! —AH KETCHED ME A FINE, JUICY HUSBIN—EVEN EF HE IS SOMEBODY ELSE'S!!

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HURRY!!—AS MISSUS LI'L ABNER YOKUM YO'GOTTA PRO-TECK YORE PROPERTY!!

AH TOLD HIM T'STAY AWAY FUM TH' RACE!! WAIT 5 MINUTES, WHILE AH COOKS UP TH' ENRICHED 5 MINUTE "CREAM OF WHEAT"!!

YUM!! HYAR COME TH' MINNY-RULS, VITY-MINS AN' FOOD-ENERGY WHICH'LL SAVE ME!!—TH' BEST THING ABOUT BEIN' MARRIED IS "CREAM OF WHEAT"!!

IT HAIN'T FO' YO'!!—IT'S FO' ME!!

YORE SWEET, DELLY-CUT LI'L WIFE GOT THET "CREAM OF WHEAT" FEELIN', AS ANY FOOL KIN PLAINLY SEE!!

AH SEE!!

AH KNOW AH DESARVES T'BE PUNISHED FO' GOIN' TOO NEAR TH' RACE—BUT THIS IS INHOOMIN—SENDIN' ME T'BED WIFOUT MAH "CREAM OF WHEAT"!!

Al Capp

See yore grocer! Git yore man with "Cream of Wheat's"

SADIE HAWKINS BREAKFAST!

GET THAT CREAM OF WHEAT® FEELING!

(Continued from Page 204)

olives, and a fine crusty loaf of Italian bread, and we're all set except for dessert. In this case fruit is the only answer, I think, and pineapple chunks and strawberries will provide the light and refreshing finale we need. Fresh or frozen fruit can be used, and for an added touch we'll pour a little honey mixed with lemon juice over it.

This will be a dinner for six.

STRACCIATELLA

When I make soup stock I cook vats of it and freeze whatever I'm not going to use immediately. It's so comforting to know there are several quarts of delicious homemade broth on hand, and it's no more trouble to make a lot than a little. Get a good bunch of bones—at least one should be a shank bone with meat on it. Take out 4 tablespoons marrow and save for rice. Put bones in a large pot with any leftover meat scraps or bones you have on hand, cover with water, add salt, a couple celery stalks and 2 cloves garlic, cover and cook slowly a long time. Strain broth, taste for seasoning, and if meat taste isn't strong enough simmer for a while without cover to reduce quantity. Cool, chill and remove all fat from top. This should be done a day or two in advance. Measure desired quantity into a pot. Allow 1 egg, 3 tablespoons Parmesan cheese and 2 tablespoons farina for each 2 cups of broth in the pot. Beat eggs, cheese and farina together and add 1 cup cold broth. Shortly before serving, bring broth in the pot to a boil and dribble in the egg mixture, beating constantly with a wire whisk or a large fork. Turn heat to low and let soup cook gently for 5 minutes. Sprinkle each serving with chopped parsley and let people help themselves to grated Parmesan cheese.

COTOLETTE DI VITELLA

Get six ⅓" slices of veal cut from top round. Ask your butcher to notch the edges and flatten cutlets as thin as possible without tearing. The pieces will be more or less oval in shape. If he knows what you're going to do with them, he will be careful to shape them evenly. Get 6 slices boiled ham cut about twice as thick as for sandwiches. Spread cutlets out on pastry board and cover half of each one with fairly thick slices of Mozzarella cheese. I used to have to go to an Italian market for Mozzarella, but now the local chain stores carry it. If you can't get it, substitute the mildest processed cheese you can find. Over the layer of cheese place a slice of ham and another layer of cheese. Now fold the uncovered half of the scaloppine over the covered half, fitting edges as neatly as possible. Be sure that the cheese is a little inside the edges of the veal. Beat an egg and dip th three open sides of each "sandwich" first i egg and then in bread crumbs. This will a as a seal to prevent cheese from running ou during frying. This much can be done earl in the day or even the day before.

Cooking time is about 15 minutes. Melt ½ pound butter or margarine in a large skille and add 1 large or 2 small cloves garlic, finel minced. (Except around Naples I got next t no garlic in Italy unless I asked for it—then got chunks and was a social menace.) Back t recipe. Dredge the *cotolette* on both sides wit flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper, an when fat begins to sizzle lay them in th skillet. Lower heat a little and sauté about minutes on each side—or until delicatel browned. The ham is already cooked and th veal is so thin that it takes very little cook ing. Transfer browned *cotolette* to a shallo casserole or baking pan, cover and place i a very slow oven or on a heating devic The receptacle should be big enough that yo don't have to stack them.

Put 1 tablespoon flour in skillet, blend wit fat and add enough water—or, if you like water mixed with Marsala wine—to make sauce; at least 1½ cups of liquid should b used. This makes a very thin sauce. If you wan it thicker, add more flour in the beginning Pour sauce over veal and serve either in shal low casserole or on platter. I always serv sections of lemon with this meat because think a few drops of lemon juice improve th flavor.

RISOTTO CON PISELLI

The day before, thoroughly wash 1½ cup long-grained rice and put it in colander t drain. It should be completely dry before yo cook it, and this method of drying is a lo easier than rubbing it between two towels Set aside until ready to cook.

In a skillet put 4 tablespoons beef marrow finely chopped, and ¼ cup butter or mar garine. Add 1 medium onion, finely chopped and cook until transparent but not brown Put rice in skillet and cook 6 or 7 min utes, stirring most of the time. The ric should not brown, but it should absorb mos of the fat. Turn heat low and add 1 cup ho chicken broth. The broth may be canned made with bouillon powder or cubes; or, fo perfection, use rich homemade chicken broth You will need about 1 quart in all. Stir ric frequently, and when most of liquid has bee absorbed add another cup of hot broth and ½ teaspoon saffron if it is in little shreds or ½ teaspoon if powdered. Saffron isn't *essentia* to this dish, but use it if available. It color the rice a lovely yellow and adds a piquan flavor. Add more hot broth as needed and



"Oh, I just adore a man with a pipe, Harold—but did you have to light it?"

tinue to cook, stirring frequently, about 30 utes, or until rice is almost tender.

In the meantime cook 1 package frozen s or 2 cups fresh peas in a small amount of er, or open a can of peas. Add peas and e to rice, sprinkle with 6 tablespoons ted Parmesan cheese and stir well. Con- e cooking until rice is tender, and add and white pepper to taste. Keep hot in a y slow oven and serve with a bowl of ted Parmesan which people can use as y like. In Italy rice is cooked *al dente* so t each grain has a chewy center, but for taste they can go too far in that direction.

MIXED-VEGETABLE SALAD

tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes, sliced e olives and salad greens in whatever pro- tions you like. Slice cucumbers and rad- es, cover with ice cubes and let them stand efrigerator at least several hours. Be sure t they and the greens are thoroughly dry ore you mix the salad. Water is a fine ng, but not in a salad. Rub a wooden bowl th garlic, put in salad ingredients and a ple of *chapons* made by rubbing squares of toast generously with garlic. Add French ssing—4 parts salad oil to 1 part red wine egar—and salt and pepper to taste, and s thoroughly with a folding motion.

COMPOTE OF PINEAPPLE AND STRAWBERRIES

e fresh or frozen fruit. Frozen pineapple unks are excellent and available all year. ey are even in size, which is more than you n say for a fresh pineapple when I've done e cutting. Mix ½ cup honey with 2 table- oons lemon juice, pour half over berries d half over pineapple and toss separately. range the two fruits attractively in individual compotes or on a large platter and serve very cold.

Service. This time I'm letting you down a little in the "do-it-the-day-before" department. However, everything can be ready before guests arrive, and that's the essential point. Now to serving. This is not a good meal for buffet service, and for comfort it should definitely be eaten at the table. This leads us smack into the perennial question of how to manage smoothly without help. I like to serve soup at the table. Somehow it always tastes better if it's ladled out of a generous-sized tureen, and if anyone wants a little dividend it's right there to be had. If you don't own a tureen, have the soup cups or bowls filled and on the table before you announce dinner. After the soup course, why not let your husband serve the meat and rice while you serve the salad? This is simple and quick, and you do want those delicious hot dishes eaten while they're *hot*. A serving table beside your husband's place, preferably with a heating tray on it, will be convenient for the hot food and keep the table from being crowded. I have a tea wagon with an electrified glass top, which is a joy. The temperature goes to 200° F. and stays there, so that it will keep food hot without continuing to cook it. You can put all the hot food and plates on top, the salad and cold plates on the bottom shelf, and wheel it to the table. It's useful in the kitchen too. For instance, a platter of broiled steak can be put on it, covered with a bell or inverted roaster and held for half an hour or longer—it will be just as hot and rare as when it came from the broiler. I'm all for gadgets—anything to make work lighter and more fun—and the shops are full of them now.

FORGOTTEN CITIZENS

(Continued from Page 28)

mmunity after their discharge. Some of ie members, like Miss M., have been shut way for years. Others have been hospital- ed only a few months. But for all of them ere is need for a helping hand to readjust a world which has been—or seemed—nkind.

Three of us volunteers give our Thursday fternoons to the Beacon Club. To say that e feel privileged to do this is no rhetoric. Ve sincerely do. As we come to know each atient, we make a new friend.

Miss M. is one of our good friends now. he has lost the awe of that first visit when he responded so timidly to my invitation to o wherever she liked in the house. But curi- sity finally got the better of her and she as soon exploring every room. While the ther women were taking off their coats, Miss M. disappeared into our kitchen.

"What's this thing?" she called back to me few minutes later.

I followed her in. "This thing" turned out o be our refrigerator.

It's hard for me to imagine how I would eel if I had been locked in an institution hirty-eight years, hard to realize the myriad veryday things I would know nothing bout. But we volunteers have learned from Miss M. and others something of what it nust be like.

In helping these women get used to the outside world, we do a lot of things that seem ordinary to us. We ride a bus, buy a milk hake at a soda fountain, and make small purchases in stores.

On one such trip, her third time with the club Miss M. handled herself well. However curious she might have been, she showed no sign of it. She made her purchases—a pair of isle stockings and a pocket comb—with apparent calm. Only afterward, on the way back, did I notice that she was trembling.

"I had no idea," she said slowly, "that there were such crowds of people everywhere." After a pause she smiled wryly, shaking her head. "I guess I'm not as smart as I thought I would be."

It's natural enough that the crowds would be frightening to Miss M. after her long seclusion. But they are frightening to all patients in the hospital. Much younger women than Miss M., with only a few months' hospitalization, are frightened when they leave the grounds. Many are dubious about discharge because they are afraid. They are afraid of what people will say about them, afraid that others will see their actions as bizarre, treat them as "crazy." Having lost contact with friends, and often with relatives, they don't know how to go about making a new life. They don't even trust themselves to act as they feel they should act. They are terribly self-conscious.

In a small way, our Beacon Club helps them over the hump. Its main purpose is to reacquaint them with normal living, to show them that they can get along with people "on the outside."

In organizing the club and planning each session, we have been feeling our way. As far as we know, this is a pioneer effort, with all the difficulties—and rewards—of pioneering. While we three volunteers make most of the specific plans, the social worker is a frequent observer and constant guide for us. She sees the twelve patients in the club another day each week in an informal group-therapy session. The doctor is kept informed, and meets with us about every six weeks. If we get stuck, we can always go to these two for help.

I spend a good deal of time talking to church and farm groups in support of our over-all volunteer program at the hospital. I try to make them realize that mental illness doesn't always happen to other people—that it can happen to some of us. I also explain that very few mental patients are dangerous; they are mostly sad and lonely people. Frightened and bewildered, they have turned away from the real world to one of their own. Return for them can be difficult and painful. I have found out that people in the community are co-operative when they know more about the patients' problems.

In the beginning, our idea was to have a cooky-baking session in one of our homes for the initial group of eight patients. (Cookies are nice and messy and take all afternoon.) Warned by the doctor that mental patients don't work well together, we were told that

Want to please even the fussiest member of your family?



Recipe

CABBAGE GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

1 package Lime Jell-O
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup hot water
1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar
1 large orange
1 medium-sized grapefruit
1 cup shredded cabbage
1 tablespoon thinly sliced scallions

Dissolve Jell-O and salt in *hot* water. Add lemon juice. Section orange and grapefruit, reserving juice. Add water to this juice to make 1 cup; then add to Jell-O mixture. Chill until slightly thickened. Dice orange and grapefruit sections; fold into Jell-O with cabbage and scallions. Turn into 1½-quart ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on salad greens. Serve with mayonnaise. Makes 6 servings.

Copr. 1952, G. F. C.

Then simply serve this magnificent Jell-O salad.

It's so good-looking (in a shimmering way!) and so good-tasting (in a cool, bright way!)—that no one can possibly resist it. *No* one!

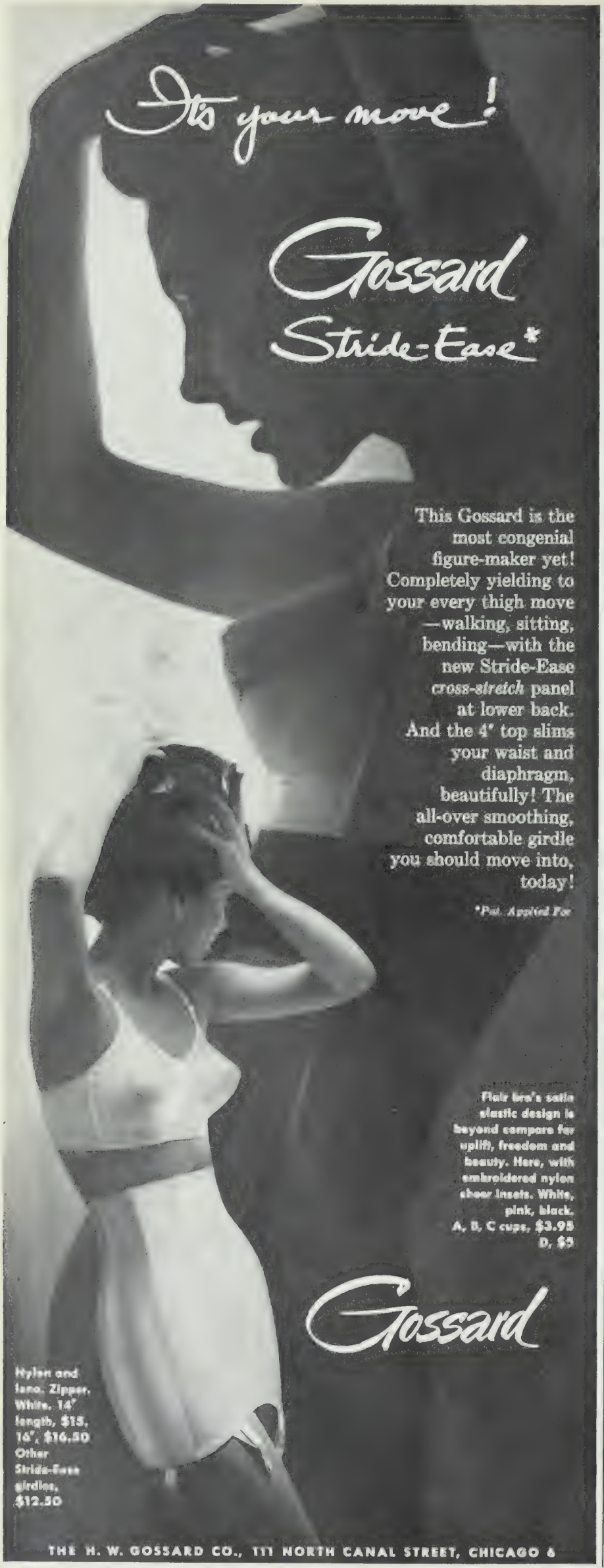
What's more, Jell-O salads are economical, good for the whole family, and they keep their glamour even if you make them hours ahead of time.

JELL-O BRAND GELATIN DESSERT SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS

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we might have eight women on our hands mixing in eight separate bowls in different parts of the kitchen. I'm pretty hard to discourage, so I simply answered, "So then we'll have eight women in eight mixing bowls!"

Preparing for the worst, we had plenty of bowls on hand and individual typed copies of the recipe. All the ingredients were in plain sight, but not measured.

When the patients came into our kitchen, they did so diffidently. But in five minutes there was as much chatter as if some of my bridge-playing friends had dropped in. We volunteers hung back purposely, not interfering or directing, but ready to answer questions and supervise the electric mixer.

Very soon there was the lovely aroma of baking cookies mixed in just two bowls, and baked in just two pans!

During the cooking session, the social worker dropped in. For several minutes she looked on, then motioned me outside.

"Has Mrs. S. been behaving like that all afternoon? I mean, has she been working with the others and talking so freely?"

"Yes," I answered. "She's the happiest thing you ever saw. She walked into that kitchen as though she'd come *home*."

"I can't get over it," the social worker said. "I've worked with her for two years, and this is the first time I've ever seen her take such an interest in anything."

Anybody knows that cookies should be eaten hot out of the oven. We ate them that way, and washed them down with good, hot coffee. We had to make another pot of coffee, and another.

"You don't know what it's like to have a decent cup of coffee," one of our visitors exclaimed. We didn't know, and it almost made us weep. We hadn't even thought about coffee's being important.

Next day the social worker telephoned to ask me if it would be possible for Mrs. S. to bake a cake before our next club meeting. It seemed that she had been talking about nothing else since getting back to the ward. I said that it would be easy to arrange, since my son's birthday was coming up, and he wanted a cake too. I didn't pretend to be a cake baker, I explained, and I'd be delighted if Mrs. S. would bake one for my son and another for herself.

EARLY the next morning we called for Mrs. S. and brought her to our home. Left to herself in the kitchen, she baked two beautiful three-layer cakes with green mint frosting. When she told us that her own birthday was only a week away, we hunted more birthday candles and decorated her cake too. On the way back to the hospital, she held her cake as gingerly and lovingly as a mother holds a new baby.

That was the beginning—baking cookies and cakes. Then came sewing. And one day, in a conference, the social worker suggested getting someone from a Farm Bureau or home-demonstration unit to come talk to the group. Most of our members are from farming communities where meetings of th groups are important social events.

"Wouldn't it be better still," I asked, we got ourselves invited to a real meeting

She thought it certainly would be.

After the conference, just as I walked i my house, the telephone rang. A Fa Bureau member was calling to ask if th was anything her unit could do for the h pital. The year before, the bureau had gi feed sacks for making dresses, but now f no longer came in pretty print material.

"You can invite our Beacon Club to y next meeting," I told her. And invited were. It was as easy as that!

Like other lay men and women, howe our hostess was anxious to know how to tr our patients. The answer is so simple. "W treat them exactly as you would any ot guests."

Often people are nervous and afraid the say something embarrass a patie But we volunte have found, as doctors have t us, that if our a tude is right, if are sincerely in ested in being cas and friendly, t we don't have worry about words we use.

We did tell Farm Bure women our gr looked a little sh by; that only a had clothes s from home and hospital provic only simple cotto Of their own acc the farm women cided to wear w dresses to the m ing. What was amazement, on pi ing up the patie to find each one them in a nea pressed silk or w dress! An und standing aide on ward had someh managed this n acle, and others loaned costume j elry for the oc sion. Of course women were be dressed than t hostesses—and eryone loved it t way.

It was one of th early spring da when it's impossi to keep a house c

Blow Your Top!

Directions for Scoring Answers to Questions on Page 126

If you have answered "True" to any of questions 1, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 16, 18, 19, and "False" to any of questions 2, 5, 6, 11, 12, 15, 17, 20, then score yourself 5X on each.

If you have answered "True" to any of questions 2, 3, 5, 6, 11, 12, 15, 17, 18, 20, and "False" to any of questions 1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 16, 19, score yourself 5Y on each.

Score yourself 2Z for each question answered "Neither True nor False."

An "X" score of 70 to 100 makes you a safe member of the Republican Party; a "Y" score of 70 to 100 makes you a steadfast Democrat.

A score from 50 to 70 "X" or "Y," you're an independent who is apt to make a final decision on the basis of the man rather than the party.

A score of under 50, you better watch out! You may not be strong enough to resist the campaign promises of the most persuasive candidate. You may be a political innocent!

A score of more than 12Z, you are skeptical and objective, resist emotional appeals.

Since both parties have taken a bipartisan position on questions 3 and 18, either side may claim one plus 5 for a True answer.

fortable. First it was too hot, then too c Our hostess, noticing that a Miss T. in group was shivering a little, offered to cha chairs with her to get her away from window and nearer the stove. In the shu Miss T. sat down next to me.

Leaning over, Miss T. whispered in ear, "I know what's the matter. I too bath this morning because I was going and I'm always cold for two or three d afterward."

From the idea of participating in so meetings, we branched out to self-help community service. Since some of our c members hadn't so much as a nickel to t names, we had to have an "angel" for enterprise. Some things, including the us our three homes, we volunteers suppli My colleagues furnished cars and many li extras. But our steady backer is a pro sional woman's club which provides cash cooking and sewing materials.

We also have sold some of our cookies candy in the hospital canteen. Funds f these sales are saved and used to buy a goi away present for each club member to le the hospital. The gift is selected and bou



"I'm a Danish student learning about America the Greyhound way"

—writes Grethe Holm, of Denmark

"As a Danish exchange student on my way to college in America, I traveled by Greyhound bus from Montreal to New York and then on to Kirksville, Missouri.

"Seeing all the sights and meeting so many friendly people on my trip through this wonderful new country was a big thrill for me.

"I started learning about America the easy and economical way – on a trip by Greyhound!"

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(for a fixed sum of $1.25) by two club members, and presented at a party in honor of the one leaving. Miss Y. in our group is particularly good at presentation speeches.

For our social service work, we chose to give a party in a day nursery for children of working mothers. Club members spent hours in the ward craft shop making paper windmills for the fifty-two children. Meeting in one of our homes, they baked and decorated seventy-two cupcakes, mixed three gallons of punch. Arriving at the nursery just after the children's midafternoon nap, club members played with the children and served the refreshments. It would be hard to say who enjoyed the party more, the children or our patients.

Is our experiment working? Are we really doing the job of bridging the gap between hospital and community? Are we helping prepare patients for life "on the outside"?

Yes, I think we are. We've had only eighteen months' experience so far to go on. We know that mental illness is slow of cure. We expect that we shall have members in our club who will never feel strong enough to take the big step of leaving the hospital and its sheltered life. But we think we've seen enough to make the project worth continuing. At the very least it tells us—and the doctor—which of the group can't adjust to the semiprotected environment of our club and therefore could not possibly go out on their own.

I remember one conference the volunteers had with the doctor and his staff. We were feeling a little blue about our progress with the group. Progress? What did we have to report since the last meeting? The doctor wanted to know, and we thought over what had been done. Well, at the last club meeting, I said, we had a barbecue at the house of one of my colleagues. Our three families were there, complete with children and grandchildren. Everybody chatted easily together ——

"What did the patients talk about?" the doctor interrupted.

Well, nothing in particular, we answered. Just the usual female chatter, we guessed—such as cooking, sewing, clothes.

"Did they talk about the hospital?" he pressed us.

No. No, we couldn't remember anything about the hospital.

"And you say you see no particular progress!" he exclaimed. "Do you realize there isn't a patient in your group with whom I can make easy conversation? Do you realize that here at the hospital they cannot make real friendly contacts and share interests? Do you realize how debilitating months and years of hospitalization can be? And you say you have no progress to report!"

Yes, of course we have seen progress, and we like to think we have had a part in it. We feel we are a sort of "halfway house" between hospital and community.

We have seen backward, shy patients blossom. We have seen our group merged and indistinguishable in a club meeting of "outsiders." Best of all, we have said good-by and Godspeed to those who have left the hospital for a new life in the community.

THE SOFT TOUCH

(Continued from Page 177)

scented cologne after your bath—makes you feel sweet as well as *smell* sweet.

Look fresh. Invest in some colorful flats and crisp aprons or house dresses. Nothing makes you look or feel fresher while doing routine domestic chores.

Don't argue about anything if you can possibly avoid it—listening solves many problems, can be a form of bloodless revolution in the home.

Have fun! It's up to you to have and initiate the ideas for the family fun—picnics, excursions to visit old friends, movies, or inviting friends in for a Sunday-night supper.

To have the soft touch is to be the approachable woman to look at and to know, to whom children, family and friends turn for help and for fun. **THE END**



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Aladdin's favorite pastime is helping wi the mail—reaching out now and then strike a typewriter key or bat at the ribbo

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

NOW the burning color dazzles the eyes. Every little white house in the valley is set with garnet or gold, every wandering road wears a double bracelet of copper and lemon and russet. Our giant sugar maples carry their color right up into the sky—and, for all I know, through it. The beautifully shaped leaves are the brightest and purest gold, and veined with rosy red. When I pick up a handful from the lawn, I feel as if I were holding light itself, for the curious quality maples have is of seeming to glow.

There is a wealth of color, too, down in the cellar. Under the dark hand-hewn beams the baskets are lined up. The deep forest green of the acorn squash, the silvery gray-blue of the Hubbard, the fawn brown of the potato, the dark red of the apple—these are a comforting sight to see when one climbs gingerly down the ladder-steep stairs. I like to think the first owners of the old house would applaud our efforts. The pickles and relishes and the jellies are clean and shining on the shelves. The freezer is smug, filled with all the millions of beans and tons of chard and spinach and beets and sweet corn. If I wake up in the night, I can hear it breathing, for in an old house you can hear anything in any part.

I miss the old-fashioned apples we had in our childhood. The new varieties are lovely, but when apples were apples was when the sweet Snow and russet varieties were in every orchard. We had an old gracious tree at Stillmeadow, before the '38 hurricane, which bore small tawny apples that were sweeter than honey, cool and crisp to bite into. We never knew its name, but how we grieved to lose it!

On a warm bright day, we give all the dogs a bath. This is quite a chore with some of them. Tiki floods the summer kitchen with water as he bounces about, Melody isn't much for it either. Teddy, however, sits like a golden lamb, sniffing at the s pleasantly, and Sister is a model, exc that she talks in a low tone during whole bath. Blazer and Jerry whoop arou afterward, soaking everything wit reach.

The Irish are a problem. It takes Geo to help lift one half of one Irish while lifts the other. The suds slide on th lustrous coats. When they are washed, t dry instantly.

Tiki has finally learned to retrieve dumbbell. That was a triumph for Jill. would chase balls from babyhood on, w in with sticks, but show him the dumb and he was always looking with interes something else. He would smile hopef now and then, just to show Jill she mus mind but he wasn't in a mood to play game. He accepted the bits of meat a each lesson as smugly as if he had re done his homework. Then came the da actually opened his mouth and reached that wooden thing. Jill nearly fainted joy. Now he will be the proudest bringe of any dog on the place.

The cats view all this schooling amusement. They spend their time trai their humans, not being trained by the once saw a Siamese on a leash and I mired the sight, but when I told Esmé, slapped me lightly. An Abyssinian best to sit by the typewriter and help the mail. Aladdin's favorite pastime, babyhood, involves reaching out now then to strike a key or bat at the rib Esmé prefers keyboard walking. I d know of any better way to answer lette copy recipes or whatever than to have thinking beside you on the desk. In fa house without a cat is a house not furnished.

People who do not like cats have sympathy, for they contribute so n pure joy to life. If you can have dogs a

r two, you have more real riches than
counted!

tographing them, however, drives Jill
uttering fits. Set up a good background
ey leave. When they are being their
enchanting you approach on tiptoes
camera set—they are outside doing
ning. Cats especially have an uncanny
if you think of taking their picture,
ey get very busy under the bed. They
e dreaming of antique glories, but just
one vase away so you can have a por-
nd you have no cat.

mals are far more difficult than chil-
o photograph, for if everything else is
at, they decide to rush up to the picture
and see what goes on. The lens is licked,
eter wrapped around your neck, the
is a fine affair and there is a blank film!

ve and Olive are madly planting pine
at the little red house around the cor-
lanting is such a good thing; you have
n the earth and the seasons and it is al-
like a prayer. Their little pines stand
ht and green along the edge of the
meadow. I like to think they will bless
nity for years to come.

r own pines, planted after the hurri-
are so dense we can hardly walk be-
them. Nature heals the wounds of
so fast. I wish we could heal the man-
wounds as rapidly.

ober meals must be robust, for we
so much time out of doors. This is the
for meals that "stay with you," as
ma used to say. I delve in the freezer for
on, and Jill makes a good stuffing.
ted slowly, it comes out golden brown
ender, plenty for anyone who drops in,
nough to slice for sandwiches the next
s we take off to see the hills with their
ng beauty. Then a soup—and a long slow-simmered soup with all the vegetables and savory stuffing in it and tender little parsley dumplings sitting on top! Comes the sunset, we carry the soup to the pond and keep it simmering over the barbecue fireplace while we sit and look for the end of day. No mosquitoes, no flies, no ants, just a cool clear air and a deal of comfort. Perhaps October picnics are best, after all.

Jill has been doing over an old chest and the brisk days are just right for sanding and scraping. The chest belonged to an old carpenter, and I think he would be pleased to see it cherished and reclaimed. How carefully the early folk built their simplest pieces. This old chest was slanted and smoothed and joined with as much care as a piano, and yet it was only a chest for tools.

It is good to put your hand on a piece of old, carefully made furniture and think about the eternal powers of man to survive, to build, to keep going. Good to think back to the early days when survival was a struggle but every man took time for his own work.

We sat in the yard visiting with our friends the Bernsteins, and I liked so much what Doctor Bernstein said: "This is an era of trouble, but once you understand the stresses and strains which are inevitable, you can feel hopeful about man's progress in spite of all." I thought of Keats: "In spite of all some shape of beauty moves us ——"

The October moon is pearl-colored and deep with beauty. The trees are very quiet with their burden of color so soon to fall. The branches where they have already lost their magic color are still lovely in the delicate etching, perfect and clear against the bosom of the night. The moon rides serenely over field and wood, and a single small owl gives one cry. This is as it should be, as October brims the valley.

TRAVAIL

(Continued from Page 43)

le and looked up into his face. "I'm
to have a baby," she said again,
ly, as though she were telling him for
rst time.

e laughed as he steered the car around a
r. "Or else your figure's gone to pot."

e giggled. "Yes, to pot." Then after a
ent she spoke again, soberly. "No, but
now I was just pregnant. Now it's dif-
t. Before was like being on the way. Now
there."

There's nothing to be afraid ——"

'm not," she said quickly. "Honest.
I never did this before." He could feel
yes on his face, and he turned his head
kly and smiled at her. "You," she said.
is is what happens when a girl goes to a
ball game with a boy. Seems we're get-
slightly involved, Mr. Haywood."

I love you," he said.

nd the familiar question came, whis-
d, "How much?"

nd the answer, the only answer, "All
e is." He glanced at her, suddenly realiz-
that the whisper was not part of the
e. He saw in the gray light of dawn that
face was contorted and pale, her hands
e clenched. The groan came from him.
rling." He drove faster, gritting his
h. "It isn't much farther. There—see?
t's St. Joseph's up ahead."

fter a moment she relaxed, leaned her
d against his shoulder. "You go home
get some sleep, won't you?"

I'll see."

No. You go home. It won't happen for
ral hours. Doctor said so. Promise?"

I'll see," he said gently.

hey drove through the hospital gates,
tires spinning gravel from the road. As
got out of the car the gray was already
ng from the sky. The day was beginning,
he thought, *We're out of it.* There was no
iliar pattern to this day. And yet, how
astic that everybody is born. For every-
you see on a crowded street or in a
dium or dancing in a night club or march-
in a parade—for every one a woman lay
a bed and went for a little while into the
dow of death.

He carried the bag, holding Margaret's arm, and they went up the broad steps into the silent, wainscoted hall where it seemed still to be night. A nurse nodded to them from the desk.

"Mrs. Robert Haywood?" she asked.

Margaret said, "Yes. Doctor Collins made a reservation."

The nurse got up from the desk. "Come with me," she said.

They followed her to an elevator. On the way up, Bob leaned closer to Margaret and said, "Does—does she know what you're here for?"

The nurse and Margaret looked at each other, the look which must be as old as the sexes, the look which says in amusement, *What a strange race men are, how young, how unknowing, how almost unnecessary, and how much to be loved.*

Margaret said, "She knows it isn't my appendix, darling."

They got out of the elevator, walked down a corridor, at the end of which the nurse turned. "You wait here, Mr. Haywood."

Margaret walked away from him with the nurse. Without a backward glance she walked away from him into a room, and the nurse shut the door. He lounged against a wall, wondering if it would be all right to smoke. He decided against it. From somewhere, very faintly, he could hear music.

The nurse came out and said, "You can go in now."

He went into the room, with its one high white iron bed, a dresser, and very little else. *It needs flowers,* he thought. Then he looked down at Margaret where she lay on the bed, her face small and pale on the pillow. He leaned down and kissed her on the mouth.

When he lifted his head she smiled softly at him, saying nothing, and he stared at her, thinking, *This is what being in love is. You look at a face and you do not know if it is beautiful or ugly. You only know the sight of it burns down into you. It is not something to sing about, or make poems about. It is not pretty.*

Margaret spoke softly. "She gave me a shot. I'm feeling sleepy. Sort of floating. It's nice."

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"Do you feel the pains?"

"Not very much. They're closer together." She closed her eyes. After a moment she opened them. "Call mamma, will you?"

"I will."

"I'm going to sleep now." She closed her eyes again, and in that instant it seemed she slipped away from him into a place where he could not go. She went alone, as all women go, knowing the way, becoming no longer Margaret, no longer his wife who was pregnant and with whom he made tender half-joking conversation about the child that was to come. *Travail*, he thought. It was an unfamiliar word, bringing with it the reek of old leather-bound Bibles.

He edged away from the bed and sat on the one hard straight chair. He thought of the long time of waiting for this moment. "It's a boy," Margaret had said. "We'll name him Michael. I discovered something about Michael today. He likes raisins. He loves them. I eat a raisin and wait, and plunk, he kicks." So after that he would sometimes bring her a box of raisins. "For Michael," he would say.

He remembered the time he came home from the office and found Margaret near tears. At first she would not say why. Then finally, when he became alarmed, she told him, sniffing her way through the story. "I went to town today. I did some shopping. Then I stopped at the Copper Kettle for lunch. Everything was going fine until I saw a woman at a table near me. She had four . . . *four* snaggle-toothed redheaded freckle-faced boys. She was thin and haggard-looking. Her meal was a pure bedlam trying to keep those kids quiet. I looked at her, and I thought, 'That's me, eight years from now.' Bob . . . couldn't Michael be a girl? Something pink and white and ruffly?"

He had laughed at her. "Michael can be a girl," he said, stroking her hair.

"You wouldn't mind?"

"I wouldn't mind a bit. I love girls. I married one."

After a while a nurse, not the same one who had brought them to the room, came in. "You'd better go out now," she said. "There's a lounge at the end of the hall where you can sit."

He got up. "Is there a telephone I could use?"

She nodded. "Down near the lounge."

He found the phone booth down at the end of the hall, called Margaret's mother. She said she would come right away. Then he went into the lounge and lit a cigarette. A Negro porter was pushing a broom around. He worked methodically, not looking toward Bob. *I'm just one of many to him*, Bob thought. *Just another one sitting here smoking cigarettes.*

He spoke to the porter. "I guess you see a lot of us fathers sitting here waiting."

The Negro nodded and smiled briefly. "We see lots."

"Do you have any children yourself?"

"No, suh, I'm not married."

"Oh."

He was trying to read a magazine when he heard light heels tapping down the corridor. The sound stopped in the doorway to the lounge, and he looked up to see a nun in an enormous white starched hat looking at him. "Mr. Haywood?" she said.

He got to his feet. "Yes?"

"Oh, keep your seat." She smiled. "I've just been down to see your wife. She's doing nicely." Her voice was very beautiful. It made him think of cool water. It was an incongruous voice, coming from the plump, red-faced sister.

He said, "Thank you for telling me."

"Have you had breakfast?"

"No. I wasn't at all hungry."

She smiled again. "You may have a long wait, Mr. Haywood. Waiting's always worse on an empty stomach. We have a small coffee shop in the basement."

"Well ——" He hesitated. Coffee would be good. "Thank you. I guess I will go down."

The nun turned to the porter. "Alonzo," she said, and her voice was suddenly crisp, "Alonzo."

"Yes, Sister Alice."

"Come with me."

"Yes, Sister Alice."

The nun and the Negro walked briskly ahead of him as Bob went down the corridor to the elevator.

He drank coffee, ate half a roll, and had another cup of coffee. Then he went back upstairs and down to the door of Margaret's room. He stood, wondering if he should knock or if he might open the door and look in. Finally he opened the door and stuck his head in. The nurse was bending over Margaret. He could not see Margaret, only the nurse's back.

The nurse looked over her shoulder at him. "What is it?"

"I just . . . wanted to know how my wife . . . is."

"She's all right. We'll let you know if there's any change."

"Thank you."

He went back down to the lounge and took out a cigarette. He stood by the window and thought, *If anything happens* —— Then his mind stopped. He lit the cigarette, sat down in the deep leather chair. "*This is what happens when a girl goes to a football game with a boy.*"

He remembered the beautiful gold haze that hung over the day, October in Alabama, and the campus all noise and color and crowds of people. It was Home-coming. He had stood in the reception hall of her dormitory, waiting for her. Then he had seen her coming straight toward him, down the long narrow hall, smiling a little, moving quickly, and something had crumpled inside him. He had wanted to put his arms about her, and yet he had had the feeling that if he did, it would be like holding a young bird in your hand, feeling its heart beat wildly, fighting not you nor the hand, but wanting to assure you that it could fight, that it was *quite* capable of caring for itself, while your heavy hand closed about it and you pleaded, *No, don't—don't fight. You're very little and very vulnerable, and the wood is full of savage beasts. Rest quiet with me.*

If I ever really love it will be like Mary Queen of Scots, who said of her Bothwell that she could follow him round the world in her nighty.

—JAMES M. BARRIE

She had worn his chrysanthemum, huge and yellow, with crimson and white ribbons. They sat in the stand in the sunshine and ate peanuts and drank cold pop and cheered when everybody else did. Afterward he had taken her to supper—scrambled eggs and a slab of ham on a sizzling platter. They had talked and had more coffee and talked some more and had more coffee, until suddenly Margaret had looked up, stricken.

"Bob—it's eight-thirty! I have a date for the dance!"

"What dance?"

"The Home-coming dance. There's a boy from home—he came down special."

Bob had stared at her. His voice came out angry, hard-edged. "Why didn't he take you to the game?"

She had looked back at him, her eyes level with his, her voice sober. "Because you asked me. Why didn't you take me to the dance?"

He had looked away, miserable. "Because I forgot there was a dance."

"He doesn't mean very much to me."

Bob's glance had flicked back at her. "Do I? Do I mean very much to you?"

She nodded her head slowly, her eyes solemn. "Yes."

His voice had that almost angry sound again, almost cruel. "Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"You say it just like that, and I haven't even said I love you."

She had put her hands into her lap and looked down at them.

"Well, I do," he had said suddenly. "I do love you." She raised her eyes to his slowly but still she said nothing. His lips pa and a look of wonder came on his face voice grew soft. "I . . . love you."

She had laughed suddenly, a happy, running laugh like a child's. She rea across the table and touched his h "Let's go outside and walk," she said. they had gone out onto the campus walked and walked, winding up at the t which held the chimes, where he had k her as the chimes sounded curfew.

That had been the beginning, nearly years ago.

Slumping down in his deep leather c Bob glanced at his watch. Seven-th *Doctor Collins should be here*, he though

It was nearly eight o'clock when Palmer stepped into the lounge. She w small, quick woman, and even in repos gave an impression of movement. It m have been her hands, which were like garet's, only thinner, and restless. Or it m have been her eyes, which seemed, ev her quietest moods, to be searching for s thing.

She took his hand and drew him dow side her on the leather-covered sofa. smiled cheerfully. "I hope Margaret isn scared as I am," she said. "I feel like I've seen her. She looks fine. Doctor C hasn't come yet."

"No. I hope he gets here soon."

"There was a nun in the hall. She Doctor Collins was delivering a baby ov the Dale Hospital. She said there wa rush for him to be here."

"I suppose not."

They sat, saying nothing at all, say very forcefully, brightly. Bob smoked cigarettes. After a while a tall gray-h man in overalls came in, half apologeti and sat at the far end of the lounge. realized suddenly that he and Mrs. Pa were no longer talking, and that both h would turn automatically whenever steps approached the lounge.

A heavy-set blond woman with many monds on her hands and cigarette spilled down the lapels of her black fl suit came in and sat. She took out a rette, tapped it on her case, then leane ward Bob and asked him if he had a He got up and held his lighter for her spat out a column of smoke, then lifte head, smiling at him. Her face was grote heavy and painted, and yet there was s thing infinitely sweet in her smile.

"Your first?" she asked.

He nodded.

She sighed, looked down at the dian on her hands. "I had six," she said. Her was deep, almost like a man's. It sou tired. "My baby's in there now, havin fourth." She shook her head and lau softly in amusement. "I have seve grandchildren. Seventeen times a g mother, number eighteen coming up. God, how our sins do seek us out."

He liked her. He would have enjoye ting beside her and talking, but he c the faint sound of Mrs. Palmer's de cough, so he moved back and sat down on the sofa.

"Why don't you call Doctor C Bob?"

"He said not to."

Mrs. Palmer's hands were stirring lessly, picking at imaginary lint on her skirt. Her eyes, too, brushed about the like trapped butterflies. The man in ov sat motionless, staring at the wall.

"He takes too many patients," Palmer said suddenly. "I'd heard that him, but Margaret *would* go to him. now she needs him and he isn't here."

"Don't get upset. He'll be here. I Woodlief suggested that Margaret go t lins."

"Woodlief could have taken her hi He's cared for her ever since she was a He could have."

"No," Bob corrected gently. "He cou He doesn't do obstetrics."

She sighed, patted his hand in a nervous gesture. "I'm sorry, Bob. I'r Doctor Collins is a fine man. It's ju

(Continued on Page 214)

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(Continued from Page 212)

waiting. I'm going down to see her." She rose and went quickly from the room, in that high-bred nervous walk.

The blond woman caught his eye. "Your mother-in-law?" she asked.

Bob nodded.

"How many kids has she got?"

"Just . . . Margaret."

The woman shrugged. "Oh."

A moment later Mrs. Palmer spun breathlessly into the lounge. "He's come—and *gone!*" she said. "They didn't tell us!"

"Well ——" He stared at her, feeling a little embarrassed before the heavily relaxed blond woman, embarrassment for Mrs. Palmer's white face and angry dark eyes. "Well, maybe he was in a hurry. Maybe he forgot."

"He told the nun he'd be back at noon. He doesn't expect anything to happen before then."

THE blond woman lit another cigarette from the stub of the one she had been smoking. "I wouldn't worry," she said kindly, in the rumbling, yet soft, voice. "They don't all dilate as fast as they should. Particularly with the first. But it'll come."

Mrs. Palmer forced a brief smile, then sat beside Bob, and they waited.

At nine-thirty a boy, probably nineteen years old, wearing overalls and heavy shoes and a khaki shirt with sleeves rolled above the elbow, walked in. He was big all over, with a flushed handsome face and tousled black curly hair. Although there was no actual odor to him, somehow the room seemed to reek with the smell of the barnyard. Even Bob felt the strong presence of the male as the boy walked purposefully across the room, picked up a straight-backed chair, spun it around, and straddled it. He glanced toward the old man and grinned. "Hi," he said. The old man nodded curtly, and kept staring at the wall.

The clock over the door chopped away at the hour, moving relentlessly, second by second whittling away. There was a steady sound of movement in the corridors now, and more nurses, and people came and went into and out of the lounge. Only the old man in the faded overalls and the boy who seemed too large for his clothes and the heavy blond woman and Mrs. Palmer and Bob remained fixed, while the others drifted in and out.

Bob stood up. "I'm going to see her," he said, and Mrs. Palmer nodded.

He went down to the room and opened the door. The shades were drawn and all lights on. The starched look of antiseptic cleanness was gone. The room was warm and humid and disordered. There was no nurse there, and Margaret lay motionless on the bed, her face gray, and wet with sweat. Her eyes met his with a wild, hopeless stare and he bit his lip, feeling the blood, salt on his tongue.

"Bob ——"

His hands hung useless at his sides. He went over to her and stood looking down at her. The door banged shut behind him, and a voice said, "Here—what are you doing in here? You'd better get outside." He glanced over his shoulder and saw a young nurse with some sort of contraption in her hands. "You better get on out," the nurse said, her weighty voice struggling to be light. "This is no place for you."

He backed slowly to the door, then opened it and went outside. The nun was standing in the corridor. She looked startled for an instant to see him leaning weakly against the wall.

"Are you all right, Mr. Haywood?" Her fingers, white and smooth, almost like wax fingers, touched his sleeve.

"Yes." He breathed deeply. He tried to laugh. "I know, I know. You seldom lose a father."

She did not laugh, merely stood for a moment, her eyes intent upon his face. "You're not a Catholic, are you, Mr. Haywood?" she asked.

His head jerked up in surprise. "No."

Her plain face suddenly flushed very red. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I only meant . . . we have a chapel. Many of our Catholic fathers find it a good place to go when they're upset."

He wet his lips. "Sister . . . is she—is she all right?"

"Oh, yes." The beautiful voice was soothing. "She's quite all right."

"You'd tell me if she weren't?"

She touched his arm again. "I would."

"Thanks. And thank you for the tip about the chapel. You're all very kind." He moved a step away from her, then looked back. "I suppose this will all seem very funny to me later. I suppose it really is funny, in a way."

She shook her head. "It's never funny to have to stand by and see someone you love in pain."

"No. It isn't. Thank you, sister." He went back to the lounge and sat beside Mrs. Palmer. "She's all right," he said. "I saw her. She spoke to me."

The clock moved on, and he smoked cigarettes, and suddenly it was noon, and a tall, tired-looking man was standing in the doorway, beckoning to him, calling his name.

He hurried into the hall and stood before the man, staring into the pale, sensitive, uncommunicative face. *This is Doctor Collins* he thought. *This is the man who can make my wife live or die.*

The doctor was talking swiftly. His voice was brisk, impersonal, as it moved through the unfamiliar terms.

"Is she all right?" Bob interrupted.

The doctor paused, and for a moment the mask of the impersonal dropped, and a faint flicker of irritation lit up the flat, dark eyes. "I am trying to tell you, Mr. Haywood. She is very slow to dilate. She has been fighting very hard. She has very little strength left. I am going to give her a sedative. It will slow the process down. Later this afternoon, we can tell better what to do." He turned and walked away.

Bob stood watching the straight back move with measured step down the hall. "*Later this afternoon. . . . She has been fighting very hard.*" So it was now as it had always been, as it had struck him that first afternoon, watching her as she came down the dormitory corridor. A young bird fluttering, beating its wings, and he could only watch it, horrified and helpless.

He turned back to the lounge and saw Mrs. Palmer leaning against the doorframe. Her face looked like chalk, with the burning dark eyes accusingly on his face.

'I heard," she said.

He walked past her and sat down.

The big blond woman spoke to him. "Son," she said, "solitaire?" He saw she was holding up a pack of cards.

"Thank you, no," he said.

She shrugged. "Then I will myself. Push me that chair, will you?"

He slid the straight-backed chair over to her, and using it as a table, she began to deal the cards.

Mrs. Palmer came back and sat down beside him. "I ought to call George," she said. "I slipped out while you were down in the room and called him at the office. He said to let him know what the doctor said."

BOB patted her arm. "Go ahead," he said. "And why don't you get some tea or something? It's going to be a long time."

She got to her feet. "I don't know about the tea." There seemed to be a faint reproof in her voice that he should mention it.

He sat and watched the blond woman going through the slow movements of her game. She played as though she had been playing for eternity and would go on forever. He noticed suddenly that the far end of the room was empty. The old man and the boy no longer sat there.

"One down and two to go," the woman said suddenly.

"What do you mean?"

"Them." She pointed down to the other end of the lounge. "Or maybe I should say two down and two to go. She had twins. Big, fat, healthy boys. She had to have nine stitches, I understand. That leaves your wife and my daughter. Your wife's taking her time. So is Celeste."

"Yeah." He wanted to talk, but he could think of nothing else to say.



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Spaghetti with mushroom sauce—Combine 2 cups cooked tomatoes, 2 teaspoons celery salt, ½ teaspoon each sugar, cinnamon, cloves, and ginger, ⅛ teaspoon thyme, dash cayenne, and 1 medium onion, minced. Add mashed garlic clove if desired. Simmer ½ hour. Add 1 cup Herb-Ox Bouillon. Saute 1½ cups sliced mushrooms in a little fat. Blend in 1½ tablespoons flour. Add to tomato mixture. Simmer 15 minutes. Serve on cooked spaghetti; sprinkle with grated Parmesan-style cheese.

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e woman went on in her deep, rolling, yet soft voice. "Funny about them. d man's the girl's father. Hasn't to her since she married the young . But today, when he heard she was he left his fields and came to sit. After- e went right back, and still didn't say ng to her. Funny business, having oving 'em, having to let 'em go."

elt better, just listening to her ramble spite of the painted eyes and the y hair, she seemed more mother to him is own. She seemed, in some bizarre lmost the symbol of motherhood.

w do you know all this?" he asked.

e glanced up, card in mid-air. "Nurses things. I been around here a lot, you Death and taxes and the poor and Dumont we have always with us." She d and played the card. "Besides, I've here nearly forty-eight hours with e."

rty-eight ——" He drew in his breath. I thought you said it was her fourth ."

glanced sideways at him. "Sure," she npassively. "If there's one thing I've d about this business, it's that you believe everything you hear. That's makes it interesting. Maybe you won- hy her husband isn't here? He's in ."

m sorry."

shrugged. "War and babies," she said. er voice trailed off as she played an- card. "If you'd been here yesterday, have seen all my daughters—and their nds—and most of kids. But families stay piled up outside abor room. They had home."

hope it's soon."

hank you," she said. too." She went on her solitaire in silence. ter a while Mrs. er came back. She sat with Bob and her s played aimlessly the nap of her skirt.

one-thirty Mrs. Dumont collected her , slipped them into her bag, and stood "Lunch," she said. She went ponder- from the room, and Bob felt the lounge empty without her.

ey waited. The clock moved. Nothing ened, yet everything was happening. waited.

three-thirty Mrs. Dumont appeared in doorway. "I have a granddaughter," she She grinned under the fresh, heavy coat int. "I'll bet she'll be a heller. Nearly d her mother. But Doctor Collins says ste will pull through."

rs. Palmer spoke up suddenly. "I'm for you," she said sharply. "I'm aw- glad for you."

ob stood up. "Did you say—Doctor ins?"

Sure. He's Celeste's doctor too."

He's here, now, in the hospital?"

He never left."

Oh . . . then maybe he'll get to Margaret ."

Mrs. Dumont nodded. "Sure. Well, l-by, and good luck. If you come back in the next few years, I'll see you. I'll ere. I'm always here." She lifted her hand rewell, then moved out of the doorway. I wish I could be like her." Mrs. Palmer . "But I can't. I'm frightened, Bob. I'll—I'll go see what's happening."

went down the corridor, but as he w near to the door of Margaret's room, saw Doctor Collins cross the hall and er the room, followed by a nurse. He ed against the wall and waited. The door not quite shut, and he could hear the tor's low yet urgent directions to the se, and an occasional monosyllabic reply. waited, wondering at the wave of anxiety t swept over him. He had thought him- worn beyond anxiety, but its grip on him fresh and strong.

t seemed hours, yet his watch showed y four o'clock when Doctor Collins came out of the room. He wore the white gown surgeons wear, and the white cap, and the face mask dangled below his chin. He stopped abruptly on seeing Bob, and faced him.

"We have had an unexpected complication, Mr. Haywood," he said sternly. "From my examination—as complete as I dared to make at this stage—it would seem that the baby is in a breech position. A breech delivery is very hard on the baby and very hard on the mother, and makes for a difficult delivery. I shall need assistance. Do you have in mind a doctor who will assist me?"

"N-NO." Bob moved back a step. Name a doctor? Name a doctor? "*Very hard on the baby . . . and very hard on the mother.*"

Doctor Collins was talking, his voice rolling evenly on. He mentioned a Doctor Strauss. Bob nodded slowly. Doctor Collins turned and walked away.

"*Very hard on the mother . . . very hard on the mother . . . very hard on the mother.*" He heard the words with each step as he walked back to the lounge.

Mrs. Palmer looked up at him like a small, sharp-faced animal. "Well?"

He told her, and she did not move as he turned and walked to the elevator. When he stepped inside the chrome-and-steel cage, a white-coated intern was lounging against the wall reading a letter. The intern's finger poised over the row of buttons. "Floor?"

"Where is the chapel?"

"Second."

The intern hit the button, the doors glided shut and the elevator dropped. As the doors opened again, the intern said, "Down straight, then to your right. You can't miss it."

It was a door like any other door in the hospital, like the one behind which Margaret was fighting, fighting to bring forth her child. But when he opened it, he stepped away from the sterile precision of science. He stepped into age-old beauty and quiet radiance. The silence wrapped him comfortingly, and the stained-glass windows shed a warmth of color over the simple dark benches. He seemed to sense a presence here, for the silence was not a dead quiet, but rather seemed to shimmer and shift slowly through the little chapel. He went into a pew and knelt down and put his face into his hands.

"O God," he prayed, "don't let her die, don't let her die, don't let her die."

The phrase repeated itself in his mind while he knelt, waiting, half expecting some sign, some little thing but nothing came. After a while he went down and lit a candle, stood watching it glow. He started to turn away, then moved back, almost shamefacedly, and lit another. He walked down the aisle to the door, and out into the corridor.

When he got back to the lounge, Margaret's father was there, looking tired, and older than when Bob had last seen him. Much older. They nodded. He sat in the chair facing them. Then he noticed the newcomers down at the end of the room. Two men sitting apart, smoking nervously, a woman and an old man with their heads together. He wasn't interested in them. He ignored them.

His watch said five o'clock. Sister Alice paused in the doorway and looked at him, then moved on, saying nothing.

It was five-thirty. A nurse came in and leaned down to him. "They're taking Mrs. Haywood to Delivery," she said softly. "You may see her for a moment."

He stumbled to his feet. "Where?" he asked. "Now?"

"Come with me."

He hurried after her down the now-familiar corridor, to the door of the room. It opened, and an orderly came out, pulling a table on wheels. Margaret was on the table, her face swollen and blurred, her lips white and dry, her eyes not focusing; tired, oh, so tired. There was no fighting about her, no frantic beat of wings. Only a quiet and com-

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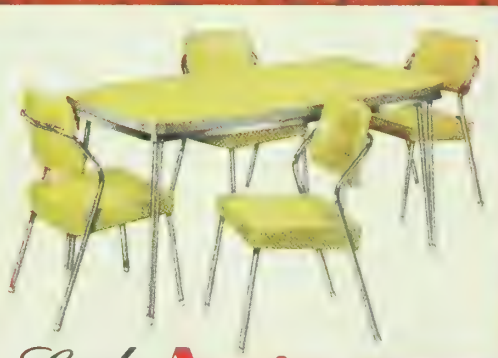
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plete surrender. He put his hand to his mouth, felt his teeth bite into his knuckles.

Then her eyes touched him. They widened. "Darling," she said dreamily, "you go home and get some breakfast. I can handle this."

He leaned down and kissed her softly, then stood back, and they wheeled her across the corridor to the door marked "Delivery."

He stood outside the door, listening, but he could not hear a sound. Margaret's mother and father were beside him. They waited, saying nothing—her parents withdrawn a little and, he felt, regarding him with hate.

Fifteen minutes. Twenty. Twenty-five. Thirty.

THE door opened, and a young nurse came out, face mask below her chin, hair still bound in white, but her eyes bright, cheerful, a very beautiful nurse. "Mr.——" She touched his arm. "Are you Mr. Haywood?"

He nodded.

"You have a daughter. Fine girl. Run down to the window there. They're just bringing her into the nursery. Go on, quick, and look at her!"

"But . . . my wife?"

The girl grinned. "She's fine. Soon as we get her ready, you can see her. Be about fifteen minutes. Go meet your daughter!"

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were already at the window as the curtain drew aside, and the masked nurse held up the little horribly ugly thing that flailed its fists and protested furiously at the disturbance of being born.

He looked at it. "Margaret's all right."

Mrs. Palmer was laughing, watching the baby. "I know. We heard the nurse. . . . *Look* at her, George! Look at the way she moves her hands! And her little feet!"

He stepped back from them, staring through the glass. *That is my daughter*, he thought. *That angry little lump. And for her, Margaret fought for life itself.* He turned and went down to Margaret's room and waited.

They came with her after a long time, took her into the room, and again shut the door. Finally the orderly came out, and the nurse. "You may see her for a moment."

He went in silently and slowly, and stood beside the bed. She stared up at him, her eyes fierce on his face, her nostrils distended. Suddenly she began to thrash on the bed. "Get off my feet! Get off my feet, Bob! Bob, they're tying my feet! Bob——"

"Darling, darling." He put his hand on her arm. "Be quiet, be still. There is no one on your feet. No one hurting you. I'r And I love you. All there is."

She grew quiet, and her breathing less labored. "Oh?" She looked at hi her eyes were suddenly sleepy.

"You had a little girl," he said so

"That's good," she said noncomm Then the nurse came back and motio him to go.

He went out into the hall where M Mrs. Palmer waited. "Good night, Mr. Palmer said. He shook Bob's "Thank God it's over. We're going."

"The most beautiful little grandda in the world," Mrs. Palmer said h "Oh, thank you, Bob!"

"You can see Margaret, I think."

Mrs. Palmer shook her head. "N said only the husband. But we'll be the morning. I can't wait to get my on her. Still going to name her Elle

They left eventually, and Bob wen to the window, but the curtain was shut. He drove home, to the house w giant old magnolia in the back yard. I a wire to his mother in Vermont, con sending a few others. He made one an all-night florist, then let it go. He hausted across the bed where Ellen ha conceived, and slept until nine o'clock he shaved and dressed carefully, dro to the hospital, and went up to Mar room. She was awake, lying back, his orchid in her hand.

"Hello," he said from the doorwa walked over and kissed her lightly.

"I got flowers from a man," she sa

"It's the way you have babies th them."

She sighed. "I saw her this morning

"How did you like her? Your thinks she's beautiful."

Margaret considered. "Well," she s looked her all over good. Her ears do to her head."

"I didn't notice."

"You can now. She's on display."

"Can I?" He moved away from t feeling a sudden excitement. "I w long."

"Take your time, Bob"—he turne from the door—"ears close to the he *good* start."

He hurried down the corridor to daughter. Ellen. Ellen, of the beauti ears. TH



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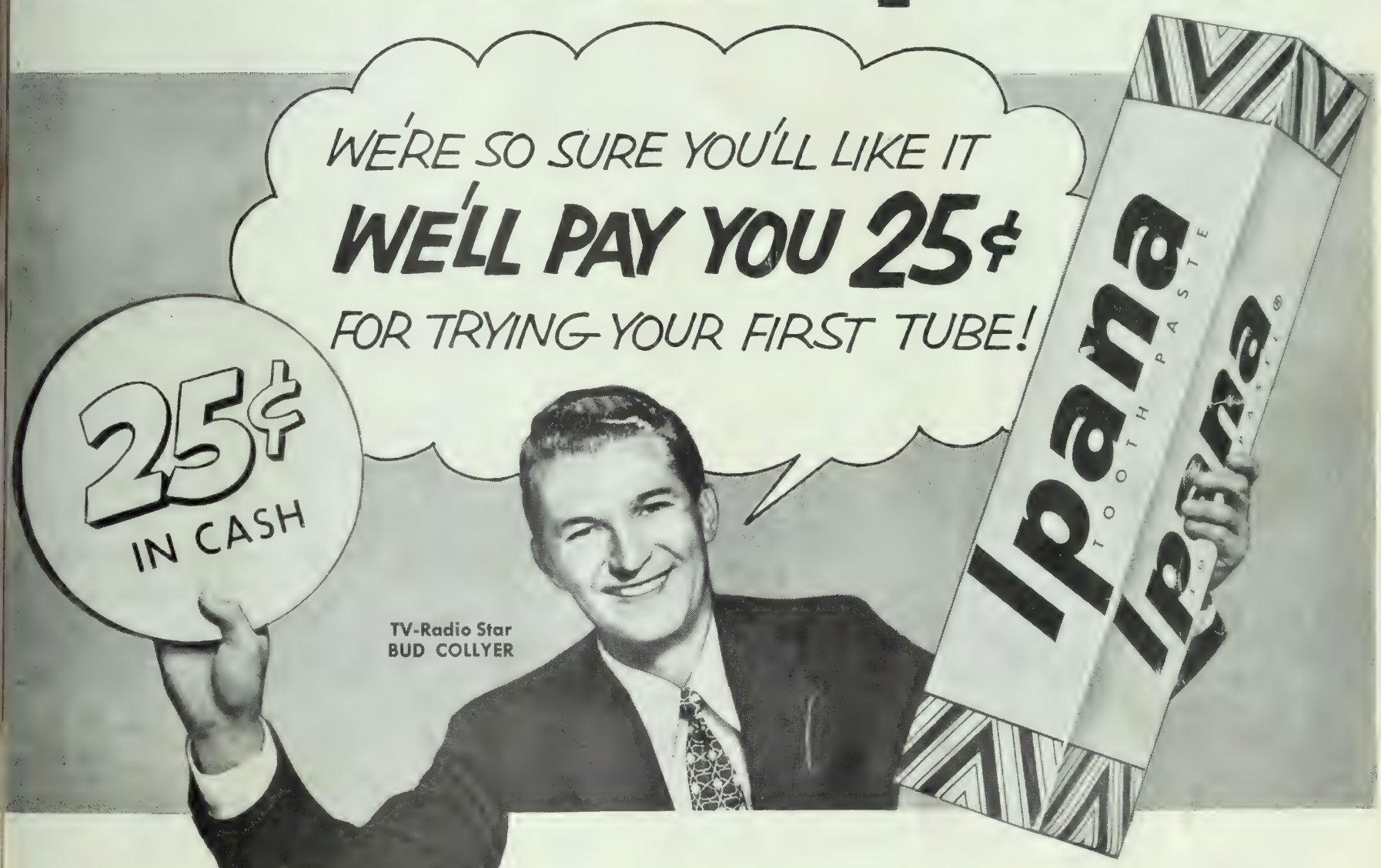
By NORMAN KATKOV

Beginning the hilarious story of [illegible] who won all hearts with [illegible] but broke h[illegible] own.

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Journal Contents

VOL. LXIX NO. 11 November 1952

Journalities



Norman Katkov

Beginning on Page 50, ***Fabulous Fanny***, NORMAN KATKOV's biography of the great comedienne, Fanny Brice, the girl who grew up to be Baby Snooks. Since, as in all good writing, the subject will make you forget the writer, may we remind you that Norman Katkov is a hard-working thirty-four-year-old native of St. Paul, Minnesota, and a graduate of the University of Minnesota who now lives mostly en route between Hollywood, New York and St. Paul. After Army service, he was a police reporter and newspaper columnist for several years before becoming a highly successful free-lance writer.



FABIAN BACHRACH

Michael Foster

This capsule autobiography of MICHAEL FOSTER (***Exclusive!*** Page 44) might be every newspaperman's dream: "When I was thirty I quit my last newspaper job, on the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and went to live for several years in the remote San Juan Islands, north of Puget Sound. In 1942 I went to New York and there married Jane Hardy, who as a literary agent had handled my work for ten years before we met. We decided to live in the West. In addition to my twenty years of short-story writing, I have published five novels. Jane and I now have our morning coffee on a hillside terrace which overlooks Reno and forty miles of Nevada mountains."



PEARL FREEMAN

Winston Graham

WINSTON GRAHAM is a young Englishman, born and educated in Manchester. He moved to Cornwall when he was seventeen and ever since has made his home there. Beginning as a writer of crime stories, he published his first novel when he was twenty-three. Fifteen others have been published in England and widely translated. ***Fortune is a Woman*** (Page 38) is only his second appearance in the United States.

Novel Condensation Complete in This Issue

Fortune is a Woman . . . *Winston Graham* 38

Stories

The Twelve-Hour Magic . . . *Gladys Taber* 40
Exclusive! . . . *Michael Foster* 44
Puppies for Sale . . . *Gertrude Schweitzer* 48
Giant (Conclusion) . . . *Edna Ferber* 68

Special Features

"There is a Time" . . . *Dorothy Thompson* 11
How is Your Constitution? . . . 25
Outmoded Laws Confuse . . . *Margaret Hickey* 25
Tell Me Doctor (Third part of eight) . . . *Henry B. Safford, M. D.* 35
Fabulous Fanny (First part of four) . . . *Norman Katkov* 50
Political Pilgrim's Progress: Delegate in a Draft . . . 54
Portrait of a Girl . . . *Painting by Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot* 56
How America Lives: "We're Polls Apart" . . . *Roger Butterfield* 160

General Features

Our Readers Write Us . . . 4
Under-Cover Stuff . . . *Bernardine Kielty* 16
Reference Library . . . 26
Making Marriage Work . . . *Clifford R. Adams* 28
It Takes 2 (The Sub-Deb) . . . *Edited by Ruth Imler* 30
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town . . . 37
This is a Hopeless-Helpless . . . *Munro Leaf* 100
New Hope in Nephrosis . . . *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* 112
Ask Any Woman . . . *Marcelene Cox* 159
There's a Man in the House . . . *Harlan Miller* 188
Diary of Domesticity . . . *Gladys Taber* 213

Fashion and Beauty

Paris Enchantment . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 57
Fashions . . . Paris . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 58
There's Something About Her . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 60
My Favorite Dress Is . . . *Nora O'Leary* 62
A New Frame for Your Face . . . *Dawn Crowell Norman* 168
Facing the World Alone After Fifty . . . *Dawn Crowell Norman* 178

Food and Homemaking

Headline Kitchen . . . *Gladys Taber* 64
Thankful Be . . . *Ann Batchelder* 66
Line a Day . . . *Ann Batchelder* 70
Christmas Dinner Cooked a Month Ahead . . . *Peggy Rawlins Dorman* 104
Conversation Piece . . . *Ruth Mills Teague* 120
My Girls Like to Cook . . . *Catherine Upshaw* 166
New Ways With New Fabrics . . . *Virginia Carr* 195
The Light Touch . . . *Victoria Harris* 199

Architecture and Interior Decoration

Cogswell's Grant . . . *Richard Pratt* 42
Provincial Preferred . . . *Henrietta Murdock* 46
Easy Living on Three Levels . . . *Richard Pratt* 90

Poems

Polly Toland 75 • Virginia Brasier 85 • Abigail Cresson 106 • Marjorie Lederer Lee 124 • Dan G. Hoffman 132 • Joan Aucourt 154 • Jane H. Merchant 171 • Hortense Flexner 177 • Daniel Whitehead Hicky 197 • Ruth Branning Molloy 202 • Elizabeth McFarland 208

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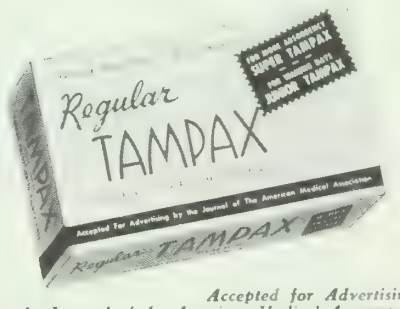
Take the strain off your mind

(not just once, but 13 times a year)

When "that disagreeable time-of-month" looms up ahead of you, what do you worry about *most?* Is it the discomfort of the belt-pin-pad harness? Is it the fear that bulges or "edges" will be outlined under your dress? Or the fear of odor? . . . Or just the general worry that goes with self-consciousness?

Tampax was invented to take all these fears off your mind. Being *worn internally,* Tampax needs no belts or pins. There is nothing to "show through"—and no odor or chafing. Quick to change. May be worn in tub or shower. . . . Each Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton of great absorbency, fitted into a slender patented applicator for dainty insertion. *You cannot feel the Tampax when wearing it.*

Buy Tampax at drug or notion counters: in Regular, Super or Junior absorbency-sizes. No disposal problems. An average month's supply tucks into your purse. Economy box contains 4 times the quantity. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED LHJ-112-1
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THERE'S ONLY ONE WASHER
with famous
Suds-Miser
and the
Seven Rinses

WONDERFUL WHIRLPOOL, with exclusive Suds-Miser*, gives you money back every Wonderful Whirlpool Washday! No more waste of good sudsy water. Suds-Miser draws it off, then returns it for thrifty extra use. Saves over half the cost of soap, water, fuel. And the swirling, cleansing Seven Rinses chase every last trace of soap and dirt! *(Optional)



Plus all these features that challenge comparison—

Agiflow Action
There's extra zip in every drop of sudsy water. Surging currents gently flex out all the dirt! Ideal for modern fabrics.

Germicidal Lamp
Bathes your clothes in "fade-free sunlight." Washes freshness in as dirt's washed out!

Cycle-Tone Signal
Extra help for busy housewives! Signal sounds when wash is done—saves your feet and frees your mind.

Flexible Timing lets you skip or repeat any part of operation. Automatic Filling to correct level. Automatic Door Release. No-stoop Top Loading. Big 9-pound capacity. Five-Year Warranty on Transmission.

You'll actually look forward to washday when you own a Wonderful Whirlpool Washer. At your beck-and-call are the greatest features in automatic washing. They give you new freedom and convenience . . . the utmost in economy . . . and sparkling fresh Clinic Clean washings that are a constant delight!

Whirlpool
AUTOMATIC WASHERS
WHIRLPOOL—AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILY OF HOME LAUNDERING

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St. Joseph, Michigan
In Canada:
John Inglis Company, Ltd.

"I've modernized my laundry room with Whirlpool!"
To make short work of washday, install *both* beautifully-matched Whirlpool Automatics—the Washer *and* the clothes-protecting Dryer! Ask your dealer to tell you how easily *you* can own a Whirlpool.



Our Readers Write us

Start This Thanksgiving

New York City

Dear Sir: May we call your attention to a unique movement known as Worldwide Bible Reading which is observed annually between Thanksgiving and Christmas?

It is unique in the sense that its sole purpose is to encourage the simultaneous reading of the same passages of the Bible by peoples all over the world and thus to draw them closer to one another.

Through the Scriptures it is hoped that not only nations will be drawn closer but also members of families which have been separated.

The program, sponsored by the American Bible Society, got its start during World War II when a lonely U. S. marine on Guadalcanal wrote asking his family to join him reading the same passage from the Bible each day. Last year, people from thirty-eight countries participated.

Worldwide Bible Reading involves no financial appeal.

Any version or edition of the Scriptures may be used.

The suggested readings are printed on a bookmark which we shall gladly distribute to any individual or organization writing to request them.

Cordially yours,
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL, D.D.,
Secretary, Promotion of Bible Use

▶ *Let those who wish to participate address all requests to: American Bible Society, Dept. U, 450 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York. ED.*

Thought to Take to the Polls

New York City

Dear Editors: Your series of articles on Political Pilgrim's Progress demands the attention of every man and woman in this country.

Since the fair sex first trooped to the polls thirty-two years ago, women have made real progress in their fight for political equality.

With adequate training, women may be as well, or better qualified than their male opponents. They may hold any public or private office in this great nation of ours—local, state or national positions.

There is only one place where a woman cannot penetrate—and that is an all-men's organization.

A tip of the hat to the ladies from a man, not a mouse. Sincerely,
HSIANG-YUAN S. MENG

▶ *Political Pilgrim's Progress ends, officially, this month. But you'll keep up the good work, we know. So will the JOURNAL. ED.*

Help in Cancer Control

Alexandria, Virginia

Dear Sir: The education committee of the Alexandria Chapter, Virginia Division, American Cancer Society, Inc., was delighted to see your article, Self-Examination for Cancer of the Breast.

We wish also to inform your readers that our chapter (as do others) has access to the film on Breast Self-Examination. Just call your local chapter of the American Cancer Society and they will gladly arrange to show this or other films on cancer control to your group or organization.

Sincerely yours,
ISABEL ZIMMERMAN,
Executive Secretary

(Continued on Page 6)

Tomorrow's Taxpayer

PHOTOS BY KEES POT



La-a-dies and gentlemen!



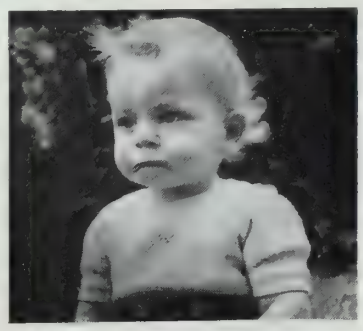
Unaccustomed as I am . . .



To public speaking . . .



Vote this month with ME in mind!



Please don't stay home and sulk!

"ah-h! my Ivory Bath it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!"

Yes, there's more lather . . . faster lather . . . in an Ivory bath!

It's so *relaxing* to sink into an Ivory bath! You don't grope for soap—Ivory floats right into your hand. No wait for lather—that husky cake of Ivory fairly *bursts* into rich, foamy suds! For Ivory makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

There's Ivory's famous mildness . . . and such a clean, fresh odor!

It's pure delight—the gentle caress of silky Ivory suds. For Ivory Soap is 99 44/100 % pure . . . mild as mild. Why, more doctors advise Ivory for skin care than any other soap. And that clean, fresh-smelling Ivory lather leaves you *so* refreshed! All aglow and ready to go!

You get more for your money, too!

Yes, mild Ivory . . . pure Ivory . . . floating Ivory . . . actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!







99 44/100% pure...it Floats



"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

America's Favorite Bath Soap!



At last

The Fabric to Match the Fabulous Fit

Barbizon's NYLON SATIN

A Barbizon creation, this new fashion fabric that stays smooth and rich looking, yet washes easily and never needs ironing. "Encore", photographed, is a dream of loveliness with delicate, dainty detail of nylon lace and permanently pleated nylon sheer. And the price is typically Barbizon . . . only about $8. Choose "Encore" or other beautiful Body-Contour* slips and gowns for truly wonderful gift giving! At better stores everywhere.

THE BARBIZON CORPORATION
475 Fifth Avenue • New York 17, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 4)

Out of the Mouths of Babes—

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sir: There are times when we have had a hard time making my pay check reach, but I suddenly felt quite rich when our little seven-year-old girl without prompting or coaching said in her nightly prayer:

"Thank You, God, for all the things we have. Do not make us rich, and do not make us poor, but always keep us in the middle, and let us live happily ever after."

Sincerely,
ROYCE H. HUBIN

Through 672 Issues!

Lynn Center, Illinois

Our Readers Write Us Department: I have before me a copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, December, 1896, which serves to remind me that I am one of the fifty-year readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and with less than a dozen missing copies. It was a valuable aid in our youth's educational upbringing and has remained so.

A three-score-and-ten, etc., birthday comes up! What gift can be so royally and generously shared as renewal to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL! I sincerely hope to go on reading it through another decade, with the same sustained interest, as during the preceding years.

Yours,
E. S. P.

**True Love—
Not Always Smooth**

Raritan, New Jersey

Dear Sir: After seventeen years of marriage, my wife and I are still head-over-heels in love. The years have revealed that we have much more in the way of common interests than we realized when we first were married.

Despite this profound and very satisfying companionship, we often become unreasonably angry with each other over trivial traits which rub the wrong way.

It was, therefore, very comforting for us to read the statement of your There's a Man in the House.

He said that, according to the expert on women at his club, it is possible for couples to remain madly in love throughout the years even if minor traits cause irritation from time to time. We have copied his paragraph and have pasted it up in our bedroom for reference.

Incidentally, the problem under discussion doesn't seem to be brought out very clearly in most of the books on marriage and preparation for marriage which I have read.

Very truly yours,
(NAME WITHHELD)

Found: Freedom

Durham, California

Dear Editors: There is a disease common to not only one generation but to our time in general: overcivilization.

Having lived all my life until the last nine years in cities, I not only hated the insecurity of being a farmer's wife, but I resented it too. Now, when I have finally accepted it and learned to live with it, I feel more free and secure than I ever did before.

My day begins at five. It is then that the dog wants out, the cats want in, the lambs across the road want to find their mammas and the mammas want to find them, the roosters begin to crow and various and sundry birds wake up and decide to make the air lovely but wakeful with song.

The next subject on the agenda is chores. As an ex-city woman, I figure "there ain't no chores." My husband and I had a prenuptial agreement that I would do the inside work and he would do the outside work.

Ironing—since when is it a crime for a farmer of all people to wear a clean but unironed shirt? And I find that unironed sheets and pillowcases that have been dried in the sun smell as sweet and sleep as well as if I had put them through the mangle that stands in the corner for the summer months unused.

Extra pounds? I am 5′ 1″ and weigh 142 pounds. So what! I would still rather have my figure and my brains (if any) than the ravishing figure of some Hollywood queen

(Continued on Page 8)

it fits
the time...
the place...
and
YOU



it's a
Velvet step
SHOE

It *flatters* you... *feels* good... *looks* good... gives you the *most* for your *money*... it's a Velvet Step!

8.95

For the store nearest you write
PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

LORETTA YOUNG, STARRING IN "BECAUSE OF YOU," A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE, SELECTS AVON COSMETICS FOR GIFTS.







"Choosing gifts is so convenient the Avon way"
Loretta Young

"So many lovely gifts are brought to your home by your Avon Representative!" says Loretta Young. "It's easy to select fine cosmetics and toiletries for everyone on your Christmas list. And it's such a pleasure to choose them early . . . in the comfort of your own living room!" You, too, will find it most convenient to select fine, useful, moderately priced Avon gifts . . . Your Avon Representative will help you.

. . . Welcome her when she calls.

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Are you in the know?

Should a greeny hesitate to date a—

☐ *Redhead* ☐ *Varsity hero* ☐ *Frosh*

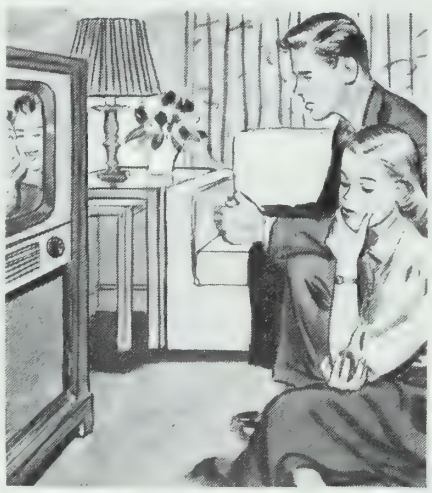
Every eye's peeled while you "set" your future rating: a plunder-mad Jezebel? Or doe in the know? Takes grit for a freshman to reject an upperclassman's bid. But it's *law*, date-wise; guards junior and senior gals' bookings—(plus your own, when today's heroes graduate). Stick to the frosh set. On certain days, don't hesitate to meet all eyes—unflinching. The *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Furthermore, you're extra *comfortable:* your new Kotex belt's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting . . . non-curling.



How to intrigue Unpredictable Pete?

☐ *Suit yourself* ☐ *Make like a chameleon*

You knock yourself out being sportsy—because he *says* he likes the athletic type. Then he switches to the so-helpless honeychile! Keep changing your personality to suit his moods? N-O! Be the way that suits *you;* your independence will interest him! You can suit yourself *exactly* (re "calendar" needs), with one of the 3 *absorbencies* of Kotex. Try all 3! Each gives softness that holds its shape.



If you have "sandpaper" arms, better—

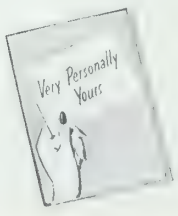
☐ *Hug the TV set* ☐ *Start scrubbing*

You needn't turn down "dance-dress" dates just because you've rough spots on your upper arms. Spark your circulation—by scrubbing your arms with a bath brush, soap, warm water. (Start now, so you can wear your new Fall formals—unembarrassed.) And for *extra* protection from *problem*-day embarrassment, count on Kotex (so *absorbent!*) and that special safety center.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Want to get "certain" facts straight?

☐ *Ask Sis* ☐ *See a librarian* ☐ *Read "V.P.Y."*

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, *free* booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations (by Walt Disney Productions). Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and dont's a girl should *know*. Send for "Very Personally Yours" today. FREE! Address Room 911, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

(Continued from Page 6)

who doesn't know the luxury of a house dress. When her career ends, she will begin to wonder what this thing called life is all about and to be amazed at the real values that she has willfully passed by.

I can say, too, in all seriousness that I see evidences all around me of God's provision for the months and years to come.

Sincerely,
MRS. W. E. HOWE

Fun at the Florist's

Flagstaff, Arizona

Dear Editors: This is a belated letter of thanks for sending me the JOURNAL covers.

We had great fun doing our window—of which I am enclosing some pictures—and think you would have been gratified



Idea seems familiar.

if you could have heard the reactions we got. A number of people came in to tell us about other covers they had enjoyed. Our two mannequins had a different Mother and Daughter corsage to wear each day. The hats were borrowed from my assistant and her small daughter.

Will you please extend our thanks to Al Parker, and assure him that there are many of us in our town who enjoy his covers.

Sincerely,
BARBARA R. HOBLIT

Tale of a Hat

The Duke's Cottage
Rudgwick, England

Dear Bruce and Beatrice: Once again the season of the jumble sale is on us, and the lanes are loud with the trundling of wheelbarrows, as people rid one another of white elephants, and all those things we are apt to stick in boxes, believing them (often wrongly) too good to throw away. Immense amounts of money are raised by the sale of these hoards. I can never think who buys them, or why. Moreover, there is a kind of seasonal rhythm about it all. The things taken out of the jumble sale this year will be put back again next year, and bought by someone else.

I once had a Paris hat. It was a severe model in navy taffeta, and I wore it for a long time. Came the war, and I thought it no time for saucy headgear, and put my Paris hat in the jumble sale.

The doctor's wife appeared in church wearing it the following Sunday. She had steamed it up and pressed it and looked so nice in it I was sorry I had parted with it.

She had it a year, and then back it went, and the next time I saw it, it was on the head of a G.I. bride, her going-away hat. She had added a wool orange! The village was full of soldiers and their lady friends at that time, and my hat, so to speak, went the rounds, appearing sometimes with an eye veil, sometimes with a feather. I had a lot of fun looking out for it, and guessing at its latest social status.

I saw it last on an autumn morning. The local gypsies had packed up their camp, thrown away the last of the old motor tires, rags and broken shoes which they always left behind as keepsakes, and were moving off into their winter quarters. On the box of the caravan sat a gypsy woman wrapped up in a rug, smoking a little clay pipe, and driving a large slow horse. She wore my Paris hat.

By now it had become a little battered, but it still had that *je ne sais quoi* that only Paris can give.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK

(Continued on Page 191)

Planning a winter vacation?



Ask Mary Gordon —OF TWA



WHERE TO GO TO HAVE THE MOST FUN!

For sunshine, head for the Southwest, a land of enchanting scenery, where nature guarantees perfect weather. You can ride, swim, play tennis, or enjoy a charcoal steak under the desert sky. Fast, daily TWA flights take you there.

For romance, fly to Spain, colorful land of music and gaiety, with ancient cities and majestic castles, bullfights and fiestas. Your dollar will go further in this vacationers' paradise. And it's only a few hours from New York to Madrid via TWA's Skyliner. Thrift Season, November 1 to April 1. Tourist $561.80. Standard $668.50. (Both round trip.)

For excitement, visit New York, a gala world of theatres, revues, night clubs, and restaurants. You'll find many things to do, but don't forget to take time out to have a look at the latest fashions. For help in planning your trip, write to Mary Gordon of TWA for her leaflet "How to See New York," or information about organized tours.

For a special quickie vacation, join your husband on one of his business trips. You can fly with him for half fare, if you leave on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. For full information on Family Half Fares, Sky Tourist Rates, and Circle Tours, visit your local travel agent, your nearest TWA office, or fill out the coupon below and mail it to Mary Gordon of TWA. Or if you have any special travel problems, write Mary Gordon of TWA. She has the answers.

MARY GORDON, Dept. J11
Trans World Airlines, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me your free leaflets . . .

☐ Basic Travel Wardrobes.
☐ How to See the West.
☐ How to See New York.
☐ How to Stretch Your Travel Dollars.
☐ If You Are Going to Spain.

*NAME*_____
*ADDRESS*_____
*CITY*_____
*STATE*_____

She thought she'd never hear it . . . . . BUT SHE DID!





It could be you . . .

It's wonderful how the correction of one little fault can sometimes change a girl's entire life. Take Laura, for example; past thirty, and not a prospect! "An old maid", people said. Indeed, Laura, herself, thought she would never hear the Wedding March played for her. *But eventually she did* . . . married a wonderful guy, too. But only because she chanced to overhear a remark that brutally brought home what her trouble* had been . . . why she had been unable to hold a man. Laura's case is not a rare one. It could be anyone. It could be you!

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

NOTHING repels a man like halitosis (bad breath)*. And everyone—even you—can be guilty without knowing it. Why risk offending needlessly . . . why take chances with lesser methods when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, *extra-careful* precaution against it?

Clinically Proven Four Times Better

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best. A nationally known, independent research laboratory reports: Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes . . . stopped bad breath up to six hours and more. That is, up to three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste Kills odor bacteria instantly

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth. No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, *St. Louis 6, Missouri.*



Use the extra-careful Precaution against Halitosis (Bad Breath) . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

Every week on Radio and Television Enjoy— **"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"**— See your paper for time and station

Now, Tide washes clothes WHITER than any bleach can bleach them!



Yes, TIDE washes clothes even WHITER than soaking in bleach overnight!

No more need to bleach, except for stubborn stains!

Just put your wash in Tide's gentle, so-safe suds and all the white things will come out *whiter* t they'd be if you'd soaked them long hours in strong bleach! It's washday's big news! No bleach kn can match Tide's amazing whitening action.

So SAFE to use!

Oh, yes! You can trust your prettiest wash print Tide. With all its wonderful whitening action, Tid really *safe* for *everything* that's washable . . . the n delicate fabrics, the daintiest colors. Colors Tide's gentle suds. Why, after just *one* wash, T actually *brightens* soap-dulled colors!

Cleaner clothes, too!

When you rinse out a Tide wash, you've got *cle* clothes than you will get with any soap. No soap kn will get out so much grimy dirt, yet leave clothe free of dulling film. Get Tide today! Remember other washday product—bleach, soap, or "deterge will give you a *whiter*, cleaner wash than Tide!

TIDE is MILDER for hands than any other leading "detergent"!

Tide has a wonderful new mildness—so gentle, so kind to your hands. Why, not even the mildest leading "detergents" that are made especially for *dishwashing* are so easy on your hands as Tide. Try it—see for yourself how much milder Tide is!

TIDE IS SO THRIFTY TO USE—you'll be amazed! Such a *little* Tide makes such oceans of rich, long-lasting suds... goes so far in hardest water, it's a miracle of economy.



Ladies' Home

JOURNAL

Bruce Gould
Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors



SNUG HAVEN *by Ernest Haskell*

"There is a Time"

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

"THERE are," I recently remarked at a party, "distinct advantages to growing old."

The immediate reaction to this remark was amusing—and typical. The gathering was largely composed of folks in the early and later forties, with a sprinkling of the young married set. These now protested vigorously, "How do you know?" . . . "Why do you *even think* of old age?"

This haste to reassure me was affectionate, I thought, and even flattering. But it completely missed the point that I was not *complaining* of growing old. On the contrary, I was speaking aloud something that had often crossed my mind.

"Apparently," I thought to myself, "there is something *painful* about this subject. One oughtn't to *admit* one's age. It is as though one unnecessarily conjured up a melancholy specter, or brought disastrous personal news into a gay party." But what I was thinking, and had started to say, *was* news to me—good news—unexpected news—namely, that I am looking *forward* to being old!

A white-haired lady, with many quizzical humorous lines around her still-keen eyes, smiled upon me.

"You are right," she said quietly. "There are advantages. But why anticipate? Old age hardly begins before sixty."

"I suppose," a young physician interjected, "that you feel *wiser* than the young. That's the advantage."

So now they thought I was *flaunting* my experience and years! That wasn't it, either. "Old" people can be just as silly as the young. And though youthful silliness can be delightful, mature silliness is abhorrent. "People are wise or unwise in their years," I thought. "There is the wisdom of the child, of the youth, of the man or woman—and of the old. There are satisfactions in each period of life—satisfactions and frustrations, pleasures and pains.

"*To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven:*

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; . . .

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; . . .

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; . . .

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time. . . ." Ecclesiastes, Chapter III

How could I express what was forming in my mind about the later years of life? Wherein did I find pleasurable contemplation of them?

Was I thinking of those insurance advertisements that hold out the joys of retirement in an idyllic cottage in a mild climate, with a modest but certain check coming in regularly, and nothing to do but "rest"?

The insurance check is not to be scorned. There is always the material problem of old age. One has to have saved something—to have *some* resources—to face old age with that equanimity which is, in itself, one of the advantages of growing old. But a life without further effort?

Perish the thought! I know (as much as I know anything) that as long as I live I shall write; if public and publishers cease to be interested I shall write anyhow, perhaps only because formulating one's thoughts comes to be a habit impossible for most writers to abandon—a kind of personal luxury. I once knew a very famous writer who always wanted to write poetry. When he died the drawers of his writing desk were full of poems, written in the last two years of his life, poems he had never even tried to publish, although anything from his pen, good, bad or indifferent, commanded a price commensurate with his fame. I thought affectionately of him, pacing the floor, composing in his mind complicated rhyme schemes, searching for exactly the right word (the word to make more words dispensable, because poetry is of all writing forms the most

(Continued on Page 14)

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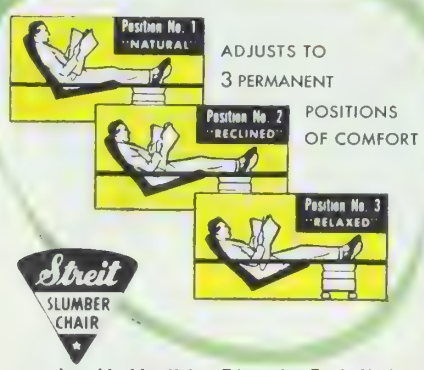
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Clever Wife!... to choose for beauty...
the Beautiful *Streit* Slumber® Chair!



No. 134
The New Yorker

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New Haven.... Chamberlain's
New Haven. Frederick Hofmann Co.
New Haven.... The Kane Co.
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South Norwalk Angevine Furn. Co.
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Stamford.... P. Sabini & Co.
Stamford... Wallman's Furn. Store
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Torrington.... Wolcott House
Waterbury.... Warehouse Furn. Co.
Willimantic.... Goettlich-Bacon Inc.

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Washington.... Lansbur...
Washington... Julius Lan...
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Millsboro.... Collins &...
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Wilmington.... P. Fe...
Wilmington.... Hurley...
Wilmington.... ...
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Wilmington.... ...
Wilmington.... W...

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Bradenton.... Mather of...
Bradenton.... Grav...
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Mather of Ft. Lauderdale
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Lake City . . . . . Du Bore—Cox
Lake City . . . . . Hart Furn. Co.
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Miami . . . . . J. J. Cater Furn. Co.
Miami . . . Compton-Oden Furn. Co.
Miami . . . . . Hadley's Inc
Miami . . Helmly's Furn. Dept. Store
Miami . . . . . The Leonard's Stores
Miami . . . . . Luther Furn. Co.
Miami . . . . . Miami Furn. Co.
Miami . . . . . Rhodes, Inc.
Miami . . . . . Southern Furn. Co.
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Ocala . . . . . Cox Furn. Co.
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Orlando . . . . . Myrick's, Inc.
Orlando . . . . . Orlando Furn. Co.
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Palatka . . . . . Yelverton Furn. Co.
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Panama City . . Fowhand Furn. Co.
Panama City . . . . . Rhodes, Inc.
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Pensacola . . . . . Rhodes, Inc.
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Savannah . Maxwell Bros. Furn. Co.
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Tifton . . . . . Singleton Furn. Co.
Waycross . . . . . Singleton Furn. Co.

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Carbondale . . . . . Rhodes-Burford
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Chicago . . . . . Mandel Bros.
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Chicago . . . . . Wieboldt's Stores Inc.
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Danville . . . . . Rhodes-Burford
Decatur . . . . . Arthur's Furn.
Harrisville . . . . . Arthur C. Hill
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Joliet . . . . . The Boston Store
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Goshen . . . . . Stiver's
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Jeffersonville . . . United Home Furn.
Kendallville . . . A. J. Berhalter Furn

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Kokomo . Shirley's Home Furn'g. Co.
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Lebanon . . . . . Floyd Perkins Furn.
Madison . . . . . Gans Furn. Store
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Washington . . . . . Art Furn. Co.
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Corbin . . . . . The Mitchell Co.
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Baton Rouge . . Kornmeyer Furn. Co.
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Baton Rouge . . . . . Royal Furn. Co.
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Baltimore . . . . . Howard Furn. Co.
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Baltimore . . . . . Pollack's
Baltimore . . . . . A. Sindler
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Boston . . . . . Moller's Inc.
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Fall River . . . . . Kaplan Bros.
Fall River . . . . . Mason Furn. Co.
Fall River . . . . . Travis Furn. Co.
Gloucester . . Metropolitan Furn. Co.
Gloucester . . . National House Furn.
Greenfield . . . . Ruby's Furn. Stores
Haverhill . . . . . Atherton's
Holyoke . . . . . Ruby's Furn. Stores
Lawrence . . . . . Michael J. Sullivan
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Lowell . . . . . Moller's Inc.
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Lynn . . . . . Magrane's Dept. Store
Lynn . . . . . Metropolitan Furn. Co.
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New Bedford . . . . . Forson's
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Pittsfield . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
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West Peabody . McGivern's Furniture
Worcester . . . . . American Supply

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Battle Creek . . . . . Bishop's
Bay City . . . C. E. Rosebury & Sons
Benton Harbor . Furber Furn. Store
Benton Harbor . . . House of Furn.
Benton Harbor . W. Newland & Son
Birmingham Har-Trom Hiway Furn.
Buchanan . . . . . Sexton's Furn.
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Detroit . . . . . Fenster & Co.
Detroit . . . . . Irvings Furn. Co.
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Ferndale . . . . . Anthony Furn. Co.
Flint . . . . . Fain Furn. Co.
Flint . . . . . Flint Home Furn'g Co.
Flint . . . . . Quality House Furn. Co.
Grand Haven . Pellegrom-Kinkema
Grand Rapids . Grand Rapids Stge.
Greenville . . . . . Don's Home Furn.
Hartford . . . . . Conklin Furn.
Highland Park . . . . . Brent Furn. Co.
Kalamazoo . . . . . Central Furn. Co.
Lansing . . . . . Small's Furn. Co.
Lincoln Park . . . . . Eder Furn. Co.
Muskegon Hts. Vandervelde's Furn.
Mt. Clemens . . . . . Furn. City
Mt. Clemens . . . Mt. Clemens Furn.
North Adams . . North Adams Furn.
Owosso . . . . . Robbins Furn. Co.
Oxford . . . . . Mabley's
Pontiac . . . . . Miller Furn. Co.
Rochester . . . . . Nichols-Pixley Co.
Romeo . . . . . Wilbur's
Saginaw . . . . . John Schmeizer, Inc.
Sawyer . . . . Warehouse Furn. Mart
Sparta . . . . . Sherry's Furn. Stores
St. Johns . . . . . Miller Furn.
St. Joseph . . . . . Modern Furn. Co.
Three Oaks . Good Housek'ng Shop
Three Rivers . . . . Don F. Deisch Co.
Traverse City . . . . . Wilson Furn. Co.
Van Dyke . . . . Motor City Furn. Co.
Wayne . . . . . W. L. Gates Furn. Co.

MINNESOTA

St. Paul . . . . . The Golden Rule

MISSISSIPPI

Brookhaven . J. H. Perkins Furn. Co.
Greenwood . . . Greenwood Furn. Co.
Gulfport . . . . J. C. Clower Furn. Co.
Gulfport . . . . . Rhodes, Inc.
Hattiesburg . . . . . Pioneer Furn. Co.
Jackson . . . . . Rhodes, Inc.
Laurel . . . . . Morrison Bros. Co.
Yazoo City . R. M. Middleton & Son

MISSOURI

Carthage . . . . . Reynolds
Excelsior Springs . . . . McCullough's
Joplin . . . . . Joplin Furn. Co.
Kansas City . . . . . Jones Store
Maryville . . . . . The Gebert Co.
Sikeston . National Gas & Furn. Co.
St. Joseph . . . . . Liebling Furn. Co.
St. Louis . . . . . Fair Mercantile Co.
St. Louis . . . . . Hanley & Co.
Warrensburg . . McMeekin Furn. Co.
Washington . . . . . Otto & Co.

MONTANA

Billings . . . . . Billings Hdwe. Co.
Conrad . . . . . Arnot's
Havre . . . . . Howard Bros. Furn. Co.

NEBRASKA

Falls City . . . . . Chaney Furn. Co.
Freemont . . . . . Von-Pierce Furn. Co.
Lincoln . . . . . White Furn. Co.
Scotts Bluff . . Taylor's Furn. Store

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Nashua . . . . . C. H. Avery Co.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park . . . . . Bankers Furn.
Asbury Park . . . . . Steinbach Co.
Atlantic City . . . . . M. E. Blatt Co.
Atlantic City . Dungan, Fry & Spence
Atlantic City . . . . . Hurley-Jones Co.
Bayonne . . . . . Steinberg Furn. Co.
Belmar . . . . . Clayton J. Newman
Bridgeton . . . . . Dorr Furn. Co.
Bridgeton . . . . . I. W. Goldberg
Bridgeton . . Goldberg's Furn. Store
Bridgeton . . . . . Hurley's
Camden . . . . . W. L. Hurley Co.
Camden . . . . . Naden Furn. Store
Camden . . . . . Shuman's Inc.
Dover . . . . . S. T. Bryant
Egg Harbor . . . . . Weiler & Co.
Elizabeth . . . . . Fricke Furn. Co.
Elizabeth . . . . . McManus Bros.
Florence . . . . . Hackett & Reed
Hackensack . . . . . Grayson Furn. Co.
Hackensack . . . . . Union Furn. Co.
Jersey City . . . . . Foye Furn. Co.
Jersey City . . . . . Kunath Furn. Co.
Jersey City . John Mullins & Co. Inc.
Jersey City . . New Jersey Furn. Co.
Jersey City . . . . . Stone & Co.
Linden . . . . . American Furn. Co.
Millville . . . . . Ackerman Sons
Millville . . . . . Dorr Furn. Co.
Montclair . . LaReine Furn. Co. Inc.
Morristown . . . . . Danns Furn. Co.
Morristown . . . Grand Rapids Furn.
Mountainside . . Rockford Furn. Co.
Newark . . . . . Borok Furn. Co.
Newark . . . . . Hoffman Furn. Co.
Newark . . . . . Rockford Furn. Co.
Newark . . . . . W. Wilderotter & Co.
New Brunswick . . . . . Rice & Co.
New Brunswick . . Built Right Furn.
New Brunswick Schwartz Furn. Co.
New Brunswick . . . . . J. Schwartz.
Newton . . . . . Newton Furn. Co.
North Bergen . . . . . Castle Furn. Co.
North Bergen . . . . . Union Furn. Co.
N. Hackensack . . Huffman & Boyle
Nutley . . . . . R. D. Kastner Furn.
Passaic . American Furn. & Cpt. Co.
Passaic . . . . Grand Rapids Furn. Co.
Passaic . . . . . Locker Bros.
Passaic . . . . . Stark & Son
Paterson . . . . . Barneys
Paterson . . . . . Keystone Furn. Co.
Paterson . . . Prospect Park Uph. Co.
Paterson . . . . . Select Furn. Co.
Pennsgrove . . . . . Hurley's
Pennsgrove . . . . . Weinberg's Furn.
Perth Amboy . . . Albert Leon & Son
Perth Amboy . . . . . Roth Furn. Co.
Plainfield . . . . . Mirons
Pompton Lakes . . . . . Larans Inc.
Rahway . . . . . Koos Bros.
Riverside . . . . . Hurley's
Salem . . . . . Goldberg's Furn. Store
Salem . . . . . Hitchner's Furn.
Springfield . . . . . Huffman & Boyle
Succasunna . . . Suburban Furn. Co.
Summit . . . . . Doyle Furn. Co.
Trenton . . . . . Deitz Furn. Co.
Trenton . . . . . Doolittle-Allen Co.
Trenton . . . . . Hurley-Tobin Co.
Trenton . . . . . Swern & Co.
Union City . Millman & Poloso Inc.
Ventnor . . . . . Ventnor Furn. Co.
Vineland . . . . . Blom Bros.
Vineland . Vineland Home Supply
West New York . . . . . Grays Inc.
West New York . . . . . Howell Bros.
West New York . . Public Furn. Co.
West New York . . Stanley Furn. Co.
Westwood . . Five Corners Furn. Co
Woodbridge . . . . Rockford Furn. Co.
Woodbury . . . . . J. O. Sowers

NEW MEXICO

Artesia . . . . . Williams Furn. Co.
Santa Fe . . . . . Broome Furn. Co.

NEW YORK

Albany . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
Albany . . . . . W. M. Whitney & Co.
Amsterdam . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
Astoria . . . . . H. Bogin & Son Inc.
Auburn . . . . Square Deal Furn. Co.
Binghampton . . . . . Ellis Bros. Inc.
Bronx . . . . . Royal Furn. Co. Inc.
Brooklyn . . . . . D. Berlinger & Son
Brooklyn . . . . . Cornell Furn. Co.
Brooklyn . . . . . N. Deutsch
Brooklyn . P. Gleicher Furn. & Cpt.
Brooklyn . . . . . John Holst Co. Inc.
Brooklyn . . George Hummel & Son
Brooklyn . Knickerbocker Furn. Co.
Brooklyn . . Kramer & Wagner Inc.
Brooklyn . . . . . Paul Nielsen, Inc.
Brooklyn . . . . . Pawgan Bros.
Brooklyn . . . . . Spear & Co.
Buffalo . . . . . Maisel Furn. Co. Inc.
Buffalo . . . . . Southside Furn. Co.
Canadaigua . . . . . F. H. McElwee
Canisteo . Southern Tier Furn. Mart
Catskill . . . . . A. Oren & Sons Inc.
Chatham . . . . . Chatham Furn. Inc.
Cohoes . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
Glens Falls . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
Gloversville . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
Greenport . . . . . S. B. Horton Co.
Hempstead . . . . . Albert's Furn. Co.
Hempstead . . . Franklin Shops Inc.
Herkimer . Markson's Furn. Stores
Ithaca . . . . . Zion's
Kingston . . . . Kaplan Furn. Co. Inc.
Kingston . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
Kirkland . . . . . Harrison Furn.
Lockport . . . . . Siegel's Furn.
Mechanicsville . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
Middletown . . . J. H. Hait Furn. Co.
Newburgh . . . . . Warehouse
New York City . . Eckhardt-Berman
New York City . . . . . Spear & Co.
Nyack . . . . . Wm. Brown & Son
Oneonta . . Markson's Furn. Stores
Ossining . . . . . A. L. Myers Inc
Peekskill . . . . Voughts Furn. Store
Plattesburg . Taylor's Economy Furn.
Port Chester . . . Jos. Cohen & Sons
Port Chester . . . . . Wein Furn. Co.
Port Jervis . . . . . Levin Furn. Co.
Poughkeepsie . . . . . Perlmutter's
Poughkeepsie . . . . . Wallace's
Queens Village . . Hettick-O'Dwyer
Riverhead . . . . . S. Harding & Sons
Rochester . . . . . Mangurian's
Rochester . . . . . Reliable Furn. Co.
Saratoga . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
Schenectady . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
Schenectady . . . . . Wallace Co.
Staten Island . . . . . Ace Furn. Co.
Syracuse . . . . . Kieffer Bros.
Troy . . . . . Wm. H. Frear & Co.
Troy . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
Utica . . . . . Markson's Furn. Stores
Utica . . . . . Union-Fern Co.
White Plains . . . . . Mazur Bros.
Yonkers . . . . . Chachkes Furn. Co.
Yonkers . . . . . Kay Furn. Corp.
Yonkers . . . . . Main Furn. Corp.
Yonkers . . . . . T. Whalen

NORTH CAROLINA

Black Mountain . . . Tyson Furn. Co.
Burlington . Canady-Peerson Furn.
Charlotte . . . . . Haverty's
Durham . . Christian-Harward Furn.
Graham . . . . . Green and McClure
Greensboro . . . . . Miller Furn. Co.
New Bern . . . . Oettinger Bros. Inc.
Raleigh . . . . W. E. Cooper Furn. Co.
Rockingham . . . . . Hallum Furn. Co.
Salisbury . . . . . R. W. Norman Co.
Spencer . . . . . Stoudemire Furn. Co.
Washington . . Phillips-Wright Furn.
Wilmington . Wilmington Furniture

OHIO

Bellefontaine . . . . L. M. Stupp Furn.
Blanchester . . . . . Hannah Furn. Co.
Brookville . . . . S. A. Dunkel & Sons
Cincinnati . . . . A. & N. Furn. & Apl.
Cincinnati . . . . . Alms & Doepke
Cincinnati . . . . . Burton Furn. Co.
Cincinnati . . . . . D. Davis Furn.
Cincinnati . . . . E. & S. Furn. & Apl.
Cincinnati . . . . . Friedman Furn. Co.
Cincinnati . . . . . The McAlpin Co.
Cincinnati Leo S. Mode & Sons Co.
Cincinnati . . . . . Rollman & Sons
Cincinnati . . . . . J. Schloemer Furn.
Cincinnati . . . The John Shillito Co.
Cincinnati . . . . . Solway's Furn. Co.
Cincinnati . . . . Tennenbaum Bros.
Cincinnati Jake Tennenbaum Furn.
Cincinnati . . . . Julius Tennenbaum
Cleveland . . . . . Cassidy Furn. Co.
Cleveland . . . . . The May Co.
College Corner . . . The Furn. House
Columbus . . . . . Cook Furn. & Apl.
Dayton . . . . . Jack Ames Furn. Co.
Dayton . . . . S. M. Burgher Furn. Co.
Dayton . . . . . Harry Kalk Furn. Co.
Dayton . . . . . Mastercraft Furn. Inc.
Dayton . . . . . R. L. Norris Furn.
Dayton . . . . . Westside Furn. Co.
East Liverpool . . . . Moore Furn. Co.
Greenfield . . . . Greenfield Furn. Co.
Hamilton . . . . . Hamilton Furn. Co.
Hamilton . . . . . Max Joffe Furn. Co.
Hamilton . . . . . George Krebs' Sons
Hamilton . . . . . Lowenstein Furn. Co.
Hillsboro . . . . . Stockwell Furn. Co.
Jacksonburg . . . Neals General Store
Lima . . . . . Armstrong & Son
Lima . . . . . Vogue Furn Co.
Lockland . . . . . Schuman Furn. Co.
Martins Ferry R. G. Heslop & Sons
Miamisburg . . . . Gebhart & Schmidt
Middletown . . . F. Cappel Furn. Co.
Middletown . . . . Max Joffe Furn. Co.
Milford . . . . Mack's Furn. & Apl. Co.
Norwood . . . . Norwood Apl. & Furn.
Norwood . . . . W. S. Richardson Inc.
Portsmouth . . . . . Distel Furn. Co.
Portsmouth . . Gemperline Furn. Co.
Portsmouth . . . . . Long & Co.
Reading . . . . . Farr's Trade Mart
Sabina . . . . . Briggs Furn.
Springfield . . Cappel House Furn'gs
St. Marys . . . . . Johns Furn.
Toledo . . . . . Ace Furn. Co.
Toledo . . . . . The Lion Store
Toledo . . . . . Wendover Furn. Shop
Westerville . . . . . McVay Furn. Co.
Wilmington . . . . . G. M. Rice
Xenia . . . . . R. D. Adair Co.

OKLAHOMA

Bartlesville . . Bartlesville Furn. Co.
Bartlesville . . . . . Piper Furn. Co.
Chickasha . . . . . Griffin Furn. Co.
Duncan . . . . Everett's Home Furn'gs
Enid . . . . . Gorton's Furn.
Hobart . . . . . Stanley Furn. Co.
Lawton . . . . . Colony House
Lawton . . . . . Lacy Furn. Co.
McAlester . . . . . Kerr's Furn. Co.
Miami . . . . . Saft Furn. Co.
Muskogee . . . . Raymond's Furn. Co.
Norman . . . . . Landsaw Furn. Co.
Oklahoma City . Doc and Bill Furn.
Oklahoma City . Harbour-Longmire
Oklahoma City . O. K. Furn. & Rug
Oklahoma City
Sappington-Hickman Stores
Oklahoma City . . . . Sneed Furn. Co.
Oklahoma City A. F. Williams Furn.
Ponca City . . . . Glenn Paris & Sons
Sand Springs . . . Mule Skin Brown
Sapulpa . . . . . Rule-Reel Furn. Co.
Sulphur . . . . . Fulton & Co.
Tulsa . . . Dickason-Goodman Furn.
Tulsa . . . . . Mason Electric Co.
Tulsa . . . . . Shannon's
Waurika . . . . Earl C. Morris & Sons
Woodward . . . . . Young Furn. Co.

OREGON

Ashland . . . . . Provost Furn.
Astoria . . . . Greenberg's Furn. Store
Beaverton . . . . . Gales Furn. Co.
Enterprise . . . . . Ratcliff Furn. Co.
Eugene . . . . . Lyon's Furn. Co.
Klamath Falls . . Patterson Furn. Co.
Portland . . . . . Flatts
Portland . . . . . Powers Furn. Co.
Portland . . . . . Star Furn. Co.
Salem . . . . Good Housekeeping Inc.
Salem . . . . . M-K-N Furn.

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown . . . . . Benesch's Furn.
Allentown . . . The Eastern Light Co.
Allentown . . . . . Harold Furn. Co.
Allentown . . . . . Miller's Furn.
Altoona . . . . . Wolf Furn. Co.
Arnold . . . . . W. R. Gott
Barnesboro . . . . . Wolf Furn. Co.
Bellefonte . . . . . Wolf Furn. Co.
Bellwood . . . . . Bellwood Furn. Co.
Berwick . . . . . Guinan's
Bethlehem . . . . . Coleman's Furn.
Bethlehem . . . . . Miller's Furn.
Brookville . . . . Scott Furn. & Apl.
Broomall . . . Town & Country Store
Bryn Mawr . . . . . Hobson & Owens
Chester . . . . . M. J. Freas
Chester . . . . . L. A. Hazell
Chester . . . . . Stanley Furn. Co.
Clearfield . . . . . Leitzinger Bros.
Clearfield . . . . . Weil Furn. Co.
Coatesville . . . . . Braunstein's Inc.
Coatesville . . . . Lipkin Furn. Store
Conshohocken . . . . Gordon's Furn.
Corry . . . . . Frantz Furn. Co.
Darby . . . . . M. Weiner & Co.
Doylestown . . . . . Schaeffer Brothers
Du Bois . . . . . Berghoff-Henry Co.
East Greenville Robert E. Ritter Inc.
Easton . . . . . Hochman Furn. Co.
Easton . . . . . Lauter Furn Co.
Easton . . . . Louis M. Ralph & Sons
Ephrata . . . . . Stauffer's
Erie . . . . . Klick Furn. Co.
Everett . . . . . McFarland Furn. Co.
Galeton . . . . . Lush Brother's
Grove City . . . . . Clarkson Furn. Co.
Hatboro . . . . . Gamburg Furn. Co.
Hyde Villa . . . . James A. Balthaser
Jersey Shore . . . . Stewart Furn. Co.
Johnsonburg . . . . Roy B. Constable
Kane . . . . . Bentz Furn. Co.
Lancaster . . . . . Harold Furn. Co.
Lansford . . . . . Silver's Furn.
Lewisburg . . . . . Donahoe's Furn.
Lewistown . B. W. Kaufman & Sons
Lock Haven . . . . . Wolf Furn. Co.
Mansfield . . . . . VanNoy's Furn.
Marcus Hook . . . . C. L. Morris Inc.
Meadville . . . H. L. Marquette Furn.
Media . . . . . George Bloom
Millheim . . . . . Neff & Son
Mount Carmel . . . . . Guinan's
Mount Carmel . . . W. B. Vallish Inc.
Nanticoke . . . . . Gem Furn. Co.
New Bethlehem
New Bethlehem Furn. Co.
Norristown . . . B. E. Block & Bros.
Norristown . . . . . Stern Furn. Co.
Olyphant . . . . . Pinkus & Sons
Philadelphia . . . . Chas. Barwis Furn.
Philadelphia . . . . . Brody's
Philadelphia . . . . Connell Furn. Co.
Philadelphia . . . . Geo. B. Davis Co.
Philadelphia . . . . . J. Finkel Co.
Philadelphia . . . . . Frank & Sons
Philadelphia . . . . . Fuld Furn. Co.
Philadelphia . . . . . Gibson's
Philadelphia . . . . . Gimbel Bros.
Philadelphia . . . . . M. Grass & Son
Philadelphia . . . . . Liebman's
Philadelphia . . . . . Lit Bros.
Philadelphia . . . . . Mitchell's
Philadelphia John A. Moore & Sons
Philadelphia . . Nate Ben's Reliable
Philadelphia . . . . . Nelson's
Philadelphia Northeast Home Furn.
Philadelphia . . . Pennsylvania Furn.
Philadelphia . Reliable House Furn.
Philadelphia . Richmond Supply Co.
Philadelphia . . . . . M. Schiff & Co.
Philadelphia . . . . J. Schwartz & Co.
Philadelphia . . . . . Shuman Bros.
Philadelphia . . . Stern & Rosenberg
Philadelphia . . . Tioga Elec. & Furn.
Philadelphia . . . . . Nathan Tollin
Philadelphia . . . . . Treegoob's
Philadelphia . . . . . Unity Furn. Co.
Philadelphia . . . . S. Waldman, Inc.
Philadelphia . . . Walnut Home Furn.
Philadelphia . . . . M. Weiss & Sons
Philipsburg . . . . . Wolf Furn. Co.
Phoenixville . . . . McCarraher Bros.
Pittston . . . . . Joseph P. Kelly
Port Alleghany . G. L. Gallup & Son
Pottstown . . . . . B. E. Block & Bros.
Punxsutawney . . . . . Ragleys Furn.
Reading . . . . . Bloom Furn. Co.
Reading . . . . . Harold Furn. Co.
Reading . . . . . Kaufmann's
Reading . . . . . Liebman's
Reynoldsville . Reynoldsville Hdwe.
Royersford . . . . . Lebow Furn. Co.
Scranton . . . . . Howard Furn. Co.
State College . . . . . Wolf Furn. Co.
Stroudsburg . . . . . Miller's Furn.
Tamaqua . . . . . W. W. Horrobin
Tamaqua . . . . . Scheid's Dept. Store
Titusville . . . . . Downs Furn. Co.
Towanda . . . . . Towanda Furn. Co.
Turtle Creek . . . . . Cartagna Furn.
Tyrone . . . . . Wolf Furn. Co.
Upper Darby . . . . . Gibson's
Upper Darby . . . . . Lit Bros.
Warren . . . . . Biomquist Furn. Shop
Washington . . . . Sharp's Furn. Store
Waynesburg Huffman Furn. & Und.
Wellsboro . . . . .

"You'll be prettier... if you make a clean start!"

says Piper Laurie



clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

"You may look lovely Saturday, but don't save that face for Sunday...stale make-up spoils a pretty face!" Piper Laurie warns. And while ordinary cleansing doesn't get to the bottom of yesterday's make-up and grime, Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten* does!



Penaten works the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!



you'll look your loveliest

"Your make-up looks loveliest when you start with a clean face," says Piper Laurie, star of "SON OF ALI BABA", a U-I Picture, Color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten*, 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

(Continued from Page 11)

economical), writing poetry, as he told his secretary, "because the exercise invariably improves one's *style*."

I hope I shall never cease to learn. Delightful is the story of the octogenarian, Mr. Justice Holmes, whom young Franklin D. Roosevelt found reading Plato.

"Why, Mr. Justice?"

"To improve my mind, young man!"

When all effort ceases, one is not old. One is dead—maybe walking around on one's feet.

Few people can do, or earn, as much at sixty-five as they can at fifty, or even sixty. But nearly everybody wants to have some small place in the world of work and usefulness as long as his health permits.

But the luxury of such late efforts, as I contemplate them for myself, is that they are performed without external ambition, without desire for praise or fear of blame. One joy of old age is that in it one loses such ambitions—the ambition for applause, recognition, popularity; the fear of an endangered "career"; the pain of the slight. The world of such ambition belongs, in the nature of things, to the young. It is a necessary spur for most of us. But it is unseemly for the old to try to push the young out of the world's path, and it is also burdensome to try to do so. In youth and middle years one's contemporaries are not only one's friends; they are also one's rivals. In old age one remembers one's own youth and tries to help the young to realize the ambitions one has, oneself, abandoned. And this brings a new, refreshing form of freedom.

Perhaps one has grandchildren!

If one loves children, what a luxury, and how different the relationship from that with one's own!

How much more tolerant one is bound to be of their faults. We identify ourselves with our own children in an often painful way. What mother has not known the anguish of her child's wrongdoings? The humiliation of the conference with the teacher about her child's unsatisfactory deportment or inattention to his studies? The wakeful night, listening for the return of the sixteen-year-old daughter; the light turned on and off for the glance at the wrist watch or bedside clock—2 A.M.—3 A.M.—there she is, at last, but the dance was to be over at midnight, and *where* has she been, and *what* has she been doing?

The years with a beloved son, going through an especially violent adolescence—scrape after scrape—the pitying eyes of one's friends, the well-meant advice: "Don't you think you ought to have him *psychoanalyzed?*" or "I tell you, you *spoil* him!"

Always that identification: What is wrong with *me*? I don't know how to bring up my own children! It's my *fault*. The inner anxiety and shame.

But Sue and Joe grew up. Sue married happily; Joe, suddenly, at twenty became, it seemed, an absolutely different character. You thought he'd never get through high school; then, suddenly, he found an objective for his life—in one of the sciences, arts, crafts or industries—and the professor's or employer's smiling statement: "We are impressed by your son. He will make his mark." Delirious joy! *(Too* delirious!)

Now Sue and Joe are worried about *their* children—about Mary and Dick. But you, their grandmother, are not worried a bit. They will turn out *all right*. It's not *your* job to discipline them anyway. You can just love them—you will be the one to "spoil" them, from, I hope, a discreet distance. What luxury!

Then—the love of old age.

The earlier turbulence is gone—the quarrels, the fears, the bitternesses, the secret tears. The time John became involved with the "other" woman, and you went to s the lawyer—that was the worst time, wor of all, twenty years ago. Today you ca hardly remember what she looked lik How dear now is his beloved face! Ho dear the very things that once irritate you! The comfort of his mere presence the turning toward him in the night and t arm he puts around you, protectively, u consciously, without waking. The habi and tastes that are as mutual as a shar bed—the foods you both like; the peopl the landscapes. The wish of neither change the other—not one bit. The bei loved for exactly what one is, for better worse; richer or poorer; in sickness health. Not to have to explain oneself ar more! It takes so *long* to get to be marrie But what a luxury is a ripened marriag

Could I climb to the highest place in Athens, I would lift my voice and proclaim: "Fellow citizens, why do you turn and scrape every stone to gather wealth and take so little care of your children, to whom one day you must relinquish all?"

—SOCRATES

It is said contemptuously that the o enter a "second childhood." I would n say it contemptuously. As one grows old one becomes aware, like the child, of h little one knows, and with this awarene comes again the sense of wonder of t child. In the years of striving one tends lose touch with Nature. With eyes on so material goal one has eyes for little else. raise of pay is more exciting than the risi of the sun; an unhappy love affair mak one deaf and blind. As one grows old one's ears are not so good, but, curious one often hears more. One listens to mu with receptive calm, untroubled by hara ments of the mind. beautiful day comes l a lovely gift. One s denly notices again, one did as a child, form of a leaf, the cont of a tree, the fragile lov ness of the white cosm the bronze blaze of Michaelmas daisies; colored pattern of a c street; the stars. As or sight dims, one seems recover one's eyes.

As one grows older, "puts one's house order." It is rather a fall cleaning. What one that one no longer wants? Sue always adored a ring that once you ch ished. Joe's wife admired that neckl the last time she was here. Give them aw Give away everything that has come mean little to you.

In middle age one tends to accumul As one grows older one tends to get ri things. One ceases, for instance, to look new friends, but all the dearer become old and tested ones.

One reduces one's "standard of livi by artful elimination. One's house or ap ment may prove too large—for need, c fort or care. But in less space one ret familiar things, happily the most beau things, and for everyday use.

One reduces or eliminates certain ac ities—not necessarily because one doe feel up to them physically, but becau different order of priorities has forme self.

We do many things most of our largely because others do them, as part social life that develops around us. Do ally *want* to go to Mrs. Weaver's coc party? Or see the much-talked-of pl and afterward struggle for a taxi? Or w I rather stay home, and finish the bo am reading? Maybe I feel like the par the play. I haven't retired from the v yet, nor hope ever wholly to do so. E find home more entertaining than I use

Thus one wins more "time." I alr find myself with more time, not beca am not working as much as I ever di because I'm not playing at things a ways I no longer care about.

All my life I have had what one r call an unhappy love affair with the wo its charms and achievements; its wars olutions, injustices. Now I know tha world got along without me for a long and will do so again. Once I was very

(Continued on Page 186)



Have you inspected your cards lately?

When company comes, offer the luxury of fresh new CONGRESS packs. No other cards handle so well in deal, shuffle and play. Guests appreciate their lively slip and snap, their gem-like colors, their gleam of gold and silver. For the friendly, sociable contest of cards, choose your weapons . . . wisely!



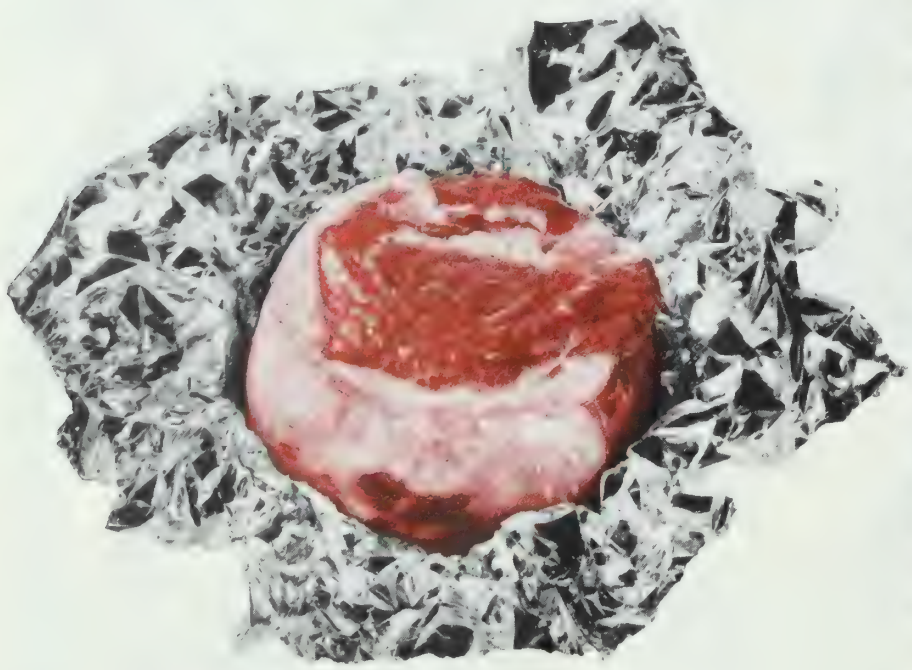
SMART TRICK! buy *two* double packs today . . . and always have a fresh one handy!

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Save shrinkage...wrap and roast in



You'll save up to 15% on meat shrinkage, have juicier roasts without basting . . . when you prepare meats in this sparkling, pure aluminum. It's the perfect wrap, too . . . for storing foods. Keeps them fresh longer. Folder in each box gives directions, helpful hints to help you save food, work, money. In handy, economical rolls at grocery, hardware, department and variety stores. Ask for WEAR-EVER Foil.

Friendly to Food

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Aluminum

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THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY, NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA

INTERNATIONAL



Three tiger cubs from the New York Bronx Zoo: Gingi, the lazy; Wadi, the irascible; Souja, sweet.

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

HAMMOND'S NATURE ATLAS OF AMERICA includes no tigers, but practically everything else—rocks, trees, wildflowers, birds, animals, reptiles, fishes and insects of the United States and Canada—with outlines of their orders and families, and many remarkable maps showing where they all are. You learn what Nature has to offer and then how to track it down.

•

"I have milked a mammoth, and I travel with adjustable window screens. I have been up in a balloon with Sir Nigel Playfair, and down in a submarine with Gary Cooper. I have scaled an elephant in a St. Louis zoo, and christened an electric rabbit with a jeroboam of Lanson 1912. I have clerked behind a counter with Margot Asquith, and sung duets with Margaret Truman. . . . I've had tea with Lloyd George, tiffin with Ramsay MacDonald, and I've aced Greta Garbo on Clifton Webb's court." Need we say who is the Big Vertical Pronoun? TALLULAH, by ***Tallulah Bankhead,*** as edited or told to or written by ***Richard Maney.***

The Profile of Youth on India in the JOURNAL is opening up vistas to us Americans. If we're ever going to know about Asia now's the time, and what better way than to see how the people of Asia live? Before this article was published General Romulo, on the subject of Asia, said that he believed the two Americans who did most to build up good will and friendliness on that continent were Eleanor Roosevelt and Chester Bowles. When Mrs. Roosevelt arrived at the New Delhi airport she said four words that turned the trick: "I came to learn."

•

There's a good book about doctors. It's YOU AND YOUR DOCTOR, by ***Martin Gumpert,*** an M.D. himself.

It made a particular impression on your book reviewer because one of her most humiliating experiences occurred in a doctor's office. It was a first visit to a very important physician. After waiting forty minutes (beyond the time set for the appointment) she was finally shown into the inner sanctum, but twice as she was

(Continued on Page 18)

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Sound as an apple, Mr. Jones . . . you're O.K., too, Mr. Blane . . . you, too, Mr. Quinlan."

Oh! The WONDERFUL things

Jell-O Puddings and Pie Fillings can do...









Just a few pale slices on top of the rich, dark goodness of Jell-O Chocolate Pudding—and what a good-looking, good-tasting dessert you can serve!

Made from an exclusive blend of Walter Baker's Chocolate, Jell-O Chocolate Pudding and Pie Filling stands head and shoulders above all the rest! Follow directions on box and, with one banana and some cream, serve this dessert to 4 smiling people.



We think all husbands should be pampered—and what *easier* way than with a big piece of homemade-tasting lemon pie?

You can make it in *half the usual time* with *new* Jell-O Lemon Pudding and Pie Filling—without a fresh lemon to your name! And your pie will have a real, old-fashioned taste that everybody loves! Directions on the package for the pie in picture.



Here's how to make guests feel warm and welcome—and still pinch a few pennies at the same time!

Serve them a buttery-rich Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding—and they'll never guess! And they won't guess it was so easy for you to whip up, either! One package of Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Filling and a dash of jelly will make enough to please 4 people. Directions are on the box.

JELL-O Puddings & Pie Fillings



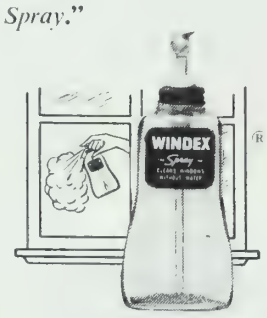
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I just bought a giant bottle of Windex Spray."

Halloween needn't frighten you when Windex Spray is handy! It's the quickest, easiest way to make windows and mirrors simply sparkle! *Whish!* Spray it on! *Swish!* Wipe it off lightly! Windex Spray leaves no messy dust to clean afterwards, like some cleaners. Saves time! Saves work! Costs far less than a penny per window! Even more economical in the big 20-oz. size. Get Windex today at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Also available in Canada.



No wonder Windex Spray outsells all other glass cleaners combined!

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"You put him in the pot—I just remembered this is the day of the week I put Drāno in all the drains!"

Even a lobster dinner can wait when there are dangerous sewer germs lurking in every drain. No liquid disinfectant can budge the muck they breed in. It takes Drāno to unclog drains and keep them running free and clear. Use Drāno once a week—every week. Won't harm septic tanks. Makes them work better. Get Drāno today at your grocery or hardware store. Also available in Canada.



There's nothing like it . . . to keep drains free-running!

(Continued from Page 16)

reciting her history to the doctor the telephone rang and two outside patients got quite as much of his time as she did—and considerably more of his attention. He then put her in the little room adjoining his office for an examination, and told her what articles of clothing to remove. This was 12:30. The room was about four by seven, and contained a pallet, a metal chair and a washbasin. No window. She undressed and lay down. First she kept on her shoes. Then she took them off and lay down again. After a bit she thought, *Well, he didn't say to take them off*, so she got up and put the shoes on, and lay down again. Time passed, as she lay there flat on her back. By one o'clock she was thoroughly annoyed. No matter if there were another patient in there, she didn't care. She'd open the door. But to her consternation she found the office empty. No patient. No doctor. No nurse. No bell. Furiously she rushed back into the little cell and was nearly dressed when a nurse came into the office humming. When the nurse saw the opened door and the half-dressed woman, her jaw fell.

"Don't tell me ——" said the patient, a light dawning.

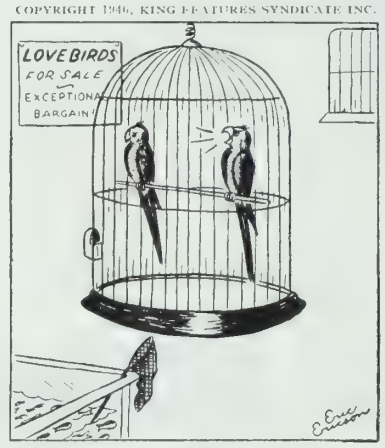
The nurse shook her head. "I'm afraid it's true! I didn't know anyone was here, and the doctor's gone out to lunch!"

That's why we like YOU AND YOUR DOCTOR. *The author gives ten commandments for doctors, among which we remember particularly: Don't keep your patient waiting. Don't divide your attention. Try to like him.*

•

The Shaw-Campbell letters (BERNARD SHAW AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL: THEIR CORRESPONDENCE, edited by *Alan Dent)* read like a novel—a love story—a drama such as G.B.S. would never never have written, but Stella Campbell would have loved to play! It is a love story between two of the most publicized people of our time and two of the wittiest, complete

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"Go ahead—fly home to your mother!"

through its passionate climactic years to its bitter-bitter chiding irritated fractious end.

". . . for you have wakened the latent tragedy in me," he wrote to her. "Broken through my proud overbearing gaiety that carried all the tragedies of the world like feathers and stuck them in my cap and laughed. And if your part in it was an illusion, then I am as lonely as God. Therefore you must still be the Mother of Angels to me, still from time to time put on your divinity and sit in the heavens with me. For that, with all our assumed cleverness and picked up arts to stave off the world, is all we two are really fit for.

(Continued on Page 21)



Brushes with DU PONT NYLON bristles simplify housework . . . save you time

For work-saving brushes that stay fresh and new-looking through years of household use, be sure *all* your brushes have Du Pont nylon bristles. They are easy to clean . . . can be sterilized in boiling water . . . dry in a jiffy . . . never get limp or brittle . . . don't break off. There's the right nylon bristle for every brush. So, whenever you buy *any* brush, remember that:

The best brushes have DU PONT NYLON BRISTLES

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150th Anniversary

Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry

"My heavenly Koolfoam pillow gives me perfect rest and sleep!"

says

Barbara Stanwyck

co-starring in MGM's "JEOPARDY"



"Really, it *is* heavenly!" says BARBARA STANWYCK, beautiful star of motion pictures. "My Dayton Koolfoam Pillow makes me sure of the best rest and sleep I've *ever* known!"

If you want the *same* luxury, make sure that you get a *genuine* Dayton Koolfoam Pillow. For Koolfoam is the *only* foam latex made by Dayton's exclusive mountain-water process. Only Koolfoam is smoother, softer, more resilient . . . conforms to every movement of your head, cradling you gently. It never needs punching or fluffing. And it's always clean, fresh, sanitary, allergy-free.

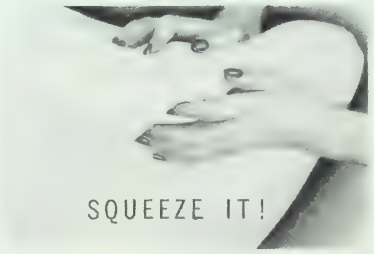
At your favorite store you'll find Dayton Koolfoam Pillows best suited to you and every member of your family . . . the most wonderfully luxurious pillow in the world!

* * *

Available in several sizes and thicknesses


STROKE IT!


PRESS IT!


SQUEEZE IT!

Others, too, say wonderful things!

"My pillow is grand. I always read in bed, and the pillow is tops for that." *H. C., Vet Adm. Center, Dayton, Ohio.*

"Our 9-year-old son was allergic to something . . . and couldn't sleep for choking and wheezing . . . missed two school weeks out of every month. We decided to try a Dayton Koolfoam Pillow. Not one spell of allergy has he had, and he sleeps so soundly, too! It is miraculous."—*Mrs. S. B. F., Anawalt, West Virginia.*

"Two years ago I suffered three fractured vertebrae in an auto-train collision. I never knew a restful night's sleep until I bought a Dayton Koolfoam Pillow. I've had amazing relief from pain, am able to live a normal life again."—*Mrs. H. M., Roxbury, Massachusetts.*

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Enjoy the rest of your life!



Dayton Koolfoam pillows

TRADE MARK

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF FOAM LATEX PILLOWS • DAYTON RUBBER COMPANY • DAYTON 1, OHIO • SINCE 1905

Feast or Fiesta?

Either way, you've got a dinner date with the Green Giant's famous kernels

The Green Giant is showing you the most famous hat trick in all the eating world. From his top hat he pulls Niblets Brand Corn—tender kernels *picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor*. From his sombrero he takes Niblets Brand Mexicorn—grown from the same exclusive seed (D-138) but with sweet red and green peppers added. Serve 'em both and double your corn pleasure.

Niblets BRAND SWEET **Corn** *or* **Mexicorn**



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NO EXPERIENCE · NO LESSONS · NO MIXING

790 N. WATER ST. • DECATUR, ILL.

(Continued from Page 19)

Remember this always even when we are grovelling and racketing and drudging; for in this remembrance I am deeply faithful to you—faithful beyond all love. Be faithful to me in it and I will forgive you though you betray me in everything else—forgive you, bless you, honor you, and adore you. . . . For you I wear my head nearest the skies."

Who wouldn't like to receive a letter like that! But who, on the other hand, would want to have it published?

•

In Tibet they wash in butter. First they rub it over their hands and face, then gradually over the whole body, pommeling as they go. Next they scrape off the mass and begin polishing until the skin shines. This process takes about four hours, after which the butter that has been scraped off is stored away for the next bath, and the next and the next, until it becomes so encrusted with dirt that it can be broken in the hand. At this point the butter-plus is placed in full sunlight, a jar underneath to catch the drippings, and is thus "refined" for further use. The older the butter the better—50, 60, 100 years old is fine. Or so says ***Hilda Oppenheim,*** *who visited Tibet and wrote about it in the paper.*

•

It doesn't seem possible, but just last year we spent an afternoon with a man who had been a friend of William James and Henry James and Henry (Education) Adams; of Marcel Proust and Henri Bergson; of Saintsbury and Edith Wharton. It was ***Bernhard Berenson,*** B.B. to his friends, age 87, who lives in Italy in a villa overlooking Florence, surrounded by Sienese primitives and the finest art library in the world. This paradise he had to leave during the war, and in his new book, RUMOR AND REFLECTION, he tells about that exile.

•

FIELD GUIDE TO AMERICAN VICTORIAN FURNITURE, by *Thomas H. Ormsbee,* is a companion to that excellent FIELD GUIDE TO EARLY AMERICAN FURNITURE, by the same author, which we mentioned a couple of years back and about which readers are still writing us. This one gives the distinguishing characteristics and present-day value and positive identification of any piece of Victorian furniture produced in this country between 1840 and 1880.

STRICTLY RICHTER

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"That's a genuine early colonial."

•

One of the best biographies of Lincoln is the new ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by *Benjamin P. Thomas,* complete, direct, not overlong, highly intelligent.

These are the
Blueberry Muffins
that became famous overnight because one woman told another of their flavor



You can bake them quick and easy with...



PY-O-MY Blueberry MUFFIN MIX

All in one package

Can of juicy BLUEBERRIES · Bag of superb MUFFIN MIX · A Set of BAKING CUPS

Makes 10 to 16 delicious muffins



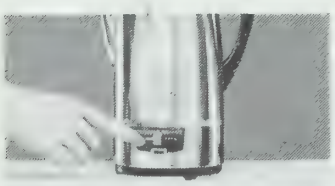
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NO GUESSING—NO WATCHING

Flavor-Selector *automatically* assures correct strength . . . Mild, Medium or Strong. Just set it and forget it—the Redi-Lite will come on when coffee is ready to pour.



EASY POURING—NO EXTRA BOWLS

Heat-Sentinel *automatically* reduces current when brewing stops. Keeps coffee "just right" 'til poured. The Non-Drip Spout is designed to prevent splashing or dripping.

Completely Automatic—Complete in One Unit

Everyone enjoys the automatic convenience of a Universal Coffeematic. Just set it . . . and forget it! Select the exact strength you want, and the wonderful Coffeematic takes over . . . *automatically* brews coffee to the correct strength and signals when it is done.

Your coffee stays hot, too, cup after cup is kept at perfect serving temperature without increasing the strength. And remember, Coffeematic has no bowls or extra, cumbersome parts to remove.

For features, for the flavor and quality of the brew . . . for its completely automatic action, it's no wonder Coffeematic is *America's Favorite Coffeemaker.*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Read it, especially if you've passed up the earlier ones.

No more dramatic example of Lincoln's great gift to the colored people of this country could be imagined than the obituary of Charles Clinton Spaulding. Mr. Spaulding was the son of a former slave. He had risen from poverty to become one of our wealthiest citizens. At the time of his death he was president of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Co. with assets of more than $33,000,000, and head of a large Negro bank with resources of more than $5,000,000. Money isn't everything, but it would have seemed like the Green Pastures Beyond to that father who was a slave.

•

If you want a further boost to your pride as an American, read ***Bernard DeVoto's*** THE COURSE OF EMPIRE, a history of exploration in America from Cortes through three centuries of French, English and the Americans pushing westward.

More specific, and especially for those who plan to go to Mexico this winter, is IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF CORTES, *by* ***Fernando Benitez,*** *an alluring combination of old and new Mexico very well presented.*

•

Rosario Mazzeo, whose name we have had occasion to use before in these pages, is the bass-clarinet player and personnel director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is also a famous ornithologist, and when the orchestra was touring Europe this past summer he took time off to visit the island of Skokholm, renowned for its water birds. As an experiment in "homing," Mr. Mazzeo captured a Manx shearwater (sea bird about the size of a crow), banded it, and took it with him by air to Boston, where he arrived just 21 hours after the bird's capture. Then he let it loose. The bird circled a moment or two, then sped directly out to sea. Mr. Mazzeo at once alerted the British scientists to look for the bird's return. Though the shearwater travels great distances over the ocean in its migrations, it does not cross the Atlantic Ocean. Thus the transocean flight was contrary to his migratory pattern. Nonetheless, 12 days and 18 hours after he left the bass clarinetist in Boston, he flopped down into his own burrow on Skokholm. The hour was 1:30 a.m., but the welcoming committee was there. (The Manx shearwater's real name is *puffinus puffinus.*)

•

Incidentally, 1600 oysters have come over from Bergen op Zoom, Holland (very cold), to live in Maine (also very cold). They've been here since 1949 and like it fine. This is an experiment to introduce oysters to new locales.

•

There are too many books this month! For poetry we recommend KENTUCKY IS MY LAND, because we admire ***Jesse Stuart's*** poetry so much. . . . We haven't read such a thriller in a long time as A HOLE IN THE GROUND, by ***Andrew Garve,*** who also wrote MURDER THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS. . . . HOW TO WORK WITH GROUPS, by ***Audrey*** and ***Harleigh Trecker,*** is going to be a help to any club woman who has to organize. . . . And VITALIZED ASSEMBLIES, by ***Nellie Zetta Thompson,*** is a mine of suggestions for school assembly programs—up to now the bane of every teacher's life. . . . We'll have to wait till next time to give you the gossip in ***Cleveland Amory's*** THE LAST RESORTS!

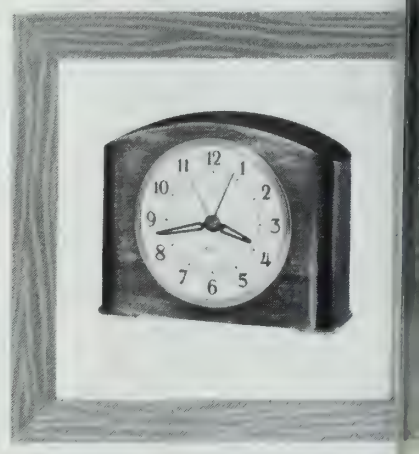
THE END

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SPHINX ELECTRIC ALARM. Today's tr toward modern wood design . . . beautif carried out in this elegantly simple c with rich mahogany-finish case. Clear alarm. Only 4¼ inches high. $7.95. V luminous dial, $8.95.



GREENWICH ELECTRIC ALARM. Sl simple design . . . blends with modern or ditional setting. Handsome mahogany-f wood case. Pleasant-tone bell alarm. 4 i high. $7.95. With luminous dial, $8.9

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And her very first party is dinner for eight!

here's nothing slow about Jane. Even when it comes silver, she can't be bothered buying the slowpoke ay . . . a single place setting at a time.

Not Jane! "I'm going to have a whole chestful of xactly *what* I want . . . exactly *when* I want it . . . ght now! No waiting around for extra place settings can't afford now. No hoping someone will hurry up id give me more so I can have a real party!"

Jane is richly proud of her Community* pattern—it's White Orchid*, newest hit of hits in the world's most deeply loved silverplate. She loves the graceful, tapered handle, and the design which reproduces so faithfully the most beautiful flower of all! She likes to feel the distinguished weight and balance of her White Orchid pattern, too, and to brag about its world-famous lifetime "Overlay" of pure solid silver.

And you . . . what about you? Don't be a silver slowpoke! Your friendly jeweler wants to tell you about his easy-payment plan. He wants to show you Community's five world-popular patterns.

Put Community in your future, here and now. Dinner services for 8, housed in a handsome anti-tarnish chest, lined with Kenized* fabric, as low as $55.75. Community . . . the finest silverplate.

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Yours—for a Merry Christmas

How Is Your Constitution? . . .

Revision in New Jersey

Outmoded Laws Confuse

By MARGARET HICKEY

WHEN the citizens of New Jersey began their campaign to streamline the constitution of their state, they were shocked to find the average voters knew nothing of the constitution's great effect on their everyday lives, that many didn't even know such a document existed.

Things are just about forty-eight times as bad as that. For in forty-seven other states people are, or have been, in that same situation. They may know that something is wrong with the state's business, is constantly thwarting progress and causing delay. But they fail to realize that their state's constitution has anything to do with it.

The pages of these documents groan and creak with outmoded regulations and limitations on the powers of the legislature, the governor, the people themselves. Ancient clauses limit some state legislators' salaries to a starvation level of $3 a day, are often responsible for keeping good persons out of state government. Some constitutions still talk about "British possessions," others compute the state's budget in shillings and pence. In West Virginia, railroad officials may not serve in the legislature; in Tennessee, duelists are barred from public office.

Only seven states have constitutions written in the twentieth century, only three written in the past decade. These ancient documents have been peppered with amendments and clauses to suit special-interest groups with axes to grind, who have found it is as easy to amend a constitution as it is to pass a law.

Many states keep their machinery oiled and running simply by means of openly defying absurd, restricting sections. Often huge industrial states flounder about, trying to operate under rules drawn up for agrarian populations of more than a century ago.

While state officials either submit or circumvent, the people are usually in the dark. Knowledge comes only when some citizens realize the great need and give their time to educate voters to it. This has happened in New Jersey, Missouri, Georgia, Rhode Island and New York. Ohio and Tennessee will vote this year; Florida and Illinois have passed "gateway" amendments opening the way to revision.

Not the least influence in all these victories has been the voice of people like the hard-working members of the League of Women Voters who have helped educate citizens to the need for constitutional revision. The National Municipal League of New York, long-time leader in the field of good government, reports that most state constitutions need complete redrafting, has drafted a model constitution suitable for the needs of every state. The League keeps account of all activity in constitutional reform throughout the country and can supply revision "pilgrims" with sound ideas and methods.

RICH MILLER was seven years old. And he lived in exciting times. There was his new brother Damon to be wondered at, played with. And there was the new state constitution. Rich had worked hard for that and he was as glad as anyone in New Jersey when it passed. At age four, Rich probably knew more about his state constitution than most eligible voters, for he at least knew that such a document existed.

Rich was, as his mother explains, "a constitution baby." During the seven or more years that Gene Miller and other hard-working women and men of New Jersey were campaigning for revision of the state's century-old constitution, Rich was growing up and observing. A new constitution was dinner-table talk at home; a big day was one when he could go canvassing from door to door with his mother or could meet the commuters' train with pamphlets and sandwich board.

"Just try to get people interested in their state constitution," says Gene Miller, sighing at the memory of the days back in 1941 when she and other members of the League of Women Voters began their campaign to educate the voters. "Most of them don't even know there is such a thing. And when they find out they often don't care."

But conscientious, energetic Gene Miller did care about such things. The former Colorado schoolteacher was embarrassed when she and her husband Richard, an insurance-company actuary, first moved to New Jersey some years ago. "I realized I didn't know anything about the state," she admits. "I joined the League in order to learn just simple facts of politics—like voting."

Her interest in learning soon developed into an interest in getting things done. Fortunately she was in good company, for she was just one of the hundreds of well-meaning citizens who came to realize the need for an up-to-date state constitution and made it a real part of their lives until the struggle was finally won.

Heaviest opposition came from the direction of Jersey City, where Mayor Frank ("I Am the Law") Hague *(Continued on Page 183)*

ASBURY PARK PRESS



Symbolic of New Jersey's outmoded 1844 constitution, this horse and buggy dramatized the need to modernize the state's government. Aroused citizens campaigned vigorously to get enough votes to win a seven-year fight.



Now for the first time science makes it possible to...

bleach nylon and rayon safely!

Is your nylon and rayon lingerie losing its original sparkle—taking on a dull gray film?

Now, at last, a NEW KIND of bleach lets you SAFELY, gradually whiten nylon and rayon, fabrics you could never bleach before. It's Gold Seal's "snowy"! The new powder bleach discovery.

Use "snowy" bleach Every Wash! Make Nylon, Rayon Whiter With Every Bleaching!

"snowy's" action—safe and gradual—continues every time you wash. A few bleachings and grayed slips and blouses start to sparkle again. For *new* lingerie, use "snowy" from the first wash and *keep* that new look! Gentle "snowy" brightens tub-fast *colors*. Wonderful for *baby's* things. Smells so clean and fresh!

"snowy" bleaches with 3-Way Action:

1. **Conditions water.**
2. **Dissolves gray film.**
3. **Bleaches gently, safely.**

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. If your store does not have "snowy" send 25¢ to Gold Seal Co., Bismarck, N. Dak., for generous trial package.

snowy POWDERED bleach

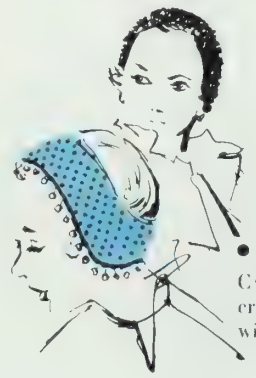
It's a powder!

Takes away nylon gray

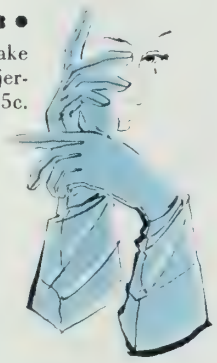


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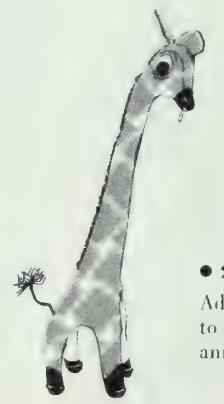
Why not make a few Christmas gifts? These take only a few evenings.



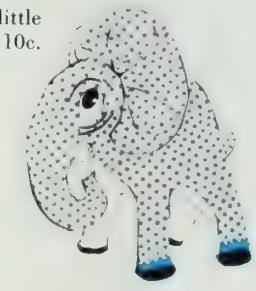
2223 • Soft GLOVES to make in a bright wool jersey or a plaid. 15c.



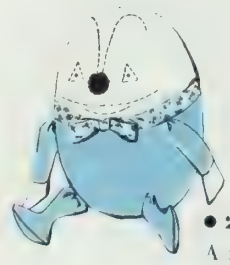
• 2614 CAP with or without crown in jersey; trim with small beads. 15c.



2116 • A stuffed ELEPHANT will delight a little child on your list. 10c.



• 2111 Add a GIRAFFE, too, to a family of stuffed animals. 10c.



2585 • Crocheted SLIPPERS with pompoms of tiny wool flowers. 15c.



• 2119 A fat HUMPTY-DUMPTY to take a lot of great falls. 10c.

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New colors and combinations . . . in lasting enamel that keeps its lustre.

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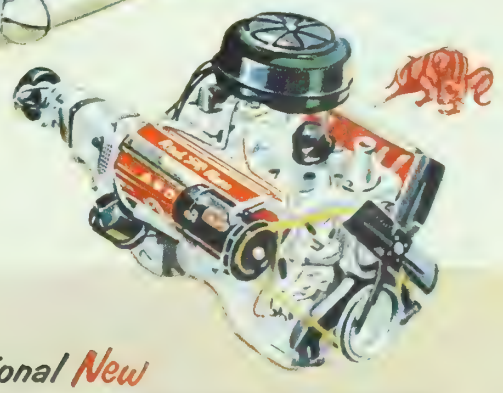
New steering ease, with controls *centered* between the two front wheels.

Announcing the

New—All New '53 Dodge







You'll Want to Get Your Hands On This

Power Packed Beauty

Here is a new kind of car, designed to meet the needs of active, on-the-go Americans more completely, more thoroughly, than ever before!

It's powered for action, with a thrilling reserve of acceleration. *It's styled for action*, with lower, livelier, lovelier lines and spacious Travel-Lounge interiors. *It's engineered for action*, with a new road-hugging ride, new steering ease, new Gyro-Torque Drive for nimble change of pace.

See and drive this thrilling Action Car for Active Americans . . . the New '53 Dodge.

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140 Horsepower RED RAM V-8 ENGINE!

Packs more power punch per cubic inch displacement . . . delivers a full 140-h.p. on "regular" gasoline. Brings you the triple power advantages of hemispherical combustion chamber . . . short stroke design . . . high-lift lateral valves. More fuel energy goes into *power*, less is wasted on heat, friction. Most efficient engine design in any American car!

On Display Now! Visit Your Nearest Dodge Dealer and Thrill to a "Road Test" Ride

Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Emotional maladjustment is a real threat to married happiness.

How can a wife help her neurotic husband to grow up emotionally?

Helping a Neurotic Husband

"OUR family doctor says my husband is neurotic, which may be why he is so hard to live with. No matter what I do, there are times when I wonder if we both wouldn't be better off divorced. But I love him, and want to hold our marriage together if possible. Merely knowing that he is neurotic doesn't help either of us. What can I do to improve matters?"

This wife's problem is not uncommon, for in fully one fourth of all marriages either the husband or the wife is emotionally maladjusted or neurotic. Though divorce is often the outcome, it is seldom a satisfactory solution for either person. The maladjusted individual, unable to endure his loneliness, remarries as soon as possible; and strange as it seems, his former wife is likely to choose another maladjusted person as her future husband! Thus the pattern of married unhappiness is not ended by divorce, but only interrupted.

Nor is it constructive for the stable partner merely to resign herself to a situation which satisfies neither. As Mrs. S. points out, labeling the condition won't help, neither will blame or criticism. But the wife who understands her husband's problem can do much to relieve it.

Because a maladjusted husband is a problem to those around him, it is often overlooked that he is also a problem to himself. Though his behavior may suggest otherwise, he has deep feelings of inferiority inside, he is tense, apprehensive and miserable. Some neurotic individuals seek compensation by aggressive and domineering actions, especially at home; others take refuge in moodiness or outbursts of temper. Many are unduly preoccupied with details, fussing over minor items to conceal their dread of undertaking important matters; while some take the opposite tack, dismissing routine but necessary tasks as unworthy of their attention. But whatever the outward manifestations, the underlying need to bolster self-esteem is always present.

In severe cases of maladjustment, professional counsel is the best resource. But perhaps your husband will reject such help; and in any event, your active support will be needed if improvement is to result.

The counselor's first concern would be to create an atmosphere of warmth and understanding, which in turn will help the client feel more comfortable inside. Not until this is accomplished can progress be made in improving the husband's relationships with others.

You can adopt the same approach. In itself it will not cure a deep neurosis, but it will deepen and enrich your relationship with your husband. And that relationship provides the basis for gradual improvement. These suggestions, too, may help:

- *Maintain a regular schedule*, providing enough sleep and definite hours for meals. An orderly routine of living contributes to the feeling of security, and also prevents many small annoyances.
- *Solve minor problems first.* If you can eliminate minor irritations, you will relieve tension and improve the atmosphere. Then the way will be cleared for talking over bigger problems until solutions are evolved. Remember that talking things over is an important safety valve for the maladjusted individual.
- *Indulge his pet likes and dislikes.* Perhaps he is fussy about little things—he wants his grapefruit sugared the night before, he likes the book he is reading to lie opened beside his chair. It may seem foolish to you to fuss over such trifles, but what does it matter, if it pleases him?
- *Encourage new interests*—hobbies, a course of study, social activities. The neurotic needs to be kept busy to divert his mind from himself.

Whether you adopt these suggestions or others, results will be slow and often discouraging. But you would not abandon your efforts to guide and help an adolescent son or daughter simply because progress was disappointing. And the unstable adult, like the adolescent, is trying to grow up emotionally. What he needs most is the sense of security which comes from the knowledge of being wanted, approved and loved. That need you alone can fill.

Should I Work?

If higher standards of living and increasing costs are leading you to consider an outside job, these questions may help you to analyze some of the important factors that should influence your decision.

1. **Are you getting steadily deeper in debt?**
2. **Is your family suffering actual want?**
3. **Are you in good physical health?**
4. **Is present income wisely budgeted and expended?**
5. **Will working permit sufficient family companionship?**
6. **Can household tasks be performed?**
7. **Are all your children of school age?**
8. **Is it necessities, not luxuries, which you now lack?**
9. **Does your husband approve your working?**
10. **Will he help share the housework?**
11. **Have you two planned how your money will be used?**
12. **Do you feel that you should work?**
13. **Are you trained for some specific job?**
14. **Will your earnings (less added expenses) solve your problem?**

All "Yes" answers would seem to indicate that you can work, but a "No" answer to *any* of the first seven questions suggests a job may not solve your problem. In any case, be sure that your salary will be a real benefit to your family before you take a job.

When to Have a Baby

THE desire to have children is a deep human instinct, and most married couples want and expect to have a family someday. But in modern times, many young people are forced to begin married life under circumstances unfavorable for starting a family.

Perhaps it is necessary for the wife to work for a time, in order to pay off debts or to supplement the husband's starting salary. Perhaps they haven't been able to find suitable housing, and are living in cramped quarters or sharing a home with in-laws. Perhaps they advanced their wedding date, in the knowledge that the husband would soon be called into military service.

In any of these situations, a responsible young couple may doubt the wisdom of having a baby at once, yet instinctively fear the consequences of postponement. Certainly they should talk it over, fully and freely, over a period of time and should agree wholeheartedly on whatever decision is reached.

Your first child will profoundly influence every aspect of your marriage, including its very basis, your relationship with your husband. In deciding when to have a baby, you will need to consider not only the practical problems—living quarters, budget, and the like—but emotional factors as well.

Are you two sure of yourselves, of each other, and of the serenity of your relationship? (If your marriage is faltering, parenthood cannot be expected to correct the situation.)

Do you *both* want a child? (Neither husband nor wife is justified in imposing his will on the other.)

Are you really ready to assume the responsibilities of parenthood, and prepared to fulfill them continuously for years to come?

Will you and your husband share those responsibilities?

Do you want a child for its own sake, rather than for purely selfish motives? (I have known parents to conceive a child for no other reason than the hope of an inheritance.)

If you really want a child, only the most urgent reasons should lead you to postpone. But if you decide not to have a baby now, then by all means decide when you will. A postponement for a definite time and for specific reasons is merely a delay; an indefinite postponement may become a permanent default.

Do You Agree?

Are more women working today than ever before?

No, the peak year was 1945. However, for women forty-five years of age and older, the number working today (over 5,000,000) has broken all records.

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FOR PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, THIS WHITE HOUSE DINNER SERVICE
in a lovely gold rose and plume design was a "Command Performance" in fine china by Lenox. The rare translucent beauty and superior durability of Lenox China have made it again and again the official choice of our Presidents.

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Rhodora, 5-piece place setting (dinner, salad, and butter plates, teacup and saucer) . . . $23.25



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For Help in Choosing Your Fine China, send for the name of your nearest authorized Lenox Dealer. Write Lenox, Inc., Dept. 4-E, Trenton, New Jersey. Enclose 25¢ if you wish "The Reference Book of Fine China" with full-color pattern and price leaflets.



to quarrel

A GIRL when a boy "stands her up" . . . deserts her for a twenty-minute talk with the stag line . . . laughs at her new hairdo . . . criticizes her friends . . . teases her in front of another couple . . . doesn't fall in with her plans for after the dance . . . *or* if she's had some emotional trouble at home or in school and is in the mood for a "good fight."

She wonders if he . . . is trying to tell her by his actions that he doesn't like her any more . . . decided that she isn't very pretty or fun to be with . . . will tell the other boys that she's a drip and no one will ever date her again . . . could possibly want to talk it over.

So she decides . . . to go home alone to cry . . . or to "let him have it" in her choicest sarcasm . . . or to make him "sorry" by flirting with another boy . . . or to tell him she *never* wants to see him again . . . or to blame *him* for everything.

A BOY when a girl . . . breaks a date at the last minute . . . puts on an act to impress the other fellows . . . ridicules his taste in ties . . . embarrasses him in front of his friends by acting "like she owned him" . . . announces in the middle of a malted milk that she has six minutes to get home . . . *or* if he's had some emotional trouble at home or in school and is in the mood for a "good fight."

He wonders if she . . . is bored with going out with him . . . thinks his ideas about people and places to go are dopey . . . will tell the whole school . . . just came along for a free ticket to the movies . . . really prefers a more sophisticated type . . . would laugh if he tried to explain.

So he decides . . . to "show" her by taking another girl home . . . or to "kid her out of it" . . . or to go off with the guys who aren't so silly . . . or to wait until she cools off and admits it was *her* fault.

If you're wrong, admit it to *yourself*, first, then to the other person. Try to find out why you behaved the way you did. Did you flunk a test or quarrel with your mother? Sometimes we take out our uneasy feelings of "never doing the right thing" on the very people we like best—the nice ones who always put up with us. Did you take this advantage of your date or steady?

If you're right, remind yourself that everybody is entitled to a few mistakes. A self-righteous, if-he-wants-me-to-make-up-let-him-come-to-me attitude is unkind and unfair. Most boys are just as sensitive and easily hurt as you are—but they're not supposed to show it. A boy, too, is often clumsy with words, so it's especially hard for him to find the right ones. It's up to you to help him by giving him a chance to *show*, rather than say, he's sorry.

Then a boy likes to know you're sorry. You can always write him a note on a funny card, or mail him a white clay peace pipe, if you simply can't say, "I was wrong last night, Bill, and I'm sorry. If it's all right with you, I'd like to keep our date for Friday." Boys squirm if you rip yourself apart with self-accusations; they're more at ease if you quickly change the subject.

Then a boy likes you to give him a "hi"-sign that he's forgiven. If you grin, too, he's certain. Then accept his eagerness to talk as his apology. Choke down your desire to crow "I told you so" and to discuss it further. If the quarrel was serious (late hours, drinking, wild driving), state your objections clearly before you accept or refuse another date. When a boy honestly wants to please a certain girl, he's usually willing to change his ways!

to discover

that everybody's different. Some girls (boys, too) are actually frightened by this discovery. (They try very hard to make themselves exactly like everyone else, or everyone else exactly like themselves!)

Learning to express your differences is part of the new and exciting business of growing up; learning to respect a difference of opinion or personality is *being* grown up. A wise girl listens quietly when voices are loud; she asks questions coolly when tempers are hot; she tries to find out *why*. She knows, too, that if she agrees with a person in a little matter, she may more impressively disagree with him in a big matter. She's the girl everyone likes because she's "so understanding." Are you that girl?



artha Rountree

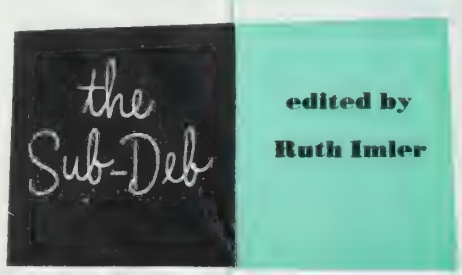
From the Referee's Corner:



Ben Grauer

He says: "In moderating TV arguments, I assign some good to each side. All quarrels are a lack of understanding—the important questions are 'What's wrong with my viewpoint?' and 'Did my personality help it to happen?'" BEN GRAUER
MC, "It's a Problem"—NBC-TV

She says: "When you ask a question in any heated discussion, it puts the burden of proof on the other person. What you don't say you never have to explain. And remember—nothing is ever eaten as hot as it is cooked." MARTHA ROUNTREE
Moderator, "Meet the Press"—NBC-TV



Something to Save

If you have to "have words," make sure you include a few soft ones to turn away wrath:

Thoughtfully: "I can see your point there."

Lightly: "Hum-m, maybe we'd better put off this full-scale war until the heavy artillery catches up with us."

Politely: "Well, I hardly see where our differences can interest the others, so maybe we'd better save it until we get home."

Winningly: "Somehow I got off the track—let's switch to something I *know* about!"

Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap Care!



"Wonderful! . . . makes my skin so much smoother, fresher," says lovely Arlene Dahl

Wakes vital moisture within your skin

You can have . . . the delightfully softer skin, the dewy fresher skin, that makes you *really lovelier!* This new beauty is yours . . . with the wonderful Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care.

Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care wakes vital moisture within your skin. Your skin *must* have this natural moisture to look its loveliest—and that's just what Skin-Tonic Action gives you!

Day by day, your skin looks smoother . . . and *stays smoother.*

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For you . . . a minute a day. Skin-Tonic Action means your Lux Soap facial is a beauty stimulant! Just cream in the rich Lux lather, rinse warm, splash cold, and right away your skin looks more satiny.

Try Lux. Tests prove daily Lux facials can improve any normal skin. Yes, with Skin-Tonic Action, just *one* cake of Lux can make your complexion *definitely smoother, definitely fresher.* You'll find life's lovely when you're Lux Lovely!

Get the big bath-size Lux, too . . . for new loveliness all over. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX TOILET SOAP care and the beautifying benefits of its Skin-Tonic Action are guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company—or your money refunded.

Arlene Dahl

Co-starring in "CARIBBEAN"

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The Amazing New





The only home sewing machine with a "slant" needle for easier stitching... better vision!

Here is one of the most exciting sewing developments in 100 years. The amazing new model in the famous SINGER family.

The needle slants *toward* you instead of being straight up and down.

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Only SINGER—maker of the lead straight-needle and swing-needle (zig-z machines—brings you the exclusive p ented *slant-needle* machine.

The only machine that's a cabinet and a portable model all in one!

Now, for the first time, a full-sized, full-fledged cabinet machine—that you can use as a portable, too!

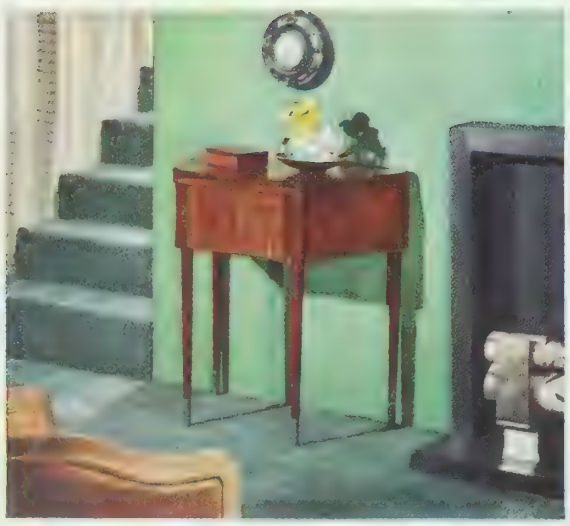
The slant-needle SINGER has a carrying handle concealed in the top. You can lift the machine out of the cabinet, carry it anywhere. Base of machine is fully closed, completely sealed.

Made of die-cast aluminum for l weight plus extra sturdiness. Desig to give you a new slant on sewing. E to give you SINGER lifetime dependabi

The only machine with all these other smooth-sewing features!

- **Wide-range speed control.** New engineering principle makes it easier to sew slower—or faster—than on any other machine!
- **Starts at a touch;** leaves both hands free.
- **Both knee and foot control.** An exclusive!
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- **Automatic bobbin winder.** Winds as sew; stops automatically when full.
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- **Nonglare light;** special lens for eye-ease
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Available in unique, new-design Spinet Cabinet—and other styles!



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Spinet—open. Note the angle of the leaf and of the machine itself. Designed so you can sit more comfortably, see more clearly, stitch more smoothly.



The Queen Anne—one of several popular cabi which the new model and other SINGERs are ava A fine traditional piece; beautifully, sturdily bu

Slant-needle SINGER

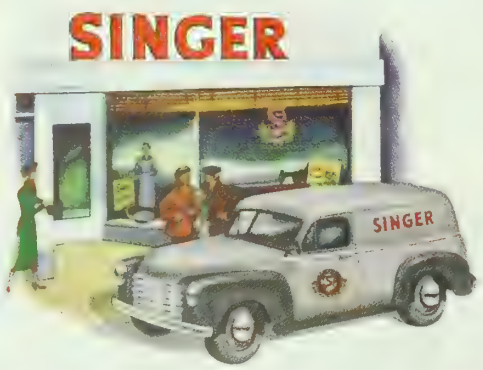


New eye-rest design. Modern, streamlined. Almost all moving parts concealed. Even the bobbin winder is recessed. Available in traditional black or lovely soft beige. A magnificent new model in the already world-famous line of SINGER* Sewing Machines.



Blond Modern Desk—especially handsome with the new beige-colored machine. Doubly useful as an attractive writing desk, a convenient sewing cabinet.

See it—try it—today!



And while you're at your SINGER SEWING CENTER, see the *complete line* of smooth-stitching SINGER Sewing Machines —styles to fit every home, prices to fit every purse. Get acquainted with the wonderful selection of patterns, fabrics, notions, too. Everything to make sewing easier!

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after 25 ____ drying skin begins to **show!**



Watch out for dry-skin signs

It's noticeable—and disturbing—the way skin often begins to *show dryness* after 25.

At about this age, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing.

You need a *special replacer* to offset this drying out of your skin's natural softening oil. Use this special Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

See below how this quick *un*-drier works to soften and repair common dry-skin troubles all over your face and throat—and especially in dry-skin trouble spots. Begin to get this wonderful help—now!

Drying starts to show first in the places pictured below. See how best to help correct it!



Criss-Cross Lines under Eyes will print themselves in, if your skin is dry, papery.

To Smooth—Be sure to cream-over those tiny dry lines *nightly* with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Start from outer corners of your eyes and tap cream very *gently inward* under eyes to nose. Feel, see how your dry, papery eye skin soaks up this cream's moist richness.



Flabby, Dry-Lined Throat, puts that worrying, "getting older" touch on you.

To Brisk-Up—Tilt head back slightly. Stroke lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream *up* your throat to chin-line. Do 10 good, firm strokes every night to help throat look smooth, unflabby. This treatment brings circulation up, and gives this dry skin the lift and *rich lubrication* it needs.



Little Creases Settle by Earlobes when your skin begins get dry and inelastic.

To Flatten Out—Use first two fingers of each hand a make "U-Turns" with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Crea back and forth under your ears. Cream from front of ea under, then up in back. This helps flatten little dry-sk creases, helps keep skin soft, resilient.



Flaky, Dry Skin Patches on your cheeks rough up your skin, spoil your make-up's smooth look.

To Clear Away—Work into cheeks *nightly* plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Swirl its softening help *up* from chin-line. This lanolin-rich cream is homogenized to soak in better. Use a *light* film under make-up for day softening also.



Tiny Dry Lines Etch In between your eyes, on forehead.

To Smooth Down—Circle on Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream generously. Making firm, quick little circles, work it *up* between your eyes—*out* over eyebrows to temples. Leave a little of this special, rich cream on overnight to give your dry skin more of the softening oil it needs.



Dry Skin "Down-Lines" by nose and mouth harden yo expression.

To Help Soften Lines—"Knuckle in" softening Pond's D Skin Cream. Knead this lanolin-rich cream *out* and *up* fr nostrils and mouth. See it smooth that "dry skin," ten look. A special *emulsifier* makes this cream extra-softeni

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor says:
"I like Pond's Dry Skin Cream so much. I'm never without this rich, softening cream."

The Countess de la Falaise says:
"It always amazes me how quickly Pond's Dry Skin Cream softens skin that feels dry or a bit roughened."

3 features make it so effective for dry skin!

1. **Rich in Lanolin**
2. **Homogenized to soak in better**
3. **Special emulsifier for extra softening**

Get a jar today!



Start this truly remarkable correction of your Dry Skin today!

98¢, 55¢, 31¢, 15¢ (plus tax)

MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor

PART 3

"I've heard about the Rh test but I don't understand it. If I am Rh negative and John is positive, can we ever have children?"

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

WHY, Betty Bay!" exclaimed the doctor. "Am I glad to see *you!* It must a year since you've been in this office. o is this you have brought with you? n't you know I take only female pa- nts?"

The young couple was a handsome com- ation of youth, health and high spirits. e girl was slender and fair, not much ve twenty; her companion might have n five years older.

"I know you don't take men patients, I thought maybe you'd take this one, me. This is John Dunn, and he and I are aged to be married."

"Time certainly does get along," com- nted the doctor. "It doesn't seem more n two or three years since I was spank- your backside to make you take your t breath. I'm glad to see you, John, and I tell you that you are getting a fine girl, e."

"I don't need to be told that," John nn remarked, as he grasped the hand of doctor. "Just the same, it sounds pleas- , coming from the mouth of authority."

"Now, what brings you two in here to- ?"

"We're going to be married in a couple of ks and we have to have a blood test; I ught this would be the place to come and it."

"I see," replied the doctor. "I'll take e of you both. Yes, you have to present a tative Wassermann in this state before can take out a license to marry. We can end to that here, and at the same time I nk I'll have your Rh status investi- ed."

"I've heard about that, Doctor, though n't understand it very well. It wouldn't any stumbling block in the way of marriage, would it? I wouldn't want to happen under any circumstances. rather let the old Rh business go to zes."

"No-o-o, I don't think it would prevent ur marriage," said the doctor slowly. "It ght save you a lot of grief, however, if had information about the Rh status of both."

"If you'd explain about the Rh, I think know better if I wanted it done."

"All right. It's a bit complicated, but I give you an idea. For a really thorough planation I'd have to give you a course in bryology and hematology.

"For a great many years it has been own that different people had different pes of blood. There were four main types, some so incompatible that a transfusion of one into the blood stream of a person of a different type would be as fatal as though you had split that person's skull with an ax.

"About ten years ago hematologists discovered that even when mingling different specimens of the same type of blood, in a few of the mixtures the red corpuscles were damaged by some strange reaction, though the majority were not. Further experiments showed that most persons have in their blood an element which can cause serious structural changes in the blood cells if introduced into blood which does not contain that substance. This element was termed the *Rh factor*.

"The original experiments were done with blood from the rhesus monkey, hence the name, 'Rh.' Blood which contains the substance is called Rh positive, while blood in which it is lacking is Rh negative. If you were to transfuse an Rh-negative person with Rh-positive blood, the disaster might be great."

"But," objected Betty Bay, "even if John and I should be different Rh types, at least we have no intention of mingling our bloods in that way."

"Don't you?" replied the doctor. "Well, I'll come to that point later."

"Which is the more common type, Doctor?" was John Dunn's query.

"Among women I have typed, negative turned up in the proportion of about one to eight of positive. Of course, in the case of a female negative Rh, the ideal situation would be marriage to a negative. When the male happens to be positive and the female negative, a serious complication may ensue. This particular combination occurs only about once in fifty cases; but even that is frequent enough to cause plenty of trouble.

"Now, to come back to your statement, Betty Bay. I'll have to explain a few rudiments of anatomy and physiology, both in the adult and the embryo. To begin with, the adult has two types of blood circulation, which are activated simultaneously, but quite distinctly, from opposite sides of the heart. One type carries blood to the various parts of the body, to feed the tissues; the other carries blood through the lungs, to purify it by taking on oxygen.

"The fetus in its mother's womb, on the other hand, has only the first type of blood circulation, the systemic. Since it is floating in a bag of water, obviously its lungs cannot be working. Waste products of the fetal blood *have* to be eliminated, however. That

(Continued on Page 92)

...ish, 1952, by Henry B. Safford, M.D.

Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!



BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Shasta's sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.



BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta's rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually "super" cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.



GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES with silver. Yes, Shasta's sparkle-giving lather brightens *all* hair color. See for yourself how Shasta Cream Shampoo, with its super cleansing action, enriches *your* hair color.



RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. The secret is in the sparkle-giving lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo. Such wonderful, super cleansing lather ... it lets those coppery lights shine out undimmed.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.*



29¢ to 89¢

LANOLIN-ENRICHED

New **Shasta** *Cream Shampoo*

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

Measure of Devotion

IT WAS ONLY on rare occasions that Edna Allen permitte herself the luxury of hiring a woman to help her clean th house. But now, with the holidays just around the corner ar Peggy on the way home from college for a long week end, Edn decided that the occasion was special enough to warrant i

And so, for this one day, she "borrowed" a Mrs. Webb fro one of her friends across town who employed her regularl

The woman, a pleasant-faced person with a tremendou capacity for work, arrived promptly at nine. By noon the u stairs was done and Mrs. Webb had become quite talkativ By the time they'd finished the downstairs and were tidyin up the kitchen, Mrs. Webb had covered the early chapters her life and her conversation had largely to do with her la husband, Jerry Webb.

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Allen, there wasn't a finer man ever liv than my Jerry. He was always so thoughtful and so devot to me and the children. Never did I have a birthday that didn't bring me a little present and maybe a box of candy, to He never forgot an anniversary either, and he was alwa bringing home little surprises for the children . . . .

"Where do you want these glasses, Mrs. Allen? On the t shelf?

"Yes, it was certainly a shock when poor Jerry passed aw nine years ago. Well, that's life, I guess. One day you thi you have everything—and then, all of a sudden, you ha nothing . . . .

"I guess this will finish up the kitchen, don't you thin Mrs. Allen?"

After Mrs. Webb left, Edna Allen stood at the doorway a watched her as she walked down the street towards the b stop. Then she turned and went up the stairs to her bedroo —slowly, because she suddenly felt quite tired.

For a long time she sat on the stool in front of her dressi table and looked at the photograph of Dick Allen that sto on the right-hand side under one of the lamps. He had a stro face and a determined one. He had always been so engross in the big problems of life that he sometimes forgot t smaller ones . . . flowers on her birthday . . . little surprises their daughter Peggy. He had let their fifth anniversary s by unnoticed—he had been working late at the office for da —and even though they joked about it afterwards, Edna called that she had felt a little put out about it at the time.

It wasn't until after the accident which took Dick Alle life that Edna realized how deep and how complete his de tion had been. Her husband's New York Life agent, P Warren, came to the house to explain the details of Dic life insurance. Each policy had its special purpose in the ca ful plan which Dick and Paul Warren had worked out toget over the years. Her own lifetime income . . . money to p what was left of the mortgage . . . Peggy's expenses throu college. Yes, she thought, Dick had sometimes forgotten little things, but the important ones he had remembered w

Edna glanced at her watch with a start. Peggy's train due in less than an hour, and she was nowhere near ready meet her. She turned on the light on her dressing table a moved the photograph just a little closer to it . . .

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN November, 1902, Charles Dana Gibson's drawings of the clean-shaven, wholesome-looking American male were putting mustaches out of fashion. Brassières first arrived in America from France. Insulin for diabetes was unknown. Typhoid killed thousands of Americans every year; no one knew the germs came from unclean water. The average U.S. male lived 49 years.

"Have rich girls and poor girls the same thoughts, or anything in common?" writes a wistful reader in the November, 1902, JOURNAL. Answer: "It is a beautiful thing to be a girl whether you wear fine clothes or plain."

"*A graceful carriage depends to a*

Journal about Town

Gossip about people you know, Editors you like, and what goes on in New York



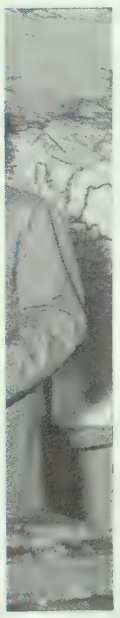
Sensation of the new theatrical season: twelve-year-old Ni Gusti Raka, beautiful *première danseuse* of a Balinese troupe now on tour.

THE dance sensation of the new theater season here so far has been a little lady only twelve years old, a beautiful Balinese child, so wonderful to watch that practically everybody about the Workshop has been at least once to see her and her brilliant group of dancers and musicians, the first to appear in the

tographing, up came Miss T.'s thunderstorm, right on the dot; the floodghts flickered, finally went off for ood, and the kitchen-warming dinner Miss Davidson had planned was erved by candlelight—saved by Miss T.'s old range.

***Vilhela Cushman,** who photographed he cover on the current issue, says the ypical woman voter will be dressed cas-ally in tweeds and a little felt cloche the suit designed by **Sydney Wragge,** he hat by **John Frederics**). The cover-irl voter is **Miss Barbara Foster,** Smith College sophomore, new at model-ng, never before on a magazine cover.*

Recently at *Lowell Thomas'* big place in Dutchess County, and some months before its first public presentation, *Henrietta Murdock* was ed behind the scenes by Lowell himself onto this thing called Cinerama, which you'll be seeing in lue course and with which Miss M. says the movies hope to make competition much harder for television. If we understand correctly, when you go to see a Cinerama film, you'll feel as though the picture was not only in front of you but on both sides of you, and the sound too. Anyhow, in a studio at Lowell's place they're making the prologue you'll be seeing in which Lowell tells the story of the movies from prehistoric times to now. Yes, prehistoric, Miss Murdock says. For Mr. T. showed her the ancient fresco from a cave in Spain, of a wild boar, with four legs in front, and four behind. "And the funny part is," Miss Murdock told us, "it really does look as if its legs were moving."



' Cinerama.

Less than 47 per cent of private homes in the United States are mortgaged; of these, two out of three loans are for less than $5000.... According to a recent survey, most churchgoers would prefer to hear sermons on How to Win Friends, More About the Bible, and Being Christian in Everyday Living.

There may be other celebrated birthdays this month, but the one for us is ***Mrs. Edward MacDowell's*** on November 22. She'll be ninety-five. The big party's the night before, here at the Waldorf, and hundreds of writers, painters, sculptors, composers who have made their finest achievements and won their greatest acclaim under Marian MacDowell's wing, you might say, will be on hand to pay tribute to this wonderful widow of Edward MacDowell, "who by the power of faith and her own indefatigable energy and acumen," as the music critic ***Olin Downes*** remarked the other day, "has developed to its present status the MacDowell Colony, which stands unique and unparalleled as a center for creative work in the arts." ***Carl Carmer,*** president of the MacDowell Association, told us one of Mrs. M.'s stories, of a great new summer dowager giving her a lift in her carriage one day up there, and on dropping the unpretentious little old lady off at the Colony, saying, "I suppose you're one of the help here." . . . "Which is exactly," Mrs. MacDowell replied, "what I am!"

November 5th to 11th is National Cat Week, and the very day we were notified of this by the American Feline Society, Inc., we received from Friends of the Birds, Inc., a strongly worded objection to the veto by the Governor of Illinois of a bill passed by the state assembly—a bill to restrict cat vagrancy by means of traps, and thus help conserve song and insectivorous birds. . . . Well, in a few days now, we'll know whether anyone who vetoes a bill like that can be elected President of the United States.

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For foreign prices see title page



She was beautiful,
mysterious.
He was in love with her...
and he suspected her of fraud



He recognized it as Tracey's signet ring. "A voice from the grave," Sarah said.

Fortune is a Woman

YOU might think that that first time I met her hadn't really a lot of significance. Yet the more I think of it, the more important it seems to begin there. It was just before the outbreak of war, and I'd been on the roads getting odd jobs when and where I could. She'd had a puncture, and it was going dark, and she was making a halfhearted attempt at changing the wheel. It was a lonely road, and I expect she was glad to hear my footsteps coming toward her; though I've wondered sometimes that she accepted my offer of help quite so readily. I must have looked disreputable.

Anyway, I changed the wheel, and she offered me a lift. I was glad enough of the chance. We were miles from Salisbury, and I didn't look forward to a night under a hedge. It was a big car, and I remember thinking as I got in that they were both thoroughbreds, she and the car. She wasn't more than eighteen; tallish and fairly plump, the way some girls are at that age. She'd a lot of dark hair, tied loosely back at the nape of her neck, and very pale skin.

I don't remember exactly what we talked about, except that I told her I was looking for work. Then she mentioned the possibility of war, and I rather let myself go about it, feeling as I did then that I'd nothing to fight for except the privilege of living in the gutter and being kicked around, feeling that I *wouldn't* fight, for any of the things she cared about.

I half expected her to stop and tell me to get out, but she didn't. There was a rather stony silence until she drew up at some gates and said, "This is where I live. You go straight on for the center of the town. It's only about a mile."

"Thanks." I opened the door.

"Thank you for changing my wheel." She was groping about in her bag, and as I was getting out she put two coins into my hand. I pulled back quickly, and one of the coins rolled on the floor of the car. She began to say something and I began to say something at the same time, and a man came up out of the darkness.

"Is that you, Sarah? Where have you been?" He was about my own height, thin and iron gray. *(Continued on Page 122)*

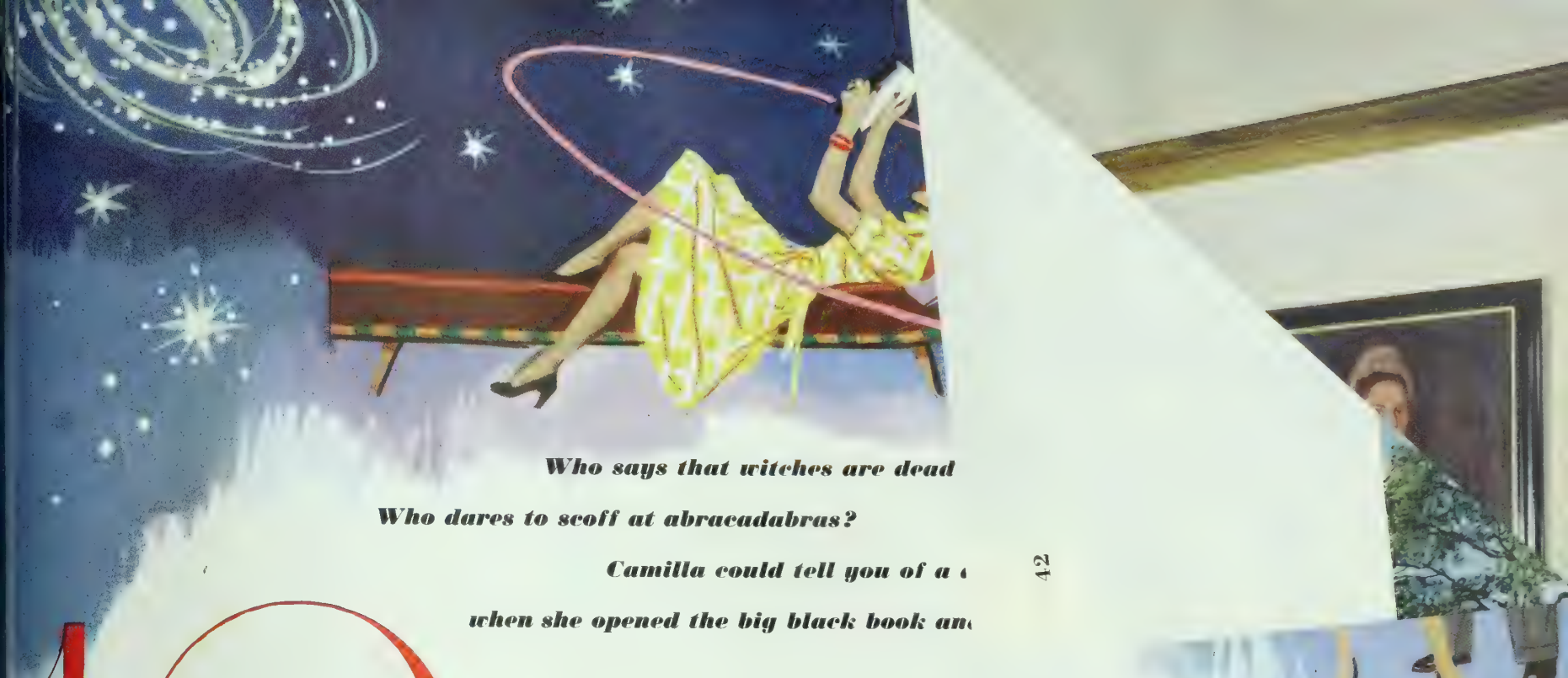
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THE JOURNAL'S
COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

By WINSTON GRAHAM


the



Who says that witches are dead

Who dares to scoff at abracadabras?

Camilla could tell you of a

when she opened the big black book an

12 hour magic

By GLADYS TABER

CAMILLA WESTLAKE knew exactly the minute when she decided to become a witch. She was washing the breakfast dishes, and Roger's eggcup was, as usual, filled with ashes. The time was exactly twenty-eight and a half minutes past eight o'clock, courtesy of Spicer Macaroni and the radio. Roger had rushed off to his nine-o'clock class at the college where he generously dispensed history to the bobby-sox set. Their seven-year-old son, Buddy, was in the back yard with Agnes the cocker, digging in the tulip bed. School was closed that week.

The eggcup was a small thing, but every egg morning for eight years Roger had dumped butts and ashes in with left-over yolk. Camilla had suggested the ash tray, had lined the place mats with all sizes of ash trays. Had begged her spouse quietly. And this morning, all at once, this particular eggcup was that straw.

If I were a witch, thought Camilla, *I'd fix it!*

Arrested by the thought, she took her small neat hands from the dishwater and wiped them. She went right up to the attic, and opened the old black sea chest where her father's books had been stored since he died. Father's library was a special thing, an antiquarian's collection, and Camilla remembered perfectly the big black book which she never could read. She pulled it out, dusted it with her frilled apron, sat down in the cobwebby light and opened it.

Maybe father would disapprove. Camilla had never gone against his wishes. Nor Roger's either. Nor anybody's. She was a shy, meek child and a shy, meek woman. Roger sometimes called her his little dove. Father had called her "Mouse."

Nevertheless, with the big stout volume in her hands Camilla suddenly had a new excited feeling, and she widened her soft blue eyes. *No more eggcup trouble in this house*, she said to herself, and turned to the first page and began to read. ●

The text was in English, fortunately, though a queer old-fashioned English. The pages were yellow with time, and a faint dark smell came from the heavy binding. There were cabalistic signs drawn here and there, and an engraving showing figures waltzing around a Maypole. The Maypole ceremony was a pagan rite, Camilla discovered. Maybe the church ought to give up May Day and the children winding themselves up in bunting.

(Continued on Page 106)



The earthy pigment for yellow ocher which produced a weather paint preferred to white by many a practical-minded early settler for his colonial dwelling still keeps this rare old farmhouse a mellow pumpkin color.

COGSWELL'S GRANT

This choice old house, filled with rarities, and a rarity itself, is near the upper coast of Massachusetts at Essex and just over some low green hills from the ancient town of Ipswich, pictured here in these pages several years ago. In fact, it was by the town of Ipswich in 1634 that the land was granted to John Cogswell, giving the house its name. The land has always done well by the house, even when after more than two hundred years of Cogswell ownership the property was bought in 1839 by a local shipbuilder named Adam Boyd, for Mr. Boyd supported the house most decoratively with acres of peacocks whose meat sold on the Boston market for $1 a pound. It was Mr. Boyd who also beautified the grounds by planting the now huge and handsome elms that shade the house. You can tell the house is lived in by connoisseurs of early American arts and architecture, and you can also tell the house is really *lived* in.

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

Plain white paneling above the parlor's corner fireplace points up the wallpaper's old prettiness. Under the primitive portrait is an eighteenth-century harpsichord from London; the marbles, an early game of solitaire.



Above the butterfly table in the sitting room hangs a primitive of Prudence Waters; across the shell cupboard, one of Jane Hutch. Past the red-spread dining table in what was once the kitchen, then through the door under an old cod weather vane, is the ancient buttery. The cupboard displays a collection of English earthenware, but in 1752 it held the family silver and porringers.

One of the choice features of the house is the painted cedar graining on the woodwork in the best bedroom, a fine example of Early American craftsmanship, which was the first finish given to the trim after the house was built. In the corner is a beautiful blue foot tub of Chinese export porcelain, probably brought to this country by a local sea captain back in the days of sailing ships.

EZRA STOLLER



Brusquely, Mary rubbed the crystal ball,
mostly because it was dusty.
"All, all is mystery,"
she said in a die-away voice.
"Yet Madame Zaza knows."

EXCLUSIVE!

Even without a crystal ball it was obvious. The young man was easy prey for some designing female!



BY MICHAEL FOSTER

THIS is a story to be told in the Dutchman's place at two o'clock in the morning. . . .

Once upon a time when Mr. Larrigan, the city editor, came back from his afternoon mug of beer in the Dutchman's place, across the alley, he eased himself into his comfortably sagging swivel chair, and let seven or eight minutes of the city's day thunder by unheeded. The newsroom was filled with the clattering toil and hurry of many men, very soothing to his nerves, and the floor shook stealthily with the press run of the second home edition. Across the littered expanse of the city desk his two assistants were murmuring into telephones; one of them turned and beckoned a reporter.

Mr. Larrigan's famous steel-trap mind shimmered cozily, all to itself, inside his skull. With a pair of scissors a foot and a half long, he delicately clipped the end off a new cigar. And then he thought of something. From his vest he produced a small pocket mirror, swung around to get the gray light from the soot-grimed windows, opened his mouth exceedingly wide and had a good look at some dental work he was having done. After that, he lit his cigar and became wreathed in thought. Phones kept on ringing, men hurried in and out; and under its dark rainy skies the city, Mr. Larrigan's ancient adversary, in its dull roar of life kept on dreaming up situations of mystery and violence, of crime and fame and poverty and politics and an occasional glimpse of the shining human spirit—none of which could ever surprise him. Briskly he picked up his long shears again, and pointed them at the new girl reporter where she sat at her desk in a remote and modest corner of the newsroom.

"O'Reilly!" he shrilled.

Mary O'Reilly jumped up quickly, so quickly that she knocked over her shabby purse as she grabbed for it. Three freshly sharpened pencils, a shiny new compact and some small change spilled out on her desk. With an anxious hand she swept everything back into her purse, all except a dime and a nickel that had fallen down and gone under her typewriter. Then she started walking between the crowded rows of desks. She had been on the paper only five days. With the brim of her little felt hat pulled down partly over one eye, she stood beside the city desk.

"Now, Mary," Mr. Larrigan said, "down in the back alley, next door to the Dutchman's place, there's an old rooming house. In one of the windows on the ground floor there's a fortuneteller's sign. It's been there a couple of weeks."

"Yes, Mr. Larrigan," Mary said breathlessly. *(Continued on Page 94)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

HAROLD FOWL

Provincial Preferred

"I have two heirloom treasures, a primitive painting and a Salem rocker, which I would like to use in my living room. Can I mix these with today's commercial pieces and get the kind of informal charm I like best?"

JOURNAL readers with just a few antiques often ask us this question. They don't want to wait a lifetime to collect enough antiques for a whole room, nor do they want to show the few they have in unfavorable settings with more modern styles. We assure them that today's Early American reproductions combine perfectly with antiques, against ranch style or traditional backgrounds.

It is fun to furnish and decorate a Provincial American room because of the beloved tradition behind it. The originals of all the quaint early pieces were designed from memory of pieces seen and usually were made in home workshops of woods which grew nearby. In time local cabinetmakers made furniture to order, according to the patrons' desires and needs. This originality gives lively interest to today's reproductions, for you can find among them the just-right piece for a particular spot in your room. There are tall armchairs with delicately turned spindles—visitors' chairs they originally were—and cozy fireside rockers, butterfly and gate-leg tables with wide drop leaves, and for your lamps repr ductions of the old chair-side tables originally made hold candles and the Bible. Practically every pie made in an earlier day is now copied with the chang necessary to adapt it to our modern living.

Our forefathers were never more skillful than wh designing a chest. Perhaps it was the incentive of thr that made them add more *(Continued on Page 1*

A period room may happily combi a few treasured heirlooms with today's repr ductions of good old pieces. Fre backgrounds and gay cotton fabrics give it sty

By Henrietta Murdock *Interior Decoration Editor of th*

Puppies for sale

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

"IT'S just like Ward's sign said the time he had chickens," Hildy insisted, "and he sold all his eggs, didn't he, and bought a bike like I'm going to do?"

"But this isn't eggs, darling," Mrs. Thatcher said. "It doesn't sound right."

"It's silly," Ward said, in his most superior I'm-three-years-older voice.

"It is not!" Hildy's large eyes filled with tears. "It's a good sign."

"All right, darling," Mrs. Thatcher said soothingly. "It's a fine sign."

Ward took one of the cookies cooling on a rack on the kitchen table. "You spoil her," he said. "I heard dad tell you so." He helped himself to another cooky, and turned to find Hildy's round face close to his own, her normally pink cheeks blazing red.

"You think you're so smart!" she cried, her fat blond pigtails bouncing against her shoulders. "Well, I heard daddy say something about you too," she told her brother. "I heard him say that if you didn't stop eating sweets all day long you were going to look like a—a spotted something, he said, because you're getting to be at the pimply age anyhow, and ——"

"Children!" Mrs. Thatcher's voice cut between them. "Hildy, warm the milk—it's feeding time. And you go mow the lawn, Ward."

Ward moved to the door, muttering, "She gets all the easy jobs."

Hildy watched her brother start across the lawn with his Irish setter, Duffy, at his heels.

"Ward's awful," she said. "I hate him."

"Warm the milk, Hildy."

At the sound of the opening refrigerator door, a honey-colored cocker spaniel came trotting hurriedly into the kitchen. She sat herself down as close as possible to Hildy's feet and looked up into her face expectantly.

"No, Tinker, this isn't for you," Hildy said; "it's for your children." She turned to her mother. "I'm going to make the sign red," she told her, "with white letters."

"You're sure that isn't a little too conservative?"

"Too what?" Hildy asked.

"Never mind, darling. I think red with white letters will be lovely."

A thin, wailing sound began from the laundry next to the kitchen, becoming gradually more vigorous and demanding. Tinker pricked up her ears, looked at the closed

(Continued on Page 208)



The man grinned.
"They're awful little fakers.
Like kids," he said.

They wriggled
their way into
everybody's
heart.

ILLUSTRATED BY



CULVER SERVICE

Fanny singing My Man. The song might have been the story of her life: "He isn't good. He isn't true. . . . What can I do?" It was maudlin—but every time she sang it she cried and thought about Nick Arnstein.

FABU
FAN

She sang and lived My Man, and clowned her way into millions of hearts, but Fanny Brice broke her own heart for a swindler—a man who never returned her love

"KEENEY'S THEATER in Brooklyn, that's where Fanny started," said Lew Brice, in talking about his famous sister. "Fourteen years old. I'm a year younger. She out front singing in amateur night and me back behind the curtain, fighting the stage hands for pennies.

"Say you're in the audience and you like Fanny's pipes. So you throw her a coin. But if you're Fanny, you're going to finish that song. You figure you'll get the pennies and nickels later. Except there's no later.

"Those stage hands would raise the curtain six inches," Lew said. "Just enough for the coins to roll through. You had to be fast."

Fanny won her first amateur contest. "She got ten bucks," he said. "I made half as much behind the curtain and I never even opened my mouth. That was the beginning, right there, and we made every amateur night in Brooklyn from then on."

They lived then on St. Mark's Avenue, in South Brooklyn, in an eight-family tenement house which Fanny's mother had bought.

"Twice a year," Lew said, "my mom used to take us out to Coney Island, all dressed up, and parade the boardwalk. Lunch was two shoe boxes full of sandwiches.

Copyright, 1952, by Frances Stark and William Brice

LOUS
NY

NORMAN KATKOV

First Part of Four

'*Twice* a year. Fanny wanted to go twice a day, we've got no money, we're just a pair of punks n. But Fanny's a schemer. A block from our ıse is Bergen Street, where you can transfer to Vanderbilt Avenue trolley to Coney Island. st Fanny gets a white handkerchief, fills it full of le stones, and ties it in a knot. Then she takes down to the corner of Bergen and Vanderbilt, l watches to see who throws away their transfers en they get off the trolley.

'Now we got two transfers and we're on the lley for Coney Island. But I heard that the con-tor collects a second fare when you go over a dge. So I grab Fanny, I whisper to her about the ond fare. She says, 'Shut up.' Now I see the nductor coming up the aisle. I'm real worried. Fanny is smiling and waving the handkerchief k and forth, back and forth, and the conductor oming closer, and all of a sudden the handker-ef is out of the window, and Fanny is crying like nebody stole the rent money.

'I mean crying. Real salt tears. Fanny was a born weeper. 'That was our fare,' she bawls. 'I was supposed to take my little brother to visit grandma.' Well, figure it. You think anybody was going to let a sweet little kid and her sweet little brother get off the trolley? There was always somebody ing to put up for us."

At Coney Island, there was the problem of getting money for rides, for hot dogs, for salt-water taffy, for the thousand delights of this children's paradise. Holding Lew's hand in hers, Fanny would walk through the crowds until she saw a fat man eating. Approaching him, Fanny would say, "Excuse me, please, mister, but what is the shortest way to walk"—and the tears would come, faster and bigger than before—"back to St. Mark's and



Nick Arnstein, swindler, was Fanny's "My Man." Many women thought him handsome. As Eddie Cantor says, he was "all the time the perfect gentleman. The kind of fellow who wouldn't hit a lady until he tipped his hat."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Out of the sordidness and poverty of city slums sometimes grows a great talent which captivates millions. Such a talent was Fanny Brice, whose irresistible clowning brought her up from saloons and burlesque theaters to become an enduring Broadway and radio star.*

In the scramble to live, Fanny's childhood accustomed her to petty thievery, crooks and gamblers. In spite of unsavory contacts with the underworld, Fanny herself remained almost a legendary figure of uprightness to all who knew her.

She gave her heart to a forger and swindler, and once having given it she was never wholly able to take it back. She had faith that somewhere there were husbands who came home nights, were faithful and loved their children . . . that there was a life gentle, generous and pretty wonderful. She could never find it, but she never stopped searching.

FABULOUS FANNY

Scared and tearful and gawky—that's how Fanny felt at fourteen when she was pushed into her first stage role, amateur night at Keeney's Theater, Brooklyn. She closed her eyes, imagined nobody in the theater but herself and her mother, and sang When You Know You're Not Forgotten.



CULVER SERVICE



Four children of "Pinochle Charlie" Borach and Rosie Stern: Fanny (right), with older sister Carolyn (left), brothers Lew and Phil. Later, after Rosie sold her saloon and left Charlie, they took the name of an old family friend, John Brice.

CULVER SERV



Clothed in the animal-skin styles of pri itive man, Fanny coyly eyes the blandi ments of comedian Bobby Clark and club during a skit for 1922 Music Box Revu

"You—you with the St. Vitus's dance,"
showman George M. Cohan once said to Fa
"back to the kitchen."

Vander . . . Vander . . . Vander ——" clutchi Lew to her bosom, pressing her cheek to his, a weeping bitterly until the money had been p into her reluctant fingers.

Thus, carefully canvassing the area, worki first one end of the boardwalk, then the oth Fanny would weep her prospects into plenty food and rides.

At last, with twilight imminent, with L weary and footsore, Fanny would lead him the trolley stalls. There she would wait for last obese citizen of the day to appear. Ther



To please her audiences, as a young star, Fanny toed in, lifted her skirts, rolled her eyes, clapped hand to head, shaking it from side to side and moaning "Oy, oy, oy."



Eddie "Banjo Eyes" Cantor, shown with Fanny at time of 1917 Ziegfeld Follies, says, "Fanny was among the first three funny women of the world at any time."

Fanny sang in Follies until 1923. When the Midnight Frolic started on the Amsterdam Roof, Fanny would play the regular Follies and then go upstairs to sing in the Frolic.



CULVER SERVICE

CULVER SERVICE



Follies Finale personified color and glamour of theater. Fanny, in center of front row, holds hand of comedian Willie Howard, at her right. Behind them is line of tall chorus girls, typical of those "glorified" by the "Great Glorifier." Fanny had a Ziegfeld thread running through her life: Besides the Follies and Frolic, she starred in Ziegfeld Follies of the Air, movies Ziegfeld Follies, The Great Ziegfeld, and Follies revival two years after Ziegfeld died.

final tear, a final plea, and the pair were on their way home.

"Now, the next morning," Lew said, "Fanny is outside with another handkerchief, loading it with stones. She tells me we're going to Coney Island. We go that day, the next and the next. All of a sudden I got it figured. All Fanny wants to do is cry. It's not Coney Island any more. It's the weeping. She's in love with her act.

"We were together from then on," Lew said.

Lew cannot remember a time when Fanny wasn't performing. The first, the very first act of hers, was a show she conceived, produced, directed and starred in. Admission was a penny, and the theater was a shed beside the tenement.

When she had collected 20 pennies, a sum mysteriously arrived at in the secret corners of her child's mind, Fanny would lock the door of the shed, walk before her audience, drape a shawl over her head and around her shoulders, bend forward so that she was an aged woman, and announce that this was a bridge over a black river at midnight. And the rain was pouring over the bridge and into the black river and on the baby she held in her arms. And her baby was starving and freezing and dying of pneumonia because Fanny had no money for milk or coal.

If Fanny's tears were matched by her audience's, the performance was forthwith ended, the shawl folded carefully until her next show.

However, if the customers were dry-eyed, the rain continued to pour, the baby continued to starve for milk and die of pneumonia until the shed was filled with the wailing of 21 children, for in any chorus of crying, Fanny was a hands-down winner. *(Continued on Page 192)*





FRED LYON

"I trust him," Vera said of Kefauver after spending campaign day with him, Nancy. "He has such potential strength."

"I can't help but like that man [Stevenson], he has such courage and intelligence but I'll never agree he was drafted."

POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

The defeat of her candidate hit her hard—but she didn't let it thwart her political career.

Vera went to the Democratic Convention as a Kefauver delegate, but she's a Stevenson supporter now. "I recovered—and found I was still a Democrat at heart."



Joyce, 10, thought nominating day was "wonderful—like New Year's Eve," but Ray, an insurance salesman, was more disturbed than Vera at convention's result.

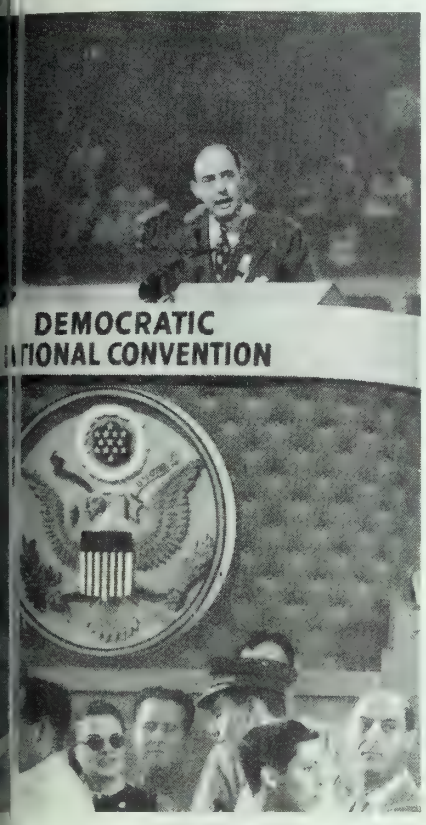
ABOUT nine-thirty on the morning of election day, after she has seen her husband Ray off to work, her daughter Joycie off to school, made the beds and washed the breakfast dishes, Vera Schultz will run a comb through her brown curly hair, shoo the cats out of the living room and drive down the California hills to vote.

First putting her X at the top of the Democratic slate of electors, thereby casting her vote for Governor Adlai Stevenson for President, she will then, in the local column, put another X beside her own name. The rest of the day she will spend whisking through the hills that tower over San Francisco Bay getting out the vote of at least a dozen more people in her home territory, Marin County.

For Vera Schultz, known to her friends as Bobbie because at a tender age she was smitten with love for a milkman of that name, is a politician as well as a housewife. She is running for the Board of Supervisors of Marin County. The odds are good that she will win. Behind her she has the experience of two important elective posts in Mill Valley's city government and a smashing victory in the primary against six men opponents. With her she has most of the women's organizations, an important businessmen's group, and a host of friends.

For the past ten weeks she has campaigned the southern tip of this lovely dairy county. She has run up more than 1000 miles on the speed-

OTOGRAPHS BY MYRON DAVIS





Excitement—Kefauver is ahead on the first two ballots. Vera thought she was against shouting, demonstrating, until she tried it.



Depression—Kefauver is waiting to withdraw and Stevenson is ahead. "How can we explain to California?" delegates worry.

DELEGATE IN A DRAFT

ometer of her small black Studebaker; seen more than 2000 people; made more than 100 speeches.

Only in the privacy of her own home, however, has she felt free to show her growing enthusiasm for Stevenson and the Democratic platform. The supervisors' race is a nonpartisan one. Vera makes no bones about her party affiliations, but the state laws do not permit party labels and partisan action in city and county elections.

She would be the first to admit, though, that for three weeks this summer she was glad to hew to a nonpartisan line. For three weeks she didn't know how she would, or could, vote. She had then just returned from the Democratic National Convention. She had gone there as a Kefauver delegate and she took his defeat by the Democratic regulars hard, as did Kefauver himself.

Kefauver had won her loyalty as the only man who could save the party from what she felt were its abuses of power. When Stevenson, without campaigning, was pushed reluctantly into victory by the very groups she deplored, she was stunned and shocked. "I came home with the greatest feeling of futility—of inadequacy," she said. "The fact is that this convention was not the instrument by which the people express themselves—and I had thought it would be. The whole convention process is so organized that the reins can be expertly held in the hands of the professionals." Faced, however, after the convention with either compromising, sitting on her hands, or bolting the ticket, she realized she was still a Democrat at heart.

But, in Chicago, she had been unprepared for the tight, bitter struggle which took place that hot and sticky last July week in the crowded, noisy convention. In her home state, the party rank and file, and some of its more progressive leaders, had shown themselves increasingly eager to do away with machine politics.

In the last state convention Vera and scores of her friends had rounded up enough support to throw a monkey wrench into the old-time works. They had elected a new state chairman and vice-chairman *(Continued on Page 114)*

Back home in Marin County, Vera campaigns day and night for nonpartisan post on Board of Supervisors, has fine chance to win.

"Give the people the facts and they'll choose wisely and well," Vera says, regretting she can't join Democratic Party campaign too.



FRED LYON

FROM THE CHESTER DALE COLLECTION



PORTRAIT OF A GIRL

JEAN-BAPTISTE-CAMILLE COROT (1796–1875)

THERE is an old belief which Ruskin has expressed that "the picture which most truly deserves the name of an art treasure is that which has been painted by a good man." Today we are skeptical, having found too many exceptions. Yet there seems some connection between Corot's saintly nature and the mood of calm detachment conveyed by his paintings.

The anecdotes of his charity are endless. Once an unknown artist asked to borrow 500 francs, at that time a fairly large sum of money. Corot at first refused. Finally he made the loan, and observed to a friend, "Now it goes much better. You will see, I shall paint a good picture." On another occasion a well-dressed lady arrived in a carriage and begged for 1000 francs to pay her rent. It was pointed out that the borrower was obviously

(Continued on Page 191)



Fashion of the fringed blanket-stole worn with Balenciaga's basic. Pleated ribbon hat.

Paris enchantment

Shawls return to fashion with great excitement, and with the shawl the starkly simple basic dress, this time a night-and-day affair in wool. With such a dress you'll wear your stoles and scarves from blanket plaids to jeweled satin, or a short colorful coat or spencer jacket. Fur ascots are tied like a ribbon, full-blown roses worn in pairs, newest belts are elastic gold, silver or calfskin. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal

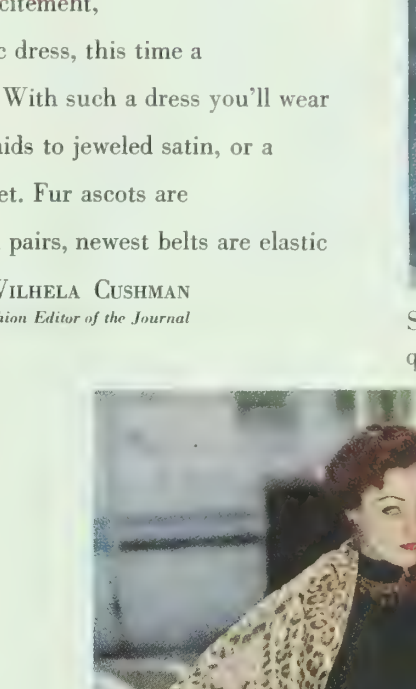


Straight velvet jacket lined with quilted satin. Christian Dior.



Leopard taffeta ruffled shawl, worn with two-piece basic wool, gold belt. By Dior.

Black wool jacket with petit-point roses, by Givenchy.



Satin shawl with lace and jewels, ribbon belt, by Hubert de Givenchy.



Wool contour dress, the new basic, with removable gilet-bodice, making a deep V neckline for evening. By Christian Dior.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Slim princess coat, pin-pleated sheer dress—Dior.



Checked tweedy-wool belted suit with Norfolk-jacket look—Christian Dior.

FASHIONS... Paris—

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal

TWEEDS, TWEEDS, TWEEDS

America-bound Paris tweeds have a new flavor—fresh, young, sophisticated. Checks, cheviots or bold plaids are worn over black dresses, casual Norfolk jackets over satin blouses. A tweed dress, fitted like a glove, has a taffeta lining. Jerseys come next in new and spellbinding variety—jersey for evening, pin-pleated, combined with Chantilly lace. One-piece jerseys for day, soft as angora, and softly draped.

NEW LENGTH, NEW SLIMNESS

Skirts are longer—12 or 13 inches from the floor. The new slimness is molded and with easy movement, often with a back pleat, seldom pencil-straight or unwearably narrow. Full skirts, forever loved for late day, are still a fashion.

HAT TO HEEL

A hint of a hat suits the silhouette—a ribbon, a bow, a twist of velour, a band of fur. Shawls are everywhere. The fur-trimmed look is back. Necklines are higher and so are heels. Blouses are beautiful in satin, taffeta, pleated chiffon. In coats, it's the lining that counts—shirred, pleated, printed—in candy pink, sky blue, brilliant red. The costume colors are beiges and grays from pale wheat and pearl shades to smoky tones. All black or black-and-white is better fashion than ever.

RONNY JACQUES



Molded suit in cheviot, long revers, small mink stole—Christian Dior.



Double-breasted, square-neckline dress (under jacket at the left).



Glamour lining of puckered taffeta in bouclé wool coat by Hubert de Givenchy.



Forever-and-a-day suit, pin-checked dressmaker tweed, satin scarf, beaver cloche —Christian Dior.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



ısket-weave tweed suit with red slipper-satin lining and blouse, narrow skirt—Christian Dior.

ushed satiny wool coat with important new button-on silver-fox border, by Christian Dior.





"A house should express the people who live in it"—Mrs. Linn at home in a cashmere sweater and a tweed skirt, by Clare Potter.



Mrs. Linn wears flannel slacks and a bright sweater — little dog, Pippin, her companion.

Suit with slim skirt and cape-back jacket by Eleanora Garnett.



There's something about her



Chicago-born Mrs. Howard Linn, of Lake Forest, Illinois, imprints he vivid personality on everything that touches her life. "You can mi colors, fashions, people, periods of furniture," she believes, "—if yo have the feeling for it." And she does. Her love of color (especiall vibrant reds) runs like a current through her wardrobe. A slim figur with close-cropped white hair, she adores the fashion of flame-red cash mere with a gray tweed skirt, wears a red hat with taffeta or twee has always loved red for evening. She wears green slippers with re slipper-satin, deep pink carnations with a gray suit. She knows (fro experience) that a good dress can be worn for twenty years, if you lo it and take care of it. She delights in "little gems of dresses" that co around $20, loves "pussy-cat" bow necklines and pearls she can twi through the bows. She lives most of the year in her beloved hous "Pointed Roofs," goes to Virginia spring and fall. Mrs. Linn is t "mother" of Chicago's Junior League, an active member of the boa of directors of the Chicago Maternity Center. • By Wilhela Cushm

Fashion Editor of the Jour

Rayon taffeta with a pussy-cat bow — one of Mrs. Linn's "little gems," now in its third season. Hattie Carnegie's velvet turban.



The slim silhouette Mrs. Linn loves—gray chiffon with a streak of two favorite colors.

DRESS BY ELEANORA GARNETT

JOHN ENGSTEAD



Flame-red slipper satin—an important evening dress with a short bolero and red velvet sash, by Christian Dior—New York.



Broadtail cocoon coat by Maximilian worn over her gray suit with a John Frederics red felt hat, carnation pink in satin scarf worn at the neckline.



Mrs. Linn in a gray suit makes a morning call at the Chicago Maternity Center.







BEIGE JERSEY, because it is so adaptable. Not only the color but the design lends itself to changes. The narrow band in matching satin at the neckline and sleeve, satin belt and gloves, dress it up. A cape stole with brilliant Paisley lining (reversible) with Paisley gloves has great style. You may prefer it with a plaid lining or in two shades of jersey. The cashmere sweater is trimmed with brown picot-edge taffeta ribbon . . . the ribbon shirred slightly and following the lines of sweater with scroll design added. Dress, Vogue Design No. 7841, 12 to 20. Cape stole, No. 7710.

Other Views and Prices of these patterns on Page 116

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order.* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.)

My favorite dress is...



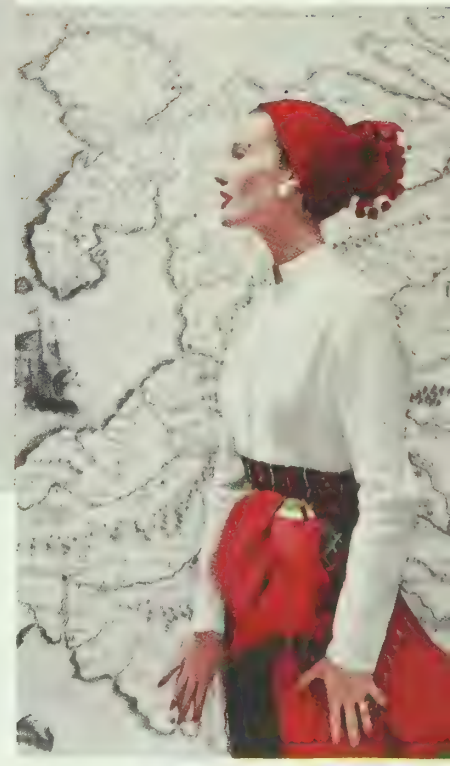


BLACK CREPE, because I can wear it year round. A seasonless dress such as this is especially nice if you make two jackets. In gold wool, the waist-length jacket goes through winter and spring, looks especially pretty with taupe accessories. The jacket in white linen goes south in wintertime . . . anywhere in the summertime. Wear it with a cummerbund or with a brilliant plaid scarf. The blue cashmere sweater trimmed with narrow flowered jacquard ribbon is a year-round favorite. The dress itself has a covered shoulder, a nicely detailed neckline . . . the pattern includes the jacket and the cummerbund. Vogue Design No. S-4358, 12 to 18.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal



© VOGUE





DERUJINSKY



GRAY FLANNEL, because it is so classic. A jumper dress is a wise choice because it can be dressed up or down. Worn with matching jacket, it gives the illusion of a suit, is nice with a white piqué touch at the neckline. Bright jerseys or sweaters . . . blouses, too, look pretty underneath. Coral wool jersey for now, a black-and-white polka-dot silk for spring. To be added . . . a turquoise cummerbund and an elongated triangle in white lapin to take it out of the daytime class into the evening . . . sparkle with rhinestone jewelry. The slim jumper with side pockets, four-gore skirt, Vogue Design No. 7787, 12 to 20. Jersey blouse with modified turtle neck, No. 7723, 12 to 20. Princess-line jacket, No. 7704, 12 to 40.



At Twin Farms, columnist Dorothy Thompson and her artist husband, Maxim Kopf, create meals—careers in themselves.

Headline Kitchen

Dorothy Thompso

homest





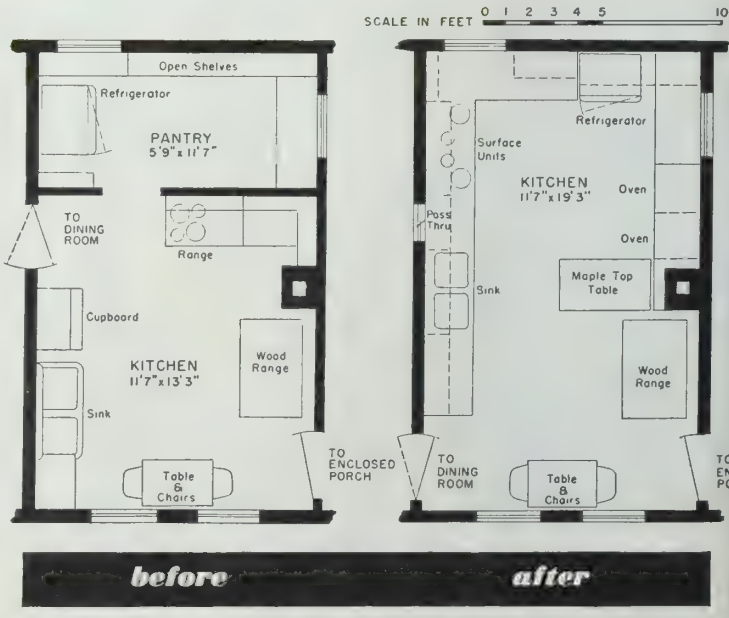


Filed in vertical slots, cake and muffin pan are easy to reach; over-refrigerator cabine is moved forward, so is convenient to use



Headline idea for remodeled kitchen: decentralized cooking centers made possible by range in separate sections. Cooking top with four units in a row is set in long counter with pan storage below. Double-bowl sink makes vegetable care swift. At window-lighted counter near refrigerator, supplies and utensils are handy for fixing salads, making foods ready for ovens. Old kitchen was short on work space and storage. Major structural changes: remove pantry wall, relocate dining-room door.

In two cans on wheels waste is separated from garbage for pigs. Closed units match wood cabinets.



before **after**

125-year-old

makes kitchen news

without sacrificing

New England

charm

Conveniently centered, the hardwood-topped table is used frequently—for making bread, carving meat. Knives are nearby in slotted wall holder. Wide shelf over windows holds seldom-used things like large bowls. The kitchen is in gay primary colors, soft blue and warm yellow with old-fashioned red print curtains. In the spattered linoleum is a ruglike inset, under the wood range, of black linoleum, spattered with color too.

Twin ovens, built into cabinets at eye level to save stooping, are on opposite wall from cooking top. Airy vegetable bins fit under porch window, a pass-through for supplies. New refrigerator nightly defrosts automatically. Ceiling fixture and lights over windows, sink, range add the light touch by night.

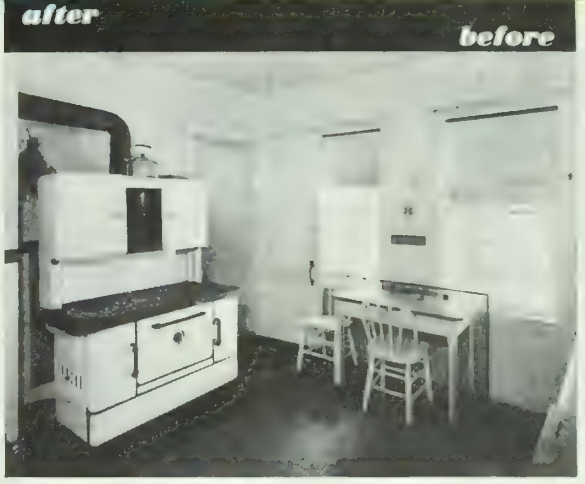
STUART-STEPHENSON





after

before



By GLADYS TABER

TWIN FARMS looks to the rolling Vermont mountains; the surrounding valleys are rich with harvest. It's a real working farm and Dorothy Thompson and her charming husband, Maxim Kopf, are true dirt farmers. They raise and freeze vegetables as well as meat and poultry; their bread is baked in the big kitchen. When such a brilliant and famous commentator is a true homemaker and her genial artist husband interests himself in cooking wonderful dinners, one is heartened about American family life.

Six people are fed daily, and when the neighborhood gathers for parties, there are as many as 125 to plan for. "But it's simple if organized," Miss Thompson says. She listed her needs as she sped from lecture to lecture.

Miss Thompson needed badly more work surface, and very generous storage, since they shop twice a week. She wished to keep the comfortable wood range for times when the electricity fails, or a cozy fire is cheerful.

When remodeled, every job a working-farm kitchen does was made easy and efficient, but old-fashioned charm was kept too. The kitchen at Twin Farms begins a new career!



Sea-Food Cocktail

Roast Duck Almond Gravy

Wild Rice with Herbs

Vegetables Panaché

Cranberry Relish

Poppy-Seed Sticks

Avocado-Onion Salad Mint Dressing

Confetti Refrigerator Cake

Coffee

(Planned for 8)



Thankful Is

THEY say that history repeats itself. I guess this is true and lately I have been thinking of a woman who once lived in parlous times and led what I might call a parlous life. Shuttled back and forth, from pillar to post, like a poor lone ghost—though ghost she was far from being—she was known as a revolutionary. She had ideas and she stuck up for them. Her name? Oh, yes, I almost forgot to tell you who she was, but her name was Anne Hutchinson. She was a rugged individualist. She lived in a proper environment for such a one. She lived in Boston. In Boston she lived as a rugged individualist. She became so individual that the Massachusetts Bay Colony would have none of her. She was a Puritan; you had to be one in those days, or else. You had no choice of voice or speech if you wanted to avoid the gallows or, at the very least, the stocks. Anne Hutchinson feared neither. She was a born-and-bred refugee.

Her Final Haven. Finally, after many vicissitudes, she fled with her family to Rhode Island, but her last haven *(Continued on Page 170)*

By ANN BATCHELDER

STUART-FOWLER

"We've got to go," he said. "Everybody's going
and nobody wants to — nobody that is anybody . . .
Twenty years ago if you'd told me that skunk could
make any difference in my life!"



CONCLUSION

GIANT

BY EDNA FERBER



A BENEDICT family meeting—a Benedict Big Business Powwow—was in progress. But this was not the regular annual Benedict family business assemblage. This was an unscheduled meeting called by the outraged members of the clan. For the first time in a quarter of a century the Big House was cleared of all outside guests. Only the family occupied the bedrooms, clattered down the halls, ate at the long table in the dining room.

Uncle Bawley, oldest member of the clan, was presiding but no one paid the slightest attention to him. In appearance he was extraordinarily unchanged with the years except for the white shock of hair above the mahogany face. These meetings were ordinarily conducted with parliamentary exactitude, everyone polite and gruesomely patient in spite of the emotions always seething beneath the ceremonial behavior. But now the great chamber vibrated with heat and hate and contention. Uncle Bawley's gavel rapped in vain for order.

Copyright, 1952, by Edna Ferber. The complete novel was recently published by Doubleday & Co

Bick Benedict stood facing them all, and shouted, "I won't have it. We're doing all right without oil. I won't have it stinking up my ranch."

"Your ranch!" yelled a dozen Benedicts. Then, variously, "That's good! Did you hear that! You're managing this place and getting your extra cut for it. Your ranch!"

Leslie, sitting by, an outsider, thought, *Oh, dear this is so bad for him I wish they'd go home or why don't they stay here and try running it for a change, the Horrors.*

One of the more arrogant of the Benedicts who dwelt on the East Coast now dropped all pretense of courtesy. "Just come down off it, will you, Bick? You're big stuff, I know, among the local Texas boys. But we happen to have an interest in this concern. And we've got the right to say by vote whether we want or don't want a little matter of five or ten million a year—and probably a whole lot more later—divided up amongst us. I don't know about the rest of you boys and girls, but me, I could use a little extra pin money like that."

Stubbornly facing the lot of them, his face white beneath the tan, and set in new deep lines, Bick repeated stubbornly the line he had used over and over again as though it presented a truth that made all argument useless. "Reata is a cattle ranch. It's been a cattle ranch for a hundred years."

"That's just fine," drawled an unsentimental Benedict. "And there used to be thirteen states in the Union and the covered wagon was considered hot stuff."

The laugh that went up encouraged Maudie Placer to sink a deft dart. "And please don't quote that story about old Pappy Waggoner when he was drilling for water and they brought in all that oil on his North Texas place. Quote. 'Damn it, cattle can't drink that stuff.' Unquote."

Now Leslie saw with a sinking heart that the gray-white in Bick's face was changing to scarlet. "Do you people know who wants the lease? Do you know who wants the rights?"

"Yes, we do. It's the Azabache Oil Company and a mighty pretty little outfit it is too." *(Continued on Page 72)*



ILLUSTRATED BY JOE DE MERS

LINE A DAY

1 *Apples are a-comin' in,*
Baldwins, Pippins, Northern Spies,
Oh, what beauties I have seen,
Oh, what pies!

2 An apple pie is a tour de force in the hands of the knowing cook. She looks on her crust and finds that it is good. She has trimmed and quartered her apples and found that they are what she desired. Zanzibar furnishes her spices, the gardens of Araby her perfumes.

3 The borders of the magical gardens of Solomon must have harbored sweet basil, and the borage that tells of dreams, and the bergamot that throws its shadows over things to be. And of these are made the shadows of things come true.

4 To let dream stuff go and come down to eating things, let's make a party parfait. Fill parfait glasses with pistachio and vanilla ice cream. Garnish with orange and raspberry sherbet. Decorate with a cherry.

5 Sandwiches should be thin—except in lunch boxes and jacket pockets. I'll tell you some sandwich stories sometime. For tea you may have a very chi-chi open sandwich in this wise: Mix until smooth 2 tablespoons each of sweetened condensed milk and peanut butter and a pinch of salt. Spread on small thin rounds of bread. Place on baking sheet and bake 10 minutes at 350° F. until slightly dry and toasted.

6 Canapés might just as well be interchangeable with open sandwiches. Who cares? Chop fine equal parts of cooked ham and salted peanuts. Add enough mayonnaise to make a spread. Any thin bread will harbor such a mixture and be good to it.

7 Even the cranberry people don't advocate garnishing ice cream with straight cranberries. Unless, of course, they have received the sugar treatment in a big way.

8 *Canto I:* But the cranberry shall not be slighted. Not by a long shot. Let's usher it in, and put it in the parfait parlor. Make up a vanilla tapioca pudding from a mix, and be sure to follow the directions on the box.

9 *Canto II:* Put in a bowl and chill until thickened. To serve and get the folks all excited, use tall parfait glasses, having a spoonful of pudding and one of whole cranberry sauce alternately in the glasses, polishing the whole thing off with a rosette of whipped cream.

10 The baked bean is the Saturday-night New England standard. A nice way to dress it up—although the old bean pot is dressy enough for me—is to parboil halves of green peppers, with the seeds removed as I have often said. Fill the pepper shells with the beans, sprinkle liberally with chopped crisp bacon. And don't forget the traditional slice of browned salt pork, which reposes in the middle of each pepper.

11 Carrying on with the beans, we may as well get them off our chest, and this is what I had on mine. This is a salad. Boil and drain a batch of navy beans. Be sure they are perfectly drained. Chill. Make a French dressing with lemon instead of vinegar. Add a generous teaspoon of finely chopped parsley and a good pinch dried mint. Serve beans and dressing on lettuce.

12 For a hot dish for Sunday-night supper, why not have stuffed mushrooms? Peel large ones and don't try to do anything with the little fellows. Cut off the stems and brush off the coats. Then go over them all with melted butter. Be careful not to injure interior of caps, for there is where the mushroom's flavor lies.

13 *Chapter II:* With a spatula or a small spoon, fill the caps with finely ground chicken or game paste or sausage, or anything you like that is full of pep. Blandness does not go with the mushroom. Bake in a greased pan with a tablespoon butter until the mushrooms are cooked and the filling is done through. Don't turn the mushrooms.

14 Welsh rarebit needs little help, but if it does, arrange on slices of hot toast, not too thick—the toast I mean—slices of grilled tomato and hard-cooked eggs, well seasoned, and over all a thin slice of cold ham. Cover with the hottest Welsh rarebit possible and serve instantly.

15 It seems to me that cream cheese is taking the place of almost everything these days. If it grew on bushes it would be thicker than Queen Anne's lace. As it is, you see it everywhere. You might try softening a package of said cheese with enough cream to make it about the consistency of sour cream and use it on baked apples. If you prefer it sweet, maple sugar or sirup is a nice thought.

RONALD ALLEN REILLY



St. Michael's Church, Charleston, South Carolina, built in 1752. During the Revolutionary War its rector, a Tory, was forced to resign; in the Civil War, shells from the Union fleet damaged it; its spire was wrecked by the cyclone of 1825; in 1886 the earthquake cracked its walls—but it is still a show place.

16 Most anybody knows that when winter settles down, it's high time for sauerkraut and spareribs—cooked long and slow, as well you know. Pass the mashed potatoes.

17 Peel and remove pit from an avocado, cut fruit in rings and rub with lemon juice. Fill rings with tiny pickled beets. Top with seasoned sour cream. On shredded lettuce—of course. And a pretty salad it is.

18 If you have any turkey left over, and you can't think what to do with it, mix equal parts Roquefort cheese and butter or margarine to help you out. Make some sandwiches with the cheese and on the cheese put some nice thin slices of turkey. Even slivers will do. Add some sprigs of water cress, salt and pepper. Latch your sandwich together. Cut crosswise.

19 When is an orange not an orange? When it is something else. To make this come true, cut oranges in two. Scrape out the pulp and membrane, to make nice cups.

20 *Part II:* Now prepare an orange gelatin dessert, adding pieces of the pulp, small pieces of preserved ginger and chopped walnuts. Before the gelatin is quite set, add your fruit and nuts and fill the orange cups almost full. Chill in the refrigerator. When ready to serve, decorate with whipped cream and a half walnut.

21 *Hospitality Department:* Make up a batch of your best pastry. If yours isn't anything to brag about, use a pastry mix. You can't go wrong. Roll thin and cut into 3″ squares. Wrap each square around a sardine touched with lemon juice. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., until lightly browned.

22 Tuna buns are made like this—and very good: Mix together ¼ cup gherkins, chopped, 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped, 1 can tuna, 1 tablespoon minced onion, ¼ cup grated Cheddar cheese and mayonnaise to make spreadable. Spread on buttered halves of hamburger buns. Bake in a 350° F. oven 8 to 10 minutes.

23 Sauté cherrystone or littleneck clams in butter until slightly curled. Place on small rounds of buttered toast. Drop a little catchup mixed with horse-radish on each clam. And serve.

24 To make a Peach Rumba: In each dessert dish place a canned peach half. Drop a few drops of rum flavoring in each peach hollow. Spoon in some peach sirup. Fill with vanilla ice cream. Top with toasted almonds.

25 A bowl of walnuts, the nutcracker handy, and a good book. What more can one ask on a winter evening?

26 A touch of garlic gives your salad that Gallic touch. If you're going to a party later, chew a sprig of parsley.

27 This certain Thursday in November calls for pumpkin pie. For variety spread the top of your pie with currant jelly, then with whipped cream. And serve it up.

28 Where I live it is impossible to get a blueberry muffin one would recognize as such. The receipts seem to call for two blueberries to a muffin. I'll say no more about it. The real blueberry muffin is quite a different thing. You mix and sift 2 cups flour with 4 teaspoons baking powder, a little salt and ¼ cup sugar. Work in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add a beaten egg and 1 cup milk.

29 *Second Act:* Have ready 1½ cups blueberries—if you use frozen berries they must be thoroughly drained and dried between paper towels. If the batter seems too thin, take no notice. Add the berries, bake in greased preheated muffin pans, 25 minutes at 450° F.

30 I do not intend to go skating this year. I see that my skates are nicked. I feel that some small boy has been using them. When I get hold of that small boy he will not use skates for some time. Frankly, I cannot see why I should buy another pair of skates, not knowing whether there will be any ice or not. Likewise I shall do no tobogganing and my skiing days are over. But I'll see you in the spring, when robins come again.



Good meals grow easily around GOOD HOT SOUP



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

On cold days hot soup hits the spot. The savory aroma, the cheerful look of the steaming bowl is so appetizing. Lucky for you! Because you can take the simplest foods and plan delightful meals around delicious soups. Toasted sandwiches, codfish cakes, a salad, spaghetti or scrambled eggs . . . nothing to it. Maybe you add only a sandwich and dessert, or fruit and a glass of milk. When you serve a substantial soup as the main dish, the rest of the meal practically takes care of itself. Yes, there's meal-making magic in hearty . . . heartwarming soup.

Cream of Celery

Freshest celery . . . extra-heavy cream blend happily in this soup.

Open faced turkey and cranberry sandwich
Tea

Vegetable Beef

Always a hit . . . this flavorful "square meal" soup so rich with vegetables and fine beef.

Pumpkin Tart
Milk

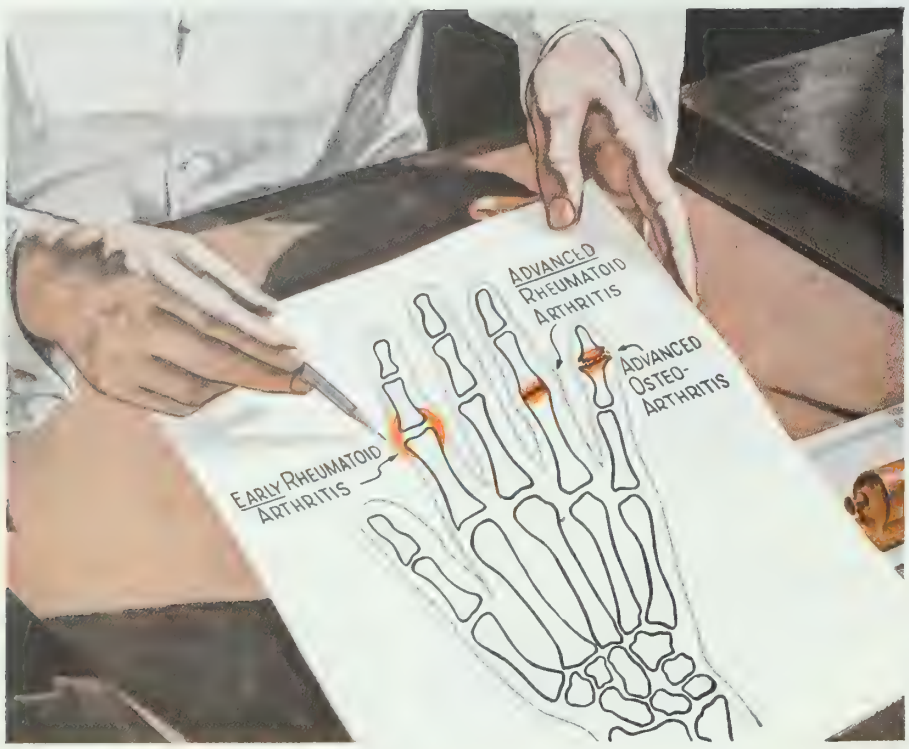
Bean with Bacon

A hearty favorite . . . pea beans with the smoky taste of bacon.

Melted cheese and green pepper on biscuit
Coffee



A good cook keeps a full soup shelf



ARTHRITIS

TODAY the outlook for most people with arthritis—particularly those affected by the rheumatoid type—is encouraging. This is because medical research has uncovered new facts about this disease, and provided more effective drugs for its treatment.

Such advances are heartening because the arthritic diseases are not only widespread but are second in disabling effect among all diseases in the United States. In fact, the Public Health Service recently reported that more than 10 million people in our country have some form of this disease.

In the sketch above, some basic facts about the two most common forms of chronic arthritis—*rheumatoid arthritis* and *osteoarthritis*—are illustrated. The joint-swelling, which is characteristic of early rheumatoid arthritis, is shown on the index finger. Since the joint itself is not damaged, *prompt* treatment may bring complete relief.

The effects of *advanced* rheumatoid arthritis are shown on the third finger. Here an overgrowth of bone has caused a complete stiffening of the joint. Even at this stage, however, patients can often be helped.

The little finger illustrates the enlarged ends of bones and the diminished joint spaces caused by osteoarthritis. It is primarily the result of aging and generally does not cause severe crippling.

Doctors do not consider rheumatoid arthritis simply a disease of the joints. They say that the person who has this condition generally shows signs of disease of the *entire* body. This may be evidenced by loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional upsets, nutritional deficiencies, and sometimes by other more serious conditions.

Whenever signs of rheumatoid arthritis occur, a *thorough physical examination* is needed. Only in this way can an exact diagnosis be made and treatment outlined to meet the patient's *individual* needs.

There is no known cure as yet for rheumatoid arthritis. Medical authorities believe that standard treatment—*if continued persistently*—can prevent serious complications in 70 percent of cases, and even completely relieve the painful symptoms in many cases. This treatment includes rest, good nutrition, physical therapy, and other measures.

Safeguards against Arthritis

1. **Keep your weight at normal, or below.**
2. **Eat a balanced daily diet, and get plenty of rest and sleep.**
3. **Maintain good posture.**
4. **Develop a calm mental outlook.**
5. **Have regular medical and dental check-ups.**

To help prevent arthritis—or lessen the effects if it should occur—*one should not neglect seeing the doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint.* Moreover, it is most important for the patient to realize that relief from *any* type of arthritis depends largely on close and faithful cooperation with the doctor in all phases of treatment.

Above all, arthritic patients should take an optimistic attitude toward this disease, because worry and mental strain may intensify symptoms. Today it is reassuring to know that *the great majority of arthritis cases can be greatly helped.*

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N.Y.



Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 1052J, "Arthritis."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 69)

"You've been away from Texas so long you've forgotten your Spanish. D'you know what Azabache means! It's Spanish for jet, if you want to know. It's jet for Jett Rink. Jett—Azabache. He controls most of it. Well, I won't have Jett Rink owning any piece of my country here on Reata ——"

"Hold on there! Just—a—minute. You've got a pick on Jett Rink, you've had it for years. Some little personal feud. Who cares!"

"I tell you you'll all care if he gets a toe in here."

"All right all right. He's a mean umbry. Everybody knows that. We don't want to love him. We just want a nice thick slice of that billion he's got stashed away."

"He's got nothing but a lot of paper. He's in over his head. Everybody knows that Gabe Target could sell him down the river tomorrow if he wanted to."

Now Uncle Bawley forsook Rules of Order. "That's right, Jurden!" he bellowed—he who never had called his nephew anything but Bick. "Don't you let 'em ride you!"

"The law!" shouted a Benedict.

"How about pa's will!" Bick countered. "And grampa's! You going to fight those too?"

"You bet we are. We're going to fight them for years if we have to. We don't care what the will says. There wasn't any oil on Reata or anywhere near it when pa's will was made."

Uncle Bawley threw his gavel across the room and brought his massive fist down on the table with a crash and a succession of crashes that silenced even the shouting Benedicts.

"Stop this bellering I say or I'll arrest the lot of you and I can do it. I'm a State Ranger and I'm supposed to keep law and order and I'm agoing to.... Sit down! . . . Now then. I'm sorry, Jurden, but we got to put this to a vote. And what the vote says, goes. That's the rule of this family and always has been. . . . Roady, pass those slips. . . . Bowie, you'll collect. . . . Now vote!"

The vote stood two to twenty-five. That night Uncle Bawley took off for Holgado and the high clear mountain air. Within three days there was not one Benedict left in the cavernous walls of the Big House.

Leslie Benedict found herself in the fantastic position of a wife who tries to convince her husband that a few million dollars cannot injure him.

"You'll go on with your own work just the same. Better. It won't affect the actual ranch. You'll be free of their complaints now."

"Rink." Bitterness twisted his mouth as he spoke the name. "Jett Rink owning rights to Reata."

"HE doesn't. He just holds a lease on a tiny bit of it. Besides, you've told me yourself the Azabache Company isn't only Jett Rink. It's a lot of other people. Some of them are people you know well."

"He controls it."

"You'll never need to deal with him. Think of the things you can do now!" She paused a moment. "I don't mean only the things you're interested in. They're wonderful but I mean . . . couldn't we use some of it maybe for things like—necessary things, I mean, like new houses for the ranch people and perhaps the start of a decent hospital and even a school where they're not separated—a school that isn't just Mexican or just —— Oh, Jordan, how exciting that would be!"

He was not listening, he did not even consciously hear her. "Nobody's ever set foot on Benedict land except to produce better stock and more of it. You're not a Texan. You're not a Benedict. You don't understand."

"I'm not a Texan and I'm not a Benedi except by marriage. I do understand becau I love you," she told him. "I'm trying tell you that if there's got to be all th crazy money then use some of it for the go of the world. And I don't mean only yo world. Reata."

"Uh-huh. You won't be so smug whe you see Benedict swarming with a pack greasy tool dressers and drillers and swam ers and truckers. It's going to be hell. Pink Snyth was talking about it last night. Vashti leased a piece of the Double Bee to Az bache."

"Well, there you are! You needn't feel upset."

"THE whole country's going to stink of o Do you know what else Pinky said! He an Vashti are talking of building in town Viento or even Hermoso—moving to tow and only coming out to the ranch week en and holidays."

"Vashti might like that. I'm sure th twins would."

"Yes. Maybe you would too. H'm? Nic slick house in town? Azalea garden, nice litt back yard, people in for cocktails an Patroness of the Hermoso Symphony an the Little Theatre in the Round—Square-Zigzag—or whatever the fashion is."

"Jordan, don't be like that." She hes tated a moment. She took a deep breat Now for it. "You kno we don't exactly have have millions of acres order to live—you and th children and I. It's killin you—I mean it's too muc Why can't we have a ran of our own, smallish, whe you could breed your ow wonderful ——"

The blue eyes we agate. "I've lived Reata all my life. I going to live here till I di Nothing on it is going change."

"Everything in th world changes ever minute."

"Reata's just going improve. Not change."

There are twelve on a jury because court astrologers who had charge of choosing juries used to select one man for each of the signs of the zodiac. The idea was that, because this would bring every type of mind and every type of individual to consider the question, the verdict would be most fair.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

So now the stink of oil hung heavy in th Texas air. It penetrated the houses the ga dens the motorcars the trains passin through towns and cities. Only when yo were soaring in an airplane fifteen thousan feet above the oil-soaked earth were you nostrils free of it. Azabache oil mone poured into Reata. Reata produced two con modities for which the whole world wa screaming. Beef. Oil. Beef. Oil. Only ste was lacking. Too bad we haven't got ste Texas said. But then, after that Sunda morning in December even the voice of th most voracious was somewhat quieted.

With terrible suddenness young ma faces vanished from the streets of Benedic White faces black faces brown faces. Bo Dietz was off. The kids in the Red Fron Market. The Beezer boys. High. Low. Rich Poor. The Mexican boys around Pepe's Nopal and the slim sleek boys at the Hake Viento and even the shifting population th moved with the crops and the seasons—a all became units in a new world of canva Texas was used to khaki-colored clothes, bu these garments were not the tan canvas an the high-heeled boots and the brush jacke of the range and plains. This was khaki wit a difference.

Young Jordy Benedict at Harvard wa summoned home.

"You're needed here on Reata," Bick sa tersely. "Beef to feed the world. That's th important thing."

"I can't stay here now."

"Yes you will. Any one of ten million ki can sit at a desk in Washington. Or shoot German. Producing beef here on Reata is th constructive patriotic thing for you to d You're just being hysterical."

"I'll go back to school. Or I'll be drafte I won't stay here."

(Continued on Page 75)



"A fascinating, immediate change can come over your face"

"I really didn't believe it — until I saw it happen to my own face"

"I thought I had to put up with a rather sallow color"—



Then I saw how much clearer, more *alive* my skin could look. When skin begins to lose its natural beautifying oils, it is *bound* to get a dismaying drab look. And if, unknowingly, you are cleansing your skin too harshly—or not deeply enough, your skin loses its fresh color even more.

"I thought I just *didn't have* a very smooth skin"—



But I found the roughened look of my skin *easy* to change. *Skin-helping* ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream work on your skin as a team—in inter-action. As you swirl on Pond's, you help *both* sides of your skin. *Outside*—embedded dirt is swept away. And—your skin is given special oil and moisture it needs regularly. *Inside*—circulation is stimulated.

"I thought my skin was just <u>not</u> fine-textured"—



Each night I gave my skin this oil-and-moisture treatment:

Soft-cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream generously all over face and throat—up from throat to forehead. Tissue off well.

Soft-rinse—quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off again lightly.

Soon my skin actually looked finer.

"I thought my skin could never have that look of perfection envied in other women"—



I am really excited about what Pond's Cold Creamings do for my face. And *you*, too, will see the wonder of this skin-helping cream immediately—after your first Pond's Creaming. Use it *every* night (remember, the robbing of your skin's oil and moisture goes on *every* day). As you use Pond's, you will delight in your lovelier skin.

More women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Today—go to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Start using it this very night.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin looking so smooth and fresh. It is my one *essential* cream."

Change your "POT LUCK"

with this born-to-be-better corn

Plump, thin-skinned kernels, fair to bursting with milky corn goodness—that's why folks take so readily to DEL MONTE Brand Corn.

Every golden forkful promises extra tenderness—heaps of sweet country flavor.

And now comes another wonderful thing. Every time you buy DEL MONTE Corn, this happy experience is yours. For the DEL MONTE label always means dependability in flavor and quality—no matter what DEL MONTE Food you choose.

Try DEL MONTE Corn soon. It's a really great value.

P. S. Did you know that, according to the U. S. Department of Labor (June, 1952), canned fruits and vegetables have gone up in price less than half as much as "all foods" since 1935-39?



CHICKEN CORNETTI

- 1 (4-lb.) stewing chicken cut up
- 4 cups (1-lb.) broken spaghetti
- 2 cups finely sliced celery
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- ½ cup chopped onions
- 2 teaspoons paprika
- 2 to 3 12-oz. cans DEL MONTE Golden Whole Kernel Corn
- ½ to 1 cup stuffed or ripe olives
- ½ lb. pimiento cheese, cubed

Simmer chicken, covered, in boiling salted water (about 6 cups) until tender, about 2 to 3 hrs. Cool. Remove meat from bones; cut in large pieces. Measure broth; add enough hot water to make 6 cups liquid. Bring to boil; add spaghetti, chicken, celery, green pepper, onions, paprika. Cook 15 to 20 min. Add 1 can of the corn, the olives and cheese; cook 5 min. longer. Taste; add more salt if necessary. Serve wreathed with the rest of the DEL MONTE Corn, heated and seasoned, either on a hot platter or in the same utensil in which dish was cooked. Edge with thin slices of green pepper, if desired. Serves 10 to 12.



The brand you know puts flavor first

Choose from 3 styles for extra enjoyment:
Golden Whole Kernel
Golden Cream Style
White Cream Style

Del Monte Corn

BRAND

(Continued from Page 72)

"No draft board will take you. I can fix that all right anywhere. And I won't send you a cent if you go back to Harvard."

The two men were talking in Bick's office. The boy quiet, pale. The older man glaring, red-faced. Casually, Leslie strolled in and sat down.

Brusquely Bick said, "We're talking."

"I'm listening. I've been listening outside the door so I may as well come in."

As if this were a cue Jordy relaxed in his chair, his eyes as he looked at his father now were steady. "When I'm through at Harvard I'm going to Columbia P and S."

"P and S?" Bick repeated dully.

"Physicians and Surgeons. School. We need doctors as much as beef. That's why I'm going on instead of in. I haven't used any of the money you've sent me all this time. And thanks, papa. Your money is all in the bank there in Boston, waiting for you. I couldn't use it because you didn't know about me."

Bick Benedict turned with a curiously slow movement of his head to look at his wife. "Then you must have been sending him your money."

"Jordan dear, don't go on like a father in a melodrama. I haven't any money. You know that. It's Uncle Bawley. And I asked him. So don't blame him for it."

Slowly he said, "That old turtle." Then, "The three of you, huh?"

Jordy stood up. "Papa, you know I never was any good around here. I never will be. Any man on Reata can do the job better than I ever could."

"That's right," Jordan said. "You never were any good. You never will be. You're all alike, you kids today, white and Mexican, you or Angel Obregon. No damn good."

"Angel's fine," Leslie said, matter-of-factly. "I saw him today in Benedict, he looked wonderful in his uniform. Jordy, Angel's going to be married Tuesday. Did you know that?"

"Yes. I'm staying for the wedding."

"Oh, you're staying for the wedding?" Bick repeated, cruelly mimicking his son just a little, even to the stammer. "Well, that's big of you! That's a concession to Reata, all right." He turned the cold contemptuous eyes on Leslie. "You've been years at this. Twenty years. Satisfied?"

Her tone her manner were as matter-of-fact and good-natured as his aspect was tragic. "Watch that arithmetic. Jordy will be twenty-one pretty soon. A man."

Bick had been standing. Now he sat again rather heavily at his desk. He did not look at them. "That's right. We were going to have a party. Big party."

"Not in wartime, Jordan."

He looked up at his son. "I hadn't forgotten, it just slipped my mind. You'll be coming into your Reata shares. You don't mind living off Reata even if you don't want to live on it, huh?"

Quietly Jordy said, "They'll see me through. I've thought about that. I've got as much right to them as Roady's kids, or Bowie's or Aunt Maudie's."

Bick Benedict picked up a sheaf of papers on his desk, shuffled them, put them down. "Doctor, h'm? New York, I suppose."

"Now Jordan!" Leslie protested. "You know Jordy loves Texas as much as you do. In another way, perhaps."

"You counting on putting old Doctor Tom out of business, maybe."

"I think I'm going to have a chance to work with Guerra in Vientecito when the war's over. If he's lucky enough to come back in one piece."

"Guerra! You don't mean—why, he's ——"

"Rubén Guerra. His practice is all Mexican, of course. Uh—look. There's something else I'd like to talk to you and mama about. I'm afraid you won't like this, either."

"I've had about enough for just now," Bick said, and turned back to his desk and the aimless shuffling of papers. "Tell your life plans to your buddies, why don't you! Doctor Guerra ——"

"He's busy in Europe just now."

"Well, Angel Obregon. Or Polo." He was racked with bitterness and disappointment.

"All right, papa. I will."

Young Angel Obregon did indeed look fine in his uniform. Months of camp training had filled him out, he was broader in the shoulder, bigger across the chest. He always had had, like his forebears, the slim flanks and the small waist of the horseman.

"One of those Pacific places," he said. "I bet. That's where they're shipping all us Mex—all us Latin Americans, they say we're used to the hot climate, they're nuts. Vince Castenado came home with malaria, he says it's all jungle out there."

Half of Benedict and practically all of Nopal were invited to the wedding. Angel was marrying Marita Rivas, one of the daughters of Dimodeo. Of course young Angel had furnished the trousseau according to custom. The importance of Marita's marriage would be gauged by the display of her gowns and her bridal dress, at the *boda*—the wedding feast.

"We'll have to go," Bick said, heavily, grumpily. "Angel's son. It wouldn't look right if we didn't."

"Why, Jordan, I wouldn't miss it! Angel! He was the first Reata baby I saw."

Everyone was there, from the Benedicts of Reata to Fidel Gomez the coyote from Nopal. Fidel was a personage now, he no longer needed to bother about exploiting his own people. Fidel Gomez, too, had been touched by the magic wand of the good fairy, Oil. His run-down patch of mesquite land outside Nopal now hummed and thumped with the activities of the men and machinery that brought the rich black liquid out of the sandy soil.

THERE was the bridal ceremony, full of pomp and ritual, and the bride in white satin with pearl beads and wax orange blossoms. The dress was later to be hung properly in the best room for all to see, and never to be worn again. A high platform had been built outside Dimodeo's house. After the church ceremony the bride appeared on this in each of the seven dresses of her bridal trousseau, so that all should see what a fine and open-handed husband her Angel Obregon was. The girls eyed her with envy and the men looked at her and at the proud Angel and thought, well, a lot of good those dresses and that pretty little *chavala* will do you when you are sweating in the islands of the South Pacific. What a *tonteria!* But Marita walked proudly along the platform.

Leslie had seen all this before at many ranch weddings, but she was as gay and exhilarated as though she never before had known the ceremony of the *boda*.

Harvest

By Polly Toland

Joy is not a thing of finding,
Is not found in corner cupboard,
Is not put away in drawers
To be surprisingly discovered.

Nor yet is joy the half-begun—
White spring of year, the first kiss tasted—
All birds, untutored in their songs,
Until perfected, somehow wasted.

Joy is for me the here and now;
This winter tree, my love rewarded,
Her cradle filled, the hearth fire flaming,
Harvest fruit against winter hoarded.

MIRACLES can happen
in your kitchen with a
COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC
Caloric® GAS RANGE

"Who'd think I was getting dinner?"



Miles from home, yet her Caloric oven will start automatically, cook dinner and shut itself off.

Stuff that dreams are made of



Go on dreaming about that morning cup of coffee. Caloric's Timed Outlet will have it perking when you get up.

"Who's chained to a stewing pot?"



Caloric's 4-hour Timer does your pot-watching for you, and buzzes when cooking is done.

No "Smoke gets in your eyes"



Caloric broils with the door *closed!* No smoke and greasy vapors pour out as in "open door" broiling.

Boon to tired husbands



Let him relax after a tough day. Caloric's famous Tri-Set Burners let you delay dinner until you're ready.

Yes, you're seeing double!



Two roomy ovens, each with its own heat control, let you bake and roast at the same time.

Suddenly, you're an expert baker



Wait till you bake with Caloric's *exact* oven heat! What a difference from oven heat that goes on and off!

No more "Clean-up Blues"



Beautiful porcelain, inside and out, cleans in a jiffy. They're America's Easiest Ranges to Keep Clean.



Yes, Caloric is a miracle of performance, giving you undreamed of leisure *out of the kitchen.* It's a miracle of beauty, too, with its sleek, modern design, its gleaming porcelain and chrome.

Why not see how easy meal-getting can be with an Ultramatic Caloric Gas Range? Remember, you save up to $100.00 compared with any equivalent range using other fuel. Remember, too, that more homes *cook with gas* than with all other fuels combined, by a wide margin! Caloric dealers are listed in your classified telephone book. See these *miracle* ranges soon.

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These PLANTERS products are also made in Toronto and sold everywhere in Canada.

"This is the kind of thing I love about Texas. Everyone here and everyone happy and everyone neighbors. It's perfect." She squeezed Bick's arm, she smiled, she met a hundred outstretched hands.

Young Angel had had a few drinks of tequila. "Fix 'em over there quick, and I come home to Marita and a little Angel—only we don't call him Angel, that is a no-good name for a man."

The tables were spread out-of-doors, long planks on wooden standards, and there was vast eating and drinking, and laughing and talking and the singing of *corridos* especially written for the occasion. Luz, away at school, would have loved it, Leslie reflected. She would write her all about it. Just look at Jordy. He seemed to be having a wonderful time, not shy and withheld as he so often was. She called Bick's attention to Jordy.

"Look at Jordy! He's having a high time. I was afraid he'd feel—uh—that he would be upset, seeing Angel in uniform. Going, I mean, so soon. But look at him!"

"M'm." Bick stared down the long table at his son seated next to a pretty young Mexican girl and looking into her eyes. "He's being a shade too gallant, isn't he, to that little What's-her-name—Polo's granddaughter isn't it?"

"Don't be feudal. She's a decent nice little girl and her name is Juana. Jordy's being polite and she loves it."

A fine feast. Barbecued beef and beans. The great wedding *caque* was the favorite feast cake called *color de rosa*. It was made of a dough tinted with pink vegetable coloring, or colored with red crepe paper soaked in water, the water mixed with the cake dough, very tasty. There was *pan de polvo*, little round cakes with a hole in the middle, shaped with the hand, delectably sugary and grainy. There was *bunuelo*, rolled paper thin and big as the big frying pan in which they had hissed in deep fat. Delicious with the strong hot coffee. There was beer, there was tequila, there was mescal. A real *boda*, and no mistake.

So Angel and Marita looked deeply into each other's eyes, and danced, and behaved like proper young Mexicans newly married. Everyone drank to Angel's return, unharmed to Benedict. No one knew that Angel would return from the South Pacific, sure enough, landing in California after the close of the great World War, and coming straight back to Benedict.

But he came home as bits and shreds of cloth and bone in a box. He came home a hero, his picture was in the papers, he had proved himself a tough *hombre* sure enough there in those faraway sweating islands. So tough that they had given him the highest honor a tough *hombre* can have—the Congressional Medal of Honor. Private First Class Angel Obregon . . . conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity, above and beyond the call of duty . . . heroic conduct . . . saved the lives of many comrades . . . overwhelming odds . . .

It made fine reading. And the widowed Marita and old Angel Obregon and his wife and his ancient grandmother all knew that there must be a funeral befitting the conduct of the bits that lay heaped in the flag-draped box. But the undertaker in Benedict—funeral director he now was called—said that naturally he could not handle the funeral of a Mexican. Someone—there were people who said it might have been Leslie Benedict—thought this was not quite right. Talk got around, it reached a busy man who was President of the United States of America way up north in Washington, D. C. So he had the flag-draped box, weary now of its travels, brought to Washington and buried in the cemetery reserved for great heroes, at Arlington.

Marita wished that it could have been nearer Benedict, so that she might visit her husband's grave. But she was content, really. And she had named the infant Angel, after all, in spite of the other Angel's objections that day of the wedding.

None of this the guests could know now as they laughed and danced and ate and sang, and the small children screeched and ran and darted under the tables and gobbled bits of cake.

The music of the *guitarras* grew louder, more resonant.

"Come along home now, honey," Bick said. "I've had enough of this and so have you."

He rose from the crowded table, and Leslie with him. Angel, the bridegroom, and Marita the bride, seeing their guests of honor about to leave, started toward them in smiling farewell.

It was then that Jordy Benedict stood up, too, and to the amazement of the wedding guests he put his arm about the girl Juana's shoulder. He was very pale and his dark eyes seemed enormous.

He spoke formally in Spanish. "Ladies and gentlemen! My father and my mother! Friends! I have not spoken until now because I did not want to intrude on the festivities of this wedding of my friends Angel Obregon and Marita Rivas. But now I can tell you that yesterday morning Juana and I were married in the rectory of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Nopal. We are husband and wife."

He spoke without his usual stammer. No one noticed this. Though perhaps somewhere in his mother's stunned mind it registered.

The life of humanity is so long, and that of the individual is so brief, that we often see only the ebb of the advancing wave, and are thus discouraged. It is history that teaches us to hope. —ROBERT E. LEE

Sprawled comfortably on a veranda chair Bick was deep in talk with Judge Whiteside and Gabe Target and Pinky Snyth and Uncle Bawley. Cattle, oil, politics were the primary subjects of discussion as always in a group of Texas males. Wars and the end of wars; nations and the fall of nations; human lives and the shattering of human lives: all these were secondary.

"My family and I live just the way we've always lived here at Reata. All that black grease in the far lot," Bick said contemptuously, "hasn't made a mite of difference."

"That's right," Pinky Snyth agreed. A gleam of malice danced in the seemingly guileless blue eyes. "Just like in the old-timey days, that's you, Bick. Nature is all. God sure was good to you Benedicts to hand you a seventy-five-foot reinforced-concrete swimming pool set down in the brush right in your own front yard."

Bick good-humoredly joined in the laughter. "Well, now, it's a health measure. Leslie's in and out like a seal. And the young folks. We'd have had that pool in time, oil or no oil."

Gabe Target was a realist. "Like hell you would! That twenty-seven-and-a-half-percent exemption on oil fetched all the little knickknacks around your country here like swimming pools and airplanes and Caddys and whole herds of fifty-thousand-dollar critters. And that goes for the rest of the state too."

"Depreciation," Pinky Snyth mused. "It's wonderful."

Judge Whiteside spoke pontifically. "One of the finest laws ever passed in Washington, that oil-well depreciation."

There was the sound of light laughter from the shadow of the vines at the rear of the veranda. The heads of the five men turned sharply.

"That you, Leslie?" Bick called.

Her voice, a lovely sound, came to them though they could not see her. "I get starved for male conversation. I'm in the harem section pretending not to be here."

"Why'n't you move down here where we can look at your pretty face, not only hear you," suggested that ancient charmer, Uncle Bawley.

(Continued on Page 78)



Two more for dinner?

S-t-r-e-t-c-h the meal you've already fixed for the family with *fluffy, snow-white* Minute Rice on the side . . . or whip up a new and wonderful dinner-in-a-dish in lickety-split time! Either way, Minute Rice helps you out of an embarrassing spot!

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Glamour dish in just 18 minutes!

LEMON RICE WITH BROILED FISH

Mince ½ clove garlic; sauté in 2 tablespoons butter until golden brown. Add 1⅓ cups Minute Rice, 1½ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil, cover, remove from heat, let stand 10 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Serve with broiled Birds Eye fish fillets. Only Minute Rice can absorb the flavor—give you the special lemony zest that's so *perfect* with this fish dinner! And *only with Minute Rice can you make this glamorous dish in just 18 minutes!* Recipe delights 4.

Another Quickie! *Catsup Rice*—mouth-waterin' with meat, cheese or fish! Simply combine in saucepan: 1⅓ cups Minute Rice and 1¾ cups fat-free broth (or 2 chicken bouillon cubes dissolved in 1¾ cups water). Bring to a boil, cover, let stand 10 minutes. Then add 2 tablespoons catsup, 1 tablespoon butter; mix well. Serves 4.



For perfect rice the quick and easy way ★★★ pre-cooked

MINUTE BRAND RICE

A Product of General Foods



DANIEL GREEN MAKES SLIPPERS FOR "HIM" TOO!

(Continued from Page 76)

She came out of the vine shadows then and stood a moment, waving them back to their chairs. "No, I'm not staying. Relax. I was just wondering about depreciation in first-class brains. My father, for example. He's way over seventy now, he's given his life to saving other men's lives. He's a weary old gentleman, and not well. What about depreciation exemption there?"

Gabe Target, bland and benevolent, undertook to clear this feminine unreason. "Oil is a commodity, and valuable. How you going to measure the value of a man's brains!"

"By his record." Her voice was crisp now. "When a country considers oil more important than the spirit of man, it's a lost country."

"Now Leslie." Bick's tone was fond, but a trifle irritated too. "Get down off that stump. Someday a short-tempered Texian is going to take a shot at you."

"All right. I'm off." Her voice was gay but her eyes were serious.

"Where you going, hot of the day like this?" Pinky asked.

"Stay here," Uncle Bawley pleaded. "It rests my eyes just to look at you."

"Gentlemen, I'll tell you this privately," Bick announced, "old Bawley's always been in love with my wife."

"Who hasn't!" The heavily gallant Judge Whiteside.

STRAIGHT and slim as she had been years ago. A misting of white in the abundant black of her hair. "I wish I didn't have to go, but I've promised. Luz and I are driving Juana and little Jordan over to Bob Dietz's new place. Bob's got a new lamb to show Jordan, he's never seen a lamb."

"All these Jordans around here," Gabe Target said, "I should think you'd get mixed up."

"His name isn't really Jordan, you know. Jordy and Juana named him Polo, after her grandfather. But Jordan began to call him Jordan ——" Laughing, she gave it up.

"Dietz's place," Bick said, and shuffled his feet a little. "That's a far piece for the kid to go, day like this."

"He's tough."

Bick's frown cleared and he wagged his head. "He sure is. I sat him up front of me on my horse yesterday, just to see what he'd do, and when I took him down he began to bellow to be put back up again. Kicked me."

"Well, real Mexican ——" Pinky began. Then he stopped abruptly.

Brightly, but looking them over with a clear cool gaze, Leslie said her polite farewells. "I'll be back by six. You know the way Luz drives. Won't you all stay for supper? And tell me what you've talked about while I'm away. If you dare. Just what are you five evil men up to now, I wonder. And don't you know you'll have to pay for it in the end?"

She vanished into the house. The five men looked at one another.

"Leslie's always been real sharp talking," Judge Whiteside said, and his tone was not altogether admiring.

Uneasily Bick dismissed the criticism. "Leslie doesn't mean it. When she gets going I just come back at her with some mild questions about the South and Tammany in New York and a few things like that."

The men sat quietly a moment. Reata Ranch sounds came to them on the hot Gulf wind—humming metallic sounds now, different from the sounds of a quarter century ago.

"Don't hardly ever hear a horse nowdays," Gabe Target observed.

"Do when I'm moving around," Bick said.

Pinky eyed him keenly. "Thought you didn't gallop around as much as you used to."

"Leslie's always after me to take it easy, but I pay it no mind."

"Everything and everybody taking it easy now," Gabe Target mused. "Reach in the freezer for food. Lunch counter right in your own kitchen like a café—pie, coffee, sandwiches. Bump gates, touch 'em with the nose of your car, out they open and bingo they close. Bulldozers. Stingers. Jeeps. Planes in the back lot like Fords."





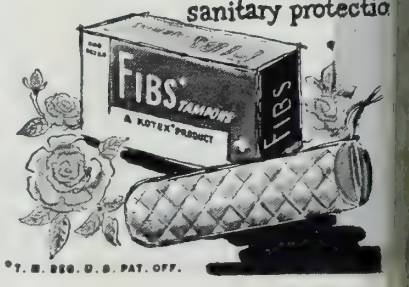
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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"My twins," Pinky said, "they went oming down to Houston yesterday, and ck—slacks and their hair in curlers—said ey had to get them some lobsters, they had e girls coming for a card party they'd set eir hearts on these lobsters Luggen's store st flew in special from up in Maine. They ought nothing of the trip, couple hundred les each way, like running to the corner ocery."

UNCLE BAWLEY often sat with his eyes shut, tening. His fingers tapped a tuneless ythm on the chair arm. Now he opened crepy lids and surveyed the younger men. Oil! What do folks use it for! In the war ey were flying around shooting up towns women and children. Now it's lobsters om Maine. Got to have lobsters. And eaking hellbent in automobiles a hundred les an hour, going nowheres, killing people e chickens by the roadside. Pushing ships oss the ocean in four five days. There sn't been a really good boatload of folks ce the Mayflower crowd."

"You don't get around enough, Bawley," be Target argued. "Look what it's done the state! Look what it's done for Hous- and Dallas and Hermoso and Corpus d a hundred more. Look at the people ere!"

"Yep. Look at 'em. The girls all got three nk coats and no place to wear 'em. And eralds the size of avocados. The men ks, they got Cadillacs like locomotives d planes the size of ocean liners, and their ices done up in teakwood and cork and exiglas. And what hap- ns! The women get red and go to raising tty flowers for prize ows like their gram- aws did and the men go k to raising cattle just e their grampappies did ong time ago. Next thing u know mustard greens d corn bread'll be fash- able amongst 'em, in- ad of bragging about how they eat at that villon Café and the Twenty-One Club when y go to New York. My opinion, they're ed of everything, and everybody's kind of ed of them. They made the full circle."

'Well, anyway, Uncle Bawley," Pinky yth protested, grinning, "you can't ob- t to the breed of beef cattle that oil money s raised up here on Reata."

'Can," declared Uncle Bawley. "And do. was thinking yesterday in that big tent k set up there, selling off bulls and steers. by that big black bull Othello, scares you see him. Priced fifty thousand dollars, he

'Sixty," Bick said. And he thought, *Oh, t up will you Uncle Bawley, I'm tired d edgy.*

'Fifty—sixty—when you get up into those gers for a he-cow what's the difference! ke Jett Rink's holdings. Has he got a ousand million or only a hundred million. hat's the diff? It ain't money any more, zeros. There they stood, those critters in e auction tent, solid square, low-slung like Mack truck, legs just stumps. I've et aks off of those behemoths. They've had e flavor bred right out of them."

'Tell you what, Uncle Bawley," Pinky ggested. "Maybe one the boys'll go out tle up an old Longhorn that's been hiding newhere in the brush these past fifty ars. Leslie'll have you a good old-time ther steak cut off of that."

The calm low tones of Gabe Target's ice undercut the talk and laughter. "Now ys, this is very pleasant, sitting here gab- ng in the hot of the day. But I'm due back me tonight, and this isn't what I came wn for. You want to state your situation, k? Not that we don't know it. But just ween us, off the record, cut down to bare nes."

Bick Benedict hunched forward, his hands sped in front of him between his knees, arms resting on his thighs. "Here it is, aight. We didn't realize, when we let out t oil leases, how many oil workers were ng to swarm in on Reata. There's a mob of them. I've got nothing against them, big husky fellows, work hard and spend their money. They know they have to keep away from me and I keep away from them. Well. At first it was work and sleep and eat and live in those shacks just anyhow, for them. But now the whole outfit has sort of shaken down, they've brought in their wives and kids and so on. At first they stuffed their houses with refrigerators and radios and gadgets. But now they've got together in a bunch called The Better Living Association."

"How many of them?" Gabe Target did not waste energy on emotions.

"Oh, good many hundreds by now. Swarming all over the town and county."

"Dissident votes," Pinky Snyth announced, like a checker of lists. "Right in this precinct."

"They're yelling all over the district they want what they call decent schools for their kids and a hospital for the sick and injured and so on, and homes for their families. And the oil property—about a hundred and fifty thousand acres of it—is in my precinct here. In the town of Benedict. If they vote—and they will—and carry it—and they will the way it stands now—they don't want my—the old commissioner. They want him voted out and a new commissioner in. There'll be a new tax rate on every acre of land hereabouts. That tax on a couple of million acres can just about cripple Reata. They win, and it'll spread to your Double B, Pinky. And you know it."

He unclasped his hands, threw them open, palms up. The lines in his forehead were deep, the eyes strained and bloodshot.

Judge Whiteside cleared his throat. "You talked to the Azabache crowd about this, Bick?" he asked his host.

"What do they care! It doesn't affect them. They said Jett Rink heard of it, he laughed his crazy fat head off."

Silence. The hot wind rustling the vine leaves. The drum of a powerful motor somewhere far off on the prairie. One of the nearby workboys calling in Mexican-Spanish to another busy at the pool. The five men sat eying one another. Waiting.

Smoothly, benevolently, Gabe Target broke the silence. "Well now, Bick, we don't want anything that isn't perfectly legal and aboveboard, of course."

"Course," the four echoed, and their eyes never left his face.

Silence again, brief, breathless. "I suggest—and of course I'd want the sound legal opinion of our good friend the Judge here—I suggest a very simple feasible plan, Bick. Now first I'd like to ask you a couple questions. Plainly speaking, the county commissioner's your man. That right?"

"Right."

"The Mexicans on your place—*vaqueros* and so on—they vote right?"

"They vote—right."

"I HEARD some of the younger Mexican fellas since the war's over they've come home and haven't settled down right, they've been rabble-rousing, shooting their mouths off, getting together saying they're American citizens without rights and that kind of stuff. I hear they're getting up organizations, the boys who fought in the war, and so on."

"Well?"

"Can you handle them?"

"I can handle them. Always have. They'll quiet down."

"The full vote is needed to carry your candidate. Am I correct? Without it, he's out?"

"Out."

Gabe Target's eyes were flat disks of steel sunk in the caverns below his fatherly brow. "Well, my boy, you don't want a crowded big noisy city sprung up around this beautiful Reata ——"

"As fair a piece of Nature's bounty," Judge Whiteside intoned, by now somewhat piqued at finding himself shorn of his accustomed curls of peroration, "as there is any-

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where in this Great Commonwealth, and I may say, anywhere—North America, South America, the uncharted wastes of Asia ——"

"If you think Asia's uncharted, Judge, after this last war," Pinky Snyth interrupted somewhat pertly, "you better get set for a shock to your nervous system."

"Boys, boys!" Gabe Target's kindly chiding tones like those of a gentle schoolmaster.

Bick held his temper by an effort. "Let's just hear Gabe out, will you? This is pretty important."

GABE was talking in that quiet reasonable voice so that everything he said sounded plausible and right and somehow beneficent.

"Now then. These boys in the big oil outfits—and I don't doubt they're good fine boys, though maybe mistaken some ways—they ought to have their own town. They've earned it. And keep Benedict the way it is, population and layout and nice little town government and all. And taxes. Just have the precinct lines rearranged and the town line set to where it was before oil. There's a big enough population sprung up there outside to make a fine little town of their own, the oil crowd and their wives and all. Get 'em incorporated, all fair and aboveboard—before they know where they're at. They could call the town—for example, if they were so minded—Azabache. Or town of Jett Rink. And leave him build the schools they're bawling for, and the hospitals and the city hall and the gymnasiums and pave the streets and put in the water. And let Jett Rink pay the taxes."

Silence. Gabe Target's eyelids came down over the flinty eyes, giving him that aspect of benevolence again.

Finally Bick spoke. "You really think it can be done?"

"Judge Whiteside here will bear me out I think. Won't you judge?"

Judge Whiteside cleared his throat. His voice had the finality of one who is the Law. "It's as good as done this minute. You can forget it."

"Little drink would go good," Pinky suggested.

Bick reached for the little bell on the table at his side. Almost before its tinkle had died away on the hot restless air the two Mexican girls appeared, one with the tray of bourbon and ice and water, the other with the coffee.

Solemnly the men drank, the talk was more desultory now, their voices as always low, pleasant.

Gabe looked at Bick Benedict, he thought the man's russet coloring was now like a lacquer over a foundation of gray. "Bick, how's Jordy working out as a doctor?"

Bick hesitated a moment before answering. When he spoke it was with a wry lightness. "Oh, you know young folks today. Jordy takes after Leslie's side of the family, more. Her father."

Blunderingly, Judge Whiteside must satisfy his own curiosity, now that Gabe Target had inserted the entering wedge in a topic that the Benedicts' social circle considered closed to discussion. "I suppose this Guerra's office he's in—I suppose Jordy's starting off using the Mexicans like a clinic, more. For experience—observation—so forth."

Bick did not reply.

"I can't get the right of it," the judge persisted. "Only son and all. Where's his feeling about Reata! To say nothing of his pa and ma!"

The little crooked smile on Bick's lips did not deceive the four keen-eyed men. "Oh well, Judge, you can't tie a kid to a horse. His talents lie another way, that's all. I'll make out. I'm not quite through—yet."

Gabe Target's cool measured tones cut through this persiflage. "Bick, you ought to get you a good smart solid young fella, now the war's over, knows stock and range and feed and all. Modern"—hastily—"like yourself. Train him into manager to do the routine hard over-all work. College type but with his feet on the ground. And I mean Texas ground."

Pinky Snyth spoke up. "That's Bob Dietz. Say, I tried my best to steal him off you, Bick, years ago to work the Double B. He wasn't hardly more than a kid then. Wouldn't come."

BICK'S gaze went out and out, past the veranda and screening, on and on to the distant line where the dome of the sky met the golden tan curve of the earth. "I offered him the job. He wasn't interested. He as much as said I was old-fashioned. Said this was the time for pioneering in advanced range-management techniques. That's what he said. Said he was interested in ranching as a way of life for the many, and not to make big money. He said people who wanted big money ought to try the stock market or the oil industry or most anything but agriculture and stock."

A stunned silence followed this recital of heresy.

Judge Whiteside cleared his throat. "I don't aim to appear nosy, but I heard around that this Dietz and your Luz were runnin

(Continued on Page 83)



"She's from next door. I'm taking care of her."

SCIENCE REPORT

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ARE YOU MADE FOR 'FIRE AND ICE?'

Try this quiz and see!

What is the American girl made of? Sugar and spice and everything nice? Not since the days of the Gibson Girl! There's a *new* American beauty . . . she's tease and temptress, siren and gamin, dynamic and demure. Men find her slightly, delightfully baffling. Sometimes a little maddening. Yet they admit she's *easily* the most exciting woman in all the world! She's the 1952 American beauty, with a foolproof formula for melting a male! She's the "Fire and Ice" girl. (Are *you?*)

Have you ever danced with your shoes off?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Did you ever wish on a new moon?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you blush when you find yourself flirting?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
When a recipe calls for *one* dash of bitters, do you think it's better with *two?*	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you secretly hope the next man you meet will be a psychiatrist?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you sometimes feel that other women resent you?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Have you ever wanted to wear an ankle bracelet?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do sables excite you, even on other women?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you love to look *up* at a man?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you face crowded parties with panic—then wind up having a wonderful time?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Does gypsy music make you sad?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you think any man *really* understands you?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Would you streak your hair with platinum without consulting your husband?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
If tourist flights were running, would you take a trip to Mars?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you close your eyes when you're kissed?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐

Can you honestly answer "yes" to at least eight of these questions? Then *you're* made of "Fire and Ice!" And Revlon's lush-and-passionate scarlet was made just for you—a daring projection of your *own* hidden personality! Wear it tonight. It may be the night of your lifetime!

(Continued from Page 80)

together a good deal. Dietz isn't invited to parties and places, but a lot in her plane and his car and hamburger joints talking, and so on."

Bick shrugged in an effort at carelessness, but his brow was thunderous.

"Oh, kid stuff. Dietz is smart enough, but he's one of those know-it-all kids. Luz is a real rancher, she'll talk to anybody who'll teach her something new. The Dietz kid—or anybody."

"He's no kid," Uncle Bawley announced, suddenly awake wide-eyed. "He's getting along."

The guffaw that this brought forth lightened the heavy resentment of Bick's tone. "Well, anyway, this ancient Bob Dietz, he says the big ranch is doomed. The feudal system he calls it. That's you and me, Pinky. Says that with artificial insemination and modern long-term reseeding, pretty soon you won't need to feed your stock a pound of hay or cake. You'd think to hear him talk he was the one first discovered Lehman's lovegrass and yellow bluestem and sideoats grama and blue grama and all. He's got a piece about twenty sections now, down near the Valley, he calls it a trial range unit, he says he ——"

"How about water?" scoffed Judge Whiteside. "He got water fixed to eat out of his hand too?"

"Oh, sure. He says no reason why water can't be harnessed and led across the continent. In the future. Says the Tennessee Valley showed us a little something. Says they'll find a way to take the salt out of salt water and hitch the whole Gulf of Mexico to Texas. That's in the future too. He says."

"If they ever get water into Texas," Gabe Target said, "God knows what'll happen."

"I'll tell you what," Uncle Bawley announced in his gentle musing voice. "The youngsters will cut Reata into pie slices and raise up a steer to the acre."

The wounded oyster mends his shell with pearl.
—EMERSON

Even after all these years Leslie Benedict always felt a distinct shock as she came out of the dim cool rooms of the Main House to meet the full blast of the Texas sun. The Big House hummed with air conditioners, but here at the Main House the family relied on the massive old walls for protection. Leslie often had suggested a cooling unit for Bick's bedroom but he even refused to have one in his office.

"Let the barbecue shacks have them," he said, "and the Houston and Hermoso zillionaires. I was brought up on Texas heat. Sun and sweat have made Texas."

Luz said, pertly, that he was beginning to sound like Uncle Bawley.

Now Luz and Leslie in the front seat, Juana and little Jordan in the back, the four were off for Bob Dietz's ranch in the Valley.

Leslie cast an anxious eye toward the child. "It'll be cooler as soon as we begin to move. Juana, you don't think it's going to be too much for Polo, do you?"

Juana glanced down at the child beside her. "He loves it. He was so excited this morning he wouldn't eat his breakfast." Juana's English was spoken with precision. Her voice was soft and low and leisurely, unlike the strident tone of many Mexican-American women.

OLD Polo stemmed from Spanish blood and his granddaughter's skin had a creamy pallor, the dark eyes were soft and the black hair was fine and abundant. About her throat she always wore a strand of pearls that Leslie had given her—Benedict family pearls—and the luminous quality of these seemed reflected in her skin. But the child Polo had the café-au-lait coloring of his Mexican grandmother and great-grandmother; and their Mexican hair and eyes.

Now the car rounded the curve in the long driveway and passed the Big House. Three or four people were descending the broad stone steps and there were cars waiting in the drive. Almost automatically Leslie bowed and waved and smiled, though she knew only vaguely who the guests were this week or this particular day.

"It seems to me," Luz remarked, "that our visiting strangers get stranger and stranger. Who's that lot?"

"I don't know, really. Not very important. Two of the boys have been delegated to take them around. But next week!"

"I hear it's a king and queen. Doesn't it sound silly!"

"Yes, poor darlings. And a swarm of other people. It's a weird list. Somebody must have slipped up on it—Jordan's secretary or somebody. They can't all be interested in cattle."

"Who?"

"YOU won't believe it, even for Reata. Uh, let's see. There's a prize fighter and a Russian dancer and a South American ambassador. And a movie queen who's bought a ranch in California and wants to stock it. And her husband. I don't remember who else. And I'm afraid your Aunt Maudie and your Aunt Leigh are descending."

"I may suddenly be called away."

"Now Luz! Anyway, they're all invited to that big thing at Jett Rink's new airport."

"Oh, that! I may hop over for a look at it but I wouldn't be found dead at the idiotic howling dinner."

"Your father would like you just to show up, and Jordy, too, and all of us."

"That's ridiculous! What for?"

"Because everybody is going to be there, and if we stay away it will look queer. Anyway, there's a political reason of some kind. He doesn't like it any better than you do. But Roady asked specially that we all go—you and Jordy and Maudie ——"

"Me!" asked the child from the back seat.

Leslie turned, she held out her hand to the child and smiled at him. "No, you don't have to be political my darling. Not yet."

The child looked at her solemnly, the great dark eyes almost mournful. "I'm hungry."

"There!" Juana said. "Because you didn't eat your breakfast."

"I want my breakfast now."

"Listen Snooks," Luz called to the child, "wait till we get out of Benedict and past Nopal."

"But I'm hungry."

"In a little minute, *mi vida,*" Juana said to the child. "Near the Valley where it is quiet. You will have milk and we will drink coffee. And we will have lunch at Bob Dietz's house."

"And I will see a baby lamb!"

They had whirled through the streets of Benedict. The old main street had become a business section that branched in all directions. Plate-glass windows reflected, glitter for glitter, the dazzling aluminum and white enamel objects within. The leather shop of Ildefonso Mezo was little more than tourist bait now, for Ildefonso was long gone. Tourists from Iowa and New York and Missouri stopped to buy stitched high-heeled cowboy boots in which their offspring hobbled back into the waiting family car.

The moth-eaten Longhorn steer still stood in his glass case morosely staring out at the procession of motorcars streaming along the road which in his lifetime had known only the quick clatter of horses' hoofs and the bellow and shuffle and thud of moving cattle.

As the Benedict car flashed through the town and out, Leslie's quick glance darted this way and that. "How it changes! Almost from day to day. You should have seen it when I came here a bride, before any of you were born."

"Well, I hope so, madam!" Luz exclaimed virtuously.

"That first week! I'll never forget it. I rejected just about everything—except your father. The—the *vaqueros'* horrible little shacks were worse than the Negro cabins in

(Continued on Page 85)



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(Continued from Page 83)

Virginia. Texas food was steak and the
ık was sole leather."
Still is," Luz observed.
But not at our house. And there are all
se modern houses in the barrios now. And
y're talking about a new hospital here in
edict and a new school."
uana's voice very low, for the child had
en asleep against his mother's side. "The
ool for the Latin American children is a
grace."
Leslie turned in her seat to face her
ghter-in-law. "I know, Juana darling.
must keep on working."

HEIR speed on this flat endless road would
e been terrifying to anyone not a Texan.
t the fine new house of Fidel Gomez in
pal. Fidel Gomez, wallowing in oil,
rcely bothered now to manage the busi-
s of bringing the Mexican migratory
kers, men women and children, into the
ley for the seasonal crop picking at
enty-five cents an hour.
Nopal was changing too. TORTILLA FAC-
RY a sign read in the town where once the
-pat of women's hands had sounded from
ry little dwelling. The dry-goods store
s a department store now. There were
tion-picture theaters offering Westerns.
rder Bad Man. Wagon Wheels West. *Coals*
Newcastle, Leslie thought as the great car
ept through the small towns and out again
o the open road.
"There isn't any open road any more," she
d. "Look at that enormous thing with
those aluminum
mneys or whatever
y are. Acres of it."
"Lexanese plant,"
z said.
"I don't remember
ving seen it before.
ust get about more.
turn into a home-
dy if I'm not careful."
"If you weren't so
bborn about letting
take you up in the
le plane," Luz re-
nded her, "you'd see
e world."
"You and Jordy don't really see the world.
u've learned your geography from planes.
u think the world is little blocks and
uares with bugs wriggling over them. I
n't think you ever really see anything
m the angle of the ground. What with
rses and planes and cars you never set foot
earth."
"Bob says you forgot to teach me to walk.
t anyway, what I see from the air is
ghty pretty, missy. Which is more than
u can say down here."
"Tell me, what's Bob's new house like?
it attractive?"
"Attractive as a boxcar. You could put
e whole thing in our pantry."
"Modern pioneer, h'm?"
"You and pa are a little worried about Bob
etz, aren't you?"
"Well, no, not worried. I think he's a
nderful young man. I don't suppose you
n to marry every man who interests
u."
"No. Only one. Bob and I have talked
out it. He says he wouldn't marry any girl
o has Reata hung around her neck." The
l's voice was even and her eyes were on the
ad ahead but something intangible asked
utely for guidance.
"Your Aunt Luz, that you were named
er, thought that Reata was more impor-
nt than marriage." Luz said nothing. They
ove on in silence. Luz just turned her
ad, then, to glance at her mother, and
ain her eyes came back to the road. In a
ne of somewhat dry reminiscence Leslie
nt on. "She was in love with Cliff Hake—
at was Vashti Snyth's father—and he was
love with her. But he wouldn't come to
e at Reata and she wouldn't go to live at
e Double B, and they wouldn't throw
e two ranches into one. So she lived at
ata an old maid. And died there."
"I'm still young," Luz said, her voice airy,
ven if I am over twenty. Young in spirit,
that's me. . . . I danced with Jett Rink the other night."
"No, Luz!"
"It was only for a minute or two. He was drunk but not violent. It was last week when I went to Houston for the party. We were having dinner at the Shamrock, Glenn McCarthy came into the Emerald Room with a bunch of Big Boys and Jett Rink was one of them. He looked quite handsome in a Mississippi Gaylord Ravenal kind of way. He had the nerve to come up to our table and ask me to dance. I decided it would be better to try it than to risk his going into one of his slugging matches with one of our men."
"What did he say?"
"Sort of babbled. Still mad at the Benedicts but not you and not me, as nearly as I could gather. A lot about you. And then he suggested it would be nice if I'd marry him. What an ape!"
"I'm hungry!" Polo was wide awake now.
Leslie turned to reassure him. "All right, my precious. We'll stop somewhere."
"I want my breakfast," the boy demanded.
Luz called back to him, "Sweetie, there's a kind of monotony about your conversation. . . . Juana, there's a nice clean new place about a mile farther on. Bob and I stopped there for a sandwich the other night. Quite good. I could do with a Coke, myself."
There were a dozen cars outside the little roadside lunchroom. A radio whined. Trucks and passenger cars and jeeps mingled affably in the parking place at the side.
"You go along in," Luz said. "I'll park away from these bloodthirsty trucks."
Leslie took the boy's hand in hers as he walked with his uncertain staggering steps. He looked proudly up into her face. She loved the feel of the velvety morsel in her palm. "Now, my pet. We'll all have something good, but not much because Bob Dietz will want us to eat lunch at his house, he won't like it if we're not hungry."
"Won't he let me see the little lamb?"
"Oh, yes, he'll let you see the lamb. Now then. Up the little step."
A coffee counter. Metal tables with chairs upholstered in scarlet imitation leather. A harassed middle-aged woman behind the cash register, a red-faced shirt-sleeved man behind the counter; a waitress wiping a table top with a damp cloth. Truck drivers at the coffee counter, women and children eating at the tables.
They stood a moment, Leslie, Juana, the child, in the bright steamy room with its odors of coffee and fried food. "That table in the corner," Juana suggested. "Perhaps there is a high chair for you, *mi vida*."
"I don't want a high chair, I am a big boy."

THEY sat down. "What's keeping Luz?" Leslie said, and tucked in a paper napkin at Polo's neck which he at once removed.
"We don't serve Mexicans here." They did not at first hear. Or, if they heard, the words did not penetrate their consciousness. So now the man came from behind the counter and moved toward them. His voice was louder now. "We don't serve Mexicans here."
Leslie Benedict stared around the room, but the man was looking at her and at Juana and at Polo. Leslie was frowning a little, as though puzzled. "What?"
"You heard me." He jerked a thumb toward the doorway. "Out."
The men drinking coffee at the counter and the people at the nearby tables looked at the two women and the child. They kept on eating and drinking, though they looked at them and glanced with sliding sidewise glances at one another.
Leslie rose. Juana stood, too, and the child wriggled off the chair and ran to his mother's

(Continued on Page 87)

Saints Alive

By Virginia Brasier

If it's a halo you have to wear,
Don't let it get in others' hair.



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ZENITH
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THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

(Continued from Page 85)

d. "You can't be talking to me!" Leslie
ti l.
" I sure can. I'm talking to all of you. Our
nl here is no Mexicans served and I don't
a it no ruckus. So—out!"
The worried-looking woman behind the
sh register said, "Now Floyd, don't you
o getting techy again. They ain't doing
o hing."
Leslie felt her lips strangely stiff. She said,
You must be out of your mind."
Who you talking to!" the man yelled.
Luz came blithely in, she stared a moment
the little group on whose faces was written
ning anger; at the openmouthed men
l women at the counter and tables.
Hey, what's going on here!" she said.
The man glanced at the golden-haired
e-eyed girl, he pointed a finger at the two
men and the child, but Leslie spoke before
could repeat the words.
This man won't serve us. He says he
n't serve Mexicans."
Even the jaws at the counter had ceased
mping now.
The scarlet surged up into Luz's face, her
s were a blazing blue. Leslie thought, with
ne little portion of her brain that was not
nb. *Why, she looks exactly—but exactly—*
Jordan when he is furious.
You son of a bitch!" said Miss Luz
nedict.
The man advanced toward her.
Floyd!" barked the woman behind the
h register.
Git!" shouted the man then. "You and
ur greasers." And he gave Polo a little
ve so that he lurched
ward and stumbled and
caught him.
Luz reverted then to
dhood. "I'll tell my
her!" she told the man.
e'll kill you! Do you
ow who my father is!
's ——"
'No! No, Luz! No
ne. Come."
s they went they heard, through the
n doorway, the voices of the man and
nan raised again in dispute.
You crazy, Floyd! Only the kid and his
was cholos, not the others."
Aw, the old one was, black hair and sal-
. you can't fool me."
Leslie put a hand through Juana's arm, she
k the child's hand in hers. "Come, chil-
n. Sh! Don't cry!"
That is a bad man," Polo said through
sobs.
Yes darling."
I am hungry I want my breakfast."
They were climbing into the car now.
randma will sit back here with you. That
n didn't have nice milk to drink. Luz will
out at the next place and she'll get you a
tle of milk and some crackers and you
drink the milk through a straw as we
along and you can see the little lamb all
sooner. Won't that be fun!"

E had their promise. All the way to Bob
tz's ranch and all the way back they had
ued. But in the end Luz and Juana had
mised.
Please," Leslie had implored them,
ease not until after that horrible Jett
k party is over. Please Luz, please Juana,
't tell your father don't tell Jordy don't
Bob until after that. You know they'd
something—something hasty, it would get
o the papers, it would be all over the
e. All those guests at the Big House, and
housand people going to the party.
re'll be publicity enough. Please just
t until next week, then we'll all talk about
uietly, together."
Quietly!" shouted Luz. "I'm going to
Bob the minute we hit the house. He'll
that baboon."
Luz, I promise you it won't be left like
. I promise. But it can't be now. This is
wrong time. It's got to be handled
ough proper channels, carefully. Your
her and Gabe and Judge Whiteside."
Judge Whiteside!" Luz scoffed. "That
y-crawler!"

Quietly Leslie said, "We're furious because of what that ignorant bigot did. But we all know this has been going on for years and years. It's always happened to other people. Now it's happened to us. The Benedicts of Reata. So we're screaming."

"All right," Luz snapped, "then let's hit it."

"Yes. But not now. Please. Not just now. It's the worst possible time to make a public fuss."

And deep inside her a taunting voice said, Oh, so now you're doing it too, h'm? After twenty-five years of nagging and preaching and being so superior you're evading too. Infected. Afraid to speak up and act and defy. Hit the rattlesnake before it strikes again. Tell them now, tell them now, what does it matter about the silly guests and the ranch and the oil and the banquet and the talk and the state. It's the world that matters.

At six that evening Bick Benedict, sprawled on the couch in their bedroom, regarded his wife with the fond disillusioned gaze of the husband who is conditioned to seeing cold cream applied to the wind-burned feminine face.

"WHAT the hell went on down there at Bob Dietz's?" he inquired. "You girls came home as sore acting as if you'd been scalped by Karankawas. Juana looked as if she'd been crying and Luz stamped past me without speaking. Just glared. Did the two girls quarrel or something? What the hell went on down there, anyway?"

"Nothing," Leslie replied. "Just tired, I guess."

"Uh-huh. All right, keep your girlish secrets. You don't look so good yourself, by the way."

Leslie continued to pat the cold cream on her cheeks. "Thanks chum. There's nothing like a little flattery to set a girl up before dinner."

"The boys decided not to stay. Except Uncle Bawley. He's not going back to Holgado until tomorrow."

"Did you finish your business? That private business you were all so cagey about?"

"Uh, yes. Yes."

"I thought you all looked as guilty as kids who were going to rob an orchard. Did it turn out all right?"

"Fine. Fine."

"What was it all about?"

"Oh, nothing you'd be interested in, honey. Town business. Elections coming up. Stuff like that."

Tell him now, the voice said. Tell him his wife and his daughter and his daughter-in-law and his grandson were kicked out of a roadside diner and it's his fault and your fault and the fault of every man and woman like you. But she only said, aloud, "We brought the little lamb back with us in the car. Bob gave it to Polo."

"You trying to make a sheep man out of a Benedict! Don't let that get around the cow country."

"He insists on keeping it in a box in his bedroom. Juana's having quite a time."

He laughed like a boy at his mental picture of this. Then he fell silent. When he spoke he was serious, he was urgent. "Leslie, I wish they could live here at Reata. Not only little visits like this, but stay. Do you think they might? The kid loves it here."

"Of course he does. He thinks it's heaven. Wouldn't any child who'd lived in a three-room New York apartment while his father went to school?"

"Speak to Juana about it, will you? Maybe if Jordy sees how happy she and the boy are here he'll leave Vientecito and give up that stinking clinic, settle down here at Reata where he belongs."

Agreeably, quite as though she did not know that what he suggested was hopeless, she seemed to fall in with his plan. "Wouldn't that be lovely! I'll speak to Juana tomorrow."

It would seem that married men never make good husbands.
—VICTOR HERBERT



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He sighed with a sort of deep satisfaction as if the impossible were already accomplished. "Let's have a little drink up here before I have to go down and start arguing again with Uncle Bawley." After she had given the order, "What's Dietz's place like?"

"Compact as a hairbrush," she told him. "You wouldn't know it was Texas. Everything planned to the last inch like a problem in physics. It's planted right up to the front door, I expected to see grass growing in the house."

"Did, huh? See his stock?"

"Yes. Some. It looked—what's that word?—thrifty. Bob said it was solid beef cattle, he wasn't going in for collectors' items. Jordan, maybe this boy has got hold of something so fundamental that it's enormous."

"You sound as if you'd been talking to your daughter Luz. I want to know what you think of him."

"Bob's a fine man. And more than just smart. For the rest, perhaps he's just a le-e-etle bit too earnest for my taste, and not enough humor. But maybe that's the mark of future greatness. Great men are usually pretty stuffy. Except you."

The Mexican girl came in with the tray and placed it on the table beside him. Bick opened the bourbon, cocked an eyebrow at Leslie, she nodded.

"That's mighty purty talk, missy." But he was not smiling. "Look. Is she going to marry him?"

"I don't know. Neither does she. He won't marry Reata. I'm sure of that. Not even if he has to lose Luz. And he's crazy about her. But not that crazy."

"Hey, wait a minute! This is where we came in, isn't it?"

"Sort of. We talked a little about her Aunt Luz today. I told her about Luz and Cliff Hake—before he was old Cliff Hake."

He got up and began to stride about the room. "Oh, you did, eh?"

"Yes. I thought she might be interested to know what happens to a woman, sometimes, if she doesn't marry because of some unimportant thing like a ranch, for example."

"She doesn't want to marry that dirt farmer. Anyway, she isn't going to. Not if I can help it."

"Twentieth century. Remember?"

Moodily he stared at her. "Oh, let's forget it. I'm tired. This has been a stinker of a day."

Instantly she was alert. "What happened?" she asked.

"Nothing. Everything. After the boys left I sat there talking to Bawley awhile. He looked like an old hundred-year turtle, mopping his eyes and mumbling. I love the old goof but he sure can drive you crazy. Talking. He thinks he's one of the Prophets or something now, the way he talks."

"But what did he say that upset you?"

"Nothing. Nothing that made sense, that is. It was just the whole stinking day. I got to thinking about this damned Rink shindig this week. Bawley said he wouldn't be seen dead there, oil or no oil. And to tell you the truth I'd rather be shot than go."

"That's wonderful!" Leslie said. "We won't go."

His shoulders slumped. "We've got to. Because everybody's going. If we stay away we'll be the only outfit for a thousand miles around that isn't there. Everybody's going and nobody wants to—nobody that is anybody. Stay away and we'd be more marked than if we went to the party naked. . . . To think that that *cochino* could make decent people do anything they don't want to do!"

"He can't. We don't have to go." She faced him squarely, hairbrush in hand, she gesticulated with it as she spoke. "You keep on doing—we keep on doing things we're really opposed to. You just can't keep on doing things against your feelings principles."

Belligerently, "You don't say! W things?"

"You've just said it. This hideous towing to a thing like Jett Rink. But isn't so important. It's a thousand o things. Oil. And the ranch. And the M cans. The bigotry. The things that can pen to decent people. It's going to catc with you. It's taken a hundred years maybe it'll take another hundred. But it catch up with you. With everybody. I ways does."

"Go join a club," he said wearily, returned to the couch.

She came over to him and sat beside "Bick, do you feel ill?"

He stared at her. "You called me Bi he said.

"Did I?"

"Why?"

"I don't know, Jordan. I didn't kn had."

"You've never called me that be Never. Everybody else did, but yo never called me anything but my na since the day we met. Say, that's kin funny. Maybe it means you've kin finished with your husband Jordan."

She sank down against him, her c against his, her arm across his breast. " dan's my husband, darling. Bick's friend."

"Tell your friend to get the hell out o wife's bedroom." But he was not smi He lay inert, unresponsive to her. Aft moment he began to talk, disjointedly though unwillingly admitting the do and fears that for mo had been piling up ag the door of his consc ness. "I guess it's kin got me . . . the boys afternoon . . . and the w damned oil crowd . . like any dirty boom now, Benedict is. . . . on top of everything J turning out a no- maverick . . . oh, no real Benedict, anyway . . . Doctor Jo Benedict! Can you imagine! Down in S town with the greasers in Vientecito. a shi on the door right along with a fellow na Guerra. . . . Juana and the kid . . . Jua all right she's a decent girl she's Jor wife Jordy Benedict's wife and the kid l like a real cholo."

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

—FRANKLIN

"Darling, don't say things like t They're terrible. They're wrong. You d know how wrong. You'll be sorry."

"Yeh, well I know this much. Thing getting away from me. Kind of slip from under me, like a loose cushion. I s to God I sometimes feel like a failure. Benedict a failure. The whole Bene family a failure."

She sat up very straight, she took inert hand in hers, his brown iron hand, held it close to her. "Jordan, how str that you should say that just today!" told him.

"Today?"

"Because today was kind of difficult me too, in some ways. And I thought, a were driving along toward home—Luz Juana and little Jordan and I—I thoug myself, well, maybe Jordan and I and all others behind us have been failures, way. In a way, darling. In a way that nothing to do with ranches and oil and lions and Rinks and Whitesides and K mirs. And then I thought about our Jo and our Luz and I said to myself, well, a hundred years it looks as if the Bene family is going to be a real success at l

As he turned, half startled half resen to stare at her, the man saw for just moment a curious transformation in the of this middle-aged woman. The lines the years had wrought were wiped awa a magic hand, and there shone there look of purity, of hope and of eager ex ancy that the face of the young girl worn when she had come, twenty-five y ago, a bride to Texas. THE





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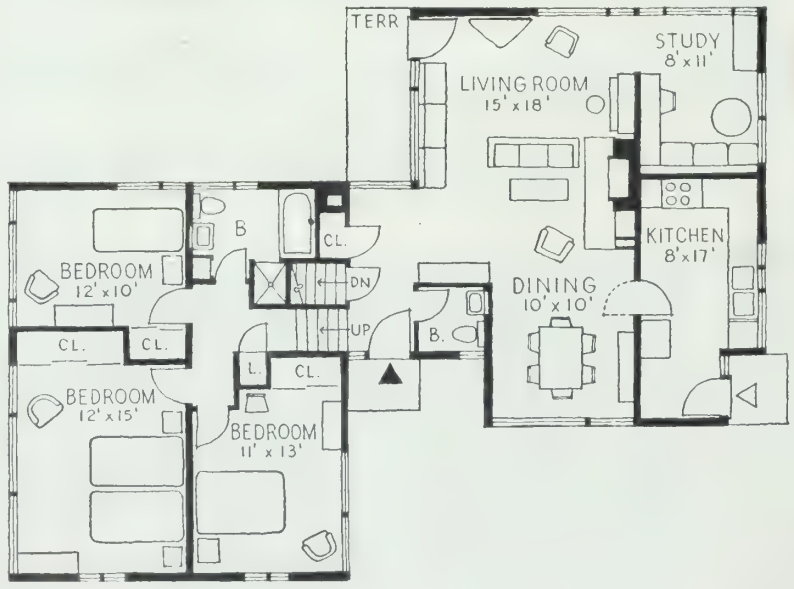


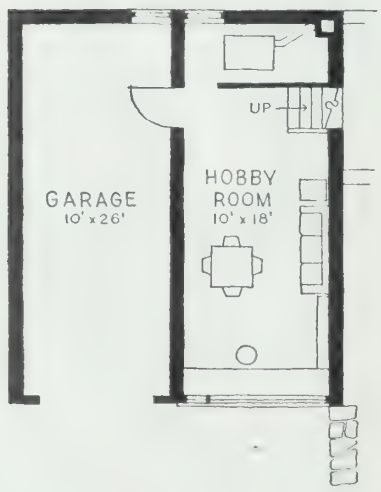
A split-level house loves any sloping site. This house at Newton, Massachusetts, was designed by Samuel Glaser, architec

upper level

middle level

lower level





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By **RICHARD PRATT** *Architectural Editor of the Journal*

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TELL ME, DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 35)

is accomplished through the mother, by a constant interchange of blood elements through the *placenta*, commonly called the 'afterbirth'; it is expelled from the uterus after the child, when its function has been fulfilled."

"Is it really a transfusion, then, Doctor?"

"No, it's not a transfusion at all, because the blood of the fetus and that of the mother never actually mingle. The fetus never receives any blood cells—it manufactures its own. It couldn't actually receive whole blood because there is a partition of cells between the two circulations to prevent it. What *does* happen is that there is an exchange of certain blood elements."

"I don't see how the husband's blood type matters. He has contributed only one single cell to the make-up of that fetus. How can that one cell cause trouble about incompatibility?"

"I assure you that it can," patiently explained the doctor. "That one cell merges with the single unit produced by the mother known as the *ovum*, and the two divide and subdivide almost to infinity. Those myriads of cells produced by this division carry the characteristics of the father as well as the mother, even though they are developing entirely apart from their male sponsor. We expect the fetus to be governed in its development by certain characteristics it has inherited from its father; if the father happens to be Rh positive, it is to be presumed that the fetus will be the same.

"This unborn child, which is constantly growing, finally reaches the point where its own physiology becomes an important factor. It is now producing blood cells in increasing quantities through structures which are developing for that purpose, notably the red bone marrow. If that infant's blood happened to be Rh positive, while that of its mother was negative, what would you expect to occur?"

"Oh, dear! I should think it would kill the mother, as you said the wrong type of blood used in a transfusion would do."

"It isn't quite as bad as that, fortunately. You forget that the mother is an adult and pretty tough. What does happen is that her system *may* begin to develop antibodies against this alien type of blood. In other words, she is prepared to fight it."

"Then I should think that would settle the whole question."

"You forget that the unborn infant has not the toughness of its mother. When cer-

HECKLE

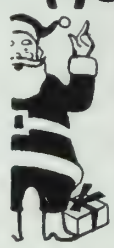
Flax was the chief vegetable fibre used in medieval cloth making. Though the fibres are long and strong, their preparation presented many problems to the prescientific age. Stalks were first permitted to putrify; then they were split and combed by hand.

A brush with iron teeth was used for the latter operation. From an Anglo-Saxon term hecel (to split), the instrument was known as a heckle. By the fifteenth century, the word had come to be used as a verb, meaning "to scratch with a steel brush," or to look for weak points.

Scottish candidates for public office were customarily subjected to public questioning. Voters were merciless in looking for weak points in those whom they opposed. So heckle was borrowed from the flax floor and applied to any disturbance intended to distract a public speaker.

—WEBB B. GARRISON

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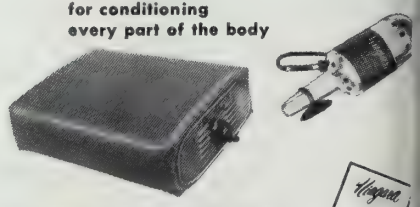


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in elements of her blood, fortified by the ntibodies she may have developed, reach e fetus, it may not be able to cope with e change. *Its* blood may undergo that uctural alteration we have been describg, with disastrous results."

"I feel awful!" burst out Betty Bay. "If am Rh negative and John is positive, y—why, we could never have a child all, or at least if we did, it would be born ad."

"Haven't I told you that your chance of ing Rh negative is only one in eight, and at of John's being of a different class is ly one in fifty? Even if you two prove to that one-in-fifty couple, your chances of ur first child, at least, surviving would be cellent."

"You didn't mention that."

"I was coming to it. I'm not through yet. lieve me, I only have your interests at art. It is better to know about danger in e to do something to combat it, than to ry one's head in the ground and wait for aster to strike.

"It is as important for couples contemting marriage to investigate their Rh tus as that of possible syphilitic taint. The y difference is that the state requires you be Wassermann-negative, or it will not e you permission to marry. I can tell you s—in the birth certificates recently, the partment of Health has added one more estion, for its files: 'What is the Rh status the mother?' That shows how important natter it is considered to be."

"I would like to know one thing," said n Dunn at this point. "If I understood correctly, even if there were an Rh discpancy between Betty and me, we at least uld have a good chance to have one child. uld the case, then, be hopeless as regard- succeeding children?"

"No, it would not," pointed out the doc- "They might, however, pose serious blems. As a matter of fact, many women his category never produce antibodies at Even with those who do, antibody protion is likely to be a slow process, so that chance for one or more unaffected chil- n is excellent. The point is that whenever Rh discrepancy occurs, the fact that dan- may be lurking must never be lost sight so that whatever means there are to com- it may be called upon before it is too ."

Is there no way to treat such a condi- h? I should think doctors could find some- g to do about it."

They're working on the problem con- ntly," assured the doctor. "At least four erent treatments have been suggested, but at present I do not believe that any of them are wholly satisfactory, or even commercially available. One method that has been used with a degree of success was to terminate pregnancy when the unborn infant had reached that point in its development where it had a chance for survival even if prematurely born, but *before* its blood had been totally destroyed by the antibody-changed blood of its mother, and then replace its blood with good, normal blood of its own type. It's a controversial point among doctors, and many believe the results are equally good when pregnancy is not prematurely interrupted, but replacement is effected immediately after birth at term."

"WHAT would *you* do, Doctor," inquired Betty Bay, "in case I was in this category, and I had come to you with a second or third baby for you to deliver?"

"I would watch you carefully, particularly during the last half of your pregnancy. I would have your blood examined frequently, with particular reference to the twenty-eighth and the thirty-second weeks of pregnancy, to detect the presence of antibodies."

"You can see them, then?"

"Oh, yes, a competent pathologist can demonstrate their presence, all right. If they began to show up in quantities, I would attempt some one of the medicinal treatments which have been suggested; and in the event that they continued to develop in overwhelming quantities, I would conclude the pregnancy as early as was consonant with obtaining a child sufficiently developed to have a chance of surviving. Earlier than that there would be no point in interfering, unless you developed symptoms of toxemia."

"All right," stated John Dunn with a budding authority that the doctor found interesting. "Betty and I are willing to take the test. Aren't we, Betty?"

"Yes, we will, Doctor."

"Good! It will take a few minutes. The result of the Wassermann test will not be available until tomorrow, but I can tell you about your Rh status almost immediately. This way, please, to the laboratory."

It was a matter of but ten minutes before the doctor approached the two young people who were anxiously waiting in his consulting room. There was a smile on his face as he announced:

"The news is good. You are both Rh positive."

"If you submit to an abortion, you are as guilty under the law as the abortionist," says Doctor Safford's fourth article, next month.



"Mother already fixed it for me—with a bobby pin."



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EXCLUSIVE!

(Continued from Page 45)

"Of course there's nothing unusual in that," Mr. Larrigan said. "There are fortunetellers' signs all over town. But just now, when I was coming back from the Dutchman's place, I saw a woman's face in the window. It was dark inside the room, but there was this woman's face at the window, just sort of floating in the shadows."

MARY was still scared of this fat old man whose voice was something like the buzzing of a wasp. She swallowed, waiting.

"The odd thing is, this woman's face is floating there upside down," Mr. Larrigan said. "Now, if something's happened to her, maybe it's time somebody looked into it. It might be something new."

"Oh," Mary said faintly. "Yes."

With legs feeling a trifle weak, she departed. On her way down a long corridor she looked half wistfully at the elevators, which could lead to more decorous assignments, such as a meeting of the school board, or a woman's-angle interview with the wife of a prominent politician just indicted for grand larceny. Instead, she went through a side door. Crossing one end of the vastly echoing composing room, populous with many lights, she headed for the back stairs. In spite of herself, her flat-heeled shoes were swift and light with youth on the dusty concrete steps.

In the rainy alley she saw the windows of the Dutchman's place, warm and steamy with friendliness and good plain cooking, inexpensive. Nearer at hand, almost opposite the newspaper's back door, was the dank wall of the rooming house, its bricks encrusted with the city's years. One of the dark windows had a sign, laboriously home-lettered.

MME. ZAZA
Your Future—50¢
The World being
What It Is Today,
Why pay more?
Communications
from the Spirit World
Friday nights only

Mary went nearer, and saw what Mr. Larrigan had seen. Inside a shadowy room, a white and dramatic face was dimly hanging upside down. Perhaps a beautiful face, as nearly as you could tell: it seemed to have finely arched eyebrows and its mouth was a blur of dark carmine. Mary judged it was five and a half or six feet above the floor.

She had a moment's picture of Mr. Larrigan standing there in the rain, his hands clasped behind his back, contemplating this. And then she saw something Mr. Larrigan had not seen. Out of the deeper shadows of the room's interior came slowly another woman's face. Right side up. Older and heavier, it stopped almost beside the other; and, motionless, it hesitated there, looking with hollow eyes at the alley and at Mary. Before Mary lost her nerve altogether, she set her jaw and walked through the alley puddles to the door of the rooming house.

The hallway inside was almost dark, lighted only by a distant gas jet, and it smelled of time and poverty and washings and impermanent people. It was the sort of hallway which every reporter knows, where, when you go in, you hear a door somewhere being closed furtively. In fact, you become very conscious of doors—and the secret lives, maybe frightened, which are going on behind them. There was one on her left with a small card tacked onto it, and when Mary bent over she could read, printed with a spluttery pen:

MME. ZAZA
WALK IN

With something fluttering in her throat like the wings of a moth in your hand, Mary turned the knob and walked in.

A fake Oriental gong jangled wildly, tremblingly, just over her head and she jumped back. But then she went on in, closing the door firmly behind her. This room was a fairly large one, hung with dusty black sateen in folds all along the walls. There were a table and a couple of chairs. The table had on it the usual crystal ball and a pack of cards. A curtain parted silently and a woman stood there—the one who was right side up. She was large and rather motherly-looking, except for those awful hollow eyes—which, even so, might once have been jolly, when looking upon a smoking beefsteak and a good cold bottle of nourishing stout. Mary O'Reilly could recognize stark hunger when she saw it.

The woman tried to smile—a dreadful anxiety of a smile—started forward to welcome a customer, and then suddenly slumped. As if her legs had given way from under her. When Mary with a quick breath of pity reached her, the woman was clinging with big, weakly sliding hands to the side of a greasy doorjamb concealed by the curtains.

"Here!" Mary said, trying to hold up Mme. Zaza's sagging weight.

Over her shoulder she saw in an inner room a decrepit iron bed, neatly made. She knew it was the room into which she had gazed from the alley. She could see the back of the card in the window. But the woman who hung upside down had vanished. With a quick glance around, Mary saw the door of a clothes closet which was not quite shut. On a clothesline stretched across the room, between herself and the windows, there were some more black draperies pinned up to dry, and some sort of robelike affair, apparently a moth-eaten old garment. Mme. Zaza had been washing. Mary helped the heavy starving woman toward the bed. With a long breath Mme. Zaza lay down, and Mary lifted the poor old feet in their broken shoes up onto the counterpane.

Those who have free seats at the play hiss first.
—CHINESE PROVERB

"Now," Mary said briskly, "I know what's the matter with you, at least. You just ——"

"I'll be fine in a minute, dearie," Mme. Zaza said, through blue lips. "I just got took faint, like. Just you give me a minute to rest, and then I'll get up and tell your ——"

"I didn't come here to have my fortune told," Mary said. "I came to ——"

The brass gong over the door was pealing again. Violently. With starting eyes, Mme. Zaza tried to get up on one elbow.

"*Another* client!" she whispered in wonder. "Oh, dearie, let me get up and ——"

"Be still!" Mary hissed, and pushed her down again.

TIPTOEING to the curtain, Mary peered through the crack. A young man had come in. Mary thought fast. He might be a reporter from one of the other papers, he might be a young man from the district attorney's office—except that he didn't have the young-lawyer office gloss that the D. A.'s young men usually had. He stood in the black-curtained room, just looking around. Whoever he was, this was Mary's story, and she was going to keep it for herself and the Gazette, if she could. She went back to the bed.

"You stay here," she whispered. "I'll handle this."

"Oh, dearie," Mme. Zaza said. "I ——" She bit her lip, and in her eyes stood miserably the need for fifty cents.

"I'll tell his fortune, all right," Mary said.

With lifted chin, Mary O'Reilly swept through the black curtain.

"How do you do?" she said.

The young man was tall and sandy, somewhat shabby of tweeds, and somewhat good-looking. His eyes focused upon Mary in absolute astonishment. He took off his hat. And swallowed.

"I'm in despair," he mumbled. "About my future."

"O.K.," Mary said. She pointed to the table. "Sit down." But she had a small sigh of relief. So it was just a customer.

(Continued on Page 96)



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(Continued from Page 94)

She had already made up her mind what to do. She could help Mme. Zaza totter out to tell this yokel's fortune; but for her own purposes she wanted to keep the seeress immobilized in the back room. Or else she could say to this cluck that Mme. Zaza was not receiving today; but she knew the old girl would hear her saying it, and so might come tottering out anyway. Mary sat down opposite the clear gray stare of this young man, and hastily tucked her flat-heeled shoes out of sight under the table.

The young man cleared his throat and said, "You are Madame Zaza?"

"You saw the sign," Mary said.

Brusquely she rubbed the crystal ball, mostly because it was dusty. But even then, all she could see, peering into it, was a sort of moonstone-cloudy effect in which the young man's stubborn chin floated—upside down.

"All, all is mystery," Mary said in a die-away voice. "Yet Madame Zaza knows."

"Fine. How about my future?"

"In this room," Mary said, "you are in the presence of your future."

She had read somewhere that fortunetellers size up their customers, and then go by shrewd guesses and by conversational leads. This young man was about twenty-three or -four, only a little older than she herself. He had put his battered, sporty-looking hat on the table—upside down—and on the leather band inside Mary could make out the initials E.K.L. in worn gilt stamping. So. A very young man, with something of a careless-romantic air about him.

"You will have four children," Mary said firmly.

"But——" Then he collected himself. "When does all this start?" he asked with a superior little smile.

That startled blink, and the self-assured, scoffing question. So he was a bachelor. "You will be introduced to your future wife very soon," Mary said. To herself she thought, *I'll bank on that. He's really rather nice, poor lamb, and fair prey, if ever I saw it, for any designing woman.*

"M-m-m," said E.K.L.

"But I must warn you," Mary said. "Be masterful from the very beginning. Kindly, of course, but let her know who's boss right away. Else you will be bewilderingly henpecked. I can see it." *I hope this will make it uneasy going for some sweetly deceitful gal,* she thought. Aloud, she said, "By an aloof, silent attitude, let her know that there have been many women in your life. But never tell her anything definite about them, no matter how much she pleads." *That,* she thought, *will put a spoke in her wheel.*

"THANKS," said E.K.L. gratefully. "I'll remember."

"That's all," Mary said.

"You mean that's all my future you're going to tell?"

"That's a lot for fifty cents," Mary said.

"Well," E.K.L. said, "all right." He fished a half dollar out of his pocket, laid it on the table, and picked up his hat.

"One more word of advice," Mary said. "You look like a young man from a fairly respectable background. You ought to get yourself together and stay out of disreputable back alleys."

"Oh," he said faintly. "Yes. Thank you."

After the young man had gone, closing the door behind him, Mary went back into the inner room.

"Dearie," Mme. Zaza said from the bed, "you are A Friend in Need. I couldn't of done better myself, except maybe string him along a little more."

"Sure I'm a friend," Mary said. "Here's his fifty cents, and here's fifty cents for my own fortune. Now, I'm here to find out about the woman hanging upside down from your ceiling."

MME. ZAZA stared at her in awful wonder, which slowly turned into dazed horror. She struggled up on one elbow, as if to fight for her life. And then something seemed to dawn on her. She sank back.

"Oh. You gave me quite a turn," she said. "I thought you was either a dangerous maniac, or else a real medium seeing things. It ain't from the ceiling, honey. I wondered what you was gawking at from the alley awhile back."

"If it wasn't from the ceiling, where is it now?" Mary demanded with merciless feminine logic.

"Right behind you," Mme. Zaza said weakly.

Mary jumped, but when she whirled there was nothing there.

"No, no," Mme. Zaza said. "You're looking right at it. That's my ectoplasm, dearie. Which materializes out of the Spirit World on Friday nights. So's I can pass on her messages."

"I don't see anything," Mary said stoutly, though the roots of her blond curls were stirring inside her hat.

"Yes, you do. You're looking right at it," Mme. Zaza said again. "That there long, trailing robe, like. Which needed washing, so I just washed it today, there not being any clients. Look, honey, just walk around on the other side of the clothesline—the window side—and have a real good look at it."

So Mary stepped around the limply damp robe which hung folded over the clothesline, and saw a thin rubber mask of a woman's face hanging there upside down. Because it was sewed, hooded, on the top of the dark robelike effect. It had high-arched brows, a tragic painted mouth.

"Oh," Mary said.

"See, it works on wires in the other room, there," Mme. Zaza said. "Because you're a friend, and already in the business, so to speak, bless your heart, I'm telling you about it. Now, I got to get me something to eat"—she held the two half dollars anxiously clutched in her hand—"and then rig up all this professional scenery. This is Friday night, like it says on the sign . . . and maybe a client."

"How does it work?" Mary asked.

"Oh, I got some blue lights, sort of blurry like, and when I do it right, this here ectoplasm just floats out. And a lot of incense smoke. That helps, and I wish I never had to smell it again. This face floats on those there overhead wires I was telling you about. So Friday nights I rig it up," Mme. Zaza said. "And then I wait."

Gently, Mary said, "Business not so good?"

"Honey," Mme. Zaza said, "I'm going to tell you something else, because you been

(Continued on Page 98)

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(Continued from Page 96)

good to me. I'm no medium, and I ain't a fortuneteller. I guess I could be, but actually, I ain't ever had a chance to tell a fortune yet. You just told the first one that was ever told in these here parlors."

Mary said, even more gently, "Suppose now you tell me *your* fortune, Madame Zaza. Maybe somehow between us we can figure something out."

"You're sweet. My name isn't Madame Zaza," the old girl said. "It's Sullivan. Plain old Kate Sullivan. I was in vaudeville—Songs, Dances and Funny Sayings. Believe it or not, dearie, at one time in my life I had a big mezzo-soprano voice. Honey, when I cut loose I could jar their teeth in the last row of the top gallery. Also, I was funny, if I do say so myself, but I ain't had a good laugh even for myself since my third husband died."

"So things have been tough," Mary said. "My name's O'Reilly. But why fortunetelling?"

"Pleased to meet you, Miss O'Reilly," Kate Sullivan said. "I'm a fortuneteller because a very dear friend of mine when she passed away she left me everything. Which is this fortunetelling layout, and the rig for a Visitation from the Spirit World. I was—I was down to rent money, kid, so I figured I'd use it. . . . That's the works, dearie. There isn't any more."

"O.K.," Mary said. She was poor too. "Wait here. I'll be right back."

She went out, and down the rainy alley to the Dutchman's place; and came back with a carry-out tin pail of good hot cabbage soup and another tin pail of cold beer.

"Here, Kate," she said gruffly.

She put the two pails on the oilcloth-covered kitchen table near the bed, and opening a drawer near the gas stove, found a spoon which she laid beside the soup. Kate Sullivan had turned her face to the wall and was maybe crying. Once, while she was fixing things, Mary heard the purr of a big car in the alley, and a rush of hurried steps in the hallway, in this dim and mysterious place. Then another door closed somewhere, and the car drove quickly away.

"Come on and eat," Mary said. "Here's a chair for you. . . . No—forget your money. This is on me, Kate."

The woman who had crept from the bed, and was now clinging to the edge of the table with both hands—the woman was so hungry that they were both suddenly embarrassed. Mary pushed her down into the chair, in front of the cabbage soup and beer, and started walking away, to leave her alone.

Abruptly, from the curtained door, Mary said, "I'll drop in again tomorrow, after work."

"Oh, my dear," said Mme. Zaza. Said Kate Sullivan.

When Mary got back to the newspaper office, in the long corridor she met Beth Adams, the society editor, a truly beautiful woman of forty. She said, "Hell's blowing, and Jim Larrigan's trying to regulate the thermodynamics. Better get into the city room, baby."

A man's body is remarkably sensitive. Pat him on the back and his head swells. —ANON.

WITH confusion boiling all around his desk, Mr. Larrigan was greatly interested in a big story which had just broken. Among a dozen crowding reporters and photographers, both assistant city editors were on their feet, leaning over the desk with staring faces, while Mr. Larrigan, stabbing the air with his long shears, droned rapid orders, rushing reporter-photographer teams to all parts of town. The city had really produced a doozie, this late afternoon.

The little crowd of newspapermen was melting away fast, and when the last pair of them had hurried off, Mr. Larrigan saw Mary waiting timidly in the middle distance.

"Ah! The beautiful, inverted corpse."

"It wasn't that, Mr. Larrigan," Mary stammered. "It was only a ——"

"If it wasn't a corpse, tell me about it some other time. If it was a lady gymnast trying to attract my attention, I won't give her a line of publicity. I've seen publicity-hungry people do funnier things than that. If it was just some woman taking her reducing exercises, I'm not interested."

Mary shook her head. "It was only a ——"

"Now, Mary," Mr. Larrigan said, "we've got some work for you. . . . Steve, remember what I told you, for Mary?"

"Yeah, Jim," one of the assistants said. "Come here, Mary, and we'll discuss current events."

So he started telling her about the big story. It was sufficiently startling. The local museum of art had planned a big exhibit of paintings, mostly old masters, from the great galleries of liberated Europe. Mary knew about that; she had written a couple of the advance stories. The paintings had arrived in the city that morning, they had been unloaded from a railway-express car into an armored truck and with motorcycle police outriders had been whisked out to the museum. They had been taken to one of the basement workrooms to be uncrated, dusted and made ready for hanging.

Just about an hour ago, three well-dressed men had sauntered down an inside back stairway of the museum. To the hall of the basement workrooms. While one of them, acting politely confused, was humorously telling the armed guard that they seemed to be lost, another of them slugged the uniformed man with the butt of an automatic, fracturing his skull. Then dragging the guard, they went into the uncrating room, stuck up the four expert workmen there and locked and barred the steel door.

In the uncrating room they worked fast but carefully. While one of them held the four huddled workmen at gun's point, the two others skillfully took the paintings out of their massive frames. So they would be easier to carry. And they chose only the best—two small Rembrandts, a Van Dyck, a Velásquez, two early Corots. Since the great theft of the Mona Lisa, there had never been anything like it. And, as Steve wildly pointed out to Mary, this was six times as good, because here were six pictures stolen.

Everybody figured out afterward that there was a car waiting in the rear driveway of the museum, which might mean a fourth man. However that might be, the three well-dressed men had wrapped the unframed paintings in brown paper, torn the telephone off the wall, and left the workmen locked in behind the steel door of the uncrating room. They merely walked out to the back driveway with brown-paper-wrapped canvases under their arms. Nobody had noticed them. It took the four workmen a lot of yelling and pounding on the steel door to raise the alarm, and by that time it was twelve or fifteen minutes too late. The police immediately had thrown road blocks across every highway leading out of town, everywhere in the city there was a great hurried wailing of sirens, and every cop on the streets was fiercely alerted to art-consciousness.

Mary's assignment was to go to the reference room of the public library and get material for brief snappy biographies of Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Velásquez and Corot. Also, to get material for stories on how each of the six stolen paintings happened to be painted.

"We've only got time for the spot news in the three finals this afternoon," Steve said. "But we'll have big spreads tomorrow."

Mary worked very late that night. And the next day, Saturday, the whole staff was harried—as were the police department, the sheriff's office, the museum and the district attorney's office—with alarums, excursions and many false leads. But the first real break came that Saturday afternoon. A dignified letter, with a three-cent stamp and local postmark, to the director of the museum. Saying that the pictures were being held for $300,000 ransom. Details later, it said.

(Continued on Page 100)

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(Continued from Page 98)

So it was pretty late that Saturday night when Mary went across the back alley to see how her friend Kate Sullivan was getting along in the fortunetelling business. And by that time she had still another thing to worry about, for Kate Sullivan's sake. The first Sunday editions of the Tribune, the city's big morning paper, had carried the opening blast of a large civic-virtue crusade against "a scourge of fortunetellers and mediums which infests our city, preying upon credulous, trusting or sorrowing citizens." It was just another big boopsie Tribune crusade, and it was nearly lost among the uproar about the gigantic art robbery; but it promised "full revelations of these evil parlors of necromancy" upon succeeding days, designed "to arouse public indignation." Mary didn't want to see poor old Kate pinched; and she knew that wearily resigned police always had to co-operate, a little at least, in newspaper crusades.

But Kate was very cheerful. She hadn't spent any of her precious change for newspapers. She had bought nourishing victuals. Mary was tired, awfully tired, and they just sat by the kitchen stove in the inner room and gossiped. With a cup of tea apiece.

"No further clients," Kate said. "But as I always think—in fact, dearie, I have modeled my life upon it—tomorrow is a better day. And I am not the worst off, not by any means, in this tumble-down old loony bin in a dark alley. We got a new tenant. Poor fellow."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's an artist. Everybody in the place feels sorry for him already, and he's only been here a week. I'm glad my profession is more practical, meeting the public. That is, when there is any public."

"Oh, well," Mary said drowsily. The tea was hot and restful.

Kate went on. "It's plain to see he is a starving young artist. You know, gaunt-like. But kind of good-looking at that," she sai "I seen him washing his brushes in the ha sink, awhile back this afternoon."

"M-m-m," Mary said.

"He's a hard worker, that I'm sure of Kate said with a sentimental, pitying cluc "Besides, the landlady Mrs. Durgin w telling me. She hears him working. Wouldn it be wonderful if he was to be an undisco ered genius, like you read about? The lan lady Mrs. Durgin is a great listener. Esp cially on new tenants. At their doors."

"I suppose landladies have to," Mary sai thinking about more important things. " there any more tea, Kate?"

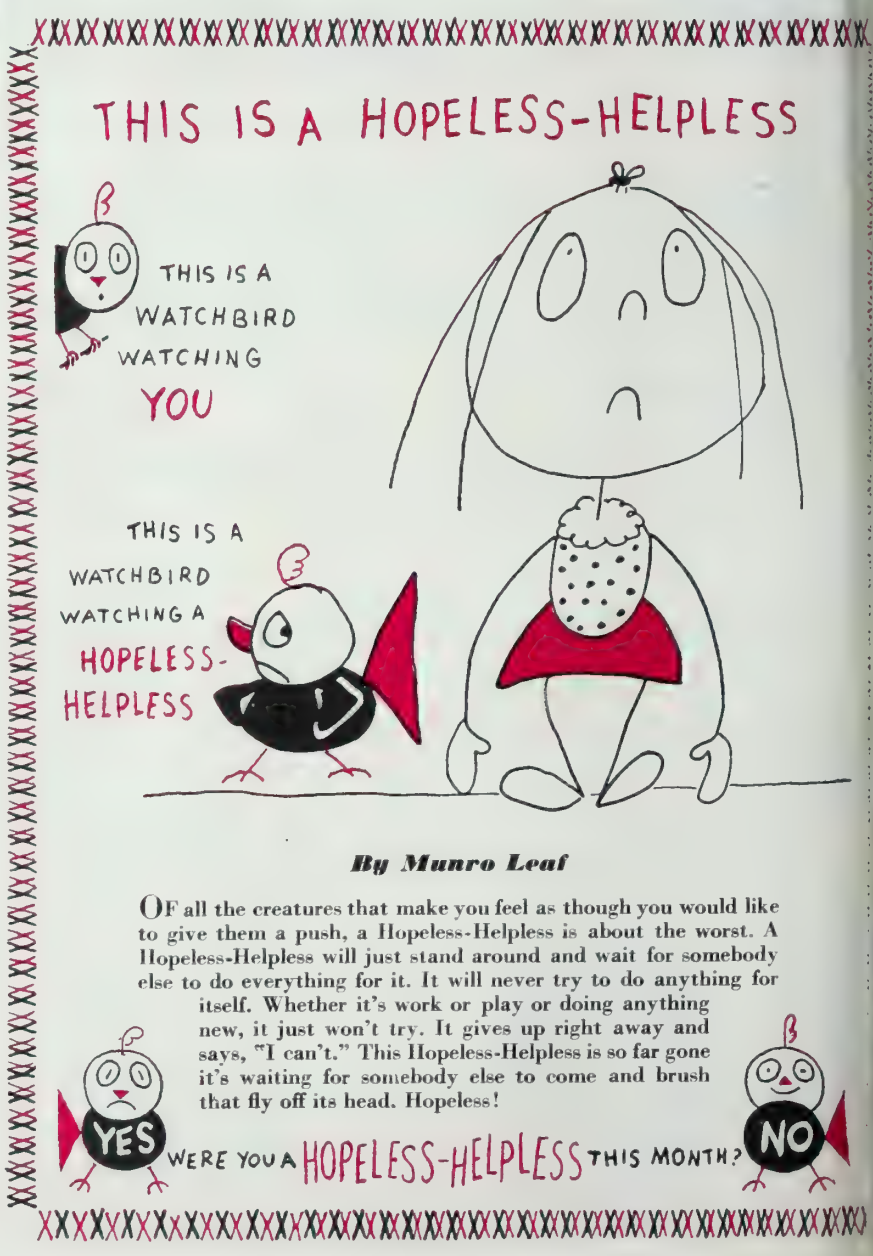
"Sure. Plenty. Here, honey," Kate sa proudly. "Let me have your cup. Mr Durgin was telling me, this young artist ha a friend in there this afternoon. In his room Another man, it was, and this other man w saying to the young artist: 'What?' he says. 'You mean you only painted three these pictures all day?' he says. My, he mu work fast," Kate Sullivan said.

"Well, I suppose maybe he has to," Mar said sleepily. After a long time, Mary sat u suddenly, spilling some of her tea. "*What?* she said. "Where is that sink?"

"Why, it's the public mop sink like, awa at the far end of the hallway," Kate sai "Why, dearie! What's the ——"

But Mary was gone. Out through th black-hung séance room, and then tiptoein down the dark, bad-smelling hallway. Ligh was showing under most of the doors sh passed. These unknown people of the city byways were home, in this rabbit warren an old building. Over the mop sink burned gas jet. Where the industrious artist ha been washing his brushes, Mary bent ov and looked carefully. There were traces colors left on the dirty white tile, but sh was disappointed. They were the crude po dered colors that sign painters use. There w none of the turpentine-and-paint smell whi

(Continued on Page 102)



By Munro Leaf

OF all the creatures that make you feel as though you would like to give them a push, a Hopeless-Helpless is about the worst. A Hopeless-Helpless will just stand around and wait for somebody else to do everything for it. It will never try to do anything for itself. Whether it's work or play or doing anything new, it just won't try. It gives up right away and says, "I can't." This Hopeless-Helpless is so far gone it's waiting for somebody else to come and brush that fly off its head. Hopeless!

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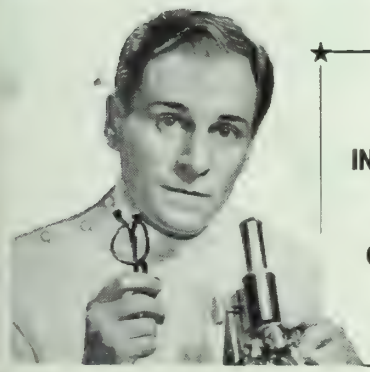


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(Continued from Page 100)

is associated with oil painting. With a forefinger, she wiped up a smudge of blue color, and smelled it. It smelled, ever so faintly, of olive oil. *How odd*, Mary thought.

And then something rang in her mind. Something she had read somewhere. It rang like a fire bell.

Racing silently back along the hallway, she slipped out the front door and ran up the alley. She knew the newspaper office was empty except for janitors. It was Saturday night, and afternoon papers like the Gazette do not publish on Sunday. At the corner drugstore, she grabbed a phone book and looked up Mr. Larrigan's home address. On the curb, she hailed a taxi.

It was a long ride, and all the way she kept thinking with horror that the Gazette was closed until Monday morning. Mr. Larrigan's home was a small neat house in the suburbs. He himself came to the door, in carpet slippers.

"Why, Mary," he said. "Come in and meet the wife and ——"

"Listen!" Mary said. "You remember that rooming house in the alley where you sent me? The fortuneteller's?"

"Sure," Mr. Larrigan said. "What ——"

"There's an artist there. He's been there a week. He's painting at least three pictures a day. *He's mixing his dry colors with olive oil.*"

"Well, but ——" Mr. Larrigan peered at her mildly.

"Listen!" Mary gasped again. "There's something I read somewhere. A legend. When Titian—you know, the great painter—was in his old age in Venice, oh, terribly old, he started repainting some of the magnificent pictures he had painted long ago. He was fumbling then. Ruining them. So his students—this is the legend—they made up their minds to save the great paintings of his youth. Sure, the old master could paint them over, retouching, retouching, ruining. But his students mixed his colors with olive oil. So they would never dry. *So this bad painting could be wiped off, leaving the masterpieces unharmed.*"

Mr. Larrigan looked at her awhile. Then he said softly, "Mary, come in here and tell me all about this rooming house."

So Mary did. In the living room, with Mrs. Larrigan beaming and nodding, Mary told him the whole works. All of it. From the very beginning—down to the mop sink.

When she had finished, Mr. Larrigan sighed. "And this would have to come up on Saturday night. On our off time." To Mrs. Larrigan he explained patiently, "I think it's the great art robbery, my love. Smart! A fellow establishes himself as a broke, unsuccessful artist. Oh, smart! This is a new one! He's made the perfect hide-out for a big crime. So the stolen masterpieces are whisked into this rooming house, and the poor young painter paints over the Rembrandts and so forth with olive oil, that will never dry. And in a day or so, a poor young artist that everybody feels sorry for, he moves away from there. With some glaring, bad, wet daubs of his own paintings. And so any trail there might be is utterly lost. And six great masterpieces are concealed—and how!"

"Jim!" Mrs. Larrigan said. "Remember your blood pressure!"

"Now, Mary," Mr. Larrigan said in a practical voice, "we've got to save this, we've got to hold this until Monday morning. When we can smash it as an exclusive. You say this fortuneteller is a friend of yours now. Go back there, and stay there. Over Sunday. Watch that hallway. There will be a fast Gazette car parked at each end of the alley, and there will be good men in each one of them. Every minute. In case the artist tries to pull the getaway, you get to one of those cars, to trail him. There will be a crew in the Gazette office across the alley. You'll have to tell the fortuneteller something, but don't tell her the truth. I'll see she gets a nice chunk of money, and a job too. In the circulation department. For life. This is up to you now, Mary. It's your story." As she lef he patted her shoulder. "That roomin house!" Mr. Larrigan said complacently. " always know where a story is breaking. have a peculiar sense that way."

But Mary knew more about women tha Mr. Larrigan did. When she got back sh told Kate Sullivan everything. Takin four-hour turns, one on guard and the oth sleeping, they watched that hallway a that night through the half-opened crack the fortuneteller's door. With the bell u hitched.

And all day Sunday.

Nothing whatever happened until arour three o'clock Sunday afternoon. It was Kate turn on watch, and she came back into th bedroom-kitchen in a panic.

"It's a stranger!" she whispered. "I ju looked away for a minute and there h was. Out of nowhere. He is probably a mer ber of the gang. He seems very much at hon here. He is in our fortunetelling room rig now!"

Mary got up and went out. It was the ta sandy young man. E.K.L.

"I'm in despair again," he said.

"I do not give readings on Sunday," s said.

"Yeah, but Madame Zaza, I thoug maybe for a friend ——"

"No."

"O.K.," he said forlornly. "But I'll around. I'll be around every once in a wh for several days."

With tightened lips Mary went back in the inner room, lay down on the neatly ma bed, and turned her face to the wall.

Give a little love to a child and you get a great deal back.
—JOHN RUSKIN

At 5:45 that evenin the artist came out his room and wash his brushes at the m sink with an air of finali But he was so far aw and the light so dim th Mary could not see face. From then on no ing else happened.

So it came about that at 6:30 Mond morning, Mr. Larrigan had the great pleasu of rousting the chief of police out of bed telephone. And telling him where the m seum's missing art treasures were to be foun

The actual raid, minutes later, was n even very spectacular. Twenty detectiv three museum officials, five Gazette photo raphers, and Mary, merely knocked on t artist's door. When they heard only hurr stirrings inside, a captain of detectives oper the door with the landlady's passkey. Th he was, snarling and tired-eyed, in gre striped pajamas. And there were six glist ing new paintings. Horrible and gaudy. M worried until the museum officials look reverently at the backs of them and iden fied the ancient canvases.

Handcuffed, the artist only sneered s lenly while the cops ransacked the place try to find some lead to the other member the gang.

"*We* know one other one," Kate Sulliv said virtuously in the doorway. "Tell 'e Mary dear."

"Oh," Mary said faintly. "Well, there young man who's been frequenting this pl for no good reason."

Official pencils came out, official ga were bent upon her.

"He's tall and sort of sandy-colore Mary said dimly. "He's good-looking—qu good-looking—and . . . and sensitive. mantic, even," Mary said brokenhearte "His initials are E.K.L."

"How many guys *are* there in this ga anyway?" the captain of detectives yel and rushed for a telephone, to put anot police bulletin out. Another descript Within the hour, Mary knew in her mu heart, the police of America would be great man hunt for E.K.L. As well as for others, already described by the muse workmen.

So the Gazette smashed its great ex sive—the most unusual story in years. V Mary's by-line, and four solid pages of p tographs besides the big dramatic ph graphs spotted on pages one and two



PINEAPPLE FIELDS ON OAHU, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTON BRUEHL

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the story. Mary wrote and rewrote the story all day, with new hot leads for each edition. As the man hunt widened. Kate Sullivan was famous for a day; and Mary . . . Mary was tired.

At the end of the long roaring hours, Beth Adams, the society editor, stopped by her desk. (The last bulletin lead was that expert workmen of the museum were successfully wiping the olive-oil scenery off the fifth of the great masters.)

"Hello, baby," Beth Adams said. She was beautifully gowned because that night she was going to cover personally a big society party. "Let's go down to the Dutchman's," she said.

They went through the composing room and down the back stairs and across the alley, Beth Adams picking up her long skirts with one slender hand. There is a Dutchman's place, or its equivalent, in every city in America, where newspaper people—from the night-working morning papers as well as from the day-toiling afternoons—foregather for good but inexpensive food and beer just before payday. After payday, for a few days, they eat and drink in the best restaurants of the city.

THERE was a fair-sized crowd when Beth and Mary lined up at the scarred, sticky old bar with a large bowl of pigs' knuckles within easy reach. Several people nodded or waved to Beth, but Mary knew only the ones from the Gazette, because she was a newcomer in the city.

Beth was turned half away, talking with a couple of men on the other side, when Mary became conscious that someone else had come out of the crowd and was standing close beside her. She looked up—at the face of her tall, sandy friend, E.K.L.

"Hi, Zaza," he said. "I see by the papers that your real name is Kate Sullivan. That's a pretty name. It just suits you."

Beth Adams turned back to Mary. "Hello, Eddie," she said. "Mary, do you know Eddie Lachlan of the Tribune? Eddie, this is Mary O'Reilly."

Weakly, they both said, "Oh," and stood there staring into each other's eyes. Casually, Beth turned back to her conversation on the other side.

"So you're doing the Tribune crusade against fortunetellers," Mary said.

"Yeah, and I learned a lot," Eddie said. "I was going to be introduced to my future wife very soon."

"You probably will be," Mary said austerely.

"I have been," Eddie said. "Just now."

"You *are* silly," Mary said in a badly shaken voice.

"We're going to have four children, darling," Eddie said dreamily.

Furious because she was blushing hotly, Mary said, "Shut up."

"Don't talk to me like that," Eddie said quietly. "I'm a kindly man—but you know who's boss, right now. I'll not be henpecked. Madame Zaza warned me about that too."

Faintly, looking at his nice stubborn jaw, Mary thought, *I sure cut out one heck of a married life for myself. . . . That is, of course, if I do decide to marry him.*

Eddie was staring down at her in an aloof, silent way. Masterfully. Then he said, "We might as well understand right now that there have been women in my life."

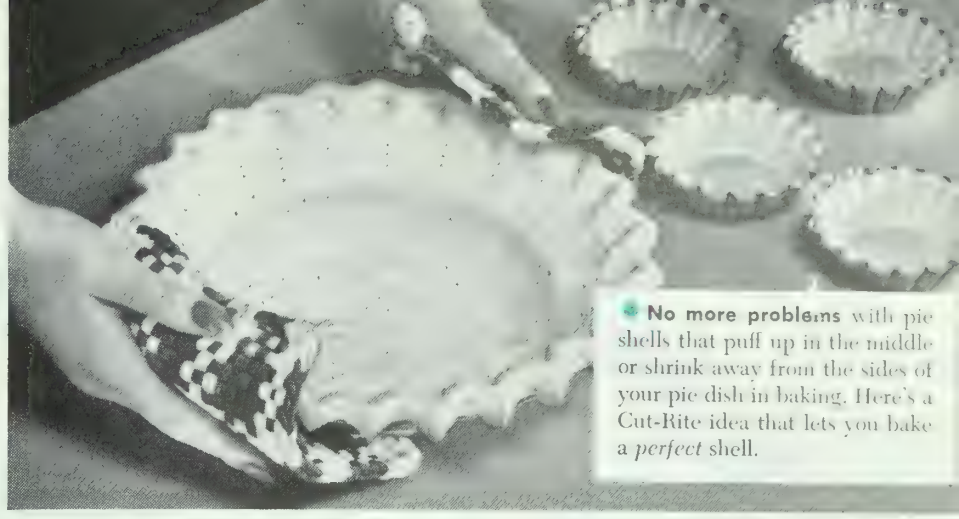
I believe it, Mary thought. With a stab of jealousy perfectly logical from a feminine viewpoint, she thought, *Why, he was even ogling around a shady fortuneteller. In a back alley.*

"Now," Eddie said, "we thoroughly understand each other."

But I could manage him, Mary thought. *If I decided to marry him. Poor, simple lamb. I'd have to use a few reasonable wiles and stratagems, of course.*

Eddie said, "We've got a date. Beginning right now."

"No," she said. "I don't want to be seen with you for a while." Slowly, sweetly, Mary smiled. "There's a big man hunt on for you. Police bulletins, description and everything. Phone me, say Thursday afternoon, if you are still at large." THE END

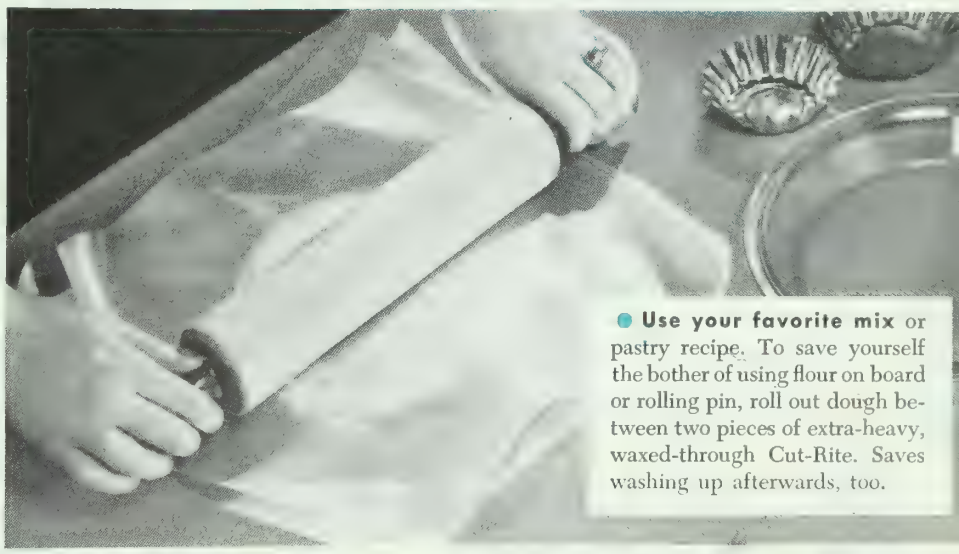


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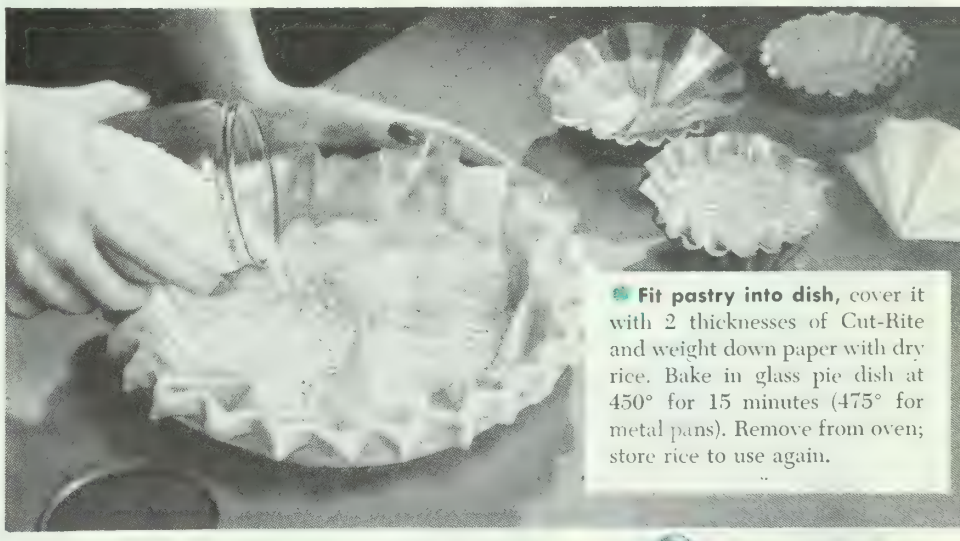
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How to bake a "Perfect" Pie Shell



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Christmas Dinner

cooked a month ahead

HOW often have you wished you could spend all of a holiday with your family, and not in the kitchen? This is particularly true at Christmas. The turkey has to be looked at, the creamed onions have a habit of scorching while you try to get the present and the donor together in order that the children may thank the right aunt for the right toy. Even a double boiler has a habit of dehydrating under the normal Christmas-spirit rush, and anyway the gravy has to be made. Why not cook your holiday meal a month in advance before presents and their wrappings are in the stores, before even the innumerable Santas appear to remind you constantly there are only — days to Christmas?

The secret, of course, is a food freezer. I cook the whole meal before the rush begins, package it, wrap it, freeze it and forget it until Christmas Eve. Like most families, we are traditional about Christmas dinner; we have

Frosty Fruit Cup
Roast Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing
Giblet Gravy Cranberry Sauce
Green Beans with Mushrooms
Creamed Onions Mashed Hubbard Squash
Raw-Vegetable Relish Tray
Hot Rolls
Christmas Pudding with Hard Sauce
Mincemeat Tarts
(Planned for 6–8)

This complete meal with the exception of the green beans is cooked in November. Recipes and instructions are simple to follow:

FROSTY FRUIT CUP

Section 4 large grapefruit, removing all white membrane. Cut into bite-size pieces. Mix with one 9-ounce can crushed pineapple, drained. Blend in ⅔ cup light corn sirup. Pour into two 1-pint freezer containers; label and freeze.

THE TURKEY

For 6 to 8 people, stuff a 12-pound fresh ready-to-cook bird with chestnut stuffing. (Smaller turkeys are best for freezing as they freeze more quickly.) Don't make your stuffing until you are ready to roast the turkey. Truss the turkey; place on a rack in a shallow roasting pan; roast uncovered in a slow oven, 325° F., for about 4 hours (until the drumstick can be moved up and down easily). Remove from oven; remove lacing pins and string; take out the stuffing, being sure to get it all, and place in a shallow casserole. Cool the turkey and the stuffing quickly in the coolest place available—not more than 3 hours. Removing the stuffing and cooling the turkey quickly before freezing prevent spoilage. Keep all drippings from roasting pan: use half to make a giblet gravy, pour the other half into a small freezing container, to use later for basting turkey when it is reheated. Label and freeze. Wrap the turkey carefully and tightly in freezer foil. Freeze. Cover casserole of stuffing with freezer foil; tape edges securely with freezer tape, label and freeze.

CHESTNUT STUFFING

Cut crosses with a sharp knife on the round ends of 2 pounds chestnuts. Put in a saucepan; cover with boiling water. Simmer 20 minutes. Peel off shells and



BY PEGGY RAWLINS DORMAN

; chop coarsely. Melt ¾ cup butter or margarine; add ¾ cup chopped onion and cook until onion is transparent. Mix together 10 cups dry bread crumbs, 1 cup diced celery, 3 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and 2 teaspoons poultry seasoning. Add chestnuts, onions and the butter or margarine; toss together lightly. If you wish to make your own favorite stuffing, reduce your usual amount of poultry seasoning a bit and add the chopped onions, as herb and onion flavors are often accentuated in the freezing.

GIBLET GRAVY

Make this as if you were going to serve it immediately, using half of the turkey drippings, giblet broth, cut-up giblets and canned chicken broth. Cool quickly. Put in a freezer container, label and freeze.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

Cook 3 cups whole washed cranberries in 1 cup boiling water to which 1 cup sugar has been added. Cook until they "pop"—about 10 minutes. Cool and put in freezer container, label and freeze.

CREAMED ONIONS

Peel 2 pounds white onions; make a cross mark at one end. Cook in boiling salted water with ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar added about 20 minutes or until onions are tender. Drain. Combine with 2 cups thin well-seasoned cream sauce. If your family is particularly fond of this old-time dish, double the quantities. Pack into a 1-quart freezer container, label and freeze.

HUBBARD SQUASH

Cut 4 pounds Hubbard squash into pieces. Peel pieces. Cook until tender (about 30 minutes) in 2 cups boiling salted water, covered. Drain. Mash and season with butter or margarine, salt and pepper and a little hot cream. Cool. Put in freezer container, label and freeze.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Combine ¼ pound or 1 cup ground suet, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup milk and 2 well-beaten eggs. Sift together ¾ cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Mix together 2 cups seedless raisins, ¼ cup chopped candied orange peel, ¼ cup chopped candied lemon peel, ½ cup finely cut citron, ½ cup chopped shelled Brazil nuts with ¼ cup flour and 1 cup soft day-old bread crumbs. Add dry ingredients and fruit mixture to suet mixture; blend well. In the family tradition, I sterilize dimes and stir them into the pudding mixture. Pour into a well-greased and floured 1½-quart mold with a tight-fitting cover or cover with foil or two thicknesses of wax paper; tie securely. Place on rack in a deep kettle. Pour boiling water to half the depth of the mold. Cover and steam 3 hours, adding more boiling water if water cooks away. Cool. Wrap securely in freezer foil, label and freeze.

HARD SAUCE

Cream ½ cup butter. Gradually add 2 cups confectioners' sugar, a dash of salt and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Beat until light and fluffy. Put in freezer container, label and freeze.

MINCEMEAT TARTS

Make your favorite mincemeat tarts and bake completely. Cool and wrap individually in freezer foil, freeze.

To Serve the Meal on Christmas Day

Two or three days before Christmas, take turkey out of your freezer to thaw completely in freezer wrapping. It requires 5 hours per pound for thawing in the refrigerator. It is best to thaw in the refrigerator to prevent danger of spoilage. When the bird is totally thawed, put slices of bacon across the breast and put in a slow oven, 325° F., for 1 hour. The drippings from the previous cooking, poured over the bird, and the bacon will serve to baste it. It is a good plan to leave a coating of foil over the breast and legs to keep them juicy and succulent.

Put your squash, onions, gravy, stuffing, cranberry sauce, hard sauce from the freezer into the refrigerator the night before in their packages and wrappings. At the same time, remove pudding and tarts which will thaw at room temperature.

On Christmas Day, the casserole of stuffing with its foil cover can be heated 1 hour in the oven with the turkey; remove cover after 45 minutes. Allow 1½ hours' thawing time for the fruit cup; break apart with a spoon as it thaws. Serve in a semifrozen stage, garnished with pieces of maraschino cherry. Heat

(Continued on Page 170)

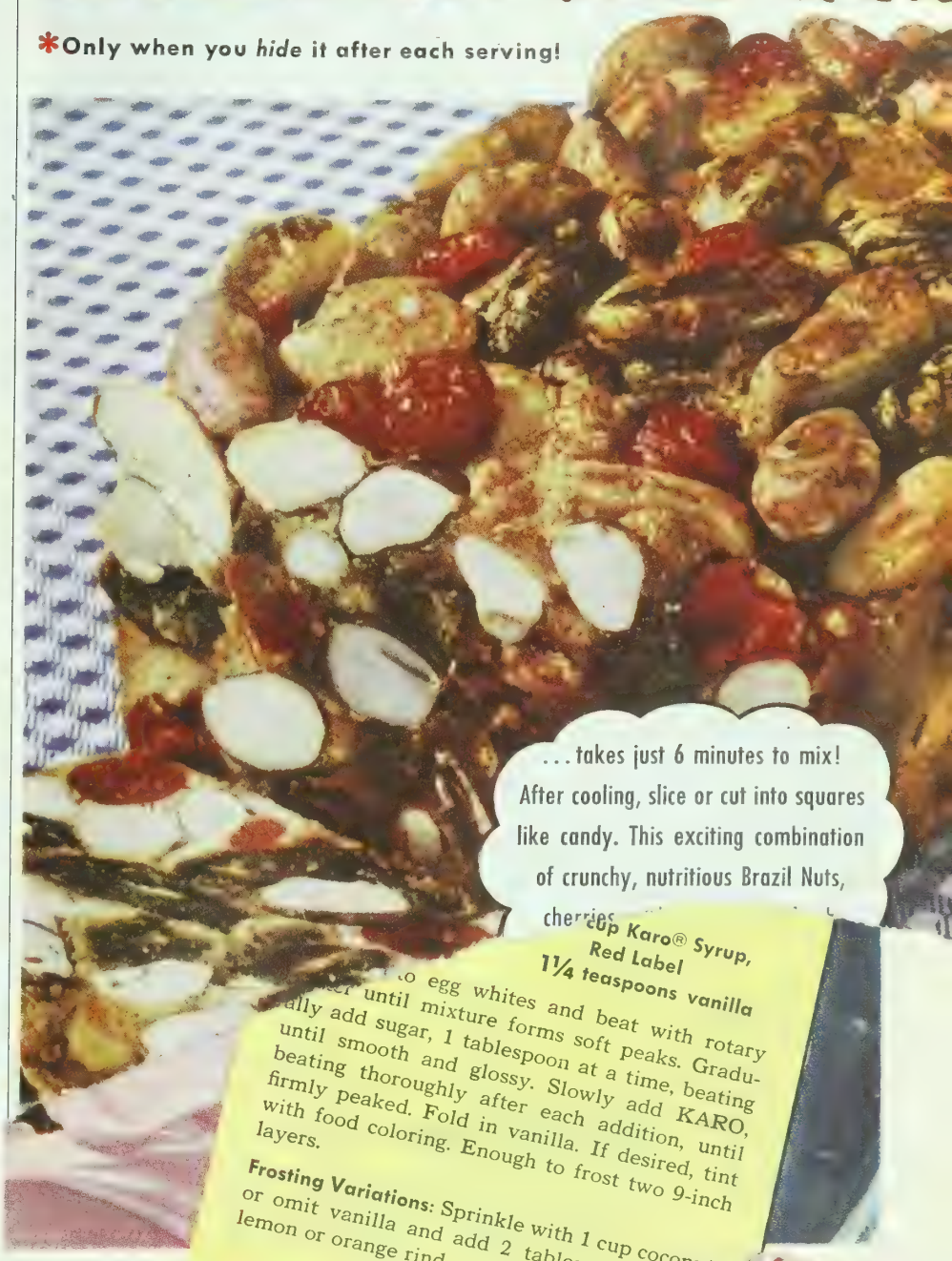


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...o egg whites and beat with rotary ...er until mixture forms soft peaks. Gradually add sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating until smooth and glossy. Slowly add KARO, beating thoroughly after each addition, until firmly peaked. Fold in vanilla. If desired, tint with food coloring. Enough to frost two 9-inch layers.

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THE 12 HOUR MAGIC

(Continued from Page 41)

Camilla skipped a few things she couldn't understand and hurried past a few descriptions of trolls, hobgoblins, and such. She was after practical advice on how to be a regular American witch—nothing fancy, just able to work a little magic.

She found quite a few helpful suggestions toward the middle of the book, and she carried it downstairs with her and got out the big dictionary to look up a few words like "newt" and "lemming." She was surprised that a newt was one of various small aquatic salamanders, and decided to skip that part.

She copied down some incantations, though, and memorized them. She hadn't sat down to read anything but the Daily Star for ages, but she found her memory was almost as good as ever. Camilla always absorbed things rapidly. And she could still recite two cantos of The Lady of the Lake which she learned in high school.

She stopped and did so, just to be sure.

Buddy came in for a second breakfast. His thin, gangly seven-year-old body was overlaid with dirt from the top of his head to his heels. Agnes brought some in too.

"Me and Agnes are getting a bomb shelter," he said.

"I told you not to dig in the flower bed," said Camilla as usual.

"Can I have peanut butter and jelly?"

Camilla sighed, and fixed a plate. She just never had been able to discipline Buddy; she was just a mild, rather timid woman who gave up. That was why she had let the egg-cup —— She dragged her mind back and said, "You wash up first."

"Too busy," said Buddy briefly. "Me nd Agnes ——"

"You and Agnes," aid Camilla, without ope.

"Not you," he cor-ected firmly, "me."

"Your grandmother coming this afternoon," said Camilla, ouring milk, "and you've got to keep her ompany while I go to the Women's Club eeting."

I DON'T like her," said Buddy; "she's ossy."

"Hush," said Camilla, "she's your grand-other."

"I can't help that. She always finds things rong with everything. I'm sick of her."

He banged the door behind him. Camilla eaned up the kitchen a second time.

The phone rang. The club president asked r to rise and nominate Mrs. Blake for ogram Chairman that afternoon. Camilla as always asked for things like that, be-use she would meekly do whatever was ked, and no argument.

The tight little aristocracy of the club is ganging up to be sure that nice new rs. Haverhill did not get in. Mrs. Haverhill is full of ideas, she was young and pretty, t she was not in the inner circle.

"And be sure you get right up, Camilla," d the president firmly, "then we'll close nominations and be all set."

Camilla knew she should spend the rest of time left her in making a party cake for ner, the kind Roger's mother liked. She ought to prepare a chicken for frying—M Westlake expected fried chicken—and ge molded salad, which Mrs. Westlake p ferred to tossed greens.

But she drifted into the living room a curled up on the sofa with the black bo It was the first time in seven years that s had done what she felt like doing instead what she was supposed to do. With h hand on the solid strange leather, that ca clearly to her.

"I've been nothing," she said aloud, "ju nothing at all."

SHE looked up another word in the d tionary, and memorized an incantation. G ting a dried bat was out of the questio maybe the stuffed quail over Roger's de would do. Her head b gan to ache, and s wondered if one of h miserable head col was coming on.

The phone rang. T church supper w changed to Saturd night, and wou Camilla come early mash potatoes a make gravy? Saturd night Camilla had t seats for a concert the next town, and s had hoped to sell Ro the idea of once —

"Try to make it five," said the cha man.

She gave Buddy lunch and took a f briers out of Agn Bribed Buddy to go the store and bring ba some extra cream, grandmother ju lapped cream like a and the milkm hadn't left any.

Then she drank so coffee and nibbled so lettuce and went ba to the book. She look up "familiar" in t dictionary. What strange way to "familiar." Certai she couldn't get a for a familiar on count of Agnes. E maybe a nice blo cocker would make good a familiar as a body. She took the bo in and read a few li to Agnes, who wagged her morsel of t pleasantly.

"All right," said Camilla, "you're familiar, and don't you forget it."

The phone rang. Roger said he was bri ing home a friend to dinner, an anth pology professor who had dropped in at t History office.

"Just put an extra plate on," said Ro genially.

Well, that meant he expected hot ca pés—clam and cheese—fried chicken a all the rest, including those little puffs of r Camilla did so well.

"I have to go to the Women's Club," said in her usual voice, meek and hesita

"Leave early," said Roger. "We'll be around five-thirty."

It was, courtesy of Millin's Meat Balls a the radio, seventeen and a half minu before two.

And my trouble always is, thought Cami *that I do everything anybody says to do.*

Roger was the only man she had e loved except Charles Boyer, but he ne once—no, never once—thought of her a person.

Camilla took the black book to the b room and dressed in the old blue pri

(Continued on Page 109)

Green Mountains

By Abigail Cresson

These gay green mountains love a mighty storm.
They pull down clouds when weather grows too warm
To cool their faces. But, when lightning cracks,
They seem to tense and hunch their sturdy backs
To toss and bounce the thunder's giant ball
From peak to peak. And its Homeric fall
Echoes in rings of sound. They love to feel
The rain sheet down and soak them head to heel.
Folks in Vermont will tell you that rains stay
Caught by the mountains for day after day
To keep them green; give valley pastures feed
For sleek, fat cattle. But I think they need
Storm for the sake of storm. Like lusty boys,
They revel in the conflict and the noise.

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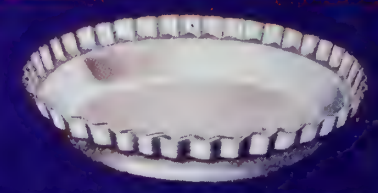
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12" x 15½"—$1.00*

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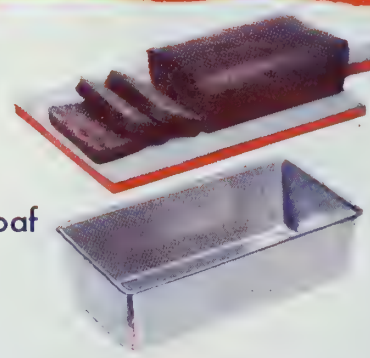
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- ☐ Upside-down Cake
- ☐ Biscuits, Johnnie Cake, etc.



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THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO., DEPT. 1811 · NEW KENSINGTON, PA

(Continued from Page 106)

ng as she dressed. She had reached a ully interesting part. But she would a week really to learn the business of g a broomstick, and her broom had an lly short handle since Buddy had sawed for a gun.

e was ready to go when Buddy came . He was a sight. He was crying and his was spattered with cream and his face streaked with dirt.

"That terr'ble Jones boy," he sniffed, "he ed me."

amilla looked at him. Suddenly a sharp shot through her head. A kind of haze over her eyes, and when it cleared, she her son plainly. A sniffling timid boy a spoiled baby face and a rather beady in his eyes.

"Where's the cream?" asked Camilla in a and queer voice.

"Well, you see he came up and I said ——"

amilla looked at him stonily. "You go . and get that cream," she said. "And a as big as you ought to be able to beat boy like the fat Jones character. Go on, don't come back without a half pint eavy cream."

uddy's mouth fell open. He turned and

amilla sat down calmly to wait for him finished Page 75 in the black book. She dered when she would know she was a h. She felt quite dazed with excitement. e repeated some of the more important ntations. She was in the midst of one em when Roger's mother arrived.

"My goodness," said s. Westlake, Sr., ven't you a more be- ing dress than that old g?"

amilla heard her own e as clear as a bell. inkly, no, mother," said. "Roger spent too h on your fur coat last er."

rs. Westlake, Sr., ed. She went into the g room and sank down on the sofa. Then rallied. "You always begrudge anything son does for me," she said in the familiar .

amilla gave her a dazzling smile. "Yes, ," she said. The atom bomb could not dropped more suddenly.

he phone rang, and Camilla answered it. as Mrs. Jones and her voice was very l. "Mrs. Westlake," she cried, "your has just knocked my Henry down and he have a concussion of the skull. I am ng you to come right over."

Fine," said Camilla. "I'd love to. . . . -up," she said brightly to her mother-in- "I will be back in a few minutes. Make self at home," and she added, with a k smile, "you always do."

D she went off to the house down the k with a very light and disturbing ation. Her words to Buddy had borne er rapid fruit; it had been only a few utes—and had he ever followed an idea ers before? She whispered the fifth in- ation to herself as she ran up the steps he Joneses'.

h, how scared she had always been of . Jones! Now she noticed that her small l was quite firm on the doorknob as she ed it and walked right in.

he two little boys were sniffling in op- te corners of the room; Mrs. Jones was ding up by the fireplace, tall, stony, a.

"I want you to hear just what your son " began Mrs. Jones. "Totally unpro- ed attack, and when I ran out he went t on hitting Junior."

"If it's concussion he oughtn't to be ng there," commented Camilla.

"He knocked me down on the cement," Junior.

amilla gave a side look at her weedy pring, and then turned to Mrs. Jones a radiant smile. "It's perfectly wonder- f she said. "I know you'll be glad to e Junior put in his place for once. You do know everybody says he is the worst bully on Butternut Street, don't you, Mrs. Jones?" Camilla made a small gesture with her left hand, almost as if she were sewing and pinning something. "And I'm glad, too, that Buddy isn't the coward I was afraid he was. It's all most beneficial, so now let's wash them up a bit and Junior can help Buddy get some more cream to replace the cream he spread all over Buddy. They can get sodas on the way back."

MRS. JONES started to speak, her face flushed a deep red, and she took a step forward, then strangely enough led the way to the kitchen where the boys mopped their faces, accepted some change from Camilla and went off together peaceably.

Mrs. Jones stood on the porch looking after Camilla as long as she could see her. Camilla could feel her eyes, so she turned and waved gaily. "See you in church."

She was going to be late to the club, but she had not a bit of her usual nervous anxiety. She felt a little giddy, but otherwise just fine.

"I suppose Buddy's in trouble," said Mrs. Westlake, turning from the television. "The way you spoil him it's no wonder. I don't mean to criticize you, Camilla, but that child has no discipline at all." She added, "I never spoiled Roger like that child has been spoiled."

"I could tell you a thing or two about Roger," said Camilla in a cool, pleasant voice. "Sometimes we'll have a cozy little chat about the way you raised Roger."

Her mother-in-law changed the subject like lightning. "Your hair doesn't look very well. It's all flyaway; you better put on a net."

"That's my bush of hair," said Camilla amiably, "in which I dance burning through the night."

A look of alarm came into Mrs. Westlake's steel-gray eyes. "Camilla! Do you feel all right?"

"Never better," said Camilla, ruffling her pale gold hair up. "You know, my hair was just tired of being trapped all the time, like a poor little fish."

"Well, tuck it under your hat."

"I shan't wear a hat," said Camilla. "I'll tell you a secret: I hate hats!"

"You'll be the only club member without one," predicted Mrs. Westlake, "and you'll be criticized and that isn't good for Roger."

"You've been telling me for eight years I wasn't good enough for Roger," Camilla told her. "Wouldn't it be funny if you turned out to be right?"

She laughed with delight. It was so wonderful to hear her voice and listen to words she never, never in the world could have said yesterday. They really rippled out, she thought with surprise. Who could guess what she might say next? Not Camilla.

"By the way, Roger's bringing a stuffy old archaeologist or anthropologist or some kind of gist for dinner. They'll be home before I am, no doubt. You might mix them a batch of very dry Martinis—remember Roger won't drink his without two olives."

"I never—I don't know how ——"

"You'll find a recipe in the cookbook. In the back, under Beverages. Just read it and double the gin and cut the vermouth in half," said Camilla airily. She looked for the black book, and tucked it under her arm. Then Camilla looked at the clock. "I'm only a little late. And you have a nice restful time looking at all the junk on the television. Roger said just to put on another plate, so we won't have to worry about dinner."

"What are you planning to have?"

"Just an extra plate," said Camilla happily, and went out almost dancing.

That club meeting went down in history. Little shy Camilla Westlake got right up and nominated young Mrs. Haverhill instead of Mrs. Blake, and made a speech, and Mrs. Haverhill was elected.

"If there's one thing we need in this club," said Camilla lightly but very clearly,

A little incompatibility is the spice of life, particularly if he has income and she is pattable.

—OGDEN NASH

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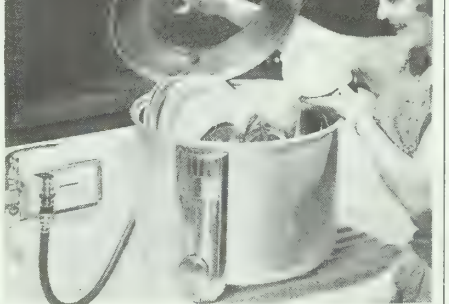
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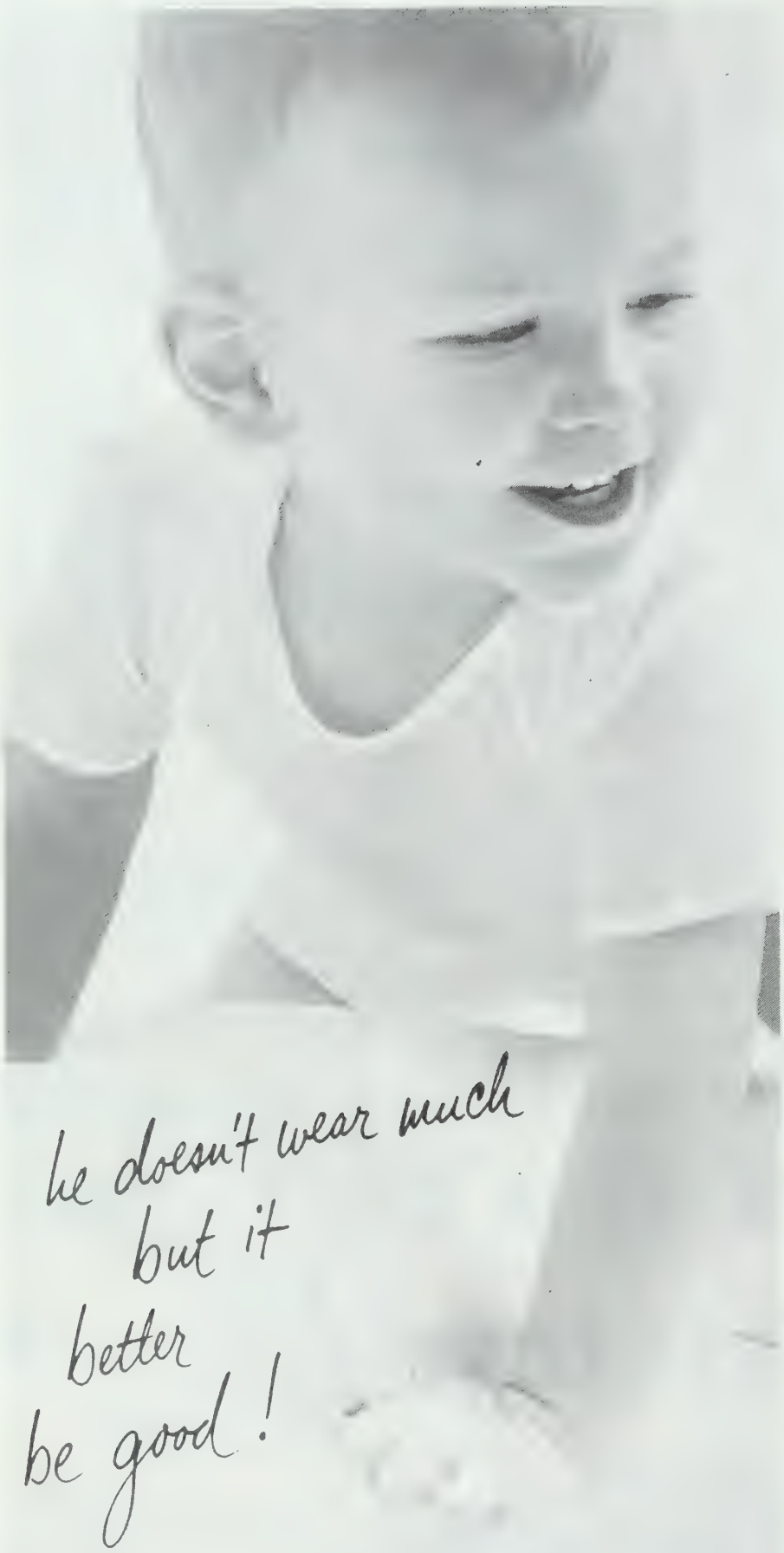
YIELD: About 5 medium glasses (2½ lbs. jelly)

Combine ¾ cup (6-oz. can) concentrated frozen orange juice with 3 tbsps. lemon juice; set aside. Measure 3¼ cups sugar and 1 cup water into large saucepan and mix well. Place over high heat and bring to a *full rolling boil*, stirring constantly. *Boil hard 1 minute.* Remove from heat. Stir in ½ bottle Certo pectin. Add fruit juices and mix well. Then pour into glasses. Paraffin unnecessary—just cover with lid, waxed paper, or foil and place in refrigerator until gobbled up.

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For novel way to serve, See Page 104

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"it's a transfusion. It's got so dull we all hate to come and waste our time. I feel we could get busy and clean up the town, be an influence in politics, change the school curriculum."

There was a shocked silence. Camilla looked at the Program Chairman and finished, "I think we have had reviews of Thomas Wolfe's Of Time and the River often enough."

She sat down. And felt really wonderful as the worst battle in the lifetime of the club raged around her. It turned out that a lot of the younger members agreed with her, and the Old Guard was forced to retreat in some disorder. Camilla bent her head and sneaked glances at Page 146, which was a little discouraging, because she didn't really want to go to the cemetery at night and make up little packets of grave dust. She'd have to use plastic freezer bags, she thought. And being a witch was worth almost anything. She was off in a dream when they elected her head of a committee to study the politics in Oak Valley.

It was the first time she had ever been elected to anything except potato masher for church suppers. *Just wait,* she thought, *until I get around to interview the mayor about his income from those slums, and the school board about the lunches they serve at Riverview.*

She got home very late, because so many women wanted to talk to her after the meeting.

The house on Butternut was all lighted up. It was a good comfortable house and Camilla loved it, except that Roger always painted it mustard. Going up the steps, she decided to get the painters in the next day and paint it pink. A pink house would be such a change!

She was smiling a secret little smile as she ran in, dropped her bag and the book on the hall table. The mirror reflected her blown bright hair, dark eager eyes and smiling mouth.

Roger was cross. He introduced her stiffly to the man in the corner. The two men stood up and Camilla slid her eyes from one to the other. Roger was big and square and red-headed, and she loved him with a kind of fearful anxious love—that is, she had. Now she thought coolly, *Well, the little woman is leading a new life now.*

Doctor Graham was tall and thin, and he was not an old thing at all, he was young and he had slanting dark eyes set well under a most intelligent brow. *Good nose, too,* thought Camilla, *nice to pinch.*

"Where have you been?" asked Roger.

Camilla laughed. "More marriages have foundered on that fatal question," she observed, "than you could count."

Roger's mother spoke hastily, "That is just right, Camilla."

"Are you agreeing with me?" asked Camilla. "How simply wonderful."

"I just wondered," said Roger, giving in at once.

"I've just been bewitching the Women's Club," said Camilla. "I'm going into politics, I guess. You won't know Oak Valley when we get through with it."

Doctor Graham said, "If women once get an idea of their power, any town changes."

"Life changes," said Camilla. "Now we'll just put an extra plate on and have dinner." She smiled at Doctor Graham. "I'll just open a few cans."

Roger's face was the oddest color, not really green but verging on it. His mother, meek as a lamb, said, "I always feel potluck is a fine thing." She stood up. "I'll set the table."

"Can't we all help?" asked Doctor Graham.

"Why not?" said Camilla, not looking at the horror in her husband's eyes. "Where's Buddy, by the way?"

Mrs. Westlake cleared her throat. "Mrs. Jones called up and asked if he could have supper with Junior. They are building an atom bomb and can't stop. They came and got Agnes to be a spy."

"I cannot understand it," said Roger. "We have never had anything but trouble with the Joneses."

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Camilla just went and talked to her," his mother.

And I know that would be enough for me," said Doctor Graham.

They were all in the kitchen milling ad. Roger had such a dazed look, and whispered to Camilla when she shoved into the pantry to get plates that ctor Graham was a very famous, very rtant man, and that he had hoped illa would have her usual little dinner the hot clam and cheese ——

'm sure this is more fun," said Camilla. t hand me down two cans of beans the top shelf. Thanks. This is nice and ," she said. "In fact, life is really cozy ay if you take it the right way."

Doctor Graham had an apron tied around ean self and was parked with the salad and greens. Camilla opened beans, d dry mustard and molasses and ped onion, all the time talking in that quick and easy way.

oger stood around. His mother was g garlic bread, and in eight years she not laid finger to any chore in their e.

simply adore garlic bread," she said. ven't had it in years."

octor Graham was adding sour cream to alad bowl.

e beans simmered briefly, the bread ed with garlic and butter. Camilla made e.

ey sat around the table afterward, and tor Graham, over his fourth cup of e, smiled at Camilla.

on't think I ever had fun," he said.

Well, you're wasting life being what you said Camilla idly. u ought to just make all the time."

t's a treat to find a ly," Doctor Graham on, "that really vs the meaning of the l 'home.' Too many le are anxiety-rid--too rigid ——"

And I always feel," commented Camilla, t the only rule to live by is to live every e minute!"

e went out to refill the coffeepot, hum-g. It was wonderful how Roger followed out, as if he were impelled by a strong . She looked up at him, and he put his around her.

do apologize," he said.

What for?"

For being cranky when you were late. kly, Camilla, I was worried for fear er would start criticizing you and me—is both of us—and that was why ——"

Don't worry." Camilla tossed the coffee thout measuring.

oger kissed her, quite impulsively and rally, and it was a simply fine feeling. milla, you are wonderful," he said hum-"I don't half deserve you. Look at the you charmed Graham . . . the fun e *all* had, just because of you."

MILLA said thoughtfully, "I think we'll more fun from now on than ever in our . For one thing, we are not going to canasta with the Barnards, ever again. are going to see Western movies that t—shooting and horseback races and ything!"

You never mentioned not liking it!"

amilla pulled his left ear gently. "Let's the living room and get out that fruit-al."

oger went for the fruitcake as obedient Seeing Eye dog, and whistling "*My eet beats for you.*"

rs. Westlake voluntarily cleared the a. *This won't last,* thought Camilla, *it's sudden, too soon. But I'll get through the chapter tonight after everybody is asleep. maybe, yes, I guess the trip to the cemetery is worth it. But the powdered snake will to go, I'll just witch along without it. I bear snakes.*

e was carrying fresh coffee to the liv-room. She went through the hall, and Doctor Graham was standing there, en route to the sofa, with the black book in his hand.

"Put that down," said Camilla sharply.

He grinned at her. "I was just wondering whose book this is. I've seen it before."

Camilla put the coffeepot down on the table and reached for the book. "It's mine," she said, "and it's a very private book."

"It's always a private book," he said, "but there's one thing I want to tell you about it."

Camilla clasped her hands and faced him, her eyes very bright. "What's that?"

"It's the wrong book," he said.

The wrong book. The words had such a final sound, and when she slid her eyes at him, Camilla saw the gleam in his.

"What do you mean, it is the wrong book?" she whispered.

HE laid it down by the coffeepot. "I've done about all the research a man can do on this sort of thing, and you may as well know I am an authority on black and white magic and blue or green or any color."

"You are?" Camilla's eyes were wide.

"I am. Now this is the work of a charlatan and has long since been repudiated by all real students of witchcraft. This was the work of some potboiler who just wanted some money but never did understand the basic principles of magic in any form. It is all mere abracadabra, that's all."

Camilla put her hands over her heart. "You mean this book can't really make a witch of you, Doctor Graham?"

Something came into his eyes and was hooded; was it pity or scorn? "You don't need it," he said. "Whatever you need, it isn't any help in being a witch. All you have to do is smile. I never in my life, I never —— Well, anyway, if you are trying to do research in the ancient and unrespectable art of magic, this book is merely a waste of your time."

Then they heard Roger banging around in the kitchen and Doctor Graham went on to the living room. He began to ask Mrs. Westlake about her favorite programs on the television and received a long analysis of all of them.

Camilla slipped out to the porch. The moon was climbing a very tranquil sky. The shadows of the moonlight and the trees made a quick pattern on all the lawns on Butternut Street.

The air was as soft as young love.

So I never was a witch at all, said Camilla, *I never was!* All the day, the strange and wonderful day, had it ever happened at all? But all the power she had felt, all that giddy light feeling—what was it, then, if not witchery?

The screen door creaked; it was rusty and made a querulous sound.

"Darling," said Roger, "where's the cork puller?"

"In the left drawer," said Camilla.

Inside, the television went on, for the benefit of Doctor Graham and Mrs. Westlake. Somebody was singing in a high tenor, "*I'll take my love* ——"

Roger put his arms around Camilla and gave her a very hard squeeze. "You look just wonderful," he said. "There's something about you tonight ——"

Camilla leaned against him. "I had quite a day," she said.

They went into the house, and Camilla sat down quietly on the sofa while Roger cut the fruit cake and poured coffee instead of her doing it. She looked very hard at Doctor Graham and she tucked her lips in stubbornly. Who was he to know whether the book was wrong?

The real, the acid test would come tomorrow morning, she thought, when she began to wash the breakfast dishes and saw whether Roger's eggcup was filled with cigarette ashes or just simply with leftover egg yolk. And Camilla smiled to herself.

THE END

Only to a child is pure happiness possible. Afterward it is tainted with knowledge that it will not last, and the fear that one will have to pay for it.

—A. A. MILNE



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H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

In past years, doctors could do very little about nephrosis; today there are new drugs to fight it, new hope for parents.

New Hope in Nephrosis

By DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

PARENTS do not ordinarily think of kidney disease as a threat to their youngsters. And in fact it is not one of the commoner ailments of childhood. Yet it is not so uncommon as we doctors wish were the case. In poorer districts, particularly, where children have had faulty diets and inadequate medical attention, I have often seen the pale, wasted bodies of children with kidney dysfunction. I have seen it among the well fed and well cared for as well. And too many times afflicted children have come to us too late.

For nephrosis—the general name given the kinds of kidney disease most frequently contracted by children—is an insidious ailment. It remains hidden, sometimes for months, wreaking its deadly damage before parents are aware that anything is amiss. Worse yet, in past years, there was very little we doctors could do about nephrosis when we knew of its presence.

But recently discovered drugs have now given us weapons with which to fight it. We still cannot promise that these will cure, but in many instances they help to keep the disease under control. Given time and the assistance needed, the child's own body has a chance to overcome the disease. At last we can give the parents of nephrotic children some worth-while hope to sustain them in the fight they themselves must make.

Even now the exact cause of kidney disease among children is not fully understood. It is evidently connected at least in part with some failure or disorder of metabolism, which is the body's process for using the foods we consume. More specifically, it seems evident that nephrosis arises when for some reason the child's body is not able to absorb protein and fat in the normal way.

What we do know is that if a child has nephrosis, examination of the blood and urine is likely to reveal a lack of normal proteins in the blood, and an abnormal amount of protein substances in the urine. The disease literally drains away the prote needed to build bodily strength in grow children. When the condition is allowed continue for a long period, malnutrit and anemia, with retarded growth a muscular development, will follow.

Edema, or swelling, occurs in cert areas of the body, caused by an accumu tion of liquids which the kidneys fail to pose of properly. In severe cases, bl may appear in the urine, and the bl pressure goes up. Finally the heart is fected. Heart failure, in fact, causes ma of the fatalities of kidney disease in cl dren. In other cases, it is some second infection, such as pneumonia, influenza peritonitis, that deals the final blow. I kidney disease lowers the resistance of victims, and hence makes them unusu susceptible to infections of all kinds.

(Continued on Page 114)

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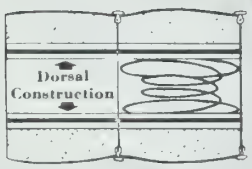
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(Continued from Page 112)

That was the picture—and so gloomy a one that I dislike even presenting it—for many years. But now sulfa and the antibiotic drugs aid us in dealing with the secondary infections, and thus save many lives. Amino acids, which are protein substances in concentrated form, can be taken by mouth or, if necessary, injected into a vein. These help avoid malnutrition, and consequent damage to the body structure. Diuretics can be given to stimulate kidney action and prevent the accumulation of fluids.

And so we can now add nephrosis to the long list of diseases which, when discovered soon enough, in many instances can be held in check by skillful treatment. It is not likely that your child will develop nephrosis—the disease is not so common as all that. But if he should, early treatment will greatly increase his chances to live and to make a complete recovery.

Unfortunately, the very earliest symptoms of nephrosis are inclined to be deceiving. They may be no more than loss of appetite, irritability and/or lassitude. These occur in so many disorders of childhood, and in so many well children who are simply tired or emotionally upset, that too often they are dismissed without a second thought. But they might be symptoms of nephrosis. If behavior of this kind persists for more than a few days without some obvious explanation, ask your doctor to make a thorough examination of the child, including laboratory tests of the blood and urine.

In early nephrosis, too, a child may go for unusually long periods without urinating. Or, on the other hand, there may be abnormally frequent urination. These conditions are hard to detect in diapered toddlers, and the disease occurs most often in youngsters two to four years of age. But if you think there is any irregularity in urinary habits, have the doctor investigate.

A third possible sign is persistently puffy eyelids; or swollen abdomen, feet or ankles. And of course if blood should appear in the urine, lose no time in getting your child to the doctor. (Rather rarely, beets will color stool or urine red. But the doctor should be told of the incident in any event.)

If it is kidney dysfunction, the doctor can find it out quickly by his thorough testing of the blood and urine. It goes without saying that the nephrotic youngster should be under close medical supervision until he is pronounced entirely well. The doctor should be notified of any infection, no matter how slight it may seem. Moreover, any other bodily condition that may impair health and affect the kidneys should be attended to. For instance, infected tonsils and teeth should be removed as quickly as possible.

Aside from these things, the mother's chief responsibility will be close, but unworried, observation of the child's habits, behavior and general condition. It will be necessary to regulate the youngster's diet carefully, as the doctor directs, with the stress on lean meats, eggs, green beans and cereals. A minimum of salt should be used. With the addition of amino acids, if the doctor deems them necessary, this high-protein diet will help offset the protein loss caused by the disease.

In cases of severe edema, it may be necessary to make an incision in the abdomen to permit the excess fluid to drain away. This, of course, may mean that the child must remain in the hospital for several days or weeks. Once he is strong enough to be out of bed, however, it is usually safe and desirable to have him at home, and to permit as much activity as the doctor thinks is wise.

It will be a long fight, and it may be a hard one. Under the best of circumstances, the disease usually lasts from six months to as long as two or three years. I have even known cases which took five years or more to clear up. Inevitably setbacks will occur, as they must in any illness that goes on for months and months. Don't get upset or discouraged when they do, or your child will become discouraged and frightened too.

Satisfy yourself that your child is under competent, devoted medical supervision. The next best service you can render a youngster with nephrosis is to keep patient, calm and unafraid. There's hope today that the effort will not be in vain.

DELEGATE IN A DRAFT

(Continued from Page 55)

who refused to take orders from the rich and powerful San Francisco county machine, already harassed by a tax scandal, and had devised a new method of selecting delegates by districts to the national convention. When that hadn't worked, they had rallied around Kefauver. With him as a symbol of anti-corruption, they had rolled up a two-to-one victory over the regulars in the June primary. When they headed for Chicago they were committed to stick with him until released. They felt they had a people's mandate to see that he won—California takes its primaries seriously.

And Vera does too. She would no more break faith with a voter than with her husband or child. A onetime teacher, she abandoned teaching because she felt she would be more valuable to the community in politics—clean politics.

"Give the people the facts," she says, "and they will choose wisely and well."

Her husband, Ray, a darkly good-looking man who runs his own insurance office, urged her on. When she took four years off from politics during Joycie's childhood, he kept asking her when she was going back. "People of principle, like Bobbie, are needed in government," says Ray.

His hobby used to be planning and building houses—he has built six in turn for his family—but now his spare time is at Vera's disposal. Saturdays and Sundays when she is campaigning, he drives the car, handles the picture posters, corrals people for her to talk to, and eases them on if they chat too long, something which Vera is loath to do.

"He is a wonderful campaigner," Vera says. "I suspect he likes it." Ray snorts, but smiles.

Joyce, a ten-year-old replica of her blue-eyed winsome mother, also lends a hand, answering the phone, stamping letters, sometimes going campaigning. "I like places with beaches best," she says.

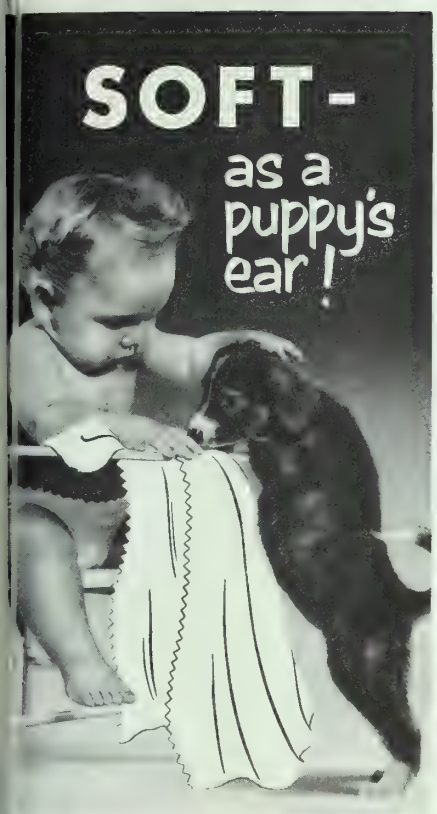
Both Joyce and Ray went with Vera to the convention. The morning after Kefauver's defeat, as her mother kissed her awake, Joyce shook her head sadly. "I'm so sorry he lost, mommy," she said.

When Vera first thought about going to the convention, more than a year ago, she had thought of it simply as part of every politician's education. After working with the League of Women Voters, she served on the park commission, the school-district reorganizing committee, and was elected as a freeholder to change Mill Valley's government, and to the city council. She had also worked on the state level—as a League lobbyist for welfare bills in the state legislature and in an unsuccessful campaign to be elected assemblyman.

Even before Washington's corruption was exposed, and the scandals revealed in California, she had had a little personal experience in how rotten California's party politics were becoming. The thought of being able to help in a cleanup delighted her.

Her own experience came during her race for the state assembly in 1950. She had become a Democratic candidate because the Republican incumbent was introducing gambling bills and special-interest legislation and, many felt, neglecting his own district. At her request the county and state Democratic Committees agreed to support her, but Vera had to finance and organize her own campaign.

Despite the state's cross-filing system, she won the primary—the first Democrat to do so for this office in more than twenty years. Soon after the victory her finance chairman



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Some people said she should have taken the money—Ray and she scraped the bottom of the family barrel to get up $6000 before the campaign was over—and done as she pleased. Vera refused even to consider it.

"That's the beginning of the end and exactly what I'm opposing," she said. "That's how you get the best politicians money can buy, not good government."

Her fear of these evil influences in government had made her a Kefauver fan even before he was a candidate for the presidential nomination. Everything she knew about Kefauver made her feel that he was the man not only to resist such influences, but also to help eradicate them. And she believed that thousands of other Californians, having watched the Senate Crime Committee hearings on TV, would agree with her and vote accordingly. In March of this year she welcomed the chance to become one of his delegates to the convention.

IN the June primaries, Kefauver rolled up almost 800,000 votes, double the number polled by the opposition slate. The old-line politicians hinted that they hadn't fought Kefauver because they wanted "party harmony," but to Vera it was an important milestone—and a potent signal that California Democrats wanted a change not only in their state leadership but in Washington too.

On July 15, the family set out for Chicago. Ray was taking his first vacation in six years, and as well as the week in Chicago they hoped to spend three weeks on the road, one before and two after touring the West. Going up they stopped at Lake Tahoe to visit Vera's two sisters and a brother who lived there, and at Reno they visited another brother. At Salt Lake they strolled around the Mormon city, at Estes Park they climbed the Rockies and threw snowballs at each other.

There are two ways of treating gossip about other people, and they're both good ways. One is not to listen to it, and the other is not to repeat it.
—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

On the dot of Sunday noon, just as Ray had conscientiously planned it, they rolled into Chicago. Ray had not let Vera handle the wheel once. "You'll need all your strength when we get there," he said. He also had told her not to worry about money—that he would do the worrying for both of them on this trip.

It was estimated by the delegation that because of the distance and the fact that the regulars had made reservations for California at the swank Palmer House, each delegate should be equipped with at least $500 for transportation, food and rooms. Ray and Vera had felt the cost was worth while, and had put the combined vacation and political project into the family budget early in the year.

Still, it was a shock to discover that their hotel room alone would cost them $16.75 a night, and one meal in one of the hotel's restaurants was enough to send Ray searching for less expensive places to eat. As it turned out, however, only he and Joycie spent any money on food: for while they went sightseeing, Vera faithfully attended the delegation caucuses, the convention sessions, and had time left for only five breakfasts, three dinners and no lunches (or about $20 worth) the seven days she was in Chicago. "Not that it bothered me," she said. "I was happy to lose six pounds."

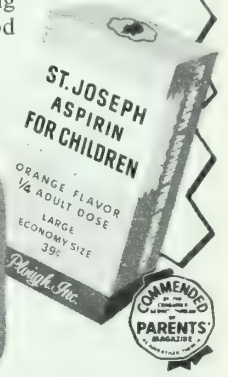
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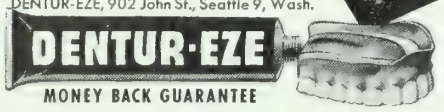




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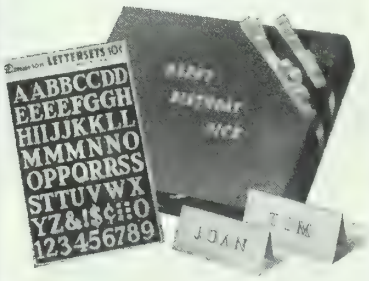
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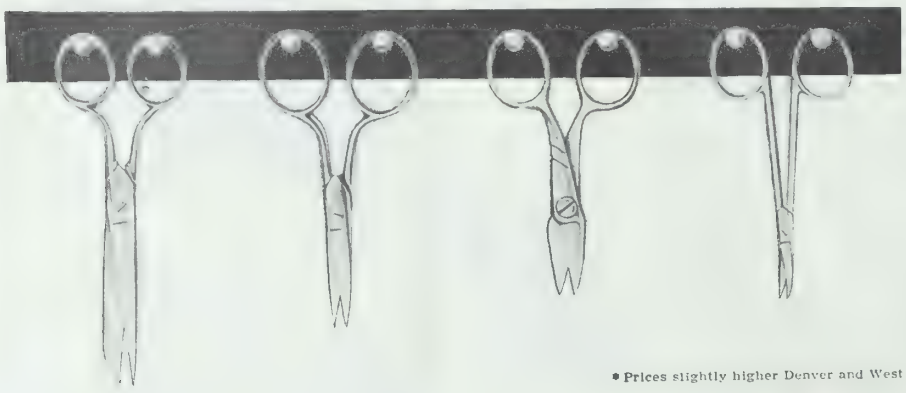
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What did bother her from the very beginning was the amount of flimflam that masqueraded as convention business. That first afternoon, Vera toured campaign headquarters in the Hilton Hotel with her alternate, Nancy Strawbridge, and found mainly pamphlets, log cabins, coonskin caps and soft drinks. "You'd think we'd come two thousand miles to see a circus," said Vera, as they watched two girls swing across the lobby on a trapeze. "Do they really think this sort of thing helps elect a President of the United States?"

From there she hurried to a Women's Division dinner. Because the first California convention caucus was to be held that evening at nine, she had time only to eat and to hear the first speaker, Governor Stevenson. She was prepared to like him as a man because of an article of his on foreign affairs which she had read some months before, and she enjoyed this brief, witty greeting. But mixed with her liking even then was some measure of opposition, for the regulars had been known to favor him as their real choice for the nomination, and a friend of theirs was rarely a friend of hers.

The caucus that Sunday night lasted long but accomplished little. In all California's 150-odd delegates and alternates there were only a few who had ever attended a national convention before. The sheer mechanics of settling themselves, of finding out who was who and what was what, of simply getting along in such a large and strange group, overwhelmed the majority. The heat, noise and tension of the convention increased their confusion.

Not until Wednesday did they pull themselves together enough to start canvassing other delegations, to set up lines of communication and information. By then it was too late—the stray delegates had been pocketed. The lines had been formed, and sights set.

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

Einstein dictated a definition for his secretary to use in her replies about relativity: "When you sit with a nice girl for two hours you think it's only a minute, but when you sit on a hot stove for a minute you think it's two hours. That's relativity."

—MARY ALKUS

For by then, sides had been taken on the bitterest floor fight the Democrats have seen in decades—the fight led by the New Deal-liberal bloc against the Dixiecrat Southern group over a loyalty oath binding all delegates in advance to support the convention's candidates.

Kefauver had thrown what hope he had of help from his fellow Southerners out the window and was backing the Northern states' loyalty oath as a necessary part of majority rule. Vera, full of admiration for his stand on principle, approved wholeheartedly. The first round, taken Monday night before the convention was yet a day old, was won handily, and she was jubilant. But there were other rounds to come, and the next day the icing was sliced off the gingerbread in the Credentials Committee meeting.

Here, faced with the possibility of a complete Southern bolt, the loyalty oath spokesmen began to water their pledge, adding the proviso that if state laws contravened, the pledge need not be taken. Led by Senator Russell, most of the Southern states then came around and signed, but three held out for no pledge at all. While this went on in downtown Chicago, however, Vera sat at the convention miles away—blissfully listening to Mrs. Roosevelt.

Not until Wednesday was the change in oath brought up to the hall. Then, gaveling rapidly, the chairman permitted *all* of the South to sit—but he said he would not let the three holdouts, Louisiana, Virginia and South Carolina, vote. The decision came so fast Vera was stunned. "We knew something had hit us," she said later, "but we didn't know what it was."

It proved, of course, to be a real defeat for Kefauver, but before this could sink in, the delegates were caught up in other speeches, other problems—and that night in the warm, tumultuous reception for the Veep.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 62 & 63

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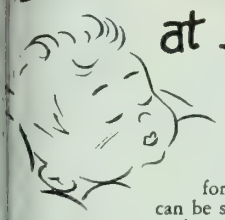
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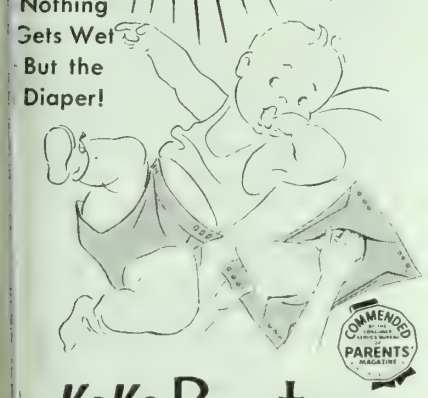
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Even before the last cheers for Alben Barkley died away, though, Vera was hit by something of the same sense of futility that had threatened her earlier in the day—"a feeling of emptiness in the role assigned to the delegates in a game being played by powers invisible to us." Now it was the platform. From the rostrum an aging man was mumbling his way through the lengthy text, but Vera could hear only the rise and fall of the phrases, the low cadence of his voice—and not one clear passage. There were halfhearted attempts by the chair to get silence on the floor, but nothing came of them. The Democrats were in a noisy, loquacious, politicking mood.

When the voice vote came at the end of it, Vera buried her face in her hands. "I couldn't vote, in all honor," she said, "for I didn't know what was in it. Did anyone? One copy was passed out to each delegation—but there wasn't time for it to get around ours. It made me almost physically ill—the most important business of the convention next to balloting and we on the floor literally didn't know what we were doing."

The racing pace of a convention is too swift for any mood to linger long, however, and by the next morning Vera was cheerful again, looking forward to the nominations and the Kefauverites' first chance to show their strength as a unit. She tiptoed out of bed at seven, intent on getting both breakfast and the caucus under her belt before she came back and met Ray and Joyce, who planned to make their first visit to the convention hall that day. She had pressed her pink wool, a dress of Joycie's, whitened her shoes and curled her hair the night before. Despite the fact that it was two A.M. before she had returned from the hall, she had felt the need of putting her own house in order whether the convention's was or not. She had wanted also to eat, but could find no place open—the Democrats stayed up late but the restaurants didn't.

SHE was in her place at the convention hall well before time for the scheduled opening at noon, eager to get on with the actual business of nomination.

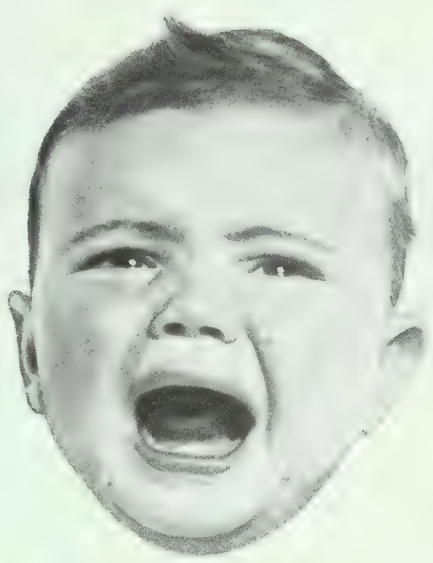
All around were the signs and symbols of Kefauver. Balloons of every color bobbed and floated overhead (to the disgust of the TV cameramen), placards were wedged between the chairs, confetti, noisemakers and coonskin caps already littered the floor and the galleries. At noon Alabama gave way to Georgia and touched off a half-hour Russell demonstration. Before its echoes had fully died away, Alaska had claimed its alphabetical rights and Kefauver was being nominated.

Vera stood through the speech, her banner—"The Women of America Want Kefauver"—clutched in one hand, and as the file moved out into the aisles she followed the man ahead of her—and the silken golden flag of California ahead of him. Dwarfed by the procession, all she could see was backs, necks, heads and the bottoms of banners. She felt rather than heard the cheerleader hoarsely yelling through the clamor, the organist playing The Battle Hymn of the Republic. She made the wrong turning and got lost; she was jammed in with scores of others; she edged outward, she moved on—and then, suddenly she was thrilled and excited. "I was the one who wanted to keep the demonstrations to five minutes each," she said in amazement. "But this is wonderful!" When she slid back into her seat, the pink of her cheeks matched the pink of her suit. "It's the first thing I've been able to do for Kefauver since I got here," she said laughing. "I guess that's the secret of the demonstration's long life."

By six, however, she was more than ready to leave, but her friends stopped her. Stevenson's parade, they said, was next—and she must see that. Up in the gallery she could see Ray and Joycie still watching, and she stayed.

As two governors nominated their colleague, scores of people leaped over the gallery railings and joined the delegates on the floor. Now many a state banner was seized and pushed into the parade—but not California's—and the din started. With

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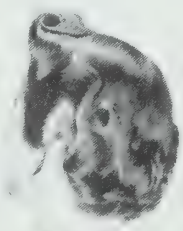


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shocked eyes, Vera saw New Jersey join the marchers; she had not believed the reports that despite Kefauver's primary victory in that state, the delegation had switched to Stevenson. As they filed past her chair, she cupped her hands around her mouth and shouted, "Don't you have any respect for what the voters back home want?" She was mad clear through.

Out of the blue, now, another blow fell. Louisiana was being called—despite the fact that she was only to be allowed to "sit." Then, amid even greater uproar, Virginia was recognized and white-haired Governor Battle appeared on the rostrum. Virginia, he said, would sign no pledge—but he would promise that the Democrat nominees would appear on the state ballot. It was moved that Virginia get full voting rights. There was a roll call. The North stood solid, and the count showed Virginia out. But the chair dallied in making the official announcement—and suddenly Illinois switched. Virginia was in.

The word whistled around the floor: "Stevenson wants them in." While Vera stood appalled, hundreds of delegates switched their votes. Not far away, the short stocky figure of Jacob Arvey, Stevenson's friend and Illinois boss, could be seen—receiving congratulations on getting back from dinner just in time.

"No one could make me change my vote like that," Vera said hotly. "No one—not even Kefauver. What kind of delegates are they to turn an agreed-upon rule of the convention inside out to save a few electoral votes?"

She sat down frightened. Beside her, another Californian said cynically, "It's all over now. It's sewed up." Another told of seeing Ed Pauley, California's oil millionaire, seated in the honor-guest section, even though he had been one of the regulars defeated by the Kefauver slate. Vera herself had seen the state's attorney on the floor, wearing not one official badge but two, despite the fact that he, too, was licked in the primary.

"Hail, hail, the machine's all here," a wit commented. "Put a plaque on the door—the Democrats slipped here."

Her old friend and counselor, Sam Gardiner, slumped in his seat.

"We might as well vote Baa for all the good it does now," he said gloomily.

Around them, the convention rolled on. More nominations, more parades, more demonstrations, and more voting, this time on South Carolina. Finally, at two, after a fire broke out in the littered hall, the convention adjourned. Vera went back to her hotel room, sad and deeply resentful. She would have liked to wake Ray and talk to him, but it seemed a sorry thing to do. He had not the oaklike stamina she had; he needed his sleep. Alone, she sat down by the window, near Joycie's cot, to think, to renew her faith in democracy and to study her fears. She had only a slim hope now that Kefauver would win.

FRIDAY, at the California caucus, it was revealed that there were many others who didn't sleep either. Some 300 of the Kefauver and Harriman groups had argued until five in the morning.

Back in the convention hall, the first ballot went with agonizing slowness, with delegation after delegation asking to be polled. Kefauver came out ahead, but still far short of the majority needed to win the nomination. On the second ballot, he picked up a few more votes, and still led the field.

But before the third ballot began, the ax fell; Harriman announced his withdrawal from the race, and urged his supporters to vote for Stevenson. Cheers rocked the hall, but Vera's friends sat in stony loneliness. When California's turn came to vote, its broad-shouldered, dark-haired chairman, George Miller, seized the mike and cried, "California is faithful to the people of California who chose Kefauver. We cast our sixty-eight votes for Estes Kefauver."

The ballot dragged on. Michigan switched to Stevenson, followed by Minnesota. At the end, Vera's tally showed Stevenson on the edge of victory. Then the chairman permit-



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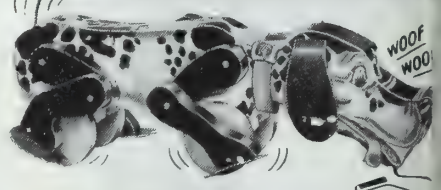
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Kefauver to step forward from the rear
e speaker's platform, where he had been
ing more than an hour for a chance to
k.

Madly California cheered, sending their
er topped with a coonskin hat to the
t of the rostrum. Then, while Vera wept
ly, Kefauver waved to them and then, in
sured tones, withdrew his candidacy and
d his supporters to vote for Stevenson—
o is qualified in every respect." The
rman recognized Utah, which switched.
venson was in with one vote to spare.

ussell and the chairman declared Steven-
s victory "unanimous." California yelled
" again, Vera standing on her chair,
ping her mouth with her hands. Aston-
d, the chairman changed his statement
victory by acclamation."

or an hour, then, while the hall waited
President Truman and Governor Steven-
to arrive, the band played. Truman
ntily praised the convention's choice, and
venson stepped forward.

I accept your nomination and your pro-
n," he said—and the holdouts capitu-
d.

miling, Vera cheered along with the rest.
can't help but like that man when I see
," she said. "But I don't think I'll ever
t that he was honestly drafted."

Ray was waiting for her that night. He had
ked Joycie in at about ten and watched
convention windup on the TV set of a
nd down the hall. He was even more up-
than Vera.

To think Kefauver lost to a man who
n't even campaign," Vera said. "Who be-
yed the whole democratic processes—and
ed it a draft."

Maybe Kefauver will get the vice-presi-
cy," Ray said.

EFAUVER didn't. He said, "under no cir-
nstances" would he accept it, but there
e whispers that he hadn't been asked. He
lantly held a breakfast for his supporters,
over the coffee cups again urged them to
k for Stevenson. When he saw Vera he
his hands on her shoulders and kissed her
tly on the forehead. "It was a good fight,"
said.

Vera blinked back her tears. "Maybe next
e," she said.

The Schultzes drove out of the city Sunday
dawn, Joycie cuddled beside her mother,
ding her hand, Ray again at the wheel.
ey had had joyous plans for this return
—a visit to Glacier Park, a tour through
Columbia River gorge, a ride down the
an highway leading out of Seattle. For
two days they tried to have fun. "Let's just go home," Joycie said on Tuesday, voicing the thoughts of all. "Everything's nicer there."

For three weeks after they got home, Vera's heart was heavy. She was pleased when George Miller was elected state chairman, and interested in his remarks that complaints about a machine victory in Chicago were "crybaby talk." She laughed skeptically when the old guard formed a "Volunteer's Organization for Stevenson." "A professional organization, they ought to call it," she said.

SHE attended a luncheon called by the representative of the Women's Division of the party, and explained that she couldn't help run the local campaign for Stevenson because of her own candidacy. When her alternate, Nancy Strawbridge, was picked to work in the Marin County campaign, she was glad. Nancy was on fire to be a full-fledged politician. "We need her," Vera said. "The more fresh, eager young people we get who know the score, the less chance there will be we'll have another convention like that one."

She gave an interview to the local paper admitting that though she thought Stevenson was a fine man, she also thought he was "thrust down our throats" by "the old-line politicians and the big-city machines who made pawns of the delegates."

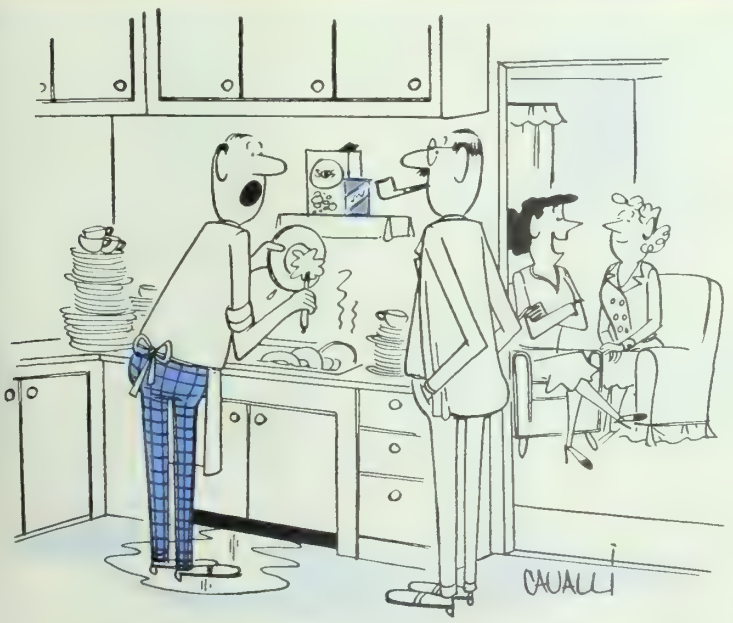
"How can you criticize the party like that?" one friend wailed, but Vera just laughed.

"I've never been a hypocrite," she said.

"You are so right," another delegate said. "I'd have lost all faith in you if you hadn't told the truth about what happened."

The interview marked the turning point in her conflict. Now that she had her protests off her chest, on the record, she felt free to turn her back on the convention and face the choice that now lay before her.

"And of course, being me," she said, "as soon as I did that I hadn't any choice. The Democratic platform comes out so much more clearly for specific issues and important principles than the Republican platform that there is no comparison between the two for me. Machine politics operate powerfully in both parties. The resistance against them must come from within, so I'll stay in my party and fight. As for corruption—Stevenson's record as governor shows no corruption, and I believe he'll do what he says he will—'clean up that mess in Washington.' It's the individual's qualities that determine his fitness for public office, and Stevenson is obviously a man of such courage and high intelligence that I think he will take his place among the great men of history." **THE END**



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By Ruth Mills Teague

A DELICIOUS oyster pie is hard to beat as the main dish for a cold-weather buffet party. It's a festive dish, but easy to prepare, which makes it ideal for our purpose, so let's settle for oyster pie and plan a menu around it.

This will be a fairly simple meal, so we can indulge in both a hot and a cold hors d'oeuvre. The hot will be Braunschweiger (a well-seasoned liverwurst—your butcher will recognize the name) and bacon balls. The little balls of Braunschweiger are wrapped in bacon and broiled, and do make plenty because they're sure to be popular. For a cold hors d'oeuvre, boat-shaped pieces of crisp green pepper filled with an onion-and-cream-cheese mixture and topped with caviar will provide a nice contrast.

Now the *pièce de résistance*, oyster pie. The filling will be made of oysters, mushrooms, ground smoked ham and sauce, and the top will be puffy piecrust. Real puff paste is fine for the top, but it's such a nuisance to make that I worked out an easy recipe for the *(Continued on Page 176)*

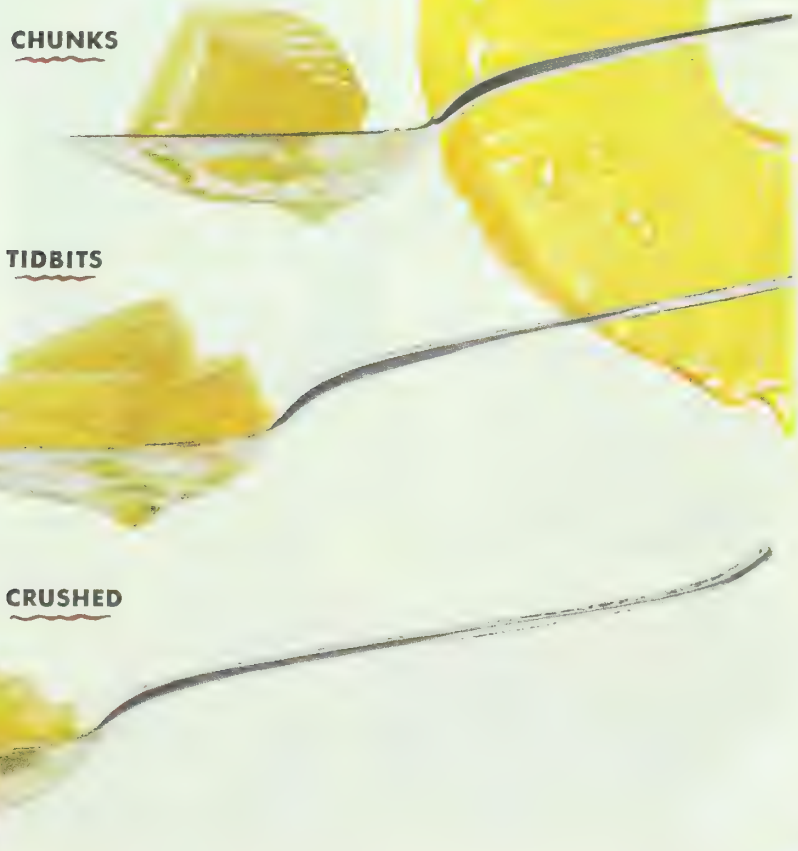
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FORTUNE IS A WOMAN

(Continued from Page 39)

"I was kept late with Valerie, daddy. I had a puncture. This man changed the wheel for me, so I gave him a lift."

Her father looked me up and down. He said stiffly, "Very well. I'm much obliged to you. Good night."

The girl said good night to me a bit more graciously, and they moved off. I could see she was going to get a talking to for risking her safety with a tough like me.

I stood there looking after them. They'd already almost forgotten me. It was minutes before I knew I was still holding one of the coins she had given me. It was a half crown.

The police picked me up next morning about eleven. Was I the man who had changed a wheel for Miss Darnley and had been given a lift afterward? Well, would I come along to the station, then? Miss Darnley had lost a diamond bracelet and I was wanted for questioning.

I felt pretty mad about it, and I thought, *Perhaps she'll be waiting at the station to accuse me.* But when I got there there was nobody but a sergeant and another policeman. They asked me the usual questions, and then said, was I willing to be searched?

When they'd finished the sergeant went to the outer office to telephone. He came back and said, "All right, son, you can go. We're not going to make a charge."

I said, "Thanks. Shall I leave a forwarding address?"

"If you'll take my tip," said the sergeant, "you'll keep your tongue a bit quieter, or one of these days it'll lead you into trouble."

I went down the steps of the police station, shaking the half crown she'd given me up and down in my hand. I thought with the arrogance of a young man, *Someday . . . maybe* —— But of course I never seriously believed it would happen.

And of course it never did happen in the least as I vaguely imagined then; and it was nine years before it happened at all. By then everything had changed for me, and I was a more or less respectable member of the insurance world.

Although I went into the war determined to do my worst, the life in a queer way suited me, and Michael Abercrombie was responsible for the rest. I met him in Haifa, and after it was all over he offered me a job in his father's firm of insurance adjusters.

I remember, after meeting his father that first morning, we went out and discussed it over a cup of coffee. He tried to explain what their business was: that when a firm or a private person suffered loss or damage, an adjuster was engaged to examine and assess the loss and adjust the claim so that it was acceptable to both parties.

"My uncle died about eight years ago," Michael said, "and to be quite frank, dad's a bit of a freak in this profession. For a certain type of claim he's perfect; but for other work, where one needs a tougher, stronger character, he's no good. As for me, I'm too much like dad in the wrong way. We need an opposite."

"Should I be flattered or insulted?"

He didn't laugh. "A bit of both, perhaps. We need a man of absolute integrity, pleasant to meet, but able to put over a strong line where it's necessary. Of course, from another angle, you may not be open even to consider the job. It's a big change from being second in command of your battalion to rushing off to see if Mrs. Smith's fur coat really was damaged beyond repair when the water main burst."

We got up and went out. I thought, *Well, it's not eight years since you passed the night in Swindon workhouse; it's not much more since you did seven days for hitting a policeman in the eye; it's not twelve since your father turned on the gas and you came in and found him.*

At that point, I nearly turned the offer down. Another man I'd met, a New Zealander, had suggested I should go out there. It's queer to think how much can hinge on one decision. Because if I had gone to New Zealand I should never have seen Sarah Darnley again.

I'd been working more or less successfully in the City for two and a half years when a report came through of a fire in a manor house in Kent. I went down and left my car outside the gatehouse and walked up to a big, low, mellow-timbered place set among yew trees and formal gardens; and the door was opened by a plump man in tweeds who said he was Mr. Tracey Moreton, the owner, and would I come in.

"We've nothing dramatic to show you," he said. "The smoke woke us and we were able to keep the fire under until the brigade came. The damage is chiefly in one room."

He led me into a low room at the back of the hall, and there was the usual sort of mess: blackened furniture, and curtains hanging in shreds.

"Apparently there was a fault in this chimney," he said. "The firemen say one of the beams has probably been smoldering for weeks, but last night it reached the store cupboard that backs onto this room from the kitchens, and the jambs caught alight." He coughed. "If you'll excuse me, I'll wait outside. The smoke gets in my chest."

Distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful.
—NIETZSCHE

I had a good look round. The furniture was badly charred; but there was no real structural damage except what the firemen had done breaking away the wall round the cupboard. When I found Mr. Tracey Moreton again he led me to a big drawing room at the other side of the house and poured me a whisky and soda.

I said, "It's been a lucky escape. If there'd been more draft you'd have had no home today. Was there anything of special value in the room?"

He nodded and coughed and put down a glass beside me. "There was a Birket Foster. It's a bitter blow to lose that."

"I noticed two pictures. One was a sea scene, but they were both too badly burned ——"

"The sea scene was a cheap print. The Foster was of the mill and spinney which used to be at the back of this house. It was specially commissioned by my grandfather." He lit a cigarette but didn't offer me one. After a minute the whiff of some herbal mixture told me why.

"Have you any idea of its value, Mr. Moreton?"

"I think it was put at five hundred when the insurance was taken out, but its sentimental value's a lot more to me. I have the policy somewhere —— But no—of course, it's at my solicitor's."

"Doesn't matter. I'll check when I get back to Town. About the damage to the floor ——"

I didn't finish because a young woman came in carrying yellow chrysanthemums. She stopped when she saw me.

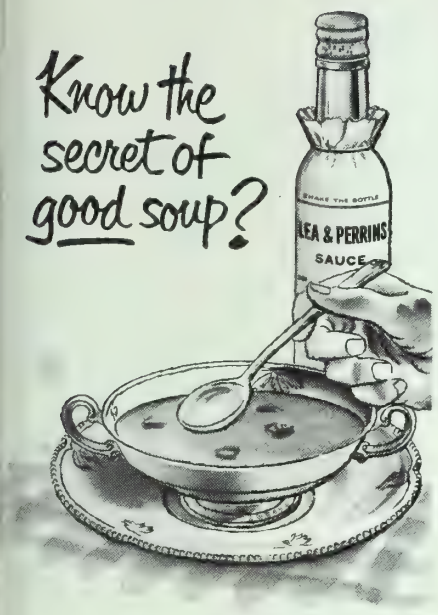
"Oh, sorry, I thought ——"

He said casually, "This is Mr.—er—oh, yes, Branwell, who's come about the insurance. My wife."

We muttered the usual sort of polite words, and she went across to the grand piano and began sticking the flowers into a tall green vase. She didn't recognize me. But I knew her at once. It was just as if somewhere in my mind all the details had been stored and shut away and the sight of her opened them up.

After I'd finished my drink I went back to the study and took a detailed inventory of the damage. With Birket Foster's Mill and Spinney to be reckoned in, my first estimate was a lot wide of the mark.

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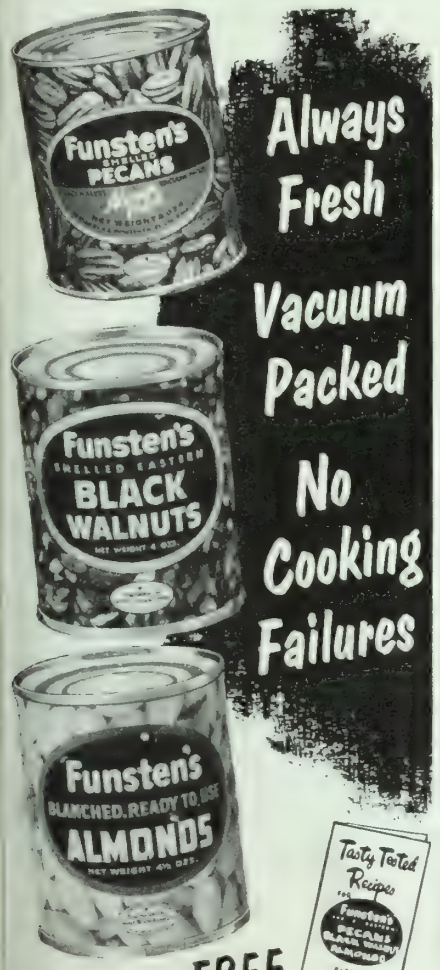


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Before I left I saw Tracey Moreton again, and he said, "Were you in the Eighth Army?"

"Yes. . . . Why?"

He shrugged. "Some expression you used. I was shot down over Tobruk in June, '42."

"I didn't go out until the end of 1942. Were you there later?"

"No. I was living at the expense of the Italian government."

It's always the same when that sort of thing crops up. He'd been polite before, but bored. Now he had a more friendly tone. He came with me to the door, and I left him there.

I crossed the gravel square and looked across the grounds. Behind the house were two greenhouses and some potting sheds. I saw someone moving in one of the greenhouses. It was Mrs. Tracey Moreton.

Looking back on the moment, it does seem to me that I got a feeling of the importance of what I did next. I could turn and go out to my car and drive away, and that would be the end. Or I could walk up to the greenhouse, and after that it would be too late.

I went up to the greenhouse.

For a few seconds she didn't see me, and I looked at her. She'd fined off to slimness; narrow waisted, dark lashed, a lovely mouth; her hair was shorter and done differently, was slightly ruffled and shining.

She turned quickly and saw me. "Are you looking for my husband?"

"No. . . . I saw you here. I came to pay an old debt." I put my hand in my pocket and took out a half crown. "Before you were married your name was Darnley, wasn't it? Sarah Darnley?"

That evidently decided her she didn't have a lunatic to deal with. "I'm sorry—I don't remember you. What did you say your name was?"

"You never knew it." I put the half crown on the wooden bench. "You gave me this in '39. Or one like it. D'you remember a puncture on a lonely road?"

HER eyes were slightly less dark than her hair and lashes, intelligent and warm, but a bit secret, as if she'd learned to play it that way. "I do remember one that happened to me; but I don't think ——" She hesitated. "You aren't —— *Heavens*, yes."

We stared at each other for a second. I said, "Did you ever find the bracelet?"

She must have been remembering. "I can't tell you how sorry we were about that—afterward—when it was too late. The bracelet was found near where I'd had the puncture. The thing must have dropped off when I was struggling with the wheel before you came. The clasp was always a bit unreliable."

"So are tramps," I said.

She flushed. "I'm *very* sorry. I wasn't to know—we weren't to know that you were not just an ordinary man of the road."

"But I was."

"You couldn't have been, or you wouldn't be so much changed."

I stared at the half crown. "I think maybe it brought me luck. Perhaps now it'll do the same for you. Anyway, thanks for the loan." I turned to go, but at the door she said:

"Wait."

I stopped.

She said, "I . . . don't know your name."

"Oliver Branwell."

Her eyes went quietly over me. "I'm very sorry you were put in that position over the bracelet."

"Forget it."

"Then will you forget this money too? You must see ——" She picked up the coin and held it out to me.

"No." I smiled briefly. "I don't see. It's yours now, Mrs. Moreton. I like to pay my debts."

The next week I went down again to get the thing settled up. As before, Tracey Moreton let me in, and we talked business for a time. After we'd done all we could Moreton said in his indifferent way, "I believe you'd met my wife once before."

Somehow I hadn't expected her to bother to tell him.

"Yes. She didn't remember me."

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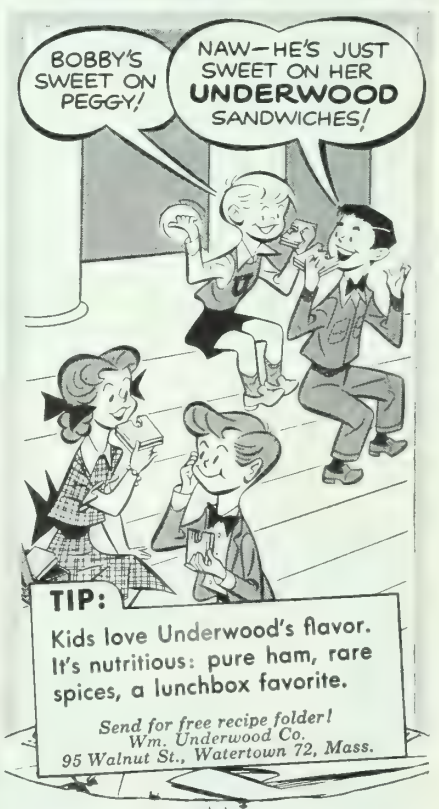
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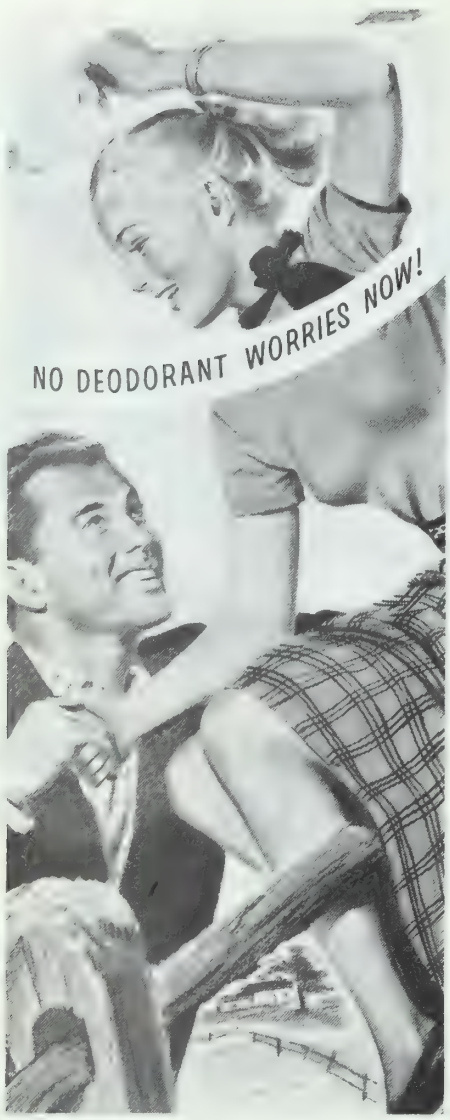
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He rubbed his middle finger along the line of his mustache. "Were you in the Rifle Brigade?"

"No, the K.R.R.C."

He coughed as we went toward the door. "I've not been in circulation since the war. Exposure brought on asthma. It's hereditary, of course. Come and have lunch with us sometime."

I couldn't have been more surprised. "Thank you. I'd like to."

His eyes traveled incuriously over my face. "Sunday?"

"Thank you very much."

It had been a good October, and Sunday was the best day of the month. Elliott, the butler, opened the door. As I was looking at a small French picture in the drawing room Tracey Moreton came in with an older woman.

"Glad to see you, Branwell. Admiring my Watteau?" He stopped to get his breath. "May I introduce you to my mother? This is Major Branwell, mother."

So he'd got to know that somewhere. Mrs. Moreton was tall and finely lined and rather papery; but all the same she gave you the impression of alertness and vigor.

"My son's spoken of you, Major Branwell. I believe you were in North Africa together."

I said, "Well, in the same area. But I'm afraid my army rank's out of date."

"I don't think that sort of thing is ever out of date," she replied.

At that moment Sarah came in, and there was the usual conversation. We went in to lunch, but halfway through the meal Moreton's breathing became worse, and, refusing Sarah's offer to get him something, he went out.

"It's been the same all this month," Sarah said to Mrs. Moreton. "The adrenalin wears off quicker each time."

I didn't say anything, but I suppose they thought I had to have it explained to me.

Mrs. Moreton said, "He was in the water nine hours. That began it. That, I suppose, and the long internment."

"Have you another son, Mrs. Moreton?" I asked.

She smiled. "Yes. The barrister. He served in the Guards, like his father before him. But he was luckier than his father. My husband lost a leg on the Somme."

When Tracey Moreton came back in five minutes he seemed a lot better, and after lunch he insisted on showing me the rest of the house. Halfway up the stairs I stopped to look at another picture: it was of the three Wise Men bringing their gifts at the Nativity. He stopped rather impatiently. "There are only three or four pictures in the house worth anything. My grandfather thought nothing of that, but I've just had it restored. It's by Filippino Lippi, about 1500. The one over there on the other side is an early Constable."

Upstairs was more of a warren than down.

"It's a burden round my neck, but if it came to the point I wouldn't part with it. Not even now when I can earn nothing for its upkeep."

"Before the war?"

He made his usual face, as if he'd tasted something nasty. "Before the war I didn't need to work—at least not in the way most people do. During and since the war a grateful government has made it necessary. But now I can't. Shall we go down?"

While we were upstairs two visitors had come, and one of them was standing with his back to the fire drinking coffee. He was a big, handsome, rather pop-eyed man of about thirty in a gray check suit and a thick yellow silk tie. The other was a dark, quite pretty girl, with a chiffon scarf round her neck. Clive Fisher was the man's name, and the girl was his sister, Ambrosine.

"Clive is the uncrowned commissar of good taste in the county of Kent," Tracey said. "When my Lippi came back I knew that only his approval would make it possible for me to hang it again."

"Not merely *my* approval," said Clive. "There are standards that *anyone* can apply. Any *reasonable* person, that is."

I listened to the discussion, but didn't join in. Culture, for what it was worth, was coming to me late and piecemeal.

Fisher seemed very much at home, and I gathered that he was some sort of artist. If you could judge from his clothes, he did pretty well out of it. Suddenly I'd no wish to stay any longer, and I got up. I thought Sarah would stay with the Fishers, but instead she walked with Tracey and me to the door.

Warning to Greeks and Other Gift-Bearing Individuals

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

All in-laws, friends and loving ones,
Please never give my children guns:
Holstered arms on leather straps,
Pistols sweet, complete with caps,
Bee-bees, beans, grenades and corks,
Model Boones, and Sergeant Yorks,
Tommy, atom, cowboy, cop,
Or pop.

To my first, second and third born
Kindly do not send a horn;
Nor for their leisure hours alone
Present them with a xylophone;
Resist piano, bagpipes, drum
For something they can't strike or strum;
Tempt not my little brood of Jukes
With ukes.

Playtime gems with lifelike twist
Please also cross from off your list:
Dolls that sing, or cry like babies,
Dogs that bark and carry rabies,
Organ grinders, carrousels,
Ferris wheels equipped with bells,
And more such treasures set aglow
By F.A.O.

Pray lend an ear, O kind and fair—
(My own are shot beyond repair)
If records be the gift unshakable,
Buy *short*-playing, *non*-unbreakable;
Or perhaps a silent puzzle
Packed to sell with gag and muzzle.
(Why today forgot, forsook,
The book?)

L'envoi

Grandma, aunty, wealthy unk,
Hark my words lest worlds be sunk. . . .
Bear in mind when choosing toys:
NO NOISE !!*% ??@ !!!

"Do you often come to London?" I asked my host.

"Monthly to Harley Street." Tracey's breathing was getting noisy again. "But Sarah is up twice a week. She designs dresses for Delahaye."

"Perhaps you'll have a meal with me—one or both of you." I turned to Sarah. "What days are you up?"

The sun shone across her face as she looked at the heavy studded door. She said, "Tracey's due to go again in about a fortnight, but he doesn't stay very late. Why don't you come and see us here again?"

So that was that.

"Thanks," I said. "I should like it very much."

It was the week after that I met Ver Litchen. There was a burglary claim in Prer tiss Street, and I called on the way home t see the owner and assess the loss.

The owner, Mr. Gerald Litchen, wasn in, but a maid said that Mrs. Litchen woul see me. So after being shown the living roo with its surrealist masks and white furnitur and inspecting the broken catch on the wir dow and being shown the cupboard whe the Georgian silver had been, I followed th maid upstairs to a bedroom. The woman i bed said:

"Do sit down, Mr.—er —— I know you excuse it. I've had a headache ever sinc morning. You know what it's like whe you're wakened two hours before your usu time."

Mrs. Litchen was a blonde of abou twenty-seven with heavy eyes, a nice nos and a sulky mouth. She wore an ivory sati nightdress, to match the curtains, and incl long peach-colored fingernails.

We talked. She said Gerald was away an would be *frantic* when he knew of the loss his Georgian silver. No, nothing else ha been taken. Personally, she wouldn't was any tears over the loss.

When I heard the front door close I wo dered if it was the maid taking her evenin off. Mrs. Litchen asked me to pour her drink and when I'd done so she nodded h shiny page-boy head in approval.

"You mix a good drink, Mr. Oliver Bra well. I'm glad you came."

It didn't seem to me that the conversatio was moving in the right direction. I got my feet and said, "Well, thank you for th drink. I have all the particulars I need no and ——"

"Tell me," she said. "Do all insuran men come like you?"

"What way?"

"Well—thirteen stone, nice hair, cold gr eyes."

"You're over on my weight. And th don't."

"Not as good-looking?"

"Oh, much better-looking."

"All the same," she said, "I bet you cou be fun if you really let up on that expre sion."

I said, "I might say the same about you

She sipped her drink. "What are we wa ing for, then?"

"Your husband, probably."

I gave her time but when I turned aga her eyes had gone like little brown ston

She said, "My husband's in Scotland

"I shouldn't bank on it. You know h people get around."

There was a minute's silence. She put h glass down carefully on the table beside h "When you've finished your drink you c find your own way out."

I thought it better to say nothing to th I bade her good night, but she didn't answ I'd been right about the maid's having go I found my own way out.

Delahaye's is in Bond Street, and just b fore five on the following Friday Sarah ca out and headed away from me. She walk with the quick ease of flat-heeled shoes, a she was nearly in Piccadilly before I caug her up.

"So it *is* you," I said. "I was off to ge cup of tea. Perhaps you'd join me."

She seemed as if she were going to obje but instead she gave in, and I led her acr Piccadilly to a café on the other side. She w wearing a sort of burgundy-red coat w wide sleeves and a little round hat of t same color with a shiny black pin in it. made her look older, sophisticated.

As we sat down I said, "As a matter fact, I'd been waiting outside Delahaye's you."

She put down her bag, took off her glov folded them, picked up the menu and sta at it.

"Does that amuse you?" I said.

"Why should it?" She had flushed a lit but she didn't look up.

The waitress came and I ordered tea a toasted scones. Alone with Sarah like thi

(Continued on Page 127)

"I flirted with trouble in New York!"

"It was a glorious, bright day," explained Doretta Morrow, "when Steve and I set out to see the sights of the city. But there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and by the time we got back from our ferry boat ride I knew I was in for trouble.



"We'd been having such fun I completely forgot about putting on gloves or a hat. My hands and face were chapped raw! Fortunately, at home there was soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion. It smooths and softens chapped skin in no time!



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AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATIO

(Continued from Page 124)

was as unsure of myself as I'd ever been in my life.

"You've worked at Delahaye's for some time?"

"About eighteen months."

"I suppose it's a nice sort of hobby."

"Oh, it's more than that. We need what I earn. Have you any idea how much it costs to live at Lowis Manor?"

I shook my head. "I'm sorry. Your concerns ——"

"There's nothing to hide. Tracey's father died in 1940, and the death duties meant sacrificing his investments. Taxes have gone up and up ever since."

"When we met before the war, didn't you tell me you were studying ballet?"

"Oh, you remember that? I didn't carry on when the war came. In any case, I think it was too late. I hadn't started early enough."

The waitress brought the tea. I watched Sarah's hands as she poured it.

"And your father?"

"He sold our house and lives in London now."

We drank our tea. Something in our talk had helped. At least it had helped me. I had stopped sweating, feeling uncouth.

She said, "Why particularly did you want to see me?"

A CHASM there. "Old time's sake. . . . I wanted to. Isn't that a good enough reason?"

"Not for waiting."

I said, "When I met you that night you were like something out of a different world. Now our worlds are at least on speaking terms. That pleases me where it hurt most. . . . When did you marry?"

"In 1940," Sarah told me. "Tracey was a squadron leader."

"He's a good lot older than you."

"Yes."

"And then?"

"Oh . . . that's all there is, really. And you? I wish you'd tell me how it happened, this change in you."

"Is there such a change?"

"Yes. . . . Oh, yes."

I was silent for a bit. "There really isn't anything to tell. Things happened by accident. After the retreat from El Agheila I got chivied into taking a commission. When it was over, Michael Abercrombie offered me this job."

"Who's he?"

"Well, my boss, in a way, and my friend."

"Is he nice?"

"Oh, very. He's all the things that I'm not."

"And what are you not?"

I met her eyes and smiled. "Cultured . . . charming . . . understandable . . . good."

"Don't you find it hard work, being none of those things?"

"No. . . . I just sit back and let it come."

There was a short silence.

"I must go, Oliver." The name seemed to slip out.

With a feeling of warmth I said, "I'll drive you down."

"No, of course not—thank you. I expect Tracey will meet me at the station."

I got the bill and waited while she pulled on her thin suède gloves. As I looked at her I knew I felt about her as I'd never remotely felt about any woman before. I wondered if she knew it, the way women are supposed to know. If this was falling in love, then I'd done something for which my talents were very ill-suited. But I knew that the choice was no longer mine.

I saw Sarah a couple more times that winter, though not alone. The following July I was invited down to Lowis Manor for a week end. It was the first and only time.

Toward the end of breakfast Sarah got up and went to the sideboard. Her spaniel Trixie, who had been watching from a corner, rose and shook herself and was ready to be off.

"Do you ride, Oliver?" Sarah asked.

"I've been on a horse twice," I told her. "Why?"

"I thought you might like to see a bit of the countryside."

"With you and Tracey?"

"No, just me. . . . We usually get hacks from the village. They're very docile."

Carefully casual, I said, "I should like that very much."

When I saw the horses they looked as high as churches, and I realized Sarah's idea of a hack was quite different from mine. We went out of the main gates and turned up a narrow lane. After a few yards Sarah held in her horse until I came wobbling abreast of her.

"All right?" she asked, smiling.

"More or less," I said with a rueful grin.

We followed the lane about half a mile, and through a farmyard, which Sarah said was Lowis Farm, the last one owned by them now.

"There used to be eight," she said, "and part of the village too. It was wretched luck; most of the property had to be sold at the worst time, just before things shot up in value. Some of it has been resold since at four times more than we were paid."

At length we turned for home and she said, "D'you mind if I go on, just as far as that wood? I think Firefly would enjoy the gallop."

I said, no, of course I didn't mind; and watched her go off across the fields, her blouse rippling and her hair streaming, and Trixie scuttling behind. My gray brute wanted to follow. After checking him twice I thought, *Hooray, why should I be left behind?* and gave him his head.

I went through all the symptoms of diving and crash-landing twenty times a minute, and the ground thundered away below like someone trying to rip a carpet from under the horse's hoofs. The trees got nearer. I pulled on the reins and the brute's wicked head came half up, and we plunged into the wood.

Sarah found me among the foxgloves. "*Oliver*, are you all right?"

I tried to rub a daub of lichen off my shirt. "That horse had its intention in its eyes from the minute I got on."

We stared at each other for a moment and then both burst out laughing. She helped me to my feet, and I didn't seem to have broken anything. We found my horse grazing peacefully at the far side of the copse. Then we sat on the grass for a rest.

She lay back against the trunk of a fallen tree, her cream silk blouse open at the neck. The ride had brought a flush of color to her cheeks.

I said suddenly, on impulse, "Are you happy, Sarah?"

She sat up and rubbed a finger along her boot. "What d'you mean by happy? Who is? There are times when I'm happy, times when I'm not."

I said, "But doesn't one ever strike a balance?"

She straightened her brows. "A balance? It sounds like the text for a sermon. Prepare to meet your Auditor face to face. Very solemn."

"As a man who at one time was suspected of pinching your bracelet ——"

SHE looked at me quickly and smiled, but didn't speak.

"You were my mascot during the war. That half crown. You brought me luck." I hesitated, and then decided to go on playing with fire. "It entitles me, don't you think, to take a few liberties."

"I haven't noticed any. Are they to come?"

I stared at her profile. "Sometimes," I told her, "one wonders if there isn't a sort of frustration in some people's lives—who seem to have so much that isn't used, that doesn't have a chance to express itself. That's why I asked."

"Because I've compromised in the old-fashioned way by getting married and sticking to my contract?" Her voice was cool and not very friendly. "D'you seriously think the other way would have been better? By now I should have been a prima ballerina, earning six pounds a week in the *corps de ballet*. Is that the sort of fulfillment you'd have prescribed?"

"I wasn't criticizing—or giving advice. All I asked you was, are you happy?"

"The answer's no," she said. "Do you propose to do anything about it?"

"Is there anything I *can* do?"

She picked up her crop. Then she raised her hand to push back her hair. It was a suddenly young gesture.



"He says to wear blue jeans and an old shirt—they've changed it to a hard-times party."



Fed up with **scorchy** pans?



BRILLO

soap pads—

TWICE the **SHINE**

in half the time!

Whisk off crusty scorch with a square, metal-fiber Brillo pad-with-soap! No soaking! Shine meter tests *prove* Brillo outshines all cleansers tested. Actually gives aluminums *twice the shine in half the time!*

Brillo soap has jeweler's polish—makes pans gleam in *half the time!* Grand for glass ovenware, too!

RED BOX—*soap-filled pads*
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THRIFTIER—5 AND 12 PAD BOXES

New improved Brillo lasts longer!



Pop it Fluffier in Wesson Oil

Puffiest, tastiest popcorn you ever made! Pure, sparkling Wesson Oil distributes the heat *evenly*—coats each kernel with the lightness and delicacy of finest salad oil. Notice how Wesson brings out all the delicate flavor of fresh popped corn—and makes it so tender all the way through.





PERFECT POPCORN

1. Pour 3 tablespoons Wesson Oil into 9-in. or 10-in. skillet (with cover). Heat until a drop of water sizzles in oil.

2. Add ½ cup popcorn. Cover and shake gently over heat. When corn starts to pop, reduce heat; keep shaking while corn pops. Salt to taste. Or try...

CHOC-CORN: ⅔ cup sugar, 2 tbsp. Wesson Oil, ⅓ cup water, ⅓ cup light corn syrup, 1 square cooking chocolate, ½ tsp. salt. Boil to hardball stage, test in cold water. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Pour on popped corn and stir.

Wesson Oil is wonderful in electric poppers, too.

Wesson Oil

AMERICA'S NO. 1 SALAD OIL AND LIQUID SHORTENING

She said, "That's Victor arriving now. We've people coming to lunch."

I said, "If I get tickets, will you come with me to the ballet sometime? As a friendly act?"

"Perhaps. . . . We must hurry now or I shall be late."

I met Tracey's brother as I was coming down the stairs. Victor was a bigger man than Tracey and might well have been the elder: a sleek, well-shaven face, tweeds of a newer cut, a prosperous good-tempered voice.

Other people were arriving, among them Clive Fisher and his sister Ambrosine. With Clive also was a tall blonde with a good figure. I hadn't realized how tall she was, because I'd seen her only once before, and that was in bed.

She sat opposite me at lunch. We neither of us said a word about our earlier meeting.

When I looked at them together I knew it was no great coincidence that Clive Fisher should be a friend of Vere Litchen. They were the sort of people who would move in the same circles, artistic in a fashionable way, good-timers living on their nerves.

Mrs. Moreton sat next to her younger son. He had that week been adopted as prospective candidate for a Sussex division at the next election. Clive Fisher, in his usual assertive way, dominated the conversation; but I noticed that Tracey was more lively and talkative than I had seen him before. I wondered if Tracey's wit was one of the things which had counted with Sarah when she married him. Perhaps still did count. I really hadn't an idea what they felt for each other. I only knew that she and I had moved toward a new intimacy this morning.

All winter I tried to fix up the visit to Covent Garden, but one thing and another stood in its way. I saw Sarah three or four times, but never alone, and she kept me at a distance. Once I met Tracey and had a meal with him at his club.

So it was April again, and I saw that a season of ballet was opening next week; and I got tickets and then phoned Tracey and told him what I'd done and would he let Sarah come and initiate me. He sounded amused and said he'd no objection; he'd call her. He returned to say she'd be pleased to come.

Then there was a week to wait.

I was at Covent Garden well ahead of time. I caught sight of her before she saw me, and pushed toward her. We got to our seats as the orchestra was tuning up.

"Ever since last July I've been trying to fix this evening."

"You mean since we talked of it at Lowis?"

"Yes. . . . I was afraid Tracey might not let you come. . . . How is he?"

"Fairly well. Mrs. Moreton's away and we're having some repairs done, and that always makes him cross because they are never done the way he wants them. We may go away ourselves next week."

"Oh? Where?"

"Only to Scarborough. Victor is there, and it will be a good thing for Tracey to be away while the dust is about. We're closing the house. Have you been away?"

"No. I've been in London most of the time. Busy, you know. Not riding."

She smiled, put her hand on the balcony edge, as if to look down into the orchestra, where all the fiddles were making a rather exciting sound. At that moment the conductor came up to his rostrum and Sarah's evening had begun.

We had a meal at a restaurant afterward and talked about ballets and the people who danced them. If there had been a certain amount of constraint in Sarah's attitude this winter, it wasn't there tonight. She'd been in a dream; that made the difference. Unfortunately, it wasn't the same dream as mine.

After a while she said, "Oliver, you don't talk ever of yourself. And not even about your work. What have you been doing today?"

To humor her I told her of a case when a man had tried to defraud the insurance company on the theft of some motorcars.

"Do you get many false claims?"

"Quite a few. More often in fires than in burglary because it's easier to cover up. People like to get rid of bad stock. But often the floor gives way and part of the preparations falls through into the cellar or the foundations and isn't burned."

"Moral to that, I should think, is start your fire in the cellar."

"Yes, and the simplest props are still the best; candle in a wastepaper basket, that sort of thing."

"Why a candle in a wastepaper basket?"

"Well, you set your fire, drapes, chairs, whatever it is, soaked in turpentine; and under it you put a candle, standing on hemp or something, inside a wastepaper basket. Then you light the candle and leave, and the fire breaks out when you're asleep in bed sixty miles away."

It was warm in the restaurant, and the hum of noise made a sort of privacy. We heard a rumble or two of thunder, but when at length we came out we were surprised to see the streets fairly streaming with water. There was no rain then, so we ducked hurriedly into the car.

I started the engine, and then a silly thing happened. A lot of rain had come through the car's top and lodged in the upturned sun visors. As soon as I moved the car the water spilled out in a cascade all over us.

I got out a handkerchief and a piece of clean cheesecloth and gave them to her and apologized while the water trickled down my neck.

I said, "I'll drive to my flat and pick up a raincoat and a rug. We're only five minutes away."

By the time we reached the flat it was raining heavily again.

"You'd better come in and dry yourself in front of the fire," I said. "It's a good hour's run and you'll be frozen."

I've never been proud of my flat, but it never looked shabbier than when she went into it. Things look more faded when there is something like her to compare them with. The gas fire popped, and I pulled a chair up a bit. "Sit here. I'll get the rug."

When I came back she was standing with her skirt held out like a fan and her hair a bit ruffled with the rain.

I said, "'She stood in her scarlet gown. If anyone touched her the gown rustled; She stood in her scarlet gown, Her face like a rose and her mouth like a flower.'"

Sarah had half turned. "I didn't know you read poetry."

"I don't, much."

"Or quoted it."

"A dog's allowed two bites. After that you can shoot him."

"I wouldn't want to—for that."

I took a newish raincoat out of a cupboard. It was sizes too big for her.

She said, "I think we should go. Tracey may be getting anxious."

"Ring him if you like."

"Well, I can't—from here."

"No, I suppose not. Tracey's a very generous man, isn't he?"

"In what way?"

"He doesn't seem to mind your coming out with me."

"Oh, we have . . . a perfect understanding and trust."

At the time I wouldn't admit how those words made me feel. There was silence for a while. The gas fire was hissing like an angry audience.

I said, "You know I love you, don't you?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known?"

"Since that Sunday we went riding."

"And what of Tracey's . . . understanding and trust?"

She said, "I'm afraid it doesn't cover this."

"Why did you come out with me, then?"

Her eyes flickered over me for a second, then she moved to pick up her coat. "There were reasons. . . . It's stopped raining."

I helped her into the raincoat. In the coat there seemed nothing of her. She turned with a sort of wry smile to thank me, but instead she said, "Oh, Oliver, don't look like that."

Then the step that couldn't be taken was k n. For a second she looked up at me, not si ting the pressure of my hands on her m s; and I bent and kissed her cheek and e her mouth.

I felt her pushing me away, and at once I er go.

"Sarah ——"

She turned in a sort of anger that wasn't ile anger. "Don't say anything, Oliver. now. . . . I shouldn't have come."

I drove her back to Lowis. The way I felt s not surprising, I suppose. It was the first e I'd ever so much as touched her except ce or twice to shake hands. Perhaps that s meeting was partly to blame; but she'd ays seemed so very far away.

The house was in darkness when we got e except for a light in the main hall. I got t to open the door for her. As I did so, I the gleam of a cigarette. Tracey was ding on the top step.

"That you, Sarah?" he called. "Bring er in for a drink. I want to talk to him." I suppose we'd had the whole drive to re- er. Anyway, he seemed to notice nothing liar in our manner. All the same, it was ordeal.

I think he only wanted an excuse for get- me inside. Alone in the house except for two old servants, he was glad of someone alk to. He was full of a scheme for im- ving the lighting in the hall by putting windows in the roof.

Presently Sarah excused herself, but I ed until nearly two, feeling by turns de- ssed and elated, and by s a fine fellow and the apest of hypocrites.

When I looked back e months after, I felt I ht to have seen and erstood far more with- any sudden happening oint it from outside. 'd been making prog- in the insurance ld, and at Christmas I'd become a junior tner in Abercrombie & Co. It was too y, but there was no arguing with Mi- el and his father. They told me what I ady knew—that more underwriters were ting their business through Abercrom- s; and also that brokers who had had a m settled by me asked for me by name en another claim came along. I knew it l was glad to have made the grade.

A few days after my meeting with Sarah a film claim cropped up over the illness of of the film stars in a new production, and as put on it. There were certain peculiar ures, one being that none of the doctors ned to know what was the matter with hbury, the film star, and, as he had rather putation for taking days off in the middle production, I tried to check up on some is movements shortly before his collapse. s led me to Bill Croft.

CROFT was an American attached to the bassy. He and Highbury had been seeing ood bit of each other the last few weeks. He was a pleasant enough chap in his thir- s, well dressed and quiet-spoken. He told Highbury had had a violent squabble h his wife, and that his wife had walked on him—perhaps enough to justify a peramental actor's taking to his bed, but in my opinion, when many thousands of nds depended on it.

It wasn't till I got up to go that I saw the ture. It was a water color of Lowis Manor. e rear of the house was in the left back- ound, and the foreground was taken up by ill and a wood.

"Admiring my water color?" He'd fol- ed my eyes and broken off what he was ing.

"Yes. . . . I know the house."

"Do you? I'm very proud of it because I ver owned anything like a genuine Birket ster before. It's called The Mill and Spin- y. Where did you say it was located?"

"I'm not certain. I may be mistaken. Is it ned?"

"Oh, surely. You see there in the corner. y dealer in Bond Street told me there were a good many fakes about, so I was specially careful."

"You bought it from him?"

"No. I got it through a dealer in Chelsea. He put me in touch with a young woman who was acting for the owners. They were short of cash, wanted to realize on it without publicity. Of course I didn't fancy parting with fifteen hundred dollars for a fake, so I got it verified before I paid the money." He looked at me sharply. "Don't tell me the thing was stolen."

"Oh, no. . . . At least, not as far as I know." I swallowed something. "What was the woman like?"

"WHAT woman?" He looked at me. "Oh, the one who sold me the picture. . . . Young. About twenty-five or -six. Quite a looker."

"Was she tall and dark, slight but not thin, curly dark hair, with a touch of bronze, and a very clear fine skin?"

"That's the girl." He smiled. "So you know her. She seemed pretty much of a lady. Don't tell me she's a crook."

I forced out some sort of answering smile. "No. You're safe enough. The story she told you was more than half true."

I drove back to the garage and parked the car. Then, instead of going home, I walked through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. I got in about eleven.

I went into the kitchen and fished out a bottle of whisky. I don't drink whisky often, because I don't like the taste, but I flipped off the top and slopped a good lot in a glass. One bad taste and another.

I thought, *Take it quietly; there are degrees of enormity, aren't there? Insurance companies are fair game, and they know it. Is that* all *it is?*

I sat for a long time, until Big Ben sounded faintly on somebody's radio nearby. Then I got up and pulled back the coverlet of the divan and undressed and got into bed. Suspicion is a queer thing. So long as your mind is full proof against it, you don't feel it at all. But let the smallest puncture be made —— About three I got up again and lit the fire and sat by it in my pajamas chain-smoking.

After a bit I must have dozed off, because when I woke it was coming light and there was the first murmur outside of the morning traffic.

Because of the fire claim, I knew who the brokers were through whom Tracey insured his property. A man called Fred McDonald was their claims manager. As it happened, I'd been rather at loggerheads with him once or twice, and I think he disliked me; but I made an excuse to see him about a fire claim on a Southampton wharf.

As I was leaving I said, "Oh, I suppose you still handle Tracey Moreton's business, do you? D'you know if he's increased the insurance on Lowis Manor recently?"

McDonald rubbed his second chin with a fat thumb. "Moreton? Oh, I remember. There was a small claim on it, wasn't there, a year or so ago. I think he has. Why d'you ask?"

"When I saw him a few months ago I told him I thought he wasn't covered on present-day prices."

McDonald pressed a bell. "Yes . . . when the policies came up for renewal—about last October. I'm not sure of the exact terms. Can soon let you know."

When his typist came back with the file he said, "Contents cover increased from twenty-five thousand pounds to thirty thousand pounds. I suggested that he increase the cover on the house, but he didn't seem to think that necessary."

With a feeling of sudden relief I said, "What is it? I don't remember offhand."

"Twelve thousand pounds," he told me. "I've never been down, but it's quite a gem, I suppose."

"Yes. . . . If I see him again, I'll suggest that he bring it up by fifty per cent."

"All right. Good-by, Branwell."

Do a good deed and throw it into the sea; it won't sink.

—SERBIAN PROVERB

Season it Better with Morton Salt

Tastiest popcorn you ever made! Pure, uniform Morton Salt seasons each fluffy morsel evenly—spreads just the right saltiness all through the bowl. Notice how Morton's brings out all the delicate flavor of fresh popped corn—and adds delicate flavor of its own.



PERFECT POPCORN, MORTON STYLE

1. Pour 3 tablespoons mild salad oil into 9-in. or 10-in. skillet (with cover). Heat until a drop of water sizzles in oil.

2 Add ½ cup of popcorn. Cover and shake skillet gently over heat until corn starts to pop. Reduce heat; continue shaking as long as corn pops.

3. Salt with Morton's to taste.

PEPPY POPCORN: Mix 1 teaspoon Morton Salt, 1 teaspoon paprika and ¼ teaspoon curry powder. Sprinkle over hot popped corn and mix.

T-V POPCORN: Sprinkle 1 teaspoon Morton Salt and 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese over hot popped corn. Mix well.

When it rains it pours.



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AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING TABLE SALT

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ELECTRIC BREW-O-MATIC

COFFEE MAKER

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Adjustable Automatic

Flavor regulator makes coffee to suit your taste — jewel signal glows when coffee is ready and while coffee is automatically kept hot. Beautiful design — and so inexpensive for a quality 9-cup coffee maker.



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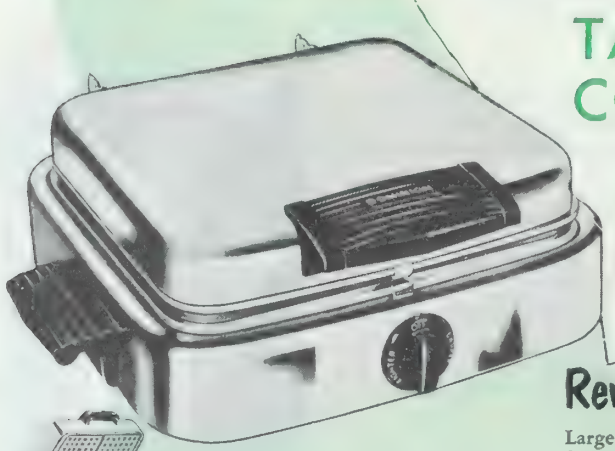
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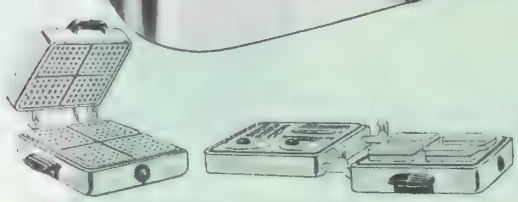
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Reverso Grids

Large area — just turn over for side desired, waffles or grill — and they're permanently seasoned to prevent sticking. Completely automatic with jewel light signal. Lovely chrome plated beauty.



Waffle serves 4 people — grills 4 large sandwiches, eggs, ham, etc.

DOMINION ELECTRIC CORPORATION • MANSFIELD, OHIO

I went out of the office into the shadow and sun of Gracechurch Street. So suspicion had got out of hand. It wasn't as bad as the bogeys of the early hours had whispered.

When I got to Abercrombie's the typist said, "Mr. Lawrence, of Haskell's, has been phoning. He wanted to know what the latest information was on the Highbury case. I've also put some papers from Berkeley Reckitt on your desk."

I went in and read the papers and picked up the phone to get Haskell's, at Lloyds. Then I put it back. My mind wouldn't run to sick film stars.

I picked up the phone again and asked the girl to get me Sladen 35.

Sarah answered. When she knew who it was her voice seemed to change. Perhaps it was just my fancy. "I thought I'd ring," I said. "How are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you."

"And Tracey?"

"Not awfully well."

I stared at the phone. "I'd like to see you again sometime pretty soon. I . . . want to see you both. Would it be convenient if I came down tomorrow?"

There was a pause. "We're just getting ready to go away. We leave Saturday morning, you know."

"Oh—I'd forgotten. What about tomorrow evening?"

There was sound of a muffled conversation. "We're only going for a week," she said. "Is it urgent?"

Was it urgent? "No," I said. "I suppose not. Will you phone me as soon as you get back?"

"Of course." Her voice was very guarded.

I knew I had to do something about the film claim, so I went and had a talk with Highbury. When it was over I felt relieved because now I could forget it and concentrate on the one subject that mattered. I felt as if I should never have a minute's peace until this thing was resolved one way or another.

So my next call was on Henry Dane. Apart from the Abercrombies, and a young underwriter called Charles Robinson, Henry Dane was perhaps the best friend I'd made in the insurance world. He was a solicitor who specialized in insurance business and had made a terrific name for himself as an investigator.

I told him what I knew and what I suspected. I gave no names, so that he couldn't have any idea whom I was really talking of. I ended by saying, "It seems to me to be an insurance fraud, but I've no real proof of it yet; and so far it's a very modest one."

Dane had been sitting on the window sill and filling his pipe. "Man in any sort of financial trouble?"

"It's hard to find out. He was badly hit by death duties a few years ago."

"Can you lay your hands on this first picture?"

"Yes. But I've asked about the artist, and I don't think it would be possible to prove he didn't paint two pictures of the same scene. I'm told it was done sometimes."

DANE rubbed his forefinger along his furrowed cheek. "You assessed the damage after the first fire?"

"Yes."

"And you think they're planning to do the same sort of thing again?"

"I'm pretty certain of it."

"And that they've made a friend of you ——"

"Yes, to make things easier for them," I told him.

"These other pictures ——"

"That's what I was wondering about. This next week I could lay my hands on them, more or less at leisure. D'you know any way of telling an old master from a cheap copy?"

He blew out a smoky breath. "The man you should see is Lewison. He's got a little shop in the West End. What he doesn't know about fake pictures nobody knows. You'd better mention my name or you won't get a word out of him. And you'll have to *pay*. He doesn't talk for nothing."

"Might he know something about antique furniture too?"

Dane smiled a slow sardonic smile. "He should. He makes it."

IN the window of Mr. Lewison's pla Reynolds-type small boy in a heavy fr leaned against a lacquer *secrétaire* cabi Some odd pieces of Doulton were groupe a cane-seated stool. Inside you realized it was the shop of a man who never said n a reasonable proposition.

A tall chap with a stoop came out f behind a Jacobean bookcase.

"Mr. Lewison?"

He didn't answer for a minute, but tur back for his glasses. When he'd got then he stared at me through the bifocal part.

"Mr. Henry Dane, the solicitor, sent I'm an insurance investigator. It's some vice on two pictures that I want—ho might be able to detect whether they genuine."

"What are the pictures?"

"Two oil paintings. A Constable an Lippi."

"Lippi never painted in oils. Where the paintings?"

"I can't produce them. It's some gen advice I want. I should be prepared to for your opinion."

He frowned and then slopped off bel the bookcase again. The old man came b with a woman hurriedly wiping her arm her apron.

Lewison said, "There has to be someon look after the shop. Now we can go insi

I started about eight. There was no p in getting there before dusk; and altho Tracey and Sarah would probably have in the morning, the old servants might ter about for hours afterward. As the l began to fade I saw that there was a th quarter moon rising among the clouds. could feel the wind more out here; it w half gale and all the warmth and summer been blown away by it.

About a couple of miles away from house I stopped for a smoke. In spite of clouds, it wasn't dark. I wasn't too ha about the gatehouse. Sarah had told m was empty; normally they let it, but man had died and the new people ha come in yet. But that was some time ag didn't want to spend the night in jail.

I threw the cigarette end out of the and started up. I was still able to drive side lights, and I went past the gatehouse was in darkness. I parked a couple of h dred yards beyond, under some tr switched off the lights and got out.

I shinned over the wall into Tracey's pr erty. Lowis Manor was unlit, but there one obvious thing to do as a precautio walked straight up to the front door pulled the bell. If Elliott was still here some caretaker, it would be easy to fak story.

It looked a big place in the half-dark lent and squat. I rang again. Nobody stir

I started off counterclockwise. On southeast side of the house, just past the Irish yew tree, were the bow windows of dining room. I was going to peer in whe saw that the last window was ajar. Proba old Elliott had slipped up. Or perhaps Tra himself had left it open in the hope that t *would* be a burglary.

The latch was on the first hole. Th was just room for me to put my knife in lift it up. Then I put a leg through onto window seat and stepped into the room was as easy as that.

I flicked my torch about for a second two. The room was unfamiliar in dust she The fine Chippendale table—which mi also be only an imitation—had someth lumpy on it.

I went into the hall.

I didn't want to use my torch much at front of the house and when I opened door the moon was full out. The decora had left two pairs of stepladders in the m dle of the floor with a plank between. furniture was draped in white and there a great pile of dust sheets near the foot of stairs.

...e moon went behind a cloud, and the ...m suddenly frowned at me. The wind was ...fting against the house, and I thought ...a minute I heard a footstep on the stairs. ...ered up through the darkness, but there ...nothing there. A noise, though: *tap-...tap-tap-tap* somewhere upstairs. You ...n't expect a house of this age to be si-...n a half-gale.

...st the pictures. That was what I'd come ...I'm a fairly quiet walker, and the old ...s creaked only once as I went up. Then ...that the pictures were not there.

...I came down the stairs again, I thought ...ld see a promising shape covered with ...st sheet beside the door; and when I ... across I found it was, in fact, the two ...res I wanted.

...y were bigger, heavier than I thought. ...t had Lewison said? Wooden panel, ...d with glue size. All sorts of details that ...ldn't follow: gesso . . . yolk of egg and ...r . . . green earth ——

...leaned the Lippi over on its face and ...d out my penknife. I stuck the blade ...the back of the panel. It went in. I put ...knife away and picked up the pictures, ...n each hand.

...e moon was still behind the clouds, but ...eyes were getting used to the dark, and it ...reasonably possible to move about with-...bumping into things. I made for the liv-...oom, and was almost at the door when I ...ped on something. It was like a thick ...e of rubber and I ...ed it but it didn't ...e far.

...put one picture down ...took out my torch and ...ched it on. The thing ...tepped on was a man's ...l. I jerked the torch ... and it caught the ... of the picture frame ...slipped out of my hand. ...t hit the floor it went

...f course the hand was ...unattached—the rest ...the man was there, ...ewhere about two feet ...y from me. I leaned the pictures shakily ...nst a table.

...et to the switch and fumble with it and ... it down. Nothing. The electricity had ...n turned off at the main board.

...hen the moon came out brilliantly, and ...n the light behind me I could see it all—...white peaks of the furniture, the piled ... sheets, the ladders, and the lumpy ...low of the man, lying on his side with one ... flung out. There were bits of wood on ...floor around him. I picked up the torch, ...the bulb had smashed. After a minute I ...ed the man over. It was Tracey Moreton.

...stood up. Something made me look up; ...then I saw that the molded balustrade of ...gallery just above was broken. That was ...re the wood had come from.

...he wind gusted against the house again, ...the thing upstairs went *tap—tap—tap*. ...re was a funny smell somewhere. My ...n was still working in fits and starts, but ...eemed to be a good idea to get a better ...w of the broken balustrade. As I passed ...pile of linen at the bottom of the stairs ...foot caught in a tangle of it. The thing ...n't a dust sheet—it was what appeared ...e a good lace curtain.

...he top of the stairs was darker, and be-...I got to the broken balustrade the moon ...hidden by the clouds again. The break ... almost opposite the door of Tracey's ...room, and through the door I could just ...e out the gray oblong of the windows. ...nother curtain on the floor. Perhaps he'd ...ped, fallen. But why the curtains—unless ... first suspicion was actually true? Some-..., by mischance, he had leaned against the ...strade and it had given way. In the middle ...his preparations, before he'd been able ...destroy it, the house had destroyed him.

...turned to go down again. And then a ter-...e thing happened. There'd been a lull in ... wind for two or three minutes, and as I ...ightened up I heard Tracey breathing ...e beside me.

The moon brightened and quickened, and then died again. I couldn't move. I gripped the broken balustrade and slowly forced my head round, stared into the darkness.

"Tracey!"

No one answered. I swallowed a dry lump and walked into the bedroom. There were blankets on the floor and the curtains were crooked at the window. The smell of Tracey's herbal cigarettes was strong.

And then I heard it again—or thought I heard it again—out in the passage.

I wheeled and ran out.

"Tracey!"

The clouds were heavy and I couldn't see if the body was still there. The sound had seemed to come from farther along where the passage branched toward the back of the house. I blundered along it to the next turn; another corner and two steps up. I went on. This part of the house, I knew less well. Not far away now was the *tap—tap—tap . . . tap—tap*.

Stop and take a grip. I'd come out on another landing beside the servants' staircase. That queer smell again. Five doors here, and the moon squinted through an open fanlight.

The wind leaned against the house, and the old wood creaked. After the wind had gone the *rat-a-tat* sounded behind the nearest door. I went in.

A box room of some sort. There was nobody in it; but on a table was a small glass-bowled paraffin lamp. I got out a box of matches. Three broke before I could hold one to the wick. Then a slow warm yellow light squeezed out the moon.

Comforting. It would show me all I wanted to see. I went back into the passage and stared and listened. There was nothing now—no breathing, no cigarette smell. Only that other smell. It was too thick for dust. It was smoke.

I ran down the servants' staircase to the ground floor, came out in a passage with doors, pushed through one, found myself in the butler's pantry. Wrong. Back into the passage and try the end door. A maid's sitting room or something. Beyond that was a room with bulbs spread on trays. More smoke here; I took the door where most of it was coming from—and found myself again in the butler's pantry.

I coughed and waved away the smoke. Smoke was thicker now, and as soon as I got into the next room I saw where I had gone wrong. A green-baize door. I pushed through it and into the central kitchen.

Smoke in a wave—and heat for the first time. Coughing, I pushed through the door into the stillroom. Less smoke here. Another door led to yet another passage and a door that obviously opened on cellar steps.

WHEN it came open the heat struck in my face. No need for the lamp. I shoved it on a ledge and went down three or four steps. I'd seen the results of a good many fires, but I'd never seen one at this stage before.

They were big cellars, and this one was supported by two groups of wooden pillars. It looked as if two great fires had been built, one within each group of four pillars; but one only was ablaze. You could guess what materials had been used to create this furnace of white flames by seeing the other unalight: a candle guttering to its last inch amid a mass of shavings and a big pile of plywood boxes and flimsy furnishings, reaching to the floor boards above.

I put a handkerchief over my eyes and reached forward into the middle of the second fire and snuffed the candle out. That wouldn't help much because the whole pile would catch alight any moment from the other. I grabbed an iron rod to smash it out of harm's way, but something slipped in the first fire and a great mass of loose flame scattered over the cellar. This was no one-man job, if it could be got under at all.

She plunged into a sea of platitudes, and with the powerful breast stroke of a channel swimmer made her confident way toward the white cliffs of the obvious.

—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

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I dodged a piece of blazing rag that was floating down and retreated up the steps. At the top I wiped the tears, took up the lamp, ran back, trying to remember. Passage, kitchen, room with bulbs, butler's pantry. No mistake this time. Lift the receiver and dial. It seemed to take a long time; as I waited I saw a cylinder partly hidden by coats. Fire extinguisher.

"I'm speaking from Lowis Manor," I said, "near Sladen. A very bad fire's broken out. In half an hour it'll be too late to save the house. You'll need more than one engine. Tell them to hurry."

"Lowis Manor," said the voice patiently. "Yes. What is the name, please?"

"Mr. Tracey Moreton," I said. "Hurry."

I SLAMMED down the receiver and unhooked the extinguisher from the wall. Prewar and a bit rusty, but it might work. In the butler's pantry was a sink and I turned the water on, pulled open half a dozen drawers, and grabbed a towel and soaked it. Then I wound it into a sort of turban. The thing wouldn't stick on until I found a pin in an apron behind the door. In the silver drawer was an old pair of gloves Elliott probably used; I put them on. I was about to go when I saw a spectacle case in a corner of the shelves; I opened this, put on the spectacles. The room blurred, but they would protect my eyes.

The extinguisher under my arm, I ran back to the cellar.

The second fire hadn't caught, and the first didn't look any worse. I dropped the extinguisher on its end and the thing worked. I directed the jet at the flames. Wood that had been incandescent became suddenly black and charred. One pillar I put out completely; then I turned the jet upward.

Here the effect wasn't good. The extinguisher wasn't killing the flames because most of them were out of its reach. And the second pile *had* caught—at the top.

As the extinguisher gave out, a piece of blazing wood fell across it and nearly knocked it out of my hand. I let it drop. Sparks caught on my sleeve; my coat came suddenly alight. I backed away, rubbed the flames out against a wall. There was nothing more to do. By now, if I wasn't mistaken, the fire would already be up the main stairs.

Then I thought of Tracey still lying in the hall. I wondered if it would be his wish to go with the house, making it a Greek funeral pyre. Whether he would or not, I couldn't let him.

Crawl up the steps and sit for a minute in the passage, feeling pretty nearly all in. Pull off the towel, the gloves. My coat had lost part of its sleeve; one trouser leg was burned. Not so much smoke was coming out of here now. It meant that the fire had made a new exit.

You could hear the roar, just as if someone had turned up the draft on the kitchen range. I opened the farther door, and the heat leaped at me like a wolf. The hall and the stairs were blazing. I backed out and shut the door. The only other way was to get out of the house, go round.

It was silly fumbling with the catch of the windows, but respectable habits still clung. I got the thing open and slid through. It was pitch-dark and I nearly fell down some area steps.

At the dining room where I'd broken in I stopped. You couldn't, of course, see the front of the house from here, but you could see part of the front lawns and the trees. They weren't quite dark any longer, and it wasn't the moon that was lighting them.

I put my leg over the sill to climb in again, but there I stopped. An unmistakable bell. It was half a mile away yet.

I had to make up my mind quickly. Meet the brigade and tell them lies. Meet the brigade and tell them the truth. Or go. Nothing more I could do. The firemen would get Tracey's body out. Better to go. No questions asked. None to answer. Sarah could do that. I had to see what Sarah would do.

I brought my leg out, and, as the fire engine came in the gate, I slid back through the herb garden toward the muddy lane and the car.

It wasn't quite so easy as that. The clamor of the bell had already caught people's attention; as I was going to drop into the lane I saw two figures coming from the direction of Lowis Farm. When they saw the fire engine, they scrambled over the wall, pushed toward the house. One passed me within a yard.

I kept in the shadow as much as I could, until I came to the car. Just as I was getting in I saw someone coming along the road toward me.

I shut the door quickly and shoved in the ignition key. As he came up I switched on the side lights.

He stopped, stared in the car. "Somethin' wrong, mister?" He was a tall, red-faced chap with a bright red neckcloth.

Night Journey

By Dan G. Hoffman

Now in the mind I see you, and delight
Twinges in me its delicious pain:
Lacking, yet having, you I love, I gain
Such petty triumphs on the lonely night
As these: Nor gale, nor wild down rush of rain
Can run the richness glinting in your hair,
Nor any miles from memory's lens you are
Unfocus photos reeling through my brain.
I see you, and delight within my mind
Spreads all contentments over me but one;
Though homeward speeding on wing tips of wind,
Impatience counts the hours until the dawn:
These indestructible memories I prize,
But none so much as the next smile round your eyes.

I started the engine. "Fire engine," I shouted. "Just turned in. Don't know what's wrong."

I put in the gear and he stepped back as if he thought I might run over him.

I didn't know where this road led, but I couldn't turn and repass the gatehouse. The sooner I got clear of this scene and changed my clothes, the better.

I didn't sleep that night, or try to. As soon as I got back I stripped off my clothes and climbed into a bath and lay there trying to relax, trying to get calm. I had a burn about eight inches long on my right forearm, but apart from that there was nothing to show. My eyelashes would soon grow again.

I toweled myself, put on clean linen and a dressing gown. The burned suit I wrapped up in a brown paper parcel and put on top of the cupboard in my bedroom. The night air was chilly, and I lit the fire and chain-smoked till dawn.

I'd made myself some tea and was trying to drink it when the phone bell began to trill. I waited a good half minute before I took the thing up.

"Oliver Branwell speaking."

"This is Michael, Oliver. Rather a nasty shock for you. It's Lowis Manor. The Moretons' place."

"What's wrong?"

"Practically burned to the ground. At least that's what the police say."

"It's a good job the Moretons were aw I said. "Were the servants all right?"

"Oh, you knew that. . . . Well, I'm s to say it wasn't quite like that. Appare the servants *were* away—but Moreton ha left. It was he who gave the alarm. brigade got there pretty quickly but Moreton himself —— They found body. . . . I'm sorry because I know th particular friends of yours. I think it's a reason to go down pretty soon. I should –

I stared at the receiver. "And Moreton?"

"I believe she was in Yorkshire or s where," Michael said. "Anyway, there no one else in the house. It's probably ter to go this morning."

"I *can't*," I said. "I ricked my ankle night. I haven't slept all night."

There was a pause. "I suppose that m I must go. How do you get there?"

I told him.

"Is this thing likely to lay you up long time? I hope it won't put you out fo dinner on Friday."

I said, "Will you ring me when you back from Lowis? I'll be very anxious to the news."

"All right, Oliver," Michael agreed. do that."

Well, it was a good act in one way, a pretty cheap act in another. But what could I do?

What I hadn't counted on was Mich calling to see me on the way home. It after one when the bell rang. I dragg chair across for my foot, slid off the sli and covered my foot with a towel.

"Come in! The door isn't locked."

Michael came in. "Oh, you are up. does it feel?"

"Could be worse. Well?"

"The place is a ruin. They saved the o part, that stone-built hall with the b roof. Otherwise it's gone."

"And Moreton?"

HE sat down and shrugged. "Appar he was caught in the house and fell tryi get out," he told me. "His wife wen to Yorkshire in the morning and he he'd follow later in the day. The p had just got her address from a ser when she phoned the police station to a they knew where her husband was."

"You saw her?"

"Yes. She was at the local pub wit brother-in-law. She was pretty upse course. Asked where you were. The brot Victor Moreton, the K.C. He'd just be and identified the body."

I said, "Was Mrs. Moreton th Tracey's mother, I mean."

"I think she was just arriving as I There's no way of telling how the fire sta I imagine it must have begun in the c from the way the whole center of the collapsed. The firemen were still wor but in a day or two —— One instinct thinks of short circuits in a timbered pl

I said, "Do you know if Moreton was burned?"

"Oh, I don't really know. He w burned to death, anyway. If I'd the c I'd certainly prefer to jump myself."

All Monday I stayed in. The newsp made as much of it as their space wou them. Some ran pictures of Lowis Mano two included photographs of Tracey Sarah.

The inquest was Tuesday. I kept h for a phone call, some word from her. I didn't come.

An hour before I knew he was due to I phoned Michael and said, "I've just see doctor, and he thinks I'll come to no ha you called for me I could come alon drop in at the inquest while you were over the ground."

"Good," he said. "I'll be around."

I went out and bought myself a stick when he came I was ready with a ti ankle and a slipper.

He dropped me off at the village s room about ten minutes before the in

(Continued on Page 134)

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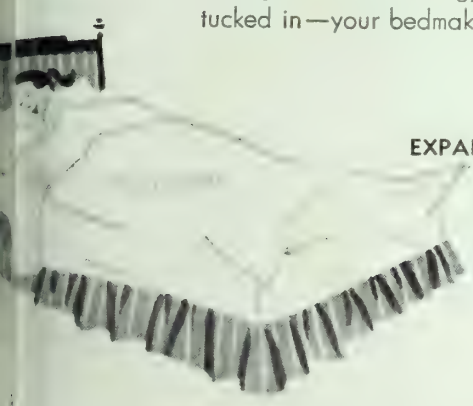
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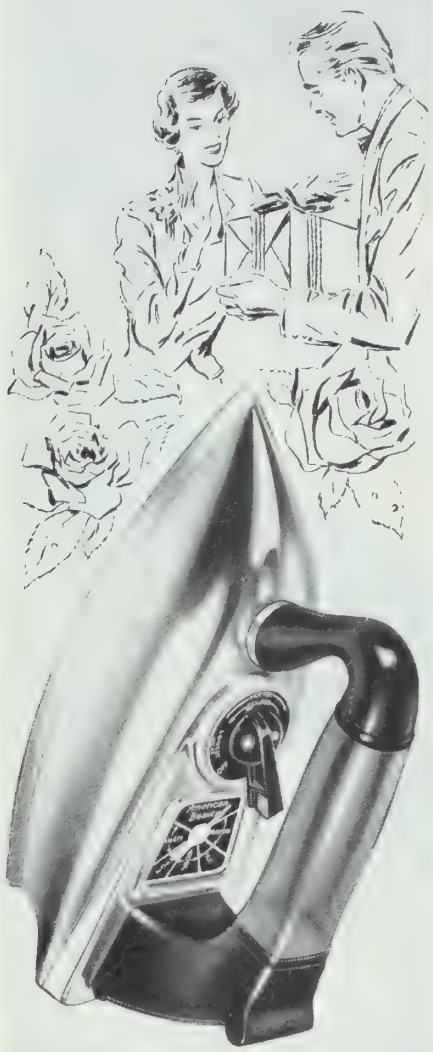
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(Continued from Page 132)

was due to open. There were a few sightseers and I squeezed in among them on the back bench.

After a bit the officials drifted in and a policeman or two, and then Victor Moreton. I wasn't sure whether he saw me, but if so he made no sign. After a minute he went out again and came back with his mother. She looked pretty well all in. Then Clive Fisher came in with his sister, and following them was Sarah with an elderly thin-faced chap. It wasn't until they had sat down that I realized the man with her was probably her father.

Then the coroner came in and things began.

Victor Moreton was giving evidence of identification.

After Victor, a fireman described the call coming through and told how they broke in the window of the hall and put in hose pipes and how they saw the body of Mr. Moreton lying among the flames.

A police sergeant said much the same thing in different words, and then the pathologist from the local hospital was called. He said he'd examined the body at one o'clock Sunday morning, and he estimated that the deceased had been dead three or four hours. There were extensive burns, but these had occurred after death. Cause of death was a ragged split in the scalp two to three inches long.

The pathologist went, and then I saw Sarah get up and go into the witness box. You could see how taut she was; but there was no give way about it.

She said in a low but perfectly clear voice, "My husband had been an asthmatic since the war and was very susceptible to dust. The repairs that were being done made a lot of dust and we decided to go away while they were finished. I left for Yorkshire Saturday morning, and my husband said he would follow by car later in the day. When he didn't come I began to get worried and tried to telephone. There was no reply, so after waiting some time I phoned the police station, and they told me ——"

The coroner said, "What was the purpose of your going on before him on the Saturday?"

She hesitated for the first time. "He thought . . . he's been having injections from a specialist in Harley Street—and he thought if he could get an extra one that afternoon it might put him right for the week's holiday."

"Can you think of any reason why in fact he didn't go up to London but stayed on in the house?"

"I'm afraid I can't—unless he was ill. We were expecting him in Scarborough about nine."

"I see. Thank you very much. I think that will be all, Mrs. Moreton."

As she came down from the stand I knew her answer about the specialist had been a lie. I knew it as if she'd shouted it. I thought I hardly heard the next witness, the foreman of the firm of builders, but afterward I could remember his saying that part of the handrail had been removed the previous Thursday. It had been intended to renew the whole of that side. There was some sort of argument between him and the coroner on the possibility that the fire had been started by a careless workman. Then Elliott, the butler, was called, but he didn't have much to contribute.

Anyway, I didn't want to hear any more.

It was raining when we drove back.

Michael said, "The loss isn't quite so total as I thought. The old hall is intact because, except for the roof, it was entirely of stone; the stables were too far away and parts of the kitchens were saved by the wind."

"And the gatehouse?"

"Oh, that's all right."

"Was it occupied?"

"No, they were just changing tenants. The new people were due last week, but young Mrs. Moreton put them off until they came back from their holiday."

"What about the contents of the house?" I asked.

"Everything of value is gone. A few sticks of furniture, nothing more. I think in your report you should say ——"

"Look, Michael, I'd like this to be your report. You've done the work so far. And I've been friendly with them and I wouldn't want anyone to think the report was unduly favorable."

"It doesn't matter two pins who draws it up. What I was going to say was ——" He went into some matter of insurance policy that I didn't listen to.

I said, "I wonder what they'll do now."

"Who? The Mrs. Moretons? Pay through the nose for a villa in Tunbridge Wells, I suppose. I imagine they'd be a good deal better off for the change, if it was only the house they had lost."

"I suppose it all goes to his wife," I said.

Michael frowned at a motorcar which was misbehaving itself in front. "No, in this case the house was entailed—by the father. He left it to Tracey in trust for his children; failing issue, to his younger son, Victor. The insurance will go to the trustees, who will invest it and pay the interest to Victor."

"You mean Tracey couldn't have sold the house if he'd wanted to?"

"No. Of course the insurance on the contents will be the wife's, in this case much the larger part of the settlement."

"Yes," I agreed quietly. "Much the larger part. . . . Who would pay the premium on the insurance of the building?"

"Oh, the occupier has to."

We drove on without speaking. After a long time Michael said, "Anyway, I shouldn't think young Mrs. Moreton will stay a widow for long. Unless she chooses to, I mean. I don't know if Moreton was a wealthy man, but he must have been comfortably off. What with her looks and a tidy fortune ——"

"Yes, I expect you're right," I agreed, turning the knife.

That evening I wrote a letter to Tracey's mother. I wrote to her because I could do it honestly: everything I said I meant. A couple of days later the reply came thanking me;



not a printed card but a letter. For a minute when I saw the postmark I thought it might have been from Sarah. Now I was beginning to give it up.

The dinner Michael had mentioned was the annual one of the association, held at a Park Lane hotel, and the Abercrombies had taken a table for twelve. The idea was that each firm of adjusters made up a table and invited their best clients. Charles Robinson, the young underwriter whom I'd consulted on the Highbury case, was at our table, and Fred McDonald was one of the brokers. I could have done without McDonald for a few weeks.

The president of the adjusters made a speech. Dancing followed; but I made the excuse of my ankle and left early.

I slept heavily, and when I woke there was an envelope on the mat. I knew that this was it. It ran:

Dear Oliver: Tracey's mother has shown me the letter you wrote her. It is kind of you to think of her at this time. I saw you at the inquest but wonder you did not come to speak to us af ward. Victor is being wonderful about it but your help and company would not be welcome when you have time or inclinatio give it.

I hope your ankle is better.

SARAH.

It was a queer letter and a bitter appointment. It was not the letter of a c pletely innocent woman. It *could* be letter of a completely guilty one, invitin down so that I could still be of some us her.

Well, I wasn't going. I didn't reply.

DAYS passed. There were of course the claims to be settled on this fire, under s rate policies, one for the house and on its contents. Victor Moreton engaged a s rate assessor to represent them. The became weeks. The claim on the buil was settled. I went about my ordinary and insisted that Michael should deal wi himself.

Toward the end of the summer Mic began to complain. "Listen, man," he "there are three of us in this firm. haven't any need to take on all the there is, or sweat at it twenty-four hou day. Ease up."

"I'm all right," I said.

"Well, come down with us next end."

"Thanks, but . . . oh, all right. If yo sure Evelyn can manage."

So I went down. I stayed Saturday n and we played bridge, the fourth being Graves, who had been in our battalion who lived near. I felt rather better tha done for some time, until John spoiled saying:

"By the way, I believe you know S Moreton, Oliver. I met her last week party, and your name came up. What a tractive creature she is."

"Oh," I said. "Yes. She's all right."

"She was with a man called Fisher does murals. Somebody told me she wa gaged to him. She was asking about yo

"I was Tracey's friend," I said.

"Yes, that's what Fisher implied."

After that no more was said, but of c it didn't end for me. You go on for m laboriously covering over the raw spot, you think the thing is partly healed; b the very first touch it comes away, le the place as raw and angry as ever. I k know what to do about it, and there se no cure.

London was dead that afternoon w got home. George Street was empty, a most the only car on the left-hand sid parked outside the little dress shop. I suppose it was anyone for me and dr behind it. I thought I'd go in for a smo fore I put the car away. I went in and first flight and saw a woman coming do was Sarah.

She said, "Oliver, I ——"

I went up the next three steps so was only one below her. She hadn't cha Except that she was so much more than my dead memory of her. She was ing a light flowered summery frock a hat, and a wide silver bracelet on her and flat-heeled sandals of green linen.

I said, "Were you looking for me?"

She said coolly, "D'you mind?"

"Not a bit."

I went past her and threw open th and then stood aside for her.

I said, "Won't you sit down? You' ing in London now?"

"Yes. With my father. It seemed . obvious thing to do."

She was sitting in one of the easy and the sun caught a corner of her hair ing all the darkness into copper. She "You never came to see me. Never on

"Did you expect me to?"

"Was it expecting too much of yo sorry."

"Yes, it was expecting too much."

Her eyes were startled out of their ity. She said, "When Tracey died th he did all my friends were so kind, an

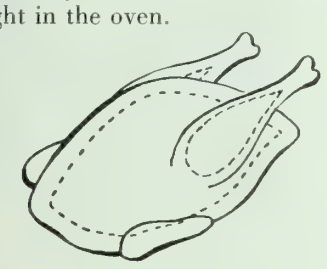
(Continued on Page 139)

How to get more turkey for your money

Butter Roasting

cuts down oven loss
saves up to ⅓ of
your turkey's weight

That fine, plump turkey you select at the store an shrink surprisingly in your oven unless you now a few simple methods for protecting it. In ict, your turkey can lose as much as *one-third* f its weight in the oven.



a 16-lb. dressed turkey may even shrink to 11½ os. between the time you place it in the oven nd the time you serve it. To protect against uch loss, here are two simple secrets:

Always roast your turkey at low temperature—never higher than 325° F.

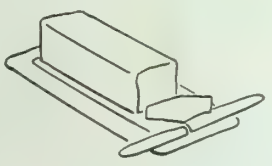
Always *Butter-Roast* your turkey.

Roasting at low temperature conserves juice, minimizes drying out. BUTTER-Roasting imparts matchless flavor, seals in juices, protects from oven-evaporation, adds tempting butter-golden brownness.

To get the most eating poundage out of every pound of turkey you buy, be sure to spread the entire outside of turkey with BUTTER before roasting.

When roasting turkey lay BUTTER-saturated cheesecloth over turkey and drape down the sides. See directions under pictures.

So remember, please . . . when you buy your turkey, buy BUTTER. BUTTER-Roasting, BUTTER-Basting, protects against shrinkage, gives you MORE turkey to eat . . . and the juiciest, finest-flavored golden-brown turkey that ever graced a table. BUTTER ROASTS TURKEY TO PERFECTION.

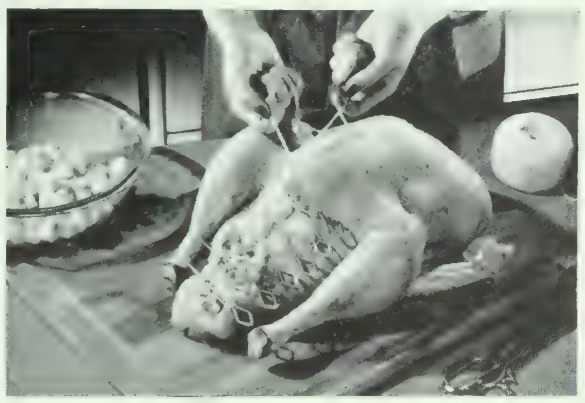




WHEN BUYING TURKEY, allow at least one pound per person to be served—ready-to-cook weight, which may be as much as 5 lbs. under store weight. Allow for this difference when figuring the size to buy. And be sure to buy TWO POUNDS OF BUTTER. You will need one pound of BUTTER for roasting and basting the turkey and a second pound for the BUTTER STUFFING.



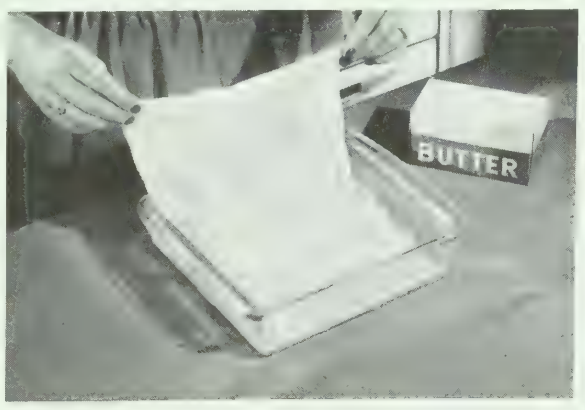
STUFFING: For 16-lb. turkey: cut two loaves of four day old bread into ½ inch cubes. Prepare ½ cup minced onion. Cook in 4 tablespoons BUTTER until soft—not brown. Melt ¾ lb. BUTTER. Add to bread along with cooked onion, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning. Toss together. Salt inside of turkey. Fill *loosely;* dressing expands during roasting.



HAVE a handsome turkey! Run skewers or stuffing nails through flesh on both sides of opening, lace with strong, clean cord. Close neck opening by pulling neck skin to back and fastening to backbone with skewer. Pull legs high, bind together. Bring cord down around sides to keep wings close to body.



BUTTER IT! Soften BUTTER. Spread over entire turkey, especially on top of drumsticks, breast and wings. This gives a protective coating of butterfat from the start, prevents drying out or juice loss in early stages of roasting, imparts buttery-fine flavor. Place turkey on rack in shallow pan, breast up.



DIP cheesecloth in melted BUTTER, and drape so it covers entire bird. The BUTTER on cheesecloth bastes turkey, protects it from drying out. A pound of butter used in buttering turkey and in saturating cheesecloth protector may help save several pounds of turkey shrinkage in your oven. Butter-roasting gives you more for your money.



BRUSH with melted BUTTER throughout baking time. Do not cover pan. Do not add water. Do not spear turkey with fork to see if it is done. This loses juice. Baste through cloth so as to keep it moist. Brush cloth with melted BUTTER every 30 minutes. Roast at constant temperature, never higher than 325° F.

BUTTER-ROASTING TIME

Weight of Stuffed Turkey	Roasting Time in Minutes per Pound
6–10 pounds	20–25 minutes
10–16 pounds	18–20 minutes
16–25 pounds	15–18 minutes

to see how your butter-roasted turkey will look in all its glory . . . turn to next page

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BUTTER-ROASTED TURKEY WITH BUTTER STUFFING
—see the preceding page for complete instructions.

BUTTER-CANDIED SWEET POTATOES—Use canned peeled sweet potatoes or yams. Cut in half. Place on buttered sheet. Pour over glaze as follows: Combine 1 cup solid packed brown sugar with 1/3 cup strained orange juice and 1 tablespoon BUTTER. Cook five minutes or until clear. Pour glaze over potatoes. Bake 30 minutes in 350° F. oven, basting several times with glaze. Serve as soon as tender.

EASY HOLLANDAISE SAUCE,-NEVER-FAIL—Cut ¼ lb. BUTTER in 4 or 5 pieces. Put in top of double boiler with 3 egg yolks, 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Let stand at room temperature ½ hour or more. Just before serving, heat over gently boiling water 1½ minutes, stirring briskly with *wooden* spoon. Serve at once on asparagus or broccoli. Delicious!

BUTTERY ESCALLOPED OYSTERS—Drain 1 pint oysters. Save liquor and combine with 6 tablespoons cream. Mix ½ cup dry bread crumbs with 1 cup cracker crumbs. Pour over crumbs ½ cup melted BUTTER. BUTTER baking dish. Cover with layer of crumbs then with layer of oysters. Dot with BUTTER. Season. Repeat. Top with crumbs. Dot with BUTTER. Pour combined oyster liquor and cream over all. Bake 20 minutes in 400° F. oven until topping is delicately browned.

BUTTER HARD SAUCE—Just sift 1 cup powdered sugar. Beat until soft 5 tablespoons BUTTER. Add sugar gradually. Beat until well blended. Then add: ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. If desired, beat in ¼ cup cream also. Sauce has a natural creamy color, or it can be colored. Chill before serving.

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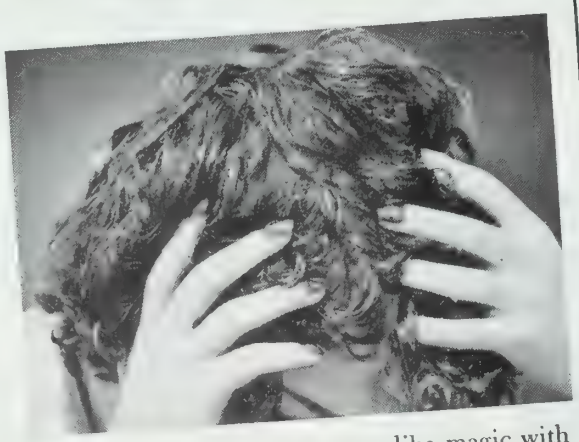


Rub gently but thoroughly until scalp and hair are cream-washed . . . Cream-Toned! Let the Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing work its way to the very ends of your hair. Leave it on for a few minutes (or overnight if you wish) . . . then shampoo.



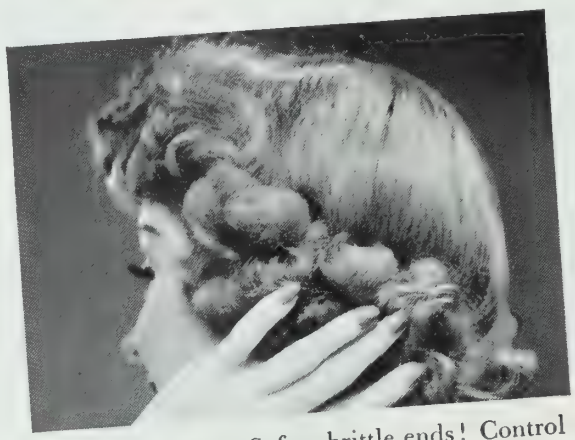
Then see how clean your scalp is . . . how free of dandruff . . . how relaxed and healthy it feels. And notice how soft, how pliable every strand of hair is . . . easy to manage, gleaming, without frizziness or excess oiliness. Your hair is more than clean . . . *it's conditioned!*

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P.S. Cream-Tone Conditioning works best wi Lady Wildroot Shampoo, a mild liquid crea

(Continued from Page 134)

to help me with their friendship . . . all except one." She stopped, avoiding my eyes. "I tried not to come here this afternoon. But I came because I had to make sure. I thought perhaps some sort of scruple, some feeling that you would be out of place, that ——"

"Oh, what's the use?" I said wearily. "That sort of blue-eyed innocence doesn't ring the bell any more."

SHE was staring at me. "Go on. Don't stop there."

"What do you want me to say? What is there to say? That I've felt too *sick* about it all—sick to the stomach—to bother to see you or to be able to write. I found out the truth—quite by accident. I went down to Lowis Manor, was there at the time of the fire, saw it all. I don't know what went wrong; something did—in a way, just as much for you as for Tracey. But it didn't stop you from cashing in on the fraud, did it? Well, I kept my mouth shut. What more was there you could have expected me to do?"

She got up. "Oliver, *what* are you saying?"

I couldn't stop now. "That Foster that was supposed to have been burned in the first fire. The man who bought it from you didn't take it out of the country after all. It's still hanging in his flat. I saw it and asked him about it. He described you and the story you'd told him. So I went down to Lowis Manor to see the other fakes for myself—found the fire had just been started."

Her throat moved. Then she turned so quickly that her skirt swung in a fan.

I was at the door just in time to get in her way. "You've got to listen to me now," I told her.

"I'll *not* listen!"

"You've no choice. . . . Will you deny that you sold the Foster to an American called Croft—pretended it had been lost in the fire?"

"*Deny?*" she said. "Of course I deny it! I've never *heard* of a man called Croft. Our Foster was burned! And as for this—this later story, if you think you've been withholding something for my sake, *please* don't withhold it any longer. Go to the police. Do what you like to smirch Tracey's memory. It's good enough to stand a few cheap smears!"

She pushed past me and out. There was a patter of footsteps and then they were gone. The slam of a car door, the rev of an engine; then I chased down the stairs after her. By the time I came out the car was turning into Baker Street.

About half past four I drove up to Monk's Court, N.W.8. A pleasant-looking young woman opened the door and I asked if Mr. Croft was in.

She smiled. "I'm expecting him any minute. Would you care to wait?"

I went in. Mrs. Croft excused herself, and I sat and read the New Yorker for seventeen minutes and never smiled once. I was flipping the pages backward and forward when William Croft came in.

He said, "Oh, yes, of course I remember. You called about Charles Highbury."

We went into the big living room and the Myles Birket Foster looked across at me enigmatically. Croft followed my glance. "Is it something about the picture? I thought, that first time you came, it kind of upset you."

"It's not about the picture, but about the person who sold you the picture. You told me that she was in her twenties, tallish and dark and pretty . . . a—a quick-moving, vital sort of person."

He looked at me quizzically. "Yes, I guess you might say that's fairly accurate."

"I don't mean *fairly* accurate." I fumbled in my pocket and took out a clipping from the Daily Sketch. "Was she like this?"

He took it and frowned, then handed it back. "No. She'd got more prominent cheekbones, the girl I met. Different shape of face. But I'll grant you she's rather like her."

A short-haired fellow in a dark suit opened the door, and I asked if Mrs. Moreton was in. He said he'd see. I thought he walked like an old soldier. He came back to say she wasn't.

"When do you expect her?"

"Couldn't say, sir."

I went down the steps and sat in the car. I looked up at the house, but there was no sign of life about it. I drove off along the main road, then reversed into another side street and came back.

At a quarter to eight I rang the door bell again. The cockney said, "Sorry, Mrs. Moreton's phoned to say she won't be home tonight."

I said, "Forget it," and put my foot in the door.

"'Ere," he said. "What the blazes d'you think ——"

I was stronger than he was, or perhaps it was just the feelings behind it. He tried to grab me, but I got to the stairs and went up them three at a time. There were three doors and the extreme right one led into a bedroom. Sarah was sitting at a dressing table brushing her hair.

She dropped the brush and stood up, pulling her yellow housecoat round her. "Matthews ——"

I put my foot against the door. "I must talk to you, Sarah."

She said furiously, "Get out of my room! How dare you force your way in here!"

I said, "I've been to see Croft. I took along a photo of you out of one of the papers. The girl who sold him the Foster wasn't you—although she was like you. . . . There's nothing you can say bad enough, nothing I won't want to add to ——"

Somebody knocked on the door and tried the handle.

"He's in here, Matthews!"

MATTHEWS threw his weight against the door. It creaked and gave at the top, but my foot held firm. "Listen, Sarah," I said desperately. "I've made one terrible mistake. But they can't *all* be mistakes, all the things that prove the fraud. Croft's picture is the genuine Foster. He's had it verified twice. The thing that was burned was a fake. So was the Lippi. I don't know if the first fire was a put-up job, but the second was. I was *there*, Sarah. . . . Tracey never jumped to save himself from the fire. He was dead before it got going. I found him in the hall. He didn't phone the police. *I* phoned the police after I'd tried to put out the fire. When the fire brigade came I slipped away, because I thought you were playing along with him—the fire started the way I'd told you of only the week before." I stopped for breath.

She was listening to me at last. She sent Matthews away, went slowly to the dressing table and sat down. Her hair was loose and she pushed it up with her hand. "Tell me again," she said. "Everything that happened."

Standing there, I began trying to tell her. It was hard now—it had come easier with the anger. I said, "Is there somewhere else we can talk?"

She put the brush down. "No. . . . Go on with what you were saying. I—before I do anything—I've got to hear ——"

I tried to go on. I groped through the rest of it, ashamed for the wrong reasons.

When I finished she didn't speak for a bit. Then she said, "Oh, this is awful. To think about it makes one —— I've got to have *time*, Oliver. Time to work round it, see if there isn't some other —— I'm supposed to be going out tonight. I . . . don't feel ——"

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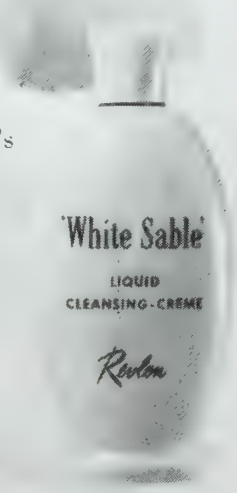
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"Put it off. Come out with me. We can eat somewhere—talk about it quietly."

She looked at me doubtfully. "Give me a few minutes, will you? I'll change and come down—let you know then."

"All right," I said, and left her.

She said, "I knew, of course, about some of the furniture. There was a Sheraton desk, I remember. It was never discussed between us but . . . we were short of money; they were our own possessions. The thought of insurance never entered my head because I never thought we should claim."

We were sitting in one of those little restaurants that abound in London. "Eat your dinner," I said gently.

"Even now it isn't really the proofs you have. Perhaps you haven't told me them all. What were the other things you had against me?"

"Forget it. If you ever can."

"No. I want to know."

"WELL, there was the way the fire was prepared. I'd explained that to you only the week before."

"Oh, but I knew about that before you told me. It was in a magazine—about those fire raisers before the war. Tracey probably read it too."

"But when I told you about it, why didn't you say you knew?"

"I'd been trying to get you to talk about yourself. It was always hard. You started telling me of your work. If I'd interrupted ——"

The waiter came and served us with slivers of *filet mignon*.

I said, "At the inquest you said you left that morning for Yorkshire by yourself because Tracey wanted another injection. Knowing about the injections, I didn't believe it."

"Well, I had to say something. I couldn't very well tell them what had really happened. . . . It was very unusual for us to quarrel. But we did that morning. I left Lowis not quite knowing—or caring—what Tracey intended to do. I was boiling; but when I got up to Yorkshire it all cooled off and I tried to phone him. When he didn't reply I thought he'd left. I didn't want to explain that at the inquest."

I nodded but didn't speak.

"But didn't you say there were things I'd said and done; other things?"

"There was the gatehouse—you put the new tenants off for a week or two."

"That was Tracey's idea. I didn't see the point of it at the time. He was insistent. But he paid me the compliment of keeping his intentions to himself."

Silence fell for a time.

I said, "Do you see much of Clive Fisher these days?"

"Not a lot."

"I heard that you were engaged to him," I told her.

Her lips moved. "No."

On the way home, we stopped for a few minutes on the Embankment, watching the dark river.

She said, "Yes, it's been a shock, but it's some particular aspects that chiefly hurt. I didn't want ever to remember Tracey as —— It isn't really the fact of the fraud. I'm not sure that he hadn't got excuses for that; they weren't good enough, but they were better than most people's. You see, he felt that both he and his father had been crippled fighting for their country, and all his country had done was rob him of the means to live. It wasn't just a grudge—it was part of his illness. It's really the *personal* fraud that —— On you in one way, if that really was his reason. On me in another. On the whole, I should be less upset if I'd been in the fraud all through."

"Except that you never would have been," I told her.

"I never would have been in any fraud on you. But for the rest —— If you cared for someone, wouldn't you rather help them to cheat than yourself be cheated?"

I didn't answer, and after a while she shivered. I started up the engine and drove her slowly home. I said, "I wonder how it got about that you might be going to marry Clive."

"He asked me."

I digested that. "When?"

"About a month ago. I haven't seen him since."

We stopped outside her house, and there was a light in the front.

She said suddenly, "What can I do with this money? I can't touch it now."

"Have you spent much of it?"

"No. It's only just come to me. Tracey left about four thousand in cash. Then there were a few small investments. Can the insurance be paid back?"

"I imagine so. Berkeley Reckitt were the underwriters. If you'd like me to I'll put in inquiries to see if it can be done without publicity. There's no point in blackening Tracey's name unnecessarily."

"If it can possibly be avoided I wouldn't want to, Oliver. He was —— Besides, there's his mother. It would kill her if it ever came out." She paused. "But what will happen to the insurance on the house? That isn't mine to return."

"Oh, that's a fair settlement. In any case, that money legally belongs to the trustees, and no insurance company could claim it back. The trustees didn't fire the place."

She fumbled with the door handle, and I got out and opened it for her.

"D'you think you can overlook all the shabby suspicions that have been festering inside me for four months?"

"Oh, were they shabby? I can't judge. If I'd been in your position ——"

"Will you meet me tomorrow evening, then?"

She stood a minute on the pavement, looking up at the stars. "Yes," she said.

Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than your own.

—JAMES M. BARRIE

Next morning I phoned Henry Dane to make a date to talk the thing over. He said he was leaving town and wouldn't be back until Saturday, so I fixed to see him the following Monday.

In the evening I called for Sarah; and on Tuesday it was the same; and on Wednesday. Life suddenly began to have no recognizable identity with what it had been a week ago.

Wednesday we had dinner at one of the big hotels and danced afterward. She'd been reluctant to come because she still had a feeling of not wanting to be seen out and about in quite this way by Tracey's friends. We sat and talked, as usual, and then danced.

She said, "I thought you *didn't* spend your youth socially."

"What? Oh, this came later, such as it is. I haven't done much of it."

"Nor have I—for seven years. I used to like it."

"Used to?"

"Yes. Don't encourage me."

"But I want to."

"I know. Dangerous."

"Who for?"

"It could get out of hand. Sublimation of my old love for ballet ——"

"Good. Let's help each other."

"How?"

"Well . . . sublimation of my old love for Sarah."

SHE didn't answer that. When we got back to the table she said, "Why do you say sometimes that you can't express yourself as you want to? Because it isn't true, is it?"

"It's . . . partly true," I told her. "Half the trouble is I can't imagine other people are interested."

"But you think I am."

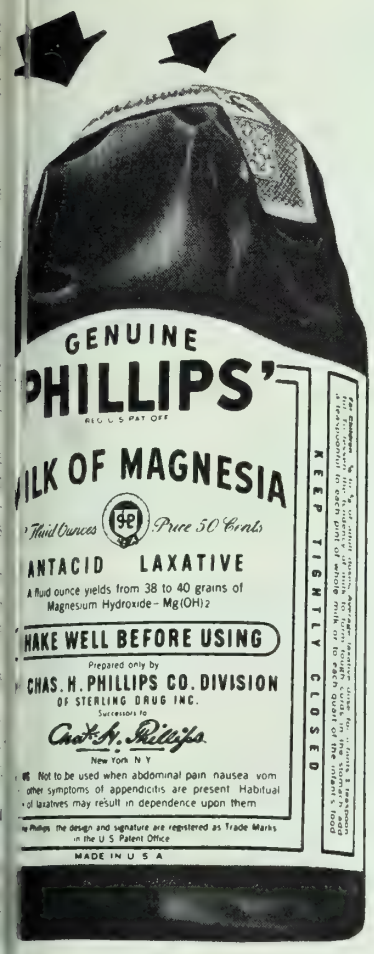
"Aren't you?"

"Yes. . . . That's what I mean." She smiled quickly at me and then away.

"It doesn't convince me of anything."

"That's the other half of the trouble. A—a lack of faith, is it? Or a lack of self-esteem."

I didn't speak.



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"What's the matter with you, Oliver?" she asked quietly. "Did all your dreams fail?"

"I only ever had one—a grown-up one, I mean. The chief thing wrong these last few years is that I've been in love with a woman who is—and always has been—out of my reach."

There was silence for a bit.

She said, "You think that's the chief thing wrong?" She looked at me and smiled a bit doubtfully.

I added, "But of course I don't ask you to believe it."

"Perhaps you ought to. Perhaps it would be a worse thing if I was lacking in faith too."

My pulses began to beat. I said, "Darling Sarah, I don't know what you mean by that, but it seems an oncoming sort of remark."

She struck a match from the box in the middle of the table and watched the flame. "Does it?"

The match went out. She looked up and met my look. And I knew then that she wasn't out of my reach any more.

We'd come by taxi, and the commissionaire got one for us. As soon as he'd shut the door, before the driver had flicked down his flag, I said, "Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Any time you like."

I didn't try to touch her. After a bit I said, "Saturday?"

"What—in three days?"

"Could you face it? Before anyone has time for wise advice or—or good intentions. Won't it, seriously, have to be at once, almost before they know, or not for twelve months?"

THERE wasn't anything more said until the taxi driver drew up at her door. I got out and began to pay him. Sarah looked at me but didn't say anything. As we went up the steps and she took out her key I said, "I must meet your father tonight—try to explain to him ——"

"It's half past one. He'll have been in bed two hours. Come round tomorrow. I'll phone you in the morning."

Somehow we were inside the house. I said, "When I come, can I bring the air tickets for Saturday?"

She said, "Sometimes you frighten me, Oliver. There's no letup, is there? There's been no letup since Sunday afternoon."

"Did you want there to be?"

"No. . . . Some ways we're much alike. Headlong. Isn't that a risk? I'm trying to think for two."

When she got her mouth free I spoke just ahead of her. "Saturday?"

She said, "Oh, darling, don't," in such a drowning sort of voice that I stopped.

We clung to each other then in the darkness for a minute or two while I waited for her decision.

She said, "There's that money that doesn't belong to me ——"

"It won't hurt for a week or two."

"There's Tracey's memory ——"

My hands slackened. "I can't fight that."

After a pause she said, "But since Sunday I've had to revalue everything. Do I owe him a lot or very little? I don't know. That's still a new thought."

I suppose it was asking for trouble rushing my fences like that. At any rate, I got trouble. But when you've wanted something for ten or eleven years, at first subconsciously, but then very consciously, and for all except four days of that time ——

I knew that she'd really cared for Tracey more than anyone, feared that I was catching her on the rebound. There was such a difference between us, between him and me. Let her first impulse fail ——

So among all the other sensations as the plane taxied along the runway and then took off was one of relief. Whatever happened now, the thing was done.

I glanced at her sitting beside me. She had asked to have the gangway seat because she didn't like looking down. There was a lot we should have to talk of, but at present that



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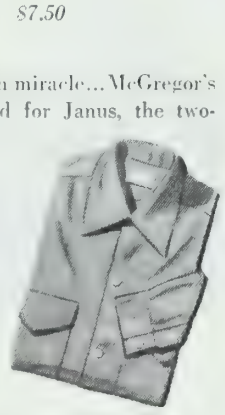
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could slide. The old existence was still too near to start making arrangements for a new one. The one thing that mattered was Sarah's hand, which she'd not yet taken from my arm.

WE had eight days, really. I'd never known real happiness until that week. I'd never known Sarah either. Falling in love with someone the way I had with her is like seeing two or three colors and thinking you see the whole spectrum. I hadn't realized before—though I should have—how highly strung she was, how her vitality burned itself out at times, yet never left her empty and depressed. I hadn't realized what fun there was in her or how she could flare up in a sudden anger that never lasted. I hadn't known how easy she was to please or how hard she was to impress, or how sweet she could be in the most improbable and enchanting ways.

We didn't do many of the obvious things. Of course we went to the ballet, and some of the night clubs. We dined at the most expensive restaurants and the cheapest. We shopped in the Faubourg St.-Honoré and in the Boulevard de Clichy. We walked for miles along the banks of the Seine.

Above all we talked. I never knew there were so many subjects in the world or any of such passionate interest. We talked and argued and settled the world's problems and faced our own, made plans and then threw them over for something better.

The eighth morning we got up and had our breakfast at the table by the window as usual. The Hotel Continental overlooks the Tuileries, and from it you can see nearly all the beauty of Paris. The government buildings and the Chamber of Deputies were directly across the gardens, and away to the left was the Louvre, backed by the twin towers of Notre Dame—all set in a semicircle for us to look at, over the tinted treetops.

I was lazily finishing my coffee when the post came. Sarah had two letters and she read the first, from her father, with her bare elbows on the table.

She said, "Daddy's having some of the second thoughts he hadn't breath for before we left."

"Decent of him to wait till now. If I'd been your father I should have made a lot of trouble about letting you go off with a man like me."

She said, "You're not going to be an easy-going husband, are you?"

I picked up the cigarettes from the dressing table and was back in my seat when she put a knife through the flap of the second envelope.

"Doesn't seem to be any letter in it," she said. "But there is something. Very exciting!"

She unwrapped the bit of tissue paper and a ring fell out and rolled halfway across to me and then fell on its side.

I'd no difficulty in recognizing it as Tracey's signet ring.

Over lunch she said, "I don't see how it can have happened."

"What does it matter? If we let it spoil our fun we're playing their game."

"Oh, yes—if it was only that. What I can't understand is how anyone . . . got it."

"I suppose sometimes he took it off?"

"Never, as far as I know."

"Who saw him—afterward?"

"Only Victor. Mrs. Moreton wouldn't go in. I didn't."

"Maybe things like that are taken off the body before burial. But in that case they'd be returned to the next of kin, which was you. Victor ——"

"He wouldn't do a thing like this. A barrister at the top of his profession. What has he to gain?"

"I suppose it wouldn't be Clive Fisher?"

"Oh, *surely* not."

"Isn't he a man who could be catty in a womanish sort of way?"

She looked at me with her glinting little smile. "Not very complimentary to women, are you?"

"Well, men—ordinary men—usually have a reason for their misdeeds, don't you think? This is so pointlessly vindictive. No purpose except to give you an unpleasant shock."

After a while she said somberly, "That row Tracey and I had on the Saturday morning, it was about you. Did I tell you that?"

"No. Why?"

"He may have picked the quarrel deliberately to get me out of the house—as he did so many things deliberately that I didn't realize. After we'd both said a good many hot-tempered things, he said he was going to consult you next time you came about taking out a policy against adultery."

I said, "That's just about as nasty as ——" I was going to say as nasty as sending a signet ring, but stopped in time.

"Of course the result was what he expected."

I smiled rather tenderly at her profile. "Yes. I imagine so."

That other question that I'd wanted to ask kept pushing itself to the front—yet I couldn't think how to put it in a casual way. At last it came out.

"Did Victor say—did he mention if Tracey was badly burned?"

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By Martha Martin

Complete in the December Journal

Condensed from the book soon to be published by the Macmillan Co.

"I don't think he said. Obviously he wouldn't to me. Why?"

"I was only wondering. I thought one of the salvage men perhaps ——"

Fortunately the excuse seemed to satisfy her. But I wasn't satisfied or content any more. Once I'd almost told her of the breathing I'd imagined I'd heard in the house that night. Now I couldn't, not ever.

We flew back from Paris on Saturday because we wanted Sunday to go prospecting for somewhere to live. Sarah had wanted us to go back to her father's house, but I jibbed at this. So we collected Trixie from Ponting Street and stayed at a hotel. Sunday we house and flat hunted.

Monday I went to the office. Michael was out, but the old man had one or two fairly coy things to say and was really quite nice about it.

During the morning I rang Henry Dane and apologized for having had to put off the other appointment.

He said, "Well, I hope your problem's solved itself in the meantime."

"No, it hasn't. Could we meet one day this week?"

"How about lunch tomorrow? Red Boar at one?"

"Fine. Thank you."

I heard Michael's voice and went into his office and found him using the phone. He raised his eyebrows at me, and I sat on a corner of his desk until he finished.

"Well, old boy, welcome back. Had a good time?"

I replied in the usual way, but his voice sounded rather odd, and after we'd talked for a minute or two I said, "Something matter?"

"Matter? What could there be?"

"That's what I was asking."

He went and stood by the fireplace. "been a bit worried about one or two jobs have come up while you've been away. N ing very important. How's . . . Sarah?"

This too was queer, this hedging, bec nobody usually was more keen to shar problems than Michael.

He had an appointment for lunch, went to a pub that specialized in busi lunches and had it with three strang Charles Robinson was in the room anc waved in a friendly way; but he didn't c across as he went out.

I stayed in the office all afternoon. I ha ring several people, and at least one of th a man called Carey, cut me short, sa he had an appointment. I didn't see Mic again, and as I was anxious to get home early.

Sarah was waiting for me in the foye the hotel. She'd found a flat. It was in lam Street and furnished, and was fairly pensive, but we reckoned that with S earning as well as myself we could ma pretty well.

The next morning business took me Michael to Lloyds. It was Mr. Berk Reckitt that we had to see, about a re I'd sent in just before I went away. Rec was a thin chap with prematurely white He'd never been a favorite of mine, but firm were our second-best friends so fa business was concerned.

Today he carried on a conversation me, listening to what I had to say and ting the questions he wanted; but he looked higher than my tie all through interview. When it was over and we outside I said, "What on earth was matter with him?"

"Matter?" said Michael. "I don't kn

"What *is* this, Michael? Is there somet wrong that you don't want to tell me?"

He frowned. "No, nothing. Come on. time I got back."

"If you don't tell me I shall go back ask Reckitt."

He hesitated. "You're asking me to re an unsavory rumor that nobody belie

"Some people have a peculiar way of sl ing it. Tell me what particular disease supposed to be suffering from."

We crossed the road, and Michael ne plunged under a bus. He said, "You k the Lowis Manor fire. There's a rumor your car was seen outside Lowis Manor night just before the fire started."

SARAH said, "What did you say?"

"Tried to sound like a badly injured What else could I do?"

"What do you think Michael feels?"

"Oh, he believes me. It's not in his na to give room to suspicion lightly. Bu must remember that I did behave a peculiarly about the fire claim on Lo

"What will happen?"

"Nothing very much, I'm sure."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "It's a marriage settlement I brought you, isn't

"Any trouble is my own fault for not b willing to wait for you. If the money had paid back first, it would have taken the off the thing."

"How did you put off Henry Dane?

"Said I'd been called suddenly o town. We're saddled with the mo Sarah. If the negotiations had been b with Berkeley Reckitt before this r broke out —— But we can't go now and 'Please, Mr. Reckitt, I know you're s cious of us; may we give back the mone fore we get arrested for fraud?'"

"What I can't understand is how rumor has begun now. Surely if any was known it would have come out a time, not now, five months after."

I got up too. I was too jumpy an noyed with myself to keep up the pret being neither. I said, "The only *pra* thing we've got to worry about is this r Heavens knows it's vague enough as Mi told it to me. The question is whether t

(Continued on Page 144)

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(Continued from Page 142)

sufficient presumptive evidence for people in the insurance world to take notice of it. That's really all that counts."

THE next morning I went into Michael's office and said, "I've been thinking all round this business. There's not a lot I can do unless I hear this story repeated myself."

He chewed the end of his pencil. "I think it'll blow over. What you should try to do is keep out of people's way as much as possible for the next few weeks. And when you do meet them, however they behave, act just as if nothing had happened. The vast majority of people—if they hear it at all—will say, 'What? Branwell? Oh, nonsense; he's far too straightforward and decent a fellow for that.'"

I said, "Your father doesn't know about this yet?"

"I don't think so. I certainly haven't told him."

"Then keep it from him if you can, will you? I shouldn't want to be the cause of a lot of unnecessary worry."

I left then and went out on a job in Hammersmith. Of course it wasn't entirely that I wanted to save the old man the worry. I wanted to be saved the unpleasant job of lying to another man whom I respected.

The job in Hammersmith had to do with some fur robberies, and I plunged into it trying to forget all the rest. I soon suspected that there was an attempt being made by the furrier, Collandi, to get more compensation for his furs than he was entitled to, and I spent most of the day on it. There was some trouble over the books, which he first said had been stolen and then said were at his accountant's. He promised to produce them the following day.

Next day no books were forthcoming, but an assessor called Abel had been engaged by Collandi to act for him. Abel was a type I didn't like, as sharp as a needle and a good deal tougher. But by now I was armed with the knowledge that Collandi's reputation was about as shaky as it could be and I said I wasn't recommending any settlement until the books were produced. There was a good deal of blustering and threats of legal action, but it didn't cut any ice and I left them with the plain issue before them. Once again the underwriter was Berkeley Reckitt, and I wondered if Mr. Reckitt would be able to overcome his repugnance at the sight of my signature and appreciate that I wasn't giving his money away easily.

Much of the greatest work in the world has been done by handicapped people. Byron had a clubfoot; Dostoevski suffered from fits of epilepsy; Pasteur, upon whose work modern medicine rests, was crippled by a paralytic stroke. Beethoven, the Shakespeare of music, was deaf, and Milton, a supreme poet, was blind. St. Paul had his "thorn in the flesh," but nobody knows what it was.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON: Living Every Day (Harper & Bros.)

I was a bit late home that night, and Sarah wasn't in the foyer as she had been before, but I found her upstairs.

Her face always changed, lit up when she saw me. Perhaps it did that for everyone she liked and not especially for me—but it was already becoming the best moment of my day. Tonight, although the same thing happened, I could tell as soon as I kissed her that there was something wrong.

"You're late," she said. "Anything new?"

"No. I've hardly seen Michael, and the other people I've had dealings with behaved normally enough. Hello, old girl"—I bent to return Trixie's welcome. "Is she settling down?"

"Grudgingly, yes. She's country bred, and doesn't approve of the town."

After a minute I said, "Was she really your dog, or was she Tracey's?"

"Mine. Tracey gave her to me as a birthday present. But I always used to feel—in a queer way—her first allegiance was to him."

As she spoke, Sarah had gone to a cupboard and taken out a couple of bottles. I watched her carefully. I said, "I can't help feeling that Trixie isn't the worst thing on your mind."

She turned and gave me a very searchi look. "Am I such a giveaway?"

"Pretty well. Yes."

She said, "I got home at five. There was man waiting for me in the lounge. Said was a solicitor, called Mr. Jerome. Said had business with me, so I ordered tea and sat sipping tea and talking blackmail ——

"Look," I said. "Is this ——"

"Mr. Jerome said he was acting for h client—wouldn't give him a name. His clie he said, was interested in certain moneys th had come to me as a result of the unfortuna fire in which my unfortunate husband m his death. Mr. Jerome said the fire was su posed to have happened accidentally; but course 'among friends' one knew very well wh it was all about. Twenty-eight thousa pounds, after all, was quite a fair sum of mone and his client wanted fourteen thousand keep quiet. He said he had proof of the swi dle, and if the police got it I should end in jai

"What did you say?"

"I said I didn't know what he was talki about. I said I couldn't believe there wa word of truth in what he said. In any ca I'd have to have time to think it over."

"Good girl. And he ——"

"He said he'd call back here—tonigh

We toyed with dinner and were ba upstairs again before eight-thirty. Sar said Mr. Jerome h been quite defin that they must m again in the pub lounge; so I let go down and then a few minutes too seat in the oppo corner and tried read.

At half past n Sarah got up and ca toward me. She loo white and tir "Something's put h off. He may have s you and thought was a trap."

"Perhaps he's j unpunctual. G him another fift minutes."

She said, "You stay here. I'll ask at desk and then walk round the hotel."

I agreed to that and sat down ag Country Life was full of big places for sal other Lowis Manors—whose owners w able to take the more conventional cours chucked it down and put my hand in pocket and took out Tracey's ring looked at it. So far I'd carried it with me all time, though I never let Sarah see it ag

A page boy was coming across the lou followed by a man in a dirty mackint They came straight to me.

"Mr. Branwell, sir? Gent to see you.'

The man was a tall chap, with a t rather ugly face and prominent teeth. " *Oliver* Branwell?"

"Yes." I got up. "Are you Mr. Jerom

HE looked at me with a slight frown. " I'm afraid not. My name is Barnes. Detec Sergeant Barnes. Is there anywhere we c go for a little private chat?"

In our room I shoved a chair forw "What will you have to drink?"

"Thanks, nothing on duty, you know.' folded up on the chair and looked ra apologetic.

I offered the cigarette box. "So it's a c call, is it?" I asked. "Well, what ha done, forgotten to take out a driving lice or something?"

"Thank you. . . . No, as a matter of fact nothing you've *done*, Mr. Branwell. really a matter of routine; just checkin on a case." He got out his lighter and s up to hold it to my cigarette. "We tho you might be able to help us."

"Well. Anything I can do ——"

Barnes drew on his cigarette and looked round for an ash tray. "It's tha at Lowis Manor, when Mr. Moreton los life. There are one or two things abo

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which were slightly unsatisfactory, and we wondered —— I believe you were a friend of Mr. Moreton, knew them pretty well; at least I suppose that's not too much to assume in view of the fact ——"

"In view of the fact that I married his widow."

"I wasn't going to say that, but still —— When did you meet Mr. Moreton first, Mr. Branwell?"

"About two years ago. They had an outbreak of fire in his study at Lowis Manor, but they were able to put it out before it did much damage. I was sent down by my firm to assess the loss. Moreton had been in the Desert War. So had I. We began to talk about it and he invited me to lunch."

Detective Sergeant Barnes made a note. "Did he ever discuss the insurance of his house with you, Mr. Branwell?"

"Never." Then I remembered that excuse I'd made to McDonald. "Or I believe once I suggested the place was underinsured for present-day prices."

"You knew what it was insured for, then?"

"Well, of course. It's always given on the underwriter's slip when a claim is made," I told him.

"Oh, naturally. What would be the last time you saw Mr. Moreton before he died?"

"About a week before."

"You went down there?"

"Yes."

"What did you talk about?"

"Chiefly about the repairs he was having done. Is this important?"

"Well, one likes to know; sometimes these little indications —— You'll remember the night of the fire, I suppose, Mr. Branwell? May the sixth. Do you remember what you were doing that evening?"

"I remember very well. I stood on a chair in my flat and slipped off it and sprained my ankle. I spent the next two days in bed."

"You had a doctor, I suppose?"

Careful. "No. It didn't seem worth while. I was hobbling around by the Wednesday."

"So when was the first you heard of the fire?"

"My partner, Mr. Abercrombie, phoned me Sunday morning and asked me to go down. I explained I couldn't; so he went instead."

"I suppose you—you phoned Mrs. Moreton, or got in touch with her somehow?"

"No."

He didn't speak, but waited with an inquiring look.

"I felt there was very little I could do," I said. "Mr. Abercrombie was there to help in any way that was necessary."

"So when was the first time you communicated with Mrs. Moreton—after that?"

"I was at the inquest," I said. "Look, is this getting you anywhere? Because it's not amusing me. Can we cut it short and come to the point?"

HE looked apologetic and rubbed out his cigarette. "I don't think I can come to any *point*, Mr. Branwell. You can't, you know, on these sort of jobs. It's a question of accumulating all the material you can and then laboriously sifting it. But I can tell you one of the circumstances which left us a little dissatisfied as to the manner of Mr. Moreton's death. You remember the medical evidence?"

"Very vaguely."

"The pathologist said Moreton had only about one per cent of carbon monoxide in his blood. Well, that's no more than you would expect to find in a smoker—herbal *or* tobacco. So that left nothing at all for any other smoke he might have inhaled. Now you remember Moreton is supposed to have telephoned the fire station, and the fire officer claimed they were on the scene within fifteen minutes—so that he could only have sent the message when the house was well ablaze. But it was impossible, we thought, for him to have telephoned from a room which must have been full of smoke, to have fought his way upstairs, and then to have died with no excess of carbon monoxide at all."

There was silence for a bit. I said, "What do you deduce from that?"

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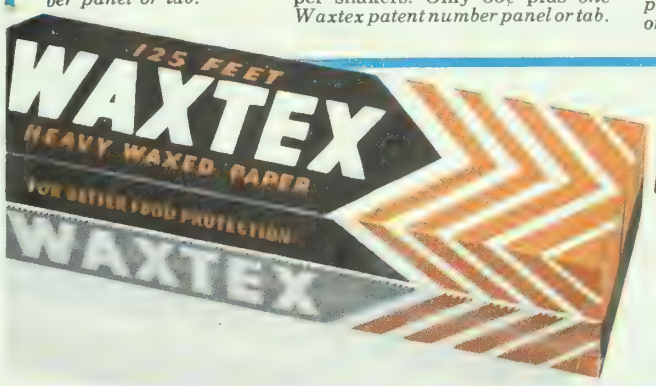
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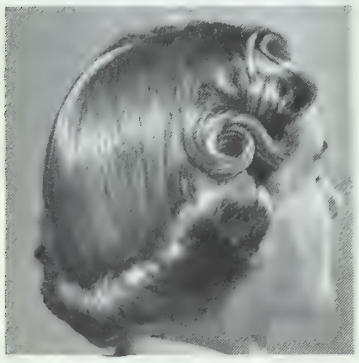
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"We think someone else may have been in the house and done the phoning, in order to give the impression Moreton was alive a lot later than he really was."

I got up and strolled to the window. "You're assuming rather a lot. Fires are very capricious. I should hesitate to predict how one was going to burn or how one had burned."

"It's a little speculative, of course. But it does give room for dissatisfaction. That and other circumstances." He got up too. "Well, thanks for your help, Mr. Branwell. I'll be getting along now. Oh, there was one other thing. What make of a car have you got, Mr. Branwell?"

I said, "A Standard sixteen. The council offices would tell you."

He nodded and went out. I stood and watched him down the corridor.

Mr. Jerome didn't turn up.

On Friday I met McDonald. The Hammersmith fur claim hadn't got any further, but Abel, acting for Collandi, suddenly decided to push things along by making a formal protest to the brokers that I was obstructing the claim unfairly. The broker was McDonald, and he passed the matter to Berkeley Reckitt. While I was out on another thing Reckitt rang and asked to speak to Michael, though he knew that I was on the assignment.

I went out to lunch feeling ruffled and edgy, and knowing I ought to call in and see McDonald sometime during the afternoon. A broker's natural concern is for his client, and it was really up to me to go along and have a chat, explaining why I was holding things up. But I couldn't face the thought of seeing McDonald.

At lunch I met Charles Robinson and we carefully talked about nothing but cars and motor racing. After lunch I went into the men's lavatory with Charles and found McDonald there, in his shirt sleeves, wiping his hands on a towel.

I said, "I was coming to see you this afternoon."

Maybe because I didn't feel friendly it didn't sound so friendly as I intended. He stared at me and said, "What for?" and then picked up a comb and passed it once or twice through his hair.

"About Collandi. I really can't recommend a settlement yet. The whole claim is very unsatisfactory."

"Well, you've made your views perfectly plain in your report. I don't see what good will be served by coming to see me about it."

"I thought I could try to explain a bit more fully."

He looked at himself in the mirror. "What is there to explain? There's no doubt about the robbery, is there?"

THE tone of his voice got me. "There's no doubt about the robbery," I told him. "There's doubt as to what was stolen. I don't believe for a minute he ever had any kolinskies or sables."

"You think Collandi's a swindler?"

"I do."

"That's only your opinion, isn't it?"

"I'll change it when I see his invoices."

"Perhaps that won't be necessary."

It was plain what he meant. He was pressing Reckitt to have me withdrawn from the case. From the first words the meeting had gone racing downhill.

Charles came across. "Hullo, what's the matter with you two?"

McDonald put down the comb. "Branwell's suffering from an excess of zeal. Success must have gone to his head."

I said, "What do you mean by that?"

I heard two other men come into the place talking. Charles put a hand on my arm. "Gently, brothers, gently."

McDonald said, "I should have thought the answer obvious. I meant the success you've had in marrying money."

I hit him. I'd really lost my temper and put more weight behind it than I thought. He cannoned into one of the men who had just come in, then sat on the floor, holding his jaw.

"You fool," said Charles, grabbing my arm again.

I knew Marshall and Ainslie slightly. Marshall went over and helped McDonald up.

I shook off Charles's arm and went over to McDonald. He wouldn't take my hand but went on dabbing at his mouth, which was trying to bleed.

McDonald said, "This all fits in with the rest. It's what I might have expected."

"It's what you asked for," I said. "Only I'm sorry because you're an older man."

HE turned his back on me and began struggling into his coat.

I went out, Charles Robinson following.

Charles said, "If I were you I'd write him an apology."

"He's already had one."

"Well, you don't want more trouble on your hands—especially now."

I looked at Charles. "Do you believe it, this rumor that's going about?"

He flushed. "Should I be here with you if I did?"

I said, "He started it, didn't he, that rumor? I wish I'd broken his neck."

Charles said shortly, "This row won't help you if it gets out. I'll go back now to see him. I'll do my best to keep him quiet."

I remembered where I'd been going then and caught a bus for Hammersmith.

Just outside the Law Courts Victor Moreton got on the same bus. I hadn't seen him since the inquest. He said, "Sorry I didn't write while you were away. Been very busy. I believe mother wrote, didn't she?"

We can scarcely hate anyone that we know.
—WILLIAM HAZLITT

"Yes. It didn't matter," I told him. "How is your mother?"

He frowned. "Not well. The shock —— I mean to send you a wedding present as soon as I have time to breathe. Have you got a flat?"

I told him I felt grateful to him just for behaving in a normal way, as if our marriage was a natural thing and not a plan to rob the dead or steal the crown jewels. As the bus raced up Waterloo Place I moved to share the seat with him.

He said, "I get off at Hyde Park Corner. Sarah knows where I live. I hope you'll come round some time."

"Thank you very much. We'd like to."

He made a note of our address, and I rubbed my knuckles, which were sore. "There's one thing I wanted to ask you," I said. "Was Tracey badly burned when you saw him?"

He looked at me, and you could see the sharp legal mind taking over. "Badly enough. Why?"

"How did you identify him? Was it quite a job?"

"Oh . . . not particularly. His clothes, his shoes, his figure. It couldn't have been anybody else. What are you suggesting?"

"Did you notice if his signet ring was still on his finger?"

There was a pause. "I'm not absolutely certain."

"Is this it?" I asked, handing him the ring.

He took it and turned it over. "Yes. I suppose Sarah had it." He passed it back to me as if he was glad to get it out of his hands.

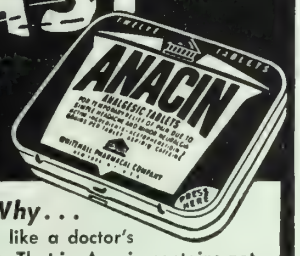
"This is your stop," I said. "Do you mind if I don't explain now?"

Our eyes met as he got up. "If you want to see me at my chambers you'd better ring my clerk," he said. "Or my home address after seven."

"Thanks," I said.

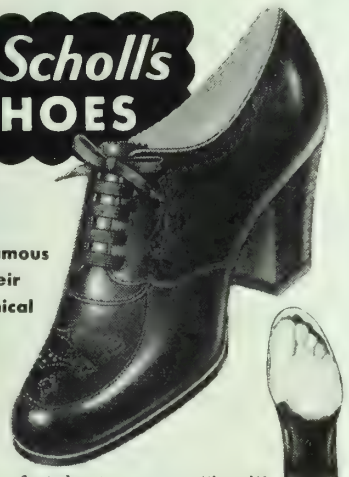
It was all I could do to think straight about ordinary things; but when I got to Hammersmith there had been a new development. The thieves had been caught two hours before in possession of some of the furs. Abel was triumphant, but when we went in we found that nothing had been recovered but the cheap skins, compensation for which I'd

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never been contesting. Abel worked up a good show of indignation when I pointed this out to him; but I felt at my most mulish and left him there no nearer settlement than before.

I got back to the hotel about five. I didn't really expect Sarah to be in—she'd said she would take the car and move some of her personal belongings to the new flat—and sure enough the room key was on its hook.

All the same it was the first time, and a feeling of flatness joined all the others as I walked toward the lift. I'd just pressed the button when a man came up and said, "Mr. Branwell?"

He was thin and gray-haired and wore rimless glasses that clipped on his nose. He looked like a retired bank cashier.

"Yes," I said.

"I wonder if a word or two —— I don't know if your wife will have mentioned me. My name is Jerome."

I said, "You're a solicitor, Mr. Jerome?"

"That is so."

"On or off the rolls?"

"Off. A gross miscarriage of justice in March, 1931."

"You remember your dates, but not your appointments."

He smiled. "I never keep appointments, Mr. Branwell. I see my clients when the—the impulse takes me."

"You mean your victims?"

"Well . . . there isn't as much difference as you'd think." He buttoned his coat, and the buttonhole needed stitching. "Now, having answered your questions ——"

"Not all. Who sent you?"

Mr. Jerome said, "If I told you that, there'd be no point in my coming. But you can negotiate with me in good faith. I have full power."

"Full power of blackmail?"

"I'm too long used to the wickedness of men, Mr. Branwell. Blackmail, arson, fraud, murder. People commit them whether one likes it or not . . . and we have to consider the consequences. One doesn't necessarily *condemn*."

"No. One makes a living."

"Precisely." He said with sudden energy, "I'm glad your wife has told you. We were anxious to save her embarrassment. But of course one ——"

I said, "And now that she's told me I suppose you feel . . . quite safe and among friends."

He tightened his lips disapprovingly. "What I feel is a little beside the point."

"And what is the point?"

"Fourteen thousand pounds."

"I don't know what you take us for, Mr. Jerome; you come here with some cock-and-bull story of an insurance fraud and, without any sort of proof either that there was such a fraud or that we were in it, you expect my wife to hand over this money. When was the last time it was easy as that?"

He took off his glasses, put them back and refocused, knowing well that my eyes hadn't moved off him.

He said, "My client has ample proof of the fraud. Details of how each of the paintings was disposed of and whose hands they passed through. He also has details of how the fire was prepared. Tracey Moreton was a common swindler. *And* his wife. You—at the very least—are an accessory after the fact."

"Tell your client to come round himself," I told him.

"By Tuesday put a note in the Personal Column of the Daily Telegraph. Just, 'Accept, O. B.' We shall want the money in cash, but I'll communicate with you later about that."

"And if I don't play?"

"If you don't. Well . . . your wife would go to prison for the longer term."

"And if we paid—how long before your next visit?"

"There'll be no other demand. We are not greedy. . . . But if I may say so, you're not in a position to bargain. I should certainly settle and have done with it."

"You would?"

"Yes, I certainly would."



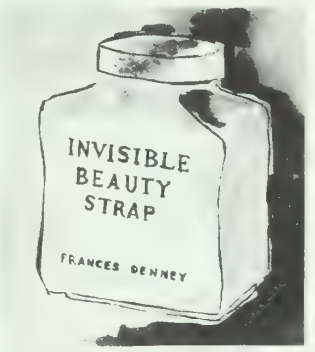
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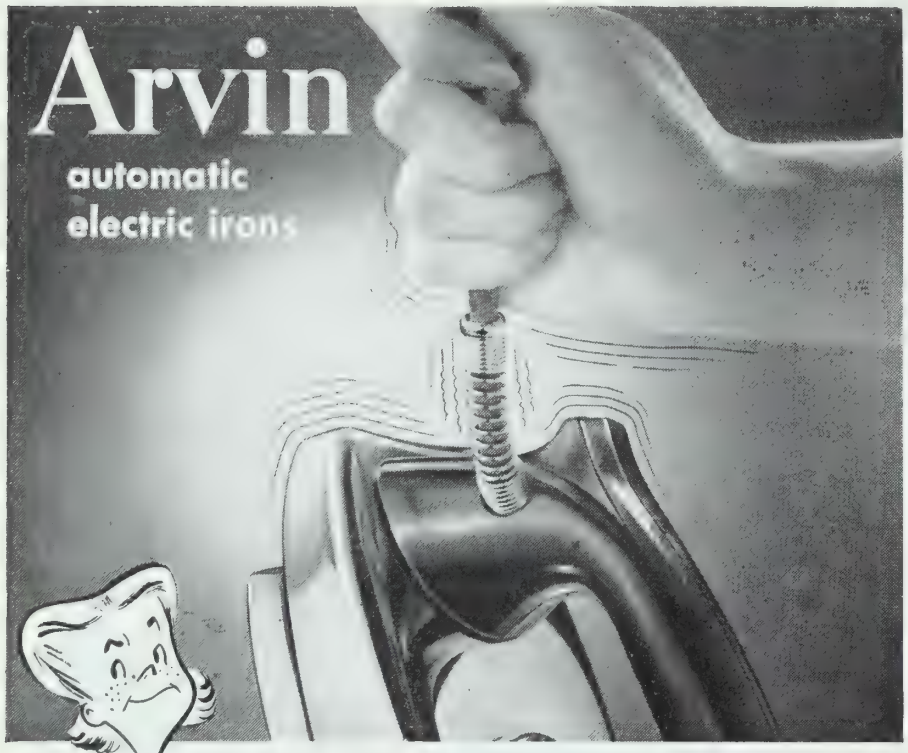
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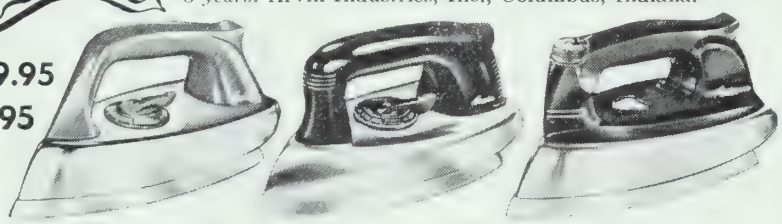


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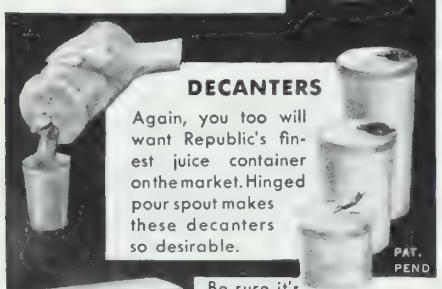




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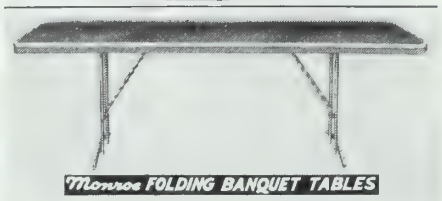
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I watched him go. His striped trousers were too narrow and a bit too long. As he reached the outer door of the hotel I followed him.

Dusk was just falling. He walked briskly in the direction of Piccadilly, and when he reached it crossed to the south side and turned in the Princes Arcade. At Jermyn Street he went east to Lower Regent Street, and walked down to Trafalgar Square.

I'd never done any shadowing before, and I don't know when he first saw me. I didn't much care. I fancy he was making for Charing Cross Station, but changed his mind and walked down Whitehall.

At Whitehall he bought an evening paper and crossed Westminster Bridge. Rain was coming on and halfway across he stopped to open his umbrella. I slowed but didn't stop, because it was better to be nearer in the dark.

At the other side he continued along Westminster Bridge Road and then turned to the right. The streets were poor now, the way they are when you get off the main route, and the rain was trickling off my hair.

We came to a blitzed area where there was nothing but the street going between rubble, and weeds and a hoarding or two. I put on a spurt and caught up with him and took his arm.

"This isn't your line," I said. "Why didn't you stick to keyholes?"

He tried to pull his arm free. "You'll do no good by following me like this!" He glared at me, his face red and his pince-nez shaking.

"Tell me who you're working for ——"

Luckily it was raining and I heard the rubber shoes on the pavement behind me. I must have ducked at just the right moment, because the blackjack followed my head down and I got a stinging thump on the back of the neck that made me see stars. I turned and lashed out with my fist and caught somebody in the face. It was the hardest crack I'd ever given anyone, and he disappeared somewhere among the rubble. Then I took to my heels after Jerome.

I caught him under a lamp. By now I'd given up caring whether there was anyone else about, and I gave him a shove that sent him on his knees. Then I propped him up against the wall and took him by the collar and squeezed.

"Now—the name of the man."

"Careful," he got out. "My heart! Diabetic."

"Come on! Tell me."

He suddenly went limp and I let him slump. His face was the color of the wall and I thought I'd gone too far. If he was dead I'd better go, and quickly.

Then a police whistle sounded. I got up, and at the same moment Jerome stirred. I knelt down again and grabbed him by the throat and shook him.

"The name of the man."

THERE were people in a knot under the farthest lamp where the buildings began again. One was a policeman, and he came along the blitzed street staring about him.

"I swear to God," I said, "that if you don't tell me the name of the man, I'll kill you now before help comes."

He said something that sounded like "Hush!"

"What?"

"Fish," he said.

"Tell me the name,"

"Telling you . . . Fish. Fisher."

"Clive Fisher?"

He nodded, and I let him drop. I took a deep breath and stood up. The policeman saw me. I turned and ran. He shouted and came after me.

I ran through the rubbish and the rubble as he blew his whistle. I was nearly garroted on a clothesline, and I twisted among the shacks. At the back of them was a nine-foot wall. I found a lower place and got over. I plowed up a steep incline and then fell flat, as a train came roaring along the rails.

As soon as it had gone I ducked across the rails, slid down the other side. Then I began to run along the edge of the embankment.

After about five minutes I stopped for breath and the shouts were a long way off. I climbed a wire fence into a cul-de-sac street. Two or three minutes later I caught a prowling taxi and directed it back to the hotel.

When I got back to the hotel I was relieved to see our car parked outside, and I went in and inquired for Sarah. They said she was having dinner. I pushed a hand through my hair and went straight in.

I must have looked a sight because the headwaiter raised his bald eyebrows and Sarah half got up when she saw me.

"*Oliver*, what's the matter?"

"I'm all right." I slumped down in my seat. "Where does Clive Fisher live?" I asked her.

"In Kent. About five miles from Lowis. Why?"

"We're going down to see him."

In between the little I ate I told her. The only thing I didn't say was the questions I'd asked Victor Moreton earlier. Listening, she forgot to eat, herself.

After a minute she said, "If you described Ambrosine Fisher, who would she sound like?"

"I didn't think of that!"

SARAH stared at a corner of the table. "I'd no idea Clive would mix himself up in *blackmail*. I've always thought him a lightweight—not above earning a few dishonest pounds, perhaps—but this —— It's in another class."

"Well," I said, "we'll find out tonight."

She drove because she knew the way. I thought of that other time, years ago, when she had driven me through the dark. And the thought was comforting, because in the middle of all this mess she was beside me, and somehow we had come all this way together.

We didn't talk much. It wasn't half past nine when she drew up near a biggish sort of cottage.

"You stay here. I'll go along and have a chat."

"Oh, no." She opened her door. "I'll come with you."

There was no doubting what she felt, so I didn't argue. We walked through the drizzling rain up to the door and I lifted the knocker once or twice.

Then there were footsteps. The door came open and a woman with untidy gray hair looked out.

Sarah said, "Good evening, Mrs. Payne. Is Mr. Fisher in?"

The woman stared at her. "Oh, it's young Mrs. Moreton. Good evening, madam. I'm sorry, Mr. Fisher's gone abroad."

"Abroad? When did he go?"

"About a week ago. I think it was Madeira, but I couldn't be sure. He didn't leave an address."

Sarah glanced at me. "And Miss Fisher?" she asked.

"She's in Scotland, ma'am, staying with the Dundonalds."

I said, "Surely if Mr. Fisher was going away for some time he'd leave you word where to find him."

Mrs. Payne looked at me. "Mr. Fisher does what he pleases. I'm only the housekeeper, and it isn't for me to tell him what he should do."

"Where do you forward his letters?"

"They're all here." She made a backward movement with her hand. "Sorry. I can't help you."

The door was beginning to close. I stopped it. "May we come in?"

"Here! . . . What's the idea! *Really* —— Mrs. Moreton, I never thought ——"

We went in.

Sarah said, "His studio's at the back—up those stairs."

The woman came up to me. "Get out of this house at once! D'you hear me? Get out!"

I looked over her head at Sarah. "Is there anywhere we can put her?"

"There's a cloakroom here," Sarah said. "It hasn't got an outside window."

"Lay a finger on me and I'll scream the place down," Mrs. Payne said, backing away

The minute I laid a hand on her arm she u ned and slapped me hard in the face and t out the most piercing scream I've ever e rd. I dragged her, kicking at my shins, to h cloakroom and shoved her in. Sarah shut h door quickly and locked it.

The studio was a big new room with a l ss roof. A half-finished painting on the i in easel wasn't recognizable. There were a vases in a corner and a few modelings of human life in bronze. I put my finger on t table and it came away dusty.

I said, "Will anybody hear her? It sounds s if we're killing pigs."

"There's another cottage down the road. We'd better not be long."

There didn't seem to be anything in the m that was going to help, but I went to t stacked canvases and looked through m. The only thing of any significance was folder of photographs of paintings, and ong them was a photograph, exact size, the small Watteau that had hung in the ng room at Lowis. I detached it from the t.

I said, "Where's his bedroom?"

"Round the corner. I'll show you."

She went to the door, and I was following when I caught sight of something in an tray on the table. I slipped the thing into pocket and followed.

His bedroom had striped yellow wallpaper d maroon silk curtains. It didn't look as if had been used for a week or so, and it's d to fake that feel of unoccupancy.

The woman began again.

I said, "We'd better cut it and go. I n't want another brush with the police."

We went back into the l. "You're not going to ve her locked in?"

"No. You go to the car d start it. When I hear engine I'll turn the key d come."

"Right," she said, and t.

Mrs. Payne stopped as ddenly as she'd begun. hought of trying to ask her about this ng that I'd found, but I knew it was no . I was glad when the hum of the car ne and I could unlock the door and go.

The thing I'd found made me feel rather k. It was a half-smoked herbal cigarette.

I didn't go to the office on Saturday. I ped Sarah move our belongings from the el and I brought my things from the flat George Street.

Sunday we spent mostly calling at people's ses, people Sarah knew who might know ere Clive had gone; but we got no proof t he was not on his way to Madeira. The t house we called at, of course, was Vere chen's, but the place was locked up and curtains drawn. I wondered if she had e with him. Sarah said she wasn't giving but would carry on through the week.

On Monday there was a bit of an atmosere at Abercrombie's and in the afternoon old man sent for me. He was quite cord, and we talked over the Collandi case. en after one or two throat clearings he d, "By the way, I believe there was some t of fracas between yourself and Fred McDonald Friday."

"Yes. I knocked him down."

"It's more than unfortunate. McDonald's of my oldest business friends."

"I'm very sorry. He made an unpleasant mark to me, and I lost my temper."

The old man got up and went to the window and polished his spectacles, but he didn't speak.

I said, "I suppose you'll have heard this rumor that's going round."

"I've heard something, yes."

"I hold McDonald responsible for starting it. I've been thinking seriously whether you'd like me to resign from the firm."

He didn't look up. "Don't be absurd, Oliver. A malicious rumor, a hasty quarrel, can't be allowed to ruin a man's career. I'm going to see McDonald tomorrow. The first thing is to get him to withdraw this absurd charge. If we ——"

"Charge?"

"Yes. . . . Haven't you seen Michael? Oh, dear. I thought that was what you were talking about. . . . McDonald has complained of your conduct to the council of the Fire Loss Adjusters."

"What does that amount to? What's the complaint?"

"That you used insulting language and knocked him down. As I expect you know, a subcommittee exists to consider breaches of the rules by members of the association; but of course its purpose isn't really to consider *this* sort of complaint at all. I shall see McDonald and if necessary his general manager and make him see sense."

"Thank you," I said, feeling about as uncomfortable as I'd ever done in my life, and went out.

I DIDN'T do any more work that afternoon. About five I went home and found Sarah looking rather troubled.

"Any luck?"

"No," she said. "I went to his bank but they couldn't or wouldn't tell me anything. Then I went to the shop in Grafton Street where sometimes he has a picture on show, but they hadn't seen him for two months. . . . Since I got home I've been looking for Trixie."

"Trixie? Didn't you take her with you?"

"No. I wanted to get around quickly and so ——"

There was a minute's silence. "Where did you leave her?"

"In here—as usual."

"You locked her in?"

"I thought I had, but when I came back I found the catch hadn't clicked properly," she told me. "At least. that was the way I found it, and I see now it does stick if you're not careful."

She was watching me, and I tried not to show how I felt.

"I expect the door blew open and she wandered out. She'll be in one of the other flats."

Sarah said, "The porter's been round to them all."

I felt suddenly as if I couldn't stand any more. "Look, Sarah, don't cook a meal for me tonight. I'm going to see Henry Dane."

"To tell him everything?"

"Yes. . . . At least I think so. It's getting completely out of my depth."

Dane was in. He opened the door himself and said in his dry voice, "Hullo, Oliver. How did you know I was back? Come in."

I looked at my watch. "You can give me half an hour?"

"Of course," he replied. "All evening if you want it."

I said, "I've made two appointments with you and skipped both. This is the result. I'm in a mess."

The smile faded as his eyes went over my face.

"How big a mess?"

So I told him. He hadn't an easy face to read. He didn't interrupt me but stood there, leaning with one arm on the mantelpiece, smoking and staring across the room. I thought once I saw his expression harden, but it may have been just the way his jaw set on the pipe.

It took me a good time, and when at last I dried up he bent and knocked out his pipe and started refilling it. The light flickered over his deeply furrowed face, and I realized that I didn't know him very well after all. I hadn't an idea which way the cat was going to jump.

He said, "I suppose you realize that if this gets out—and you say it's getting out—you might as well take up market gardening right away. First you commit burglary. Then you fail to report death and arson. Then you compound a felony. And finally you commit a misdemeanor. There's only one thing to do. Go straight to the police and tell them everything you've told me."

(Continued on Page 151)

It is a sad house when the hen crows louder than the cock. —ENGLISH PROVERB



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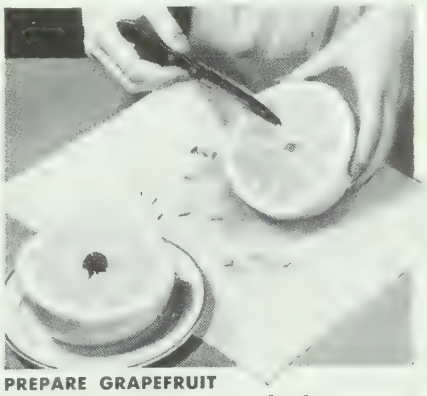
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(Continued from Page 149)

"I was afraid you might say that. Perhaps it's some sort of leftover from my youth—but I just can't see myself going to them and spilling all this."

He began to walk about the room. "You see, man, you bring this to me, but it's far out of my reach already. These two very different possibilities, for instance. If Tracey Moreton is alive, it's very much a police matter. If he's not, it's still a police matter because of the other suspicion that exists."

I said, "I'm too much in the dark yet. You see I'm not only risking my own skin; there's Sarah to consider."

"And d'you think you're making her any safer by sitting on this thing until it blows up?"

"No. That's why I came to you," I told him.

"For advice? But you don't like my advice."

"I don't like it. I might take it."

We talked for a bit. I still didn't know what his feelings were. After a time he said, 'When can I meet your wife?"

"Almost any time. Make a date and I'll fix it."

"No, give me your phone number. I'm not sure how things will work out for me this week."

When I left he stood at the door watching me till I got in my car and started the engine.

I felt disappointed, but I couldn't exactly have said why. Perhaps it was that he'd not made an offer of personal help. Nor had he given me any crumb of comfort.

Trixie didn't turn up. I could see it was worrying Sarah more than she would own, and it wasn't merely the loss of the dog. She reported it to the police, and for the time being we had to let it rest there.

On Wednesday just before lunch the old man came in to see me. He said, "Well, I have some news for you. I saw McDonald and he's agreed to withdraw the complaint he made to the council of the F. L. A. A."

"Oh," I said in surprise. "Well, I'm very glad. You . . . must have a lot of influence with him."

"No. . . . I put it to him that there was only one way of settling the matter. He's agreed that there should be a meeting between you—to discuss outstanding differences. I thought if I was there, and McDonald's boss, Rawson, we might be able to see the thing through in a friendly way."

"I certainly can't say no to that. When is it to be and where?"

"Saturday morning. Mr. Reckitt has suggested that we meet in his office."

I began to see that there were strings to his arrangement. "Reckitt knows about it, then? Will he be there?"

"He may be. There is one other thing. In view of the fact that McDonald had already *made* his complaint to the F. L. A. A., I felt it my duty to invite a member of the council to come along. There's a Mr. Spenser, from Birmingham, happens to be in Town this week. He's a past president of the association and a very *reasonable* man. It's to everybody's benefit that this unfortunate affair should be hushed up—but it would be to nobody's benefit to give the impression that we had anything to conceal."

About an hour later Dane rang me up. "I've seen your wife," he said. "We had a long talk and she's just gone."

"Satisfied?"

"Quite reasonably. Are you free for lunch tomorrow?"

"Free enough. I haven't taken your advice."

"No, she said not. Well, we can discuss that. The Red Boar at one?"

"Thanks."

Thursday morning I was busy and I didn't get away until nearly one. It was about twenty past when I got into the Red Boar and saw Henry Dane in his usual corner.

I said, "Sorry I'm late," as I sat down at the table.

He put down the Times and said, "I hear you've got a date with McDonald and others Saturday morning. I asked you along today because I wanted to know what line you intend to take when you meet him."

"I haven't decided yet."

The waitress came up and we ordered.

Dane began to fill his pipe. "Your wife's told you about our talk yesterday?"

"She did," I said curtly.

"You did well for yourself when you married her, didn't you?"

"What d'you mean?"

He stopped and looked at me over his pipe. "What a man you are for prickles," he said. "No wonder McDonald got in your hair. You know, you've only yourself to blame for this mess. You're too hasty, Oliver. In everything. You *jump* to the conclusion that a woman like your wife would connive in arson and fraud. Then when you find out that it isn't so, you turn on all your charm and *rush* her into marriage. You knock down a broker and nearly murder a blackmailer; and where does it get you? Why, one dip of the flag and you'd charge bullheaded at me this morning."

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"No, I wouldn't. Your compliments have disarmed me."

He smiled slightly. "Nevertheless, I'd like to help you, because it grieves me to see a fundamentally honest person drifting on the rocks when so many shysters know just enough to get by. That's why I'd like to know what you intend to say to these men on Saturday."

"To tell you the truth, it no longer seems as important as it did. I don't know McDonald's case."

"Well, I do. Or part of it."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, but I know someone who has. It was your inquiry about the insurance on Lowis just before the fire that started it."

"I thought so."

"Then apparently he met you at a dinner a day or two after the fire and noticed you walked with a limp. He more or less forgot all about it until last month when you married Sarah Moreton. Then he went to see Reckitt and discussed the thing with him, and they decided to employ a private snooper, who found the man who'd seen someone get into a black Standard sixteen. This fellow was a poacher, who wouldn't come forward to the police; but he didn't object to a pound or two on the quiet. He couldn't remember the number of the car but he remembered the letters, and when the detective took down photos of six men he picked out yours. At this point they decided they'd done enough so they called off the snooper and handed this information to the police."

"Very public-spirited of them."

"I think it explains the visit from your friend Barnes. It's highly probable you'll get another after Saturday's meeting. I shouldn't be surprised if everything that happens there gets to Barnes's ears. So if you haven't made up your mind what you're going to say on Saturday, I suggest you don't leave this pub until you have."

Friday began quietly, and I thought it was going to be the calm day before the storm—not the storm itself. Perhaps something in Sarah's manner should have warned me.

I left the flat about nine-thirty and got to the office just before ten. At lunch I saw Charles Robinson, and he said, "Mind if I come along in the morning?"

I said, "Of course I've no objection. Thanks."

In the afternoon things were slack, and I had a legitimate reason for knocking off early. I got home well before five. Sarah wasn't there, and I went into our bedroom because sometimes she left a note to say what time she'd be back. The note was there all right:

Dearest Oliver: I am going off on my own to see if I can get things straightened out, for your sake and for mine—and for everyone's. Darling, *don't* worry if I'm not back for a night or two, and *please* don't try to follow me. This is something I've got to do alone.

Your
SARAH.

I read the note twice and turned it over and examined the back and then read it twice more. I went in and washed my face and put cold water round the back of my neck. Then I came out with the towel in my hands and went to the telephone.

I rang up Victor Moreton at his chambers. His man said he'd just left, but I might catch him at his home in about twenty minutes. I rang Henry Dane and said, "What did you tell Sarah the other day? Did you tell her my doubts about Tracey's death?"

"Certainly not. Why?"

"But from your questions, could she have got a pretty good idea?"

A pause. "Yes. Possibly that."

"Have you seen Sarah since?"

"No. What's the matter?"

"Nothing." I rang off.

I rang Victor's flat but there was no reply, so I fetched my car and went round instead. I got there as he was going up the steps. I thought he looked a bit peculiar when he saw me, a bit on the defensive.

"Have you seen Sarah today?"

"No."

"Or heard from her?"

"No, I haven't, Oliver."

He let himself in, and I followed.

"She called round at my chambers yesterday afternoon."

"What did she want?"

"She . . . wished to discuss certain problems with me," Victor told me. "After all, I'm still her brother-in-law and her trustee. I gave her my views and she went home—at least I suppose so."

"Did she say what she was going to do today?"

"She gave me some idea. She also expressly asked me not to tell you."

"Look, Victor, this has gone beyond a joke. She's my wife. She's gone off like this, leaving just a note. I've no more idea than—and *you* know."

He met my stare. "I can't help it. I'm *sorry*, but I've given her my word, Oliver. . . . And even if I hadn't I wouldn't tell you."

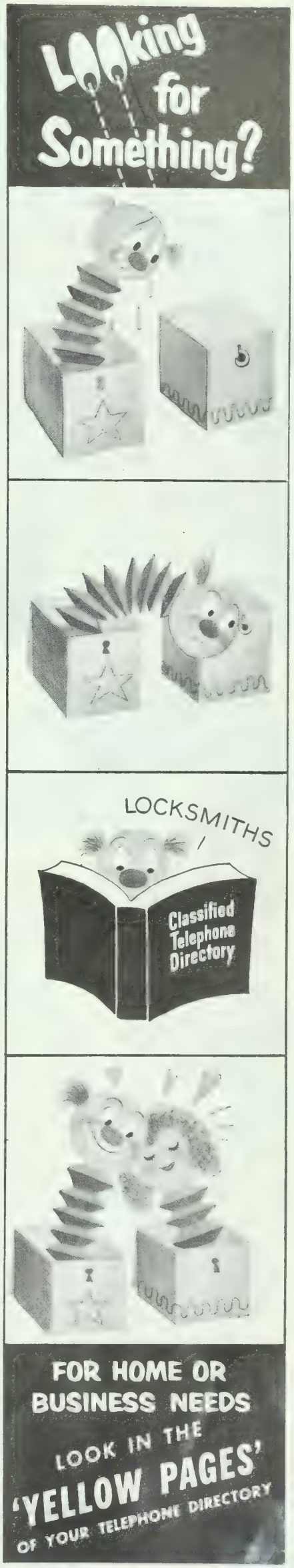
"Why not?"

"Because until I hear more from her—or even then—I don't think it's a thing that ought to be told."

I didn't leave it at that, of course; I stayed and argued with him. The only thing I got out of him was that he promised to ring me if he heard again from Sarah.

Going back to our flat it wasn't out of the way to turn up Prentiss Street, and I thought I might as well see if there was any sign of life from Vere Litchen. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw a light in the house.

Almost before I'd let the knocker go the door opened and a small red-faced, fair-





haired man looked out. We stared at each other. I said, "Are you Mr. Litchen?"

He blew out a breath of relief. "No. . . . I thought you were. What do you want?"

"I wanted to see Mrs. Litchen. It's very urgent."

"What name is it?"

I told him and he went doubtfully in, leaving the door ajar. I pushed it open far enough to step into the hall. Music came from the living room; it sounded like jive. I heard Vere Litchen's voice.

He came out. "Sorry. Mrs. Litchen can't see anyone tonight."

"I'm sorry," I said, and went past him into the living room.

She was in a sort of green thing, long and soft and flowing, like a housecoat only more so. She had her back to the door, was turning over the record.

"Has he gone?" she asked.

"No," I said.

She turned, and her painted little face was as hard as wood. "The man from the Prudential. I'm sorry, we're not interested in insurance tonight."

"Nor am I especially. I want to know if you can do me a favor."

She stared at me. "What do you want?"

"I want to get in touch with Clive Fisher."

"Try the lost-property office. Or the seamen's home."

"When did you see him last?"

She yawned. "About a month ago at a party. Roger was there, weren't you, Roger?"

"Yes."

"You've seen him since then."

"What makes you think that?"

"There was a library book of yours at his cottage last Friday. The subscription had only been renewed the week before."

"That doesn't tell you where you can find him now, does it?"

Something began to go queer inside me. I said, "I've only one advantage in this argument, and that is the fact that I wasn't brought up the nice way."

Red spots began to burn in her cheeks. "If you touch me," she said, "I'll scratch the skin off your face."

I said, "I'm about at the end of my tether. I've *got* to force this out of one of you. I don't want to break up your room ——"

Roger blurted out, "He's at the Fin de Siècle nearly every night."

"You fool ——"

"Well, I'm not getting in a roughhouse just to cover up for Clive! You told me you'd finished with him—months ago."

"What's the Fin de Siècle?" I said.

"It's an artists' club in Chelsea, a sort of dining club where people meet."

I went to the phone and opened a book beside it. The number of the Fin de Siècle was there, and I dialed it.

"Fin de Siècle." It was a man's voice.

"Is Mr. Clive Fisher there, please?"

"I don't know, sir. I'll see." After a minute Vere put on another record and turned up the volume. "No, sir, he's not here yet."

"Are you expecting him?"

"Well, he's here most nights."

"Thanks." I hung up and stared at Vere. Then I got hold of the phone wires and pulled at them till they broke.

When I got out in the street and into my car I found I was soaked in sweat.

The Fin de Siècle wasn't far off Pimlico Road, an oldish Victorian house.

To get in you had to be a member, but I asked for Clive Fisher and when they said he wasn't there I said I'd an appointment with him. They asked me my name; I said Victor Moreton, so one of them took me upstairs and I sat in a corner of the dining room and waited.

A decadent-looking youth sat down at the piano in the farther room and began to pick out self-conscious tunes on it. The music came through by way of a loud-speaker. At five past eight Clive Fisher came in.

The less we know the more we suspect.

—JOSH BILLINGS

They led him straight over to my corner, and half the people evidently knew him, because he had to talk and joke on the way. So he was nearly at the table before he saw me. I suppose that was the moment when he could have disowned me and got me turned out. But he'd been in too many shady deals to be able to assume innocence without a second thought. And while he hesitated the attendant moved away.

He said in his high nasal voice, "What a coincidence. I was thinking of you the other day."

I said, "I've been thinking of you a lot. Join me at a meal."

He hesitated and then sat down uneasily. "How's Sarah? I suppose you're settling down now?"

"Not as quickly as we hoped. Have you been out to your cottage since last week?"

"No. . . . Why?"

"We called there last Friday."

"Oh." He glanced at me sulkily as the waiter came up.

I said, "You order, I'll pay." And when he'd done so: "We went straight along there after Mr. Jerome called."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You should. He told me you sent him. What *made* you send him? It was a pretty bad mistake, wasn't it?"

Clive picked up a roll and buttered it and ate it. He said vindictively, "Jerome's still in hospital. You'll be lucky to get away with that."

"So will you. You must have been pretty hard up to show your hand this way."

"So what? What are you going to do about it?"

"That depends on you."

He hesitated. You could see the indecision crawling across his face. "Well, why should I be done out of my share?" he said suddenly. "I'm not ashamed of anything I did. We live as we must. Before you throw stones at me, think about yourself and Sarah. It's perfectly obvious now ——"

"What's perfectly obvious?"

Again he didn't answer.

I said, "When you set fire to the place, why didn't you clear out at once?"

He looked at me and laughed shortly. "Oh, no, you don't get that dog to bark. I was in London."

"Any proof?"

"You bet."

"And what went wrong?"

"You're the insurance hound. You tell me."

I said, "I suppose you know I was there that night."

He looked up, really startled. "What are you trying to sell me?"

"Probably a ticket to Madeira—if you can get one before the police catch up with you."

His hand fumbled on his knife. His fingers were long and flat with the nails cut close.

"Don't talk to me about the police. Any minute I like I can put you on the run, Brand well. I think you'd pay quite a lot to keep Sarah out of prison."

I said, "Isn't it about time you stopped telling yourself that fairy tale? The police know all about Sarah. And they know all about me. I'd spoken to them before Jerome turned up."

I said, "What happened to the original of the paintings you copied for Tracey?"

I don't think Clive had enjoyed his meal. I think it had stuck in his chest.

"They're far away—where you can't reach them."

"One isn't."

He looked up at me. "The Foster?"

"It was a mistake to sell it in England, wasn't it?"

He said, "I don't believe you were really there that night. I don't see how you can have been—unless ——"

"Yes, I was there. So don't you think it's about time you told me the rest?"

(Continued on Page 154)

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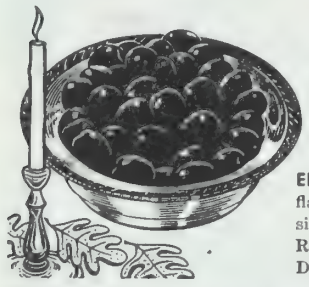
Ripe Olive Turkey Stuffing

1 cup ripe olives
½ cup chopped onion
1 cup thinly sliced celery
½ cup butter or margarine
3 cups cornbread crumbs*
3 cups soft bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sage
¼ teaspoon black pepper
¼ cup hot giblet stock or hot water

Cut olives from pits into large pieces. Cook onion and celery slowly in butter until transparent but not browned. Combine cornbread and bread crumbs and pour butter-vegetable mixture over them, tossing to blend. Stir in salt, sage, pepper and olives. Sprinkle giblet stock over mixture and mix lightly. Makes stuffing for 8-pound turkey. Double for large bird.

*If cornbread not available, use another 3 cups soft bread crumbs.

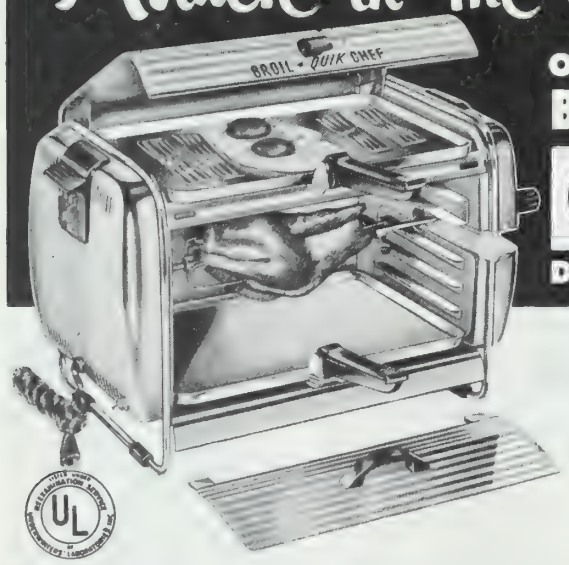




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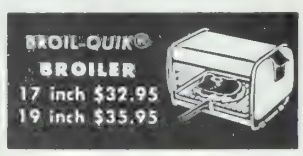
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(Continued from Page 152)

He sat for a minute, uneasily stirring his coffee. "I don't know what you mean."

I hadn't heard the man come up behind me. "Beg your pardon, Mr. Fisher; you're wanted on the phone."

It was one of the attendants from downstairs, a big chap, not the one who had shown me in. I looked up and saw that the other one was just inside the door.

Clive said, "Who wants me?" I could see a sudden glint in his eyes.

"Mrs. Litchen. She asked me if ——"

Clive began to get up. I said, "Vere Litchen hasn't got anything that'll help us. Send word you'll phone her later."

Clive sat down again, but he too glanced toward the door.

The big attendant said, "Mrs. Litchen sent word, sir, that this . . . guest you've got wasn't invited to the club by you."

"Nor was he," said Clive petulantly. "He's come here—throwing his weight about."

"She said we was to see the manager about it, but Mr. Browning's out." The big man looked at me. "This is a private club. You've no right here except on the invitation of one of the members."

I said, "Mr. Fisher and I have had a meal together. It's a bit late for him to complain."

"But I *do* complain," Clive said. "This man came here under a wrong name and forced himself on me."

The big man said, "I'm afraid we shall have to ask you to leave."

I said to Fisher, "There's one question I'd like you to answer. If you did I might call quits—for the time being."

You could see he was uneasy. He'd taken the chance Vere Litchen had given him; but he was afraid of what I'd say in front of the attendants. In the end he decided to risk it.

"There's no harm in asking."

I said, "Who comes to your cottage now and smokes asthma cigarettes?"

He turned his coffee cup round but didn't pick it up. "What's it worth to you to know?"

"Whatever it's worth to you to get rid of me."

His eyes went round the room but he didn't look at me. "Why don't you go down and see?"

"To your house again?"

"No. . . . To Lowis Manor."

"You seem to forget it was burned down."

He pushed back his chair. "Not all of it," he said.

A CLOCK was striking nine as I left the Fin de Siècle. There was only one obvious thing to do and I did it.

A light fog had come down, but in Kent it was no more than wet roads and a drizzle. Traffic lights and traffic were with me, and I made good time; but it seemed a week, a nightmare when you *must* open a door and are afraid of what's beyond.

As I came through Sladen and turned up the lane to Lowis my heart began to thump. It was the first time I'd been to the manor since.

I stopped the car exactly where I'd put it in May. I got out and my hand fumbled with the keys and nearly dropped them. I climbed the hedge and made a stumbling way round to the drive. It was all the *same:* that wa what surprised me, the holly hedge, the gar den.

Then I could see that where the hous should have been was a great gap. A shar wall or two made edges in the dark. Th stables were unlighted and the old hall; a ligh came from the back of the house.

STARING at it, I nearly fell, groped my wa to a solid wall, an unlighted window. Thi was new. Something had been bricked in t make a solid front. I traced it with my hand and then with my eyes. There seemed to b no door here. The light was nearly above me

I tried the window. It was a sash windo and slithered up without much sound. As put my foot over the sill a dog began to bark It was Trixie.

I waited a bit to see if she would quie down, but she went on. I slid my leg ove and climbed in. Im mediately, all aroun me was the heavy sme of herbal cigarettes. wasn't in a room but i a passage. At the end c it were stairs leadin up, and at the top wa a door with a crack c light underneath. M own breathing didn seem to be workin properly.

Trixie was down stairs somewhere shu in a room. You coul tell that by the tone c the bark. Suddenly sh stopped.

I went up the stair climbing them leade footed. I put my han on the door handle an the handle turned. went in.

It was part of the ol house, you could te by the beams, the wi dow, used as a livin room now: fire burne in the hearth; a radi papers and a cushio on the floor; it wa empty. There was a other room beyond, ha lit, the door open.

A voice said, "Wh is it?" It was Sarah voice.

I went in. Sarah wa standing beside the be In an armchair was a old woman.

Sarah said, "Olive How did you —— W didn't know ——"

The old woman said, "You're just in time

It was Mrs. Moreton.

I said, "Where's ——" and stopped.

Mrs. Moreton said, "Your . . . wife ha been here two hours insisting, dictatin terms ——"

Sarah said gently, "Oh, my dear, yo mustn't say that. I knew in the end yo would see it as I see it. Loyalty isn't som thing only within a family."

It was Mrs. Moreton breathing like that. stared at her and then stared at Sarah. I never seen Sarah look so tired, so drawn.

"Loyalty," said Mrs. Moreton, ar coughed, and took a minute to snatch h breath. "Ever since you met this ma your—your allegiance was divided. You l Tracey down when he most needed hel Oh, I know there was no misconduct. B the betrayal of sympathy, of understandin If he'd had it from you—wholeheartedly the worst calamity ——"

"My understanding," said Sarah. "Whe was his before Oliver came to the hous You woke and discovered the first fire, qua reled with him about it, lied to me about t quarrel. That was before I ever saw Olive And ——"

"I hoped it would stop there. He was n *son*, Sarah." Mrs. Moreton got slowly to h

(Continued on Page 156)

The Island Heart

By Joan Aucourt

No matter who, no matter what they say,
The heart's home is a clouded island home,
Shining and gray as shifting doves are gray,
Silent and watchful in the slipping foam.
Held beneath huge sky-shaped imaginings,
Its larks imprisoned fly, and have no note,
Silent as swans upon their whistling wings,
Bright music locked within each tilted throat.
Oh, but how sweet, how precious sweet and few
Are moments when the clouds an instant part
And the sun builds its frail gold towers through
The rifts, upon the waiting shadowed heart.
How sweet to watch the lark's swift singing flight
Toward the far sky, sun, stars and circling night.



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(Continued from Page 154)

feet. "Oh, well. We have been over this before. I'm ready to go."

It was then I saw the ruin that she was. Her hair was colorless, smoky white, as in people of great age. She'd fallen away to bone: cheekbone and wristbone and long jointed fingers. She struggled for every breath.

Sarah said, "I've been trying to tell Mrs. Moreton how it has been with us ever since she sent Tracey's ring, that you're likely to be ruined and perhaps arrested. I've been . . . trying to convince her that we'd both do *anything* to save Tracey's good name if it can possibly be done."

I said, "*You* were in the house that night. What happened? Why were you here?"

Her gaunt face looked a bit softer. "You can tell him about it, Sarah, when this is all over."

"No," said Sarah. "You tell him now—as you told me."

Mrs. Moreton put her hand on the bed. "He knows all that it's necessary to know," she said. "I'll trouble you for my stick, Mr. Branwell."

I held it out to her. "Where are you going?"

"To London. Sarah wishes me to make a statement to the police."

The old lady went out. As Sarah came up to me I caught her arm. "Oh, darling ——"

She shook her head. "Not now. I'm all right."

At the second door Mrs. Moreton was waiting for us. "What else is it you want him to know?"

Sarah said, "That it was my letter that brought you back before the fire. I'd written to her, Oliver, saying we were going away for a holiday. I didn't know Tracey hadn't told her. Ever since that first fire she'd been afraid he might attempt it again. So she came back on Saturday, found Tracey here, just leaving ——"

There was a short silence. Mrs. Moreton said:

"When I got here, Tracey wanted me to go to Yorkshire with him. I refused. By then my asthma was coming on. He lost his temper, said unforgivable things and shouted at me that the fuses were already lit; in another hour —— I didn't believe him. I thought he was trying to frighten me. Still in anger he went into his bedroom, began dragging out some curtains which had been in a drawer. I followed him, almost as angry as he. I caught his arm—I'm strong . . . *was* strong—and have a strong will. We struggled and fell. We both fell. I think I fainted. At least when I could move it was nearly dark. The lights wouldn't work. Then you rang the bell. My only regret is that I didn't stay in the house with the fire ——"

I cleared my throat. "And after?"

"I walked over to Elliott's cottage. I spent the night there."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him the truth."

She turned and went slowly down the stairs.

I got the car, brought it round to where the front of the house had been.

They were waiting for me. In the half-light Mrs. Moreton was gaunter than ever. I opened the door for her. She got in. Sarah made a move to follow, but Mrs. Moreton waved her to sit in front. Trixie scrambled in at the back.

For a second when I got in I didn't start the engine. Sarah looked at me. I said in a low voice, "How did you work it out?"

"Henry Dane mentioned the breathing. You should have *told* me. Please start."

In the mirror I could see the tall quiet figure in the corner of the back seat. I didn't know how much she could hear or what she thought. Especially what she thought.

"The asthma. She never had it before ——"

"Oh, yes . . . if she was in Kent in the pollen season. Not otherwise. She left Victor's on Monday. I suppose she called at our flat then. Victor thought she'd gone to the Isle of Wight. Coming here afterward was a guess. I only got here at seven. There's no real *evil* in her, Oliver. I know she sent the ring, and that's the one thing she must have done in bitterness and malice. It's been *her* tragedy far more than anyone else's. . . . But the one thing I hadn't reckoned on was Victor. She says if this comes out it will affect his career—in Parliament—or his chances of becoming a judge. I hadn't realized that. Victor was always her favorite."

I said, "How did you persuade her?"

"I threatened that if she didn't go to the police and tell the truth I'd make a statement myself. I made her see that this way would mean the least publicity. I promised her that *we'd* do all we could. Need it be made public, Oliver?"

"It's a police matter. But I don't see why it should. They can hardly prosecute her. If I make a statement as well I don't see what more need be done."

We turned out into the main London road. There was silence for a while, except for the hum of the car and the hiss of the tires on the wet road. In the back Trixie began to whine. I looked in the mirror and saw that Mrs. Moreton had moved to the other corner.

I said, "Sarah—that note you left."

"I'm sorry. I wasn't . . . explicit. But I couldn't be sure then."

There wasn't much traffic and it happened just above Farningham. The rain had stopped and the road was straight and wide, and I suppose we were doing about fifty. Some flicker of light from a cottage made me glance in the mirror to see if it was a car behind. Then I saw that Mrs. Moreton was no longer in her corner. I shifted my head to see the other. As I did so there was a violent gust of wind, a scared yelp from Trixie; a cry—and then a cry from Sarah—the car swerved even before I braked, the open door like a sail; we'd spun right round, were going off the road. Hedges and a tree rushed madly at us; something smashed into the engine and the night turned in a somersault of flying fields; then crash.

I'd got out of the car somehow, and what I heard was Trixie barking. I got up on my hands and knees and saw the bulk of the car lying on its side.

"Sarah!" I said.

The fender had been wrenched off, and the front wheel looked like the wheel of a racing car. I moved round the front of the car. Through the starred windshield I could see Sarah's face. I had a sudden impulse to be sick.

There seemed no way to get at her because her door was now undermost. Trixie was scuffling in the back.

I found a big stone and began blindly to hack at the roof. After a couple of minutes I'd made a big dent but no break in the metal.

I got another stone, sharper, and tried again. The metal split: I could see the wood strips of the frame. I pushed my hand in and wormed my fingers round, but couldn't reach the catch. I hacked at the wood but could not budge it, attacked the roof in a new place, made a second hole.

The catch was rigid, as if jammed; my wet fingers slipped on it. At last it turned; but then the roof had to be lifted before it would slide back. I pushed my other hand through and pulled with all my strength and the thing moved. Then it slowly slid open, and in another second my hands were on Sarah's hair. Not dead. In fact, she stirred as my fingers touched her face.

In a queer way that shook me out of my own shock. I knew then there was everything still to lose. In a panic I got my hands under Sarah's armpits, tried to drag her out. She wouldn't come. The second time I pulled at her she groaned.

Then I heard voices and shouted back. It was a young man with spectacles. He came through the broken hedge, stopped a minute staring.

"I say, there; are you all right?"

"My wife," I said. "She's hurt and I can't get her out! Can you fetch a doctor—and an ambulance—at once?"

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The young man had come round the other side of the car and swung himself up onto the top. After a minute he said, "It's the dashboard—been crushed down. But I think we can manage it. I'll nip home for a crowbar."

I said, "Get a doctor."

"Don't worry. I've sent my brother to do that."

I was twenty minutes late for the meeting. They were all there waiting for me. Reckitt had turned up, and Rawson, McDonald's boss, and the two Abercrombies, and Charles Robinson and Spenser, the F. L. A. A. man from Birmingham. Michael came straight to me, and asked if I was all right. I said yes, I was all right.

I don't remember much about the way the thing began because other thoughts were in my head. Spenser had set the ball rolling by saying something about family squabbles being no excuse for rather solemn meetings like this; but he understood the case raised more important issues. Then there was a disturbance and Henry Dane came in.

They started talking about the brawl. McDonald was saying, "If Branwell thinks I've some ax to grind or old score to pay off, he's mistaken." Then he began to speak about how he had felt and what he had done.

. . . When the ambulance came they decided the easiest way to get Sarah out was to put the car on its four wheels again. They did it as gently as they knew how, six of them altogether. As they lifted her out she said, "Our proof's gone, darling. What we wanted much." . . .

Spenser had asked me something. "I'm sorry," I said.

"As I mentioned when I began, Mr. Branwell, the only purpose of this meeting is to try to clear up these points as they are raised. Could your help us by letting us have your view on them?"

Everybody was waiting, and I felt sick again. I avoided Henry Dane's stare.

"My view on them. . . . McDonald's got his facts right but his inferences wrong."

Spenser shut his eyes. "D'you mean you don't deny that you were on the scene of the crime that night?"

"No. I don't deny it. . . ." Then abruptly, I went on to tell them the rest, disjointedly, just as it came into my head.

I got through it somehow but stopped short at last night. I wanted to keep Mrs. Moreton out of it.

When I finished I got out a cigarette and lit it and snapped the lighter shut and stared at the glowing end.

I heard Spenser say, "Well, you've certainly given us a lot to think about, Mr. Branwell."

Reckitt coughed dryly. "On your own admission—and accepting this story at its face value—you stumbled upon the fraud, were actually at the scene of it, and yet did nothing about it for four months. Your own firm represented us—dealt with the claim—yet you didn't raise a finger to prevent the payment of a large sum of money. Then—four months later—after marrying the widow of Lacey Moreton, and laying your hands on twenty-eight thousand pounds fraudulently come by—you ask us to believe that you intended to pay this money back, even though you've so far made no attempt to do so."

"I don't ask you to believe it. It happens to be the truth."

Rawson, McDonald's boss, fiddled with his glasses and said, "I'm still not altogether clear about this. Mr. Branwell admits that he failed in his duty to the insurance world. But there was surely a . . . wider duty, as a citizen, to tell the police of his finding the body of Moreton. How does Branwell explain his failure to do that?"

I put the cigarette down. My hands were still not quite steady. "It may look as if there are two issues now; but there was only one then. I thought Moreton's wife was involved in the fraud and I wasn't ready to denounce her. . . . But I'm not here this morning to excuse myself. I'm here to explain. My . . . failure as an ordinary person is something I've already acknowledged. I'm here to talk about my failure as an insurance adjuster. I should think that's fairly clear to you all. I phoned Michael Abercrombie a couple of hours ago and asked him to accept my resignation from the firm."

A clock outside was striking twelve. It reminded me of the hospital clock I'd heard every hour through the night. They were talking about me; there was a general murmur of voices; and Michael was explaining something.

"Just a minute," said Henry Dane. "Aren't we going a bit fast? It's partly Branwell's fault, but even in the police courts we try to make allowances for a bad witness. What was that you were muttering a minute ago, Oliver? About having made your apologies elsewhere?"

"Not apologies," I said. "I made a full statement to the police."

"When?"

"About two hours ago. That was what made me late getting here."

"Why this morning? Has there been some other development?"

I stared at him, irritated with him for forcing this out of me. But perhaps it didn't matter. So I told them about Sarah's visit to Lowis Manor last night, and what Mrs. Moreton had said and how it fitted in with what I knew. I told them about her jumping out of the car on the way back, and the car crash that followed. I explained I'd spent the night in hospital and come straight here.

There was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or so.

Mr. Abercrombie said, "Why didn't you explain this when you came in? How is your wife?"

"She's got a broken leg and concussion. They say—the house surgeon says she'll be all right. I shall feel surer about it in a day or two."

Henry Dane said, "And Mrs. Moreton is dead?"

"Yes."

"Did she give you any corroborative evidence of what she said?"

"The servant, Elliott, can confirm a good bit—if he will. She stayed with him that night of the fire."

"Were there any witnesses of the car accident?"

"A man on a bicycle saw Mrs. Moreton fall out."

"What did the police say? Did you see Detective Sergeant Barnes?"

"Yes. I made the statement to him. He didn't say a lot, of course, but he seemed fairly satisfied."

Spenser coughed. "Have you had something to do with this case before today, Mr. Dane?"

"Yes, of course I have," Dane told him. "That's why I was advising you not to jump to conclusions.

"Branwell came to me a couple of days before the fire—about the time he called on you, McDonald—and told me about his suspicions. I told him where to get advice on detecting fake pictures and furniture. He put it as a hypothetical case, of course. I'd no reason to connect what he said with Lowis Manor—either then or later. Nor had I any reason to suppose he contemplated anything as silly as housebreaking. After the fire . . . well, after the fire he didn't tell me as much as he might have, but during the four months that followed we had various conversations, and I gave him advice which I later saw was relative to this case. You blame him for not immediately telling the police of his discovery of the dead body and that the fire was planned. Well, so do I; but it isn't such an open-and-shut issue as you seem to think. When he discovered the fire—if you accept his word for it—he did all he could. Then when the brigade came at his call, he'd to

(Continued on Page 159)

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(Continued from Page 157)

ke a split-second decision whether to stay or whether to go. He went, and after that was too late."

"Too late for what?" said McDonald, breaking his long silence.

"Too late to do any of the orthodox things. Because once he'd left the scene of the fire he'd no proof that he'd ever *been* there. What sort of evidence could he produce that the fire was deliberately planned? He could ask and ruin himself, and make a lot of trouble; but he hadn't any factual proof—at least not the sort that *I* have to produce to persuade an underwriter to contest a settlement. After four months he discovered quite suddenly that Mrs. Tracey Moreton had no hand in it. They met, and he told her what had happened, and without hesitation she agreed the money must be paid back. He came at once to see me ——"

"BEFORE their wedding?" asked Mr. Abercrombie.

"Well, of course."

That's a lie, I wanted to say, but I couldn't without letting Dane down; and anyway, it wasn't quite a lie. He explained about the case in Liverpool which had prevented him from giving his full attention to my problem until I came back from my honeymoon, how by then the rumor had spread, making it impossible to put the thing in hand. He told of his advice to go to the police and my refusal until I could see my own inquiries through. He ended by saying that I and my wife had succeeded in clearing the mystery up to the satisfaction of the police, and it seemed to him a poor reward that as a result one of us should be in hospital, seriously injured, and the other out of job.

I thought Reckitt would be the one to speak. "You've certainly shown us another side of the picture, Dane. All the same, I'm a little surprised that a man of your wide experience should go out of his way to excuse what are still very grave irregularities. We may well acquit a person of dishonesty and still consider him guilty of negligence, bad judgment, and a failure to see where his first duty lies. Now ——"

"Oh, I know that," said Dane. "He acted like a fool. But Branwell is still a newcomer to this sort of job. I've been in the law and in insurance thirty years. Some of you here, more than forty. Branwell came into it untrained less than five years ago. He's earned a first-rate name for integrity, judgment—and if he hadn't I wouldn't be here talking about him. He's the sort of man we *need* in the insurance world; not the sort to kick out in disgrace for one black mark."

"I beg your pardon," said Reckitt. "So far as I know there's been no question of his being kicked out in disgrace, as you call it. This informal meeting hasn't authority to do anything at all. It was arranged, largely at Mr. Abercrombie's request and chiefly ——"

In some ways I wished Dane hadn't spoken for me. In the night I'd had hours to think, and I'd come to this meeting quite decided; but he was such a persuasive beggar that he was making even me see the other side of the picture.

I was suddenly aware that McDonald was speaking.

"—— since my inquiries began it. What Henry Dane has said—and what Branwell said—has cleared up a lot of the perplexities in my mind, and I've certainly no wish to be vindictive. I suggest we forget about this meeting and consider it as never having happened."

It was very handsome of him. It staggered me a bit, and I think some of the others too. But I realized that this was the time I must speak, if I was ever going to speak at all.

"No," I said. "I'm . . . very grateful to McDonald for saying that. . . . But it won't *do*. Ever since May, since the fire, I've been thinking about this. And it was while I was awake last night that I finally saw the thing as it really is. Whatever Henry Dane says, I don't come out of it well—at least that's my opinion. So I *want* to resign, to get things straight with myself again. When I came out of the army, I got a chance to settle in New Zealand. It's an offer that still stands and I—my wife and I want to accept it."

Mr. Abercrombie said, "The point is, Oliver ——"

"I don't know what the Abercrombies think about it," I plowed on, "except that they're the people I'll most regret leaving—because they've trained me and backed me. And I shall always be grateful for their . . . trust and friendship. If this Lowis Manor business means that I go out under a bit of a cloud, it's a pity. But it isn't so much a pity as if I didn't know when to go."

Spenser opened his eyes and looked at Reckitt. But Reckitt was staring out the window. Spenser said, "Well, I don't know what the feeling is, but it doesn't seem to me there's a lot more we can do. Personally, I'd like to say that Mr. Branwell's attitude this morning has left me with the highest opinion of his general integrity, and I'm sure there's no one here who doesn't wish him every possible success in the new life he has chosen."

Well, that was it. I stood on the corner of Lime Street and Leadenhall Street and watched the thinning trickle of traffic.

It was all very well to talk about the new life I had chosen, but in fact I'd talked a lot more surely than I knew. I didn't know what Sarah would feel about it, because I'd not really seriously discussed it with her. I didn't even know if Ray Marshall's offer was still open. Not that I seriously doubted that Sarah would like the idea or that she would be entirely loyal to my decision. I didn't regret what I'd done; but it suddenly seemed much less straightforward than it had in Reckitt's room.

I turned up toward the Bank, where there would be a better chance of a taxi, and someone took my arm. It was Henry Dane.

HE said, "Well, my friend, are you satisfied with this morning's work?"

I said grimly, "Are you?"

"No. If I knew you were bent on hara-kiri I shouldn't have wasted my morning's golf."

We walked a few paces and then I stopped, determined to say it to him. "Look, Henry, I want to *thank* you. I don't know why you did it. I don't know why you went to all that trouble and sailed near the wind for the sake of ——"

"My dear fellow ——"

"No," I said, "there's no getting out of it. I shall never forget the way you . . . everything —— But it wasn't useless because I did have a chance of abandoning ship in good order instead of being torpedoed from all sides."

"You sure you've done right in not fighting it out?"

"I'm not. Just at the moment I don't know anything. I've agreed to stay on for a bit—just while things straighten themselves out. I don't care about the rumor, but I do about the Abercrombies, and they put it to me ——"

"I'm glad. In spite of what you think, you won't be easy to replace."

We walked on in silence to the corner of Gracechurch Street. He said, "Surprisingly enough, I think you may be doing a sensible thing in the long run, even though I argued against it."

We crossed the empty street and stopped again on the opposite corner. He said, "My car's down here. I'll say good-by."

We shook hands, and I said, "*Thanks,* again. . . . I'll see you again soon, I hope."

He smiled in a friendly way. "I hope Sarah will be all right. I know you're anxious to get back to her. That's all you *really* care about, isn't it?"

And when I had left him and walked on a bit farther I knew that what he said was absolutely true. THE END

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

WELL, the croquet set has been stored in the attic for another season, and stored in our memories is the youngest's observation, after a summer of never winning a game, "I could win in eighteen shots if no one got in my way."

This is the time of year to be wary of champagne promises.

From an eighth-grader's composition: "A look of indigestion passed over his face."

In my husband's opinion, the sympathetic wife must have a quick eye for the tender spot in a sock.

Nine-year-old disdainfully to nine-year-old: "I like to talk to adults my own age."

Our second daughter, discussing an ardent follower with her father, quite raised him off his chair by saying, "I hate to lead him on when I know his intentions are honorable."

When daughter dresses in half the time it took her mother, the feat is accomplished not through a maximum of speed but through a minimum of garments.

First mother: "The reason Bill didn't study was because he grew so tall."
Second mother: "We have one that's short and he didn't study either."

My grandmother always declared there was no way of getting along peacefully and patiently with a man without the aid of prayer.

Time, tide and television wait for no man.

At Thanksgiving time there are only two kinds of families: one locks the turkey in the cold room or freezer after the big meal; the other leaves it out on the kitchen table where all who pass can whack off a hunk.

When a cat ceases to wash and a boy begins, it's a sure sign that each is suffering a chemical imbalance.

Teacher to problem boy: "I forgot to tell you before you went home last night what a good boy you were yesterday!"
Boy: "Well, you didn't know it but all day yesterday I was awful sick."

After the youngest was cautioned to watch her conversation at dinner with guests, she finished her dessert with the request, "May I be excused? I have to dig angleworms, bury the dove the cat murdered and clean the manure out of the horse barn."

I dread saying good-by to my garden; it's my favorite sport because, like a piece of knitting, I can do a row any time I feel inclined.

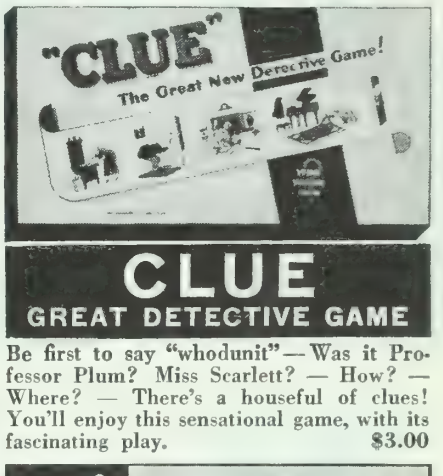
In an "early-to-bed, early-to-rise" discussion, the youngest states her position: "Late hours don't bother me, just the early ones."

He always acted on the lure of the moment.



Parker Brothers' Trade Mark Name for its Real Estate Trading Game

The world's most popular and widely played board game. Set **No. 8,** Popular Edition, always bound in pebbled green **$3.00; Famous White Box** set with Grand Hotels, convenient removable Bank Tray, etc. **$4.00.**

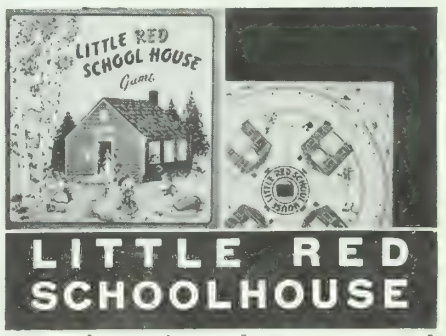


Be first to say "whodunit"—Was it Professor Plum? Miss Scarlett? — How? — Where? — There's a houseful of clues! You'll enjoy this sensational game, with its fascinating play. $3.00



Parker Brothers' Trade-Mark Name for its Slide Pursuit Game

More popular each year. A board game controlled by cards — with original moves, including the Slide, Exchange, and "Back-door" plays. SORRY is full of surprise endings! $2.50



New. A question and answer game of unusual interest. Correct answers determine the moves. $3.00

ROOK America's widely loved card game. **$1.00**
BOOM OR BUST—A game for the times **$3.00**
STAR REPORTER—**New**—Scoop your rivals with headline news events. Travel by land, by air. Be a Star Reporter. **$2.50**
CHILDREN'S HOUR—A delight for little people. Box contains **three** jolly, tunmaking games, "Peanut the Elephant," "Porky the Pig," and "ABC Fishing." **$2.00**

AT ALL DEALERS *or by mail from Salem*

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK · CHICAGO



Soapbox, please, for the bipartisan Upshaws: Banks and Catherine with Jean, 22, Banks, Jr., 18, Nancy, 21, and young Catie, 10.

"We're polls apart . . ." in politics only

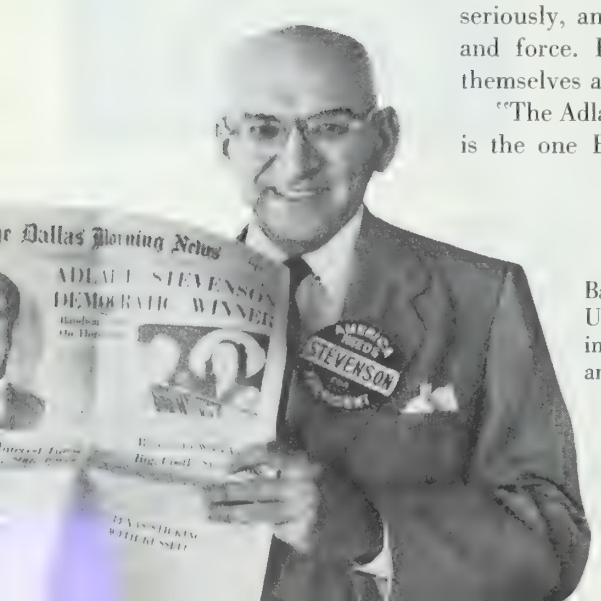
They argue over candidates—and have a harmony ticket at home! Meet the Banks Upshaws, of Dallas, Texas.

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

WHEN anyone in the Banks Upshaw family needs a car these days he—or she—can choose between a gray Plymouth with an "I LIKE IKE" sign across the rear window and a red Kaiser with a plastic placard which says, "GLADLY FOR ADLAI." This dual arrangement is no milk-and-water attempt to stay neutral in the current presidential campaign. The Upshaws, like most Texans, take their politics seriously, and express their opinions with freedom and force. But they simply cannot agree among themselves as to who is the better candidate.

"The Adlai car," as it is known in the household, is the one Banks, Sr., usually drives to his office in downtown Dallas. Politicians are always proclaiming the virtues of the "small businessman," and Banks Upshaw is a hardy specimen. Twenty-three years ago Banks married his boss' daughter. But instead of following the well-known pattern he promptly quit his boss' firm in New York City—where the road for his advancement was wide open—and went back to Texas to start a textbook-publishing business of his own. The competition was keen and the depression of the 1930's almost wiped him out. But today Banks Upshaw & Co. is a thriving little concern

(Continued on Page 162)



Banks will tell you: "As a Unitarian, I'm a liberal. But in politics I'm a conservative and a Democrat—all the way."

Catherine: "We need a change in administration. Eisenhower's honesty and ability make him the man for the job."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE DI PIETRO



Now! You can "Easy-Mix" flakier pie crust

with Mazola as the Liquid Shortening!





No "cutting in" shortening ...just mix with fork

—Jane Ashley

"Easy-Mix" pie crust in ½ the time

Yes, *you* can make this marvelous new "Easy-Mix" Pie Crust in one-half the usual time. Using Mazola® Oil as liquid shortening you'll turn out the tenderest, flakiest pie crust ever!

So easy! No "cutting in" solid shortening. No packing into measuring cup. No guesswork. Just pour Mazola Oil to *exact* measurements.

No flour on board or pin to toughen crust. Dough rolls out easily between wax paper. A schoolgirl can do it. *You* can do it. Today, for instance...

FOR 2-CRUST 8 OR 9-INCH "EASY-MIX" PIE

Sift together... **2 cups *sifted* All-Purpose Flour**
1 teaspoon salt

Combine in measuring cup... **½ cup Mazola** and **five tablespoons ice water** or **cold milk.** Beat with fork until creamy. Immediately pour all at once over flour mixture. Toss and mix with fork. Form into ball.

Divide... dough in half; shape each with hands into smooth, flat round. Roll between two 11-inch squares of wax paper to outer edges. (*Paper will not slip if table is wiped with damp cloth.*)

Remove... top sheet, invert dough over pan; peel off other sheet. Fit pastry into pan. Roll top crust. Cut gashes for escape of steam.

Fill... pastry-lined pan with desired filling. Place top crust over filling and trim ½ inch beyond rim. Fold top crust under bottom crust. Flute edges.

Bake... at temperature required for filling used.

FOR ONE PASTRY SHELL: Make ½ recipe as directed above. Prick entire crust with fork. Bake in hot oven (475° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.



At all grocers in pint bottles and quart tins.



for delicious digestible frying

for better salad dressings



MAZOLA makes so many good things... *better!*



Catherine contributes several days a week to work at the local Eisenhower campaign headquarters. A member for fifteen years of the League of Women Voters, she resigned as officer of the League (a nonpartisan organization) in order to do party work.

Sentiment ran high for Russell at the Dallas County Democratic Convention, but Banks, chairman of his delegation and a good Democrat, will go along with Stevenson. For past eight years chairman of his precinct, Banks has never missed a meeting.



"Marriage is more fun if you don't always agree. More stimulating: a half-formed opinion is your worst enemy!"



Catherine literally "fell" for Banks when they met: she tripped on a chair rocker. They were married in 1929, the same year Banks established his own textbook-publishing company.



Clothing costs for the Upshaws run low, about $1200 a year. "That's because the girls hold me down," Catherine laughs. "They're forever saying, 'But, mother, I don't need that!'"



All the Upshaws are active Unitarians. Banks, Jr., is an ex-president of the AUY, the church young-people's group. Nancy taught at church camp outside Dallas this summer.

(Continued from Page 160) which sells books as far away as Siam and South America, pays 10-per-cent dividends on its stock and a salary of $10,200 a year to Banks, who is president, treasurer, sales manager, promotion manager and "general flunkey" around the place. (There are only seven other employees.)

Banks is voting for Stevenson because (1) he himself is a loyal Democrat and (2) he thinks the Illinois governor has the kind of experience that is most needed in Washington.

"I'm on a bit of a spot—I'm for the party in power but agin' the Administration," he says. "Stevenson seems like the man who can clean up things in Washington and get the Democratic Party back to what it always stood for—states' rights, low tariffs and an interest in the common man without being so darned socialistic about it. I'm not worried so much by mink coats and five-per-centers as I am by the way the Government has been taking over everything and trying to give people their security on a silver platter. Stevenson says he wants to stop the centralization of power in Washington and that's just what I want."

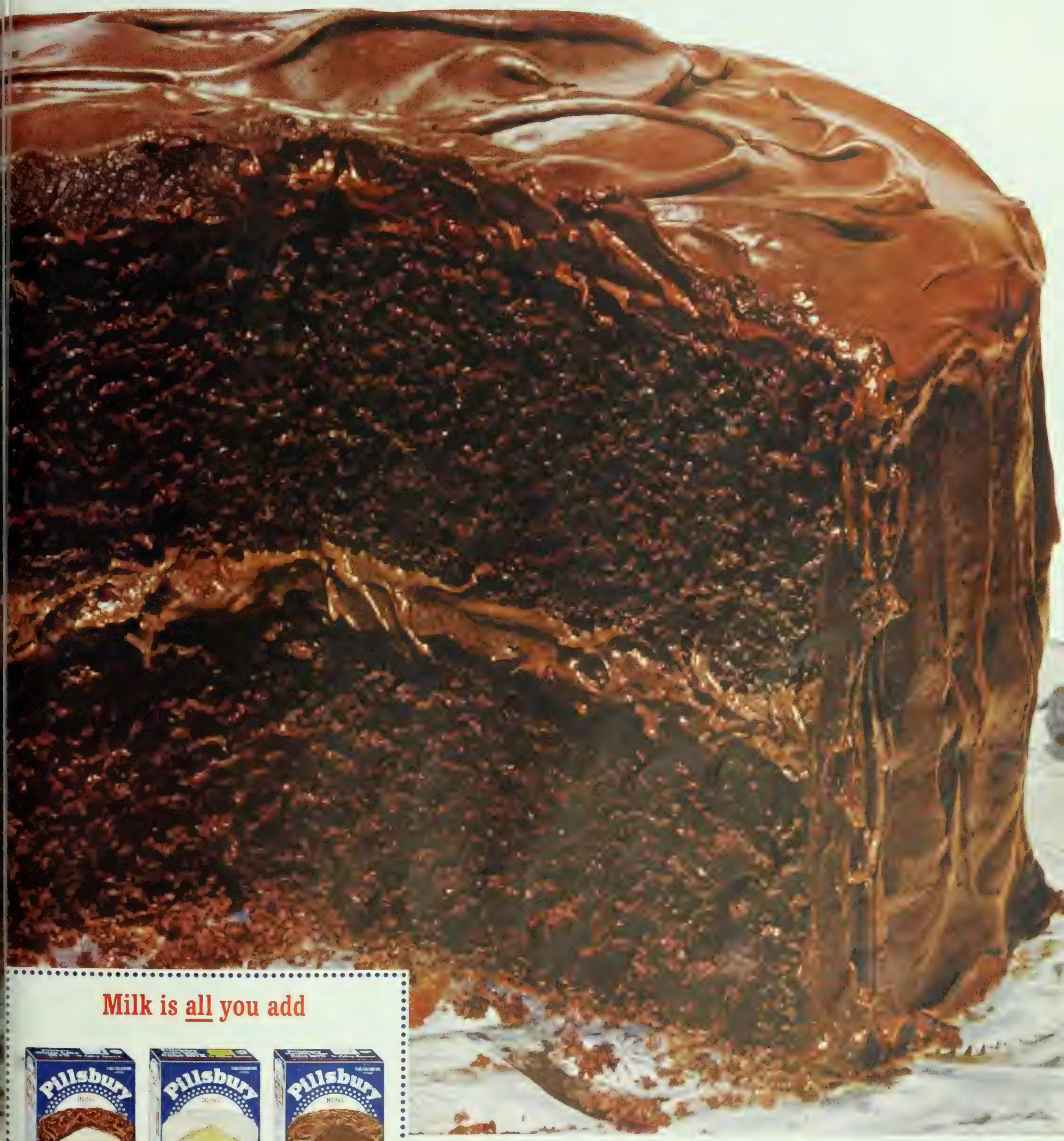
Banks was bitterly disappointed when Governor Stevenson announced that he favored Federal control of the oil-bearing tidelands. "Those tidelands belong to Texas," he says. "Harry Truman and the Supreme Court committed larceny when they took them away. But I've learned you can't be a purist in politics. You have to weigh what each side has to offer and take the one that offers the most."

Banks' wife Catherine agrees with much of what he says, but has long since reached an opposite conclusion. "There can't be a real change until we change parties," she argues. "I was for Ike before the Chicago convention, not just because I like him personally, but because he knows the foreign situation and can do the most about solving it. When *(Continued on Page 164)*

Got the notion?

Why don't *you* bake one of these terrific cakes?

Just add milk. You do it in minutes. You get something momentous.



Milk is all you add



No eggs, flavoring or extras of any kind required.
These are complete mixes.

Pillsbury Cake Mixes

WHITE · CHOCOLATE FUDGE · GOLDEN YELLOW



Politics yields—temporarily—to dinnertime beaux, clothes and campus-life talk. (Jean is newly disinterested in beaux—she's been a bride for two months.) Observes Catie: "Being an Upshaw . . . it's interesting!"

HOW AMERICA LIVES

"Teach your child to think for himself—

and you've helped him win half his battle."

(Continued from Page 162) the Republicans nominated him over Taft they showed they were not going isolationist, and not going back to the Old Guard way of running things either."

Catherine was born and raised in the North, but has always been something of a rebel. She was a Democrat in Republican Westchester County, New York; since moving to Texas she has often—though not always—voted Republican. Right now she is "sick and tired of the whole mess in Washington," and puts a good deal of blame on the Administration for her soaring grocery bills. "The big battle in this country is against inflation," she says. "The Democrats can't win it because they are all bogged down in their own extravagance and bureaucracy."

The family cleavage runs straight down through the four Upshaw children. Jean, aged 22, and Nancy, 21, are both voting for Stevenson. "I like the Democratic Party because it's more for the individual," Nancy explains. "People generally are more prosperous now than they were under the Republicans." But Banks, Jr., is for Eisenhower, though he is too young (18) to vote this year. "I like Ike," he says flatly. "I like Stevenson, too, but not as much. I'm due to be drafted next year and I figure Ike can keep things under control in Europe if anybody can. I'm mostly a Democrat but I believe in voting for men and not for parties."

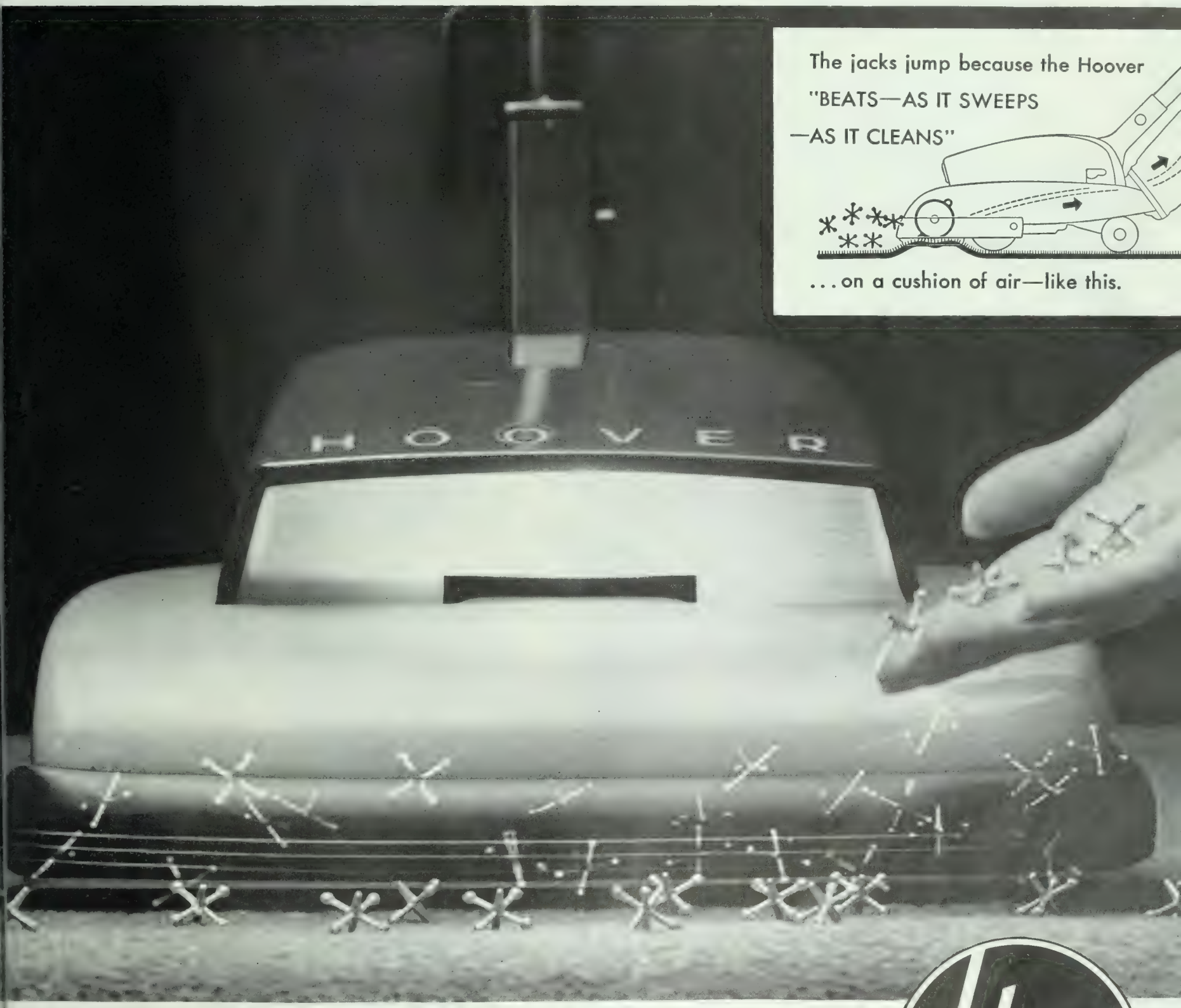
Catie, aged 10, is another Eisenhower fan, though for a different reason than anyone else. "I like Ike because I like to play army," she says.

The political complications of the Upshaws don't stop there, however. Jean, the eldest daughter, is a graduate of Rice Institute, where she majored in physics and mathematics, and is now working as an "associate analyst" on a secret Government project in Wyoming. In September she came home to be married to a young Texas scientist named William Brooks who is employed on the same project. "Of course," she says, "I had to pick a husband who is voting for Ike!" That left the balance of power in the hands of Willie Mae Cox, the Upshaws' long-time maid, who is sending the family to the polls in a 3 to 3 tie by voting for Eisenhower.

Willie Mae, who is 47, never voted at all until after World War II. Then her son Fred, who was a U.S. Army corporal in Germany, came home and told her it was "right" for her to vote. "You have to pay taxes *(Continued on Page 172)*

GETS THE "MURDER-GRIT"!

New test shows how Hoover Triple-Action saves your rugs by breaking loose the deep down rug-destroying dirt and grit that plain suction cleaning leaves imbedded in the pile.



Hoover Triple-Action Model 29 (shown here) $89.95. Cleaning Tools $20.95. Other Hoovers from $62.95.
Prices slightly higher in Canada. Prices subject to increase without notice.

See how the Hoover Cleaner gently vibrates your rugs? That's what shakes loose the rug-wearing grit that even the most powerful suction—alone—can't bring to the surface.

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And today a beautiful new Hoover (you can buy it for a small down payment—on budget-fitting monthly terms) is as easy to *own* as it is to use. See it at leading stores in your community. See the handy plug-in tools for easier above-the-floor cleaning. See the new Hoover Aero-Dyne tank-type cleaner, too. THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio; Hamilton, Ontario, Canada; Perivale, England.

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More Meat, Better Flavor, Freedom from Oven Tending



roast it in REYNOLDS WRAP

Recipe developed for use with Reynolds Wrap only

Clean, stuff and truss turkey. (Thaw bird first, if frozen.) Rub with fat and season with salt and pepper.

To wrap: Place turkey on a long sheet of Reynolds Wrap. If bird is large, join two pieces lengthwise with a tight double fold. Bring foil up over turkey, seal edges and mold to shape of bird.

To roast: Place wrapped turkey on rack in pan, breast side up, in pre-heated moderately hot oven (400° F.). Allow the following approximate time:

6-9 lbs. • 22 min. per lb. • 2½-3 hrs.
10-14 lbs. • 18 min. per lb. • 3-4 hrs.
15-18 lbs. • 16 min. per lb. • 4-4½ hrs.
19-24 lbs. • 14 min. per lb. • 4½-5 hrs.
(ready to cook wt. before stuffing)

If desired, foil may be opened and turned back to brown turkey during last 45 minutes. Make gravy in your usual way.

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Jumbo Economy Roll . . 75 feet



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HEAR "Fibber McGee and Molly", Tuesdays, NBC Radio Network

Made by the World's Largest Producers of Aluminum Foil

My Girls Like to Cook

By CATHERINE UPSHAW

PERHAPS the reason my girls have always helped around the kitchen is that mamma didn't know much about it. I had to learn to cook the hard way. As a bride, my first meal for my Texas husband—lamb chops, baked potatoes and black-eyed peas—took me two days to prepare! I started by cutting the black spots off the black-eyed peas. My girls won't have such problems.

Help always turns up at mealtime. Nancy is 'specially good at making salads, and she has a knack for seasoning foods. Our youngest, Catie, likes best to make birthday cakes, cookies and candies—usually with the help of a mix.

I make good chili—not meaning to boast. To make our version of Texas Chili, I boil 6 to 8 of the large, flat dry red chili peppers in 1 quart of water for 1 hour until the water is black; strain off the liquid and add it to the browned meat. You can use chili powder if you can't get chili peppers.

Texas Chili Red Beans
Upshaw Coleslaw
Grapes Mixed Nuts

TEXAS CHILI

Grind 1¼ pounds beef, using the largest cutting blade on the food grinder, or have your butcher do it for you. Brown meat in 3 tablespoons shortening. Add ¾ cup chopped onion and 1 clove garlic, minced; fry a few minutes. Add 1 tablespoon chili powder (more if you like it hot), 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon cumin seed and 3 cups water. Cover and simmer 1½ hours until the meat is very tender. Thicken with a paste made with 2 tablespoons flour and ¼ cup water. Serve over boiled red kidney beans. Serves 4–6.

UPSHAW COLESLAW

Combine 2 cups each shredded red cabbage and shredded white cabbage. Add 2 carrots, grated, 2 tablespoons minced onion, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar and mayonnaise to moisten, about ¾ cupful. I usually make it up ahead of time and chill it thoroughly. Serves 4–6.

• • •

Cattle in Texas is big business—and Texans like their meat. We like steak and roasts, but I think we know more ways to serve ground meat than any family in Dallas. Stuffed Beef Ring is one of the many.

Stuffed Beef Ring
with Tomato Sauce
Spinach Lemon Wedges
Tangerines

STUFFED BEEF RING WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Season 1¼ pounds ground beef with 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup chopped green pepper, ¼ cup chopped onion, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce; blend well. Shape in a ring around inside edge of a 1½-quart casserole, 8″ in diameter. Moisten 1½ cups packaged bread stuffing with ½ cup hot water and 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Fill center of beef ring with stuffing. Bake, covered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Uncover and bake 30 minutes more. Serve with heated canned tomato sauce. Serves 4–6.

• • •

One of our favorite ways to use up the end of a ham is in Cheese-Ham Puffs. When the ham is salty, it is better to use old-fashioned unsalted soda crackers, otherwise use saltines. If candy-cook Catie has been making pralines, we nibble them for dessert. They aren't true pralines—they're the soft variety, but we like them best.

Cheese-Ham Puffs
Sautéed Pineapple Rings
Broccoli Pralines



DI PIETRO

Shrimp-Okra Gumbo in the making.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

CHEESE-HAM PUFFS

Grind together ¾ pound cooked ham, ¼ pound sharp Cheddar cheese and ½ green pepper. Soak 10 saltines in 1 cup milk. Add 2 well-beaten eggs, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon chopped onion and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Blend in ground-meat mixture. Pour into greased custard cups; set cups in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 35 minutes. Turn out on slices of sautéed pineapple. Serves 5.

PRALINES

Place 2 cups dark brown sugar, ½ cup evaporated milk and a pinch of salt in a heavy saucepan; bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Then cook without stirring until a drop forms a soft ball in cold water, or to 235° to 238° F. if you use a thermometer. Let cool. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 1 teaspoon vanilla; let stand until cool enough to touch with your finger. Beat until it is thick and starts to lose its shine. Add 1 cup whole pecans. Drop on wax paper by spoonfuls. Cool until firm. Makes 1½ dozen.

• • •

Soups are my long point. In the winter we have soup once a week. My soups get most of the leftovers. In one pot I put all the cooked meat scraps and bones to cook with some onion, parsley and water. In another pot I put fresh meat or soup bones to cook with water and seasonings, adding later what fresh vegetables I happen to have. When vegetables are done, I add the strained meat broth from the first pot, season, and add any leftover vegetables. On soup nights, we have a special dessert. I often make young Banks' favorite Butterscotch Bread-Pudding Soufflé.

Homemade Soup Toast
Tossed Green Salad
Butterscotch Bread-Pudding Soufflé

BUTTERSCOTCH BREAD-PUDDING SOUFFLÉ

Scald 3 cups milk; add 2½ cups stale bread cubes; let stand 10 minutes. Melt together ¾ cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; cook and stir until bubbly. Add sugar mixture, 4 well-beaten egg yolks, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg, ⅛ teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon vanilla to bread-cube mixture. Last, fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a 2½-quart baking dish and bake in a moderate oven. 350° F., for 45 minutes. Serve hot while it's puffy. Serves 6.

• • •

Jean, our eldest, wrote from Wyoming that she gets hungry for my Shrimp-Okra Gumbo. On her next visit, I will have to make it for her. It is a filling dish borrowed from our Louisiana neighbors. We like it quite thick. Jean likes it so much we had it one Thanksgiving when she brought friends home from school.

Shrimp-Okra Gumbo
Rice
Orange-Grapefruit Salad
Crackers and Cheese

SHRIMP-OKRA GUMBO

Shell and de-vein 1½ pounds raw shrimp. Brown ¾ pound boneless veal, cut into pieces, in 1 tablespoon shortening in a large heavy pan; remove veal and save. Chop 1 peeled large Bermuda onion. Remove stems and slice 1 pound okra. If fresh okra is unavailable in your markets, use canned sliced okra, or you can often buy frozen sliced okra. Add 2 tablespoons more shortening to the pan and fry onion, okra and 1 clove garlic, minced; sprinkle with 1 tablespoon flour. Then add 2 quarts boiling water, the browned veal, ¾ pound ham, cut into pieces; 2 fresh tomatoes, chopped, or 1 cup canned tomatoes; 2 generous sprigs parsley, chopped; ⅛ teaspoon thyme and 1 tablespoon salt. Simmer, covered, 1½ hours. Cook 1 cup rice in boiling salted water according to package directions. Add shrimp to the gumbo; cook, uncovered, 15 minutes more. Stir in 1 teaspoon gumbo filé powder (optional). Serve hot in soup dishes with a couple of spoonfuls of rice in the center of each. Makes 3 quarts. It is good reheated.

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Thanksgiving





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GENEVIEVE N



Blond Nancy Upshaw wears simple frames in a rosy-beige shade to blend with her fair skin.

The right choice of glass frames can spark up your appearance and personality as effectively as your prettiest hairdo or most becoming make-up. Here are some tips on all three. They might even prompt you to wear your glasses because you like them!

By Dawn Crowell Norman
Beauty Editor of the Journal

ARE you overly modest, uncomfortably shy? Do you feel you lack enough natural coloring? You can bring more character (and attention!) to your face by choosing imaginative glass frames. Try an upswept shape in jet black. Or a vivid color such as bronze or gold to pick up the highlights in your hair. We know a girl who spent her accessory money on a pair of royal-blue frames to match her royal-blue coat. She wears her dark hair in a beautifully smooth chignon and, though hatless, looks as well turned out as any bonneted beauty. Pastel frames bring femininity to the woman who looks and feels discouragingly businesslike in tortoise shell. Find the color that flatters your skin tones or makes your eyes seem bluer, greener, browner! If your glasses age you, try a new shape. Branch out to something more youthful and flattering. Shop for your glass frames carefully, critically. They can be dull necessities—or necessary, but gay, accessories. It's up to you!

Brushed and Brightened

Avoid bouncing bobs, sausage curls, fluffy bangs or skinned-back arrangements in favor of a hairdo that is neatly shaped and softly groomed. If you like bangs but feel they are too much with your glasse have them clipped to a shorter length ar wear them close against your forehea Round or square faces take to short ha brushed up and away from the face. F simplicity without severity, try a cent part with hair waved back over tl temples, ending in a loose page-boy, u turned ends or a chignon—whichever most becoming.

Try a bright lipstick to make the mo of a pretty mouth. Clear reds and chen reds will give your face a dash of col where you need it. Be careful with roug Glasses draw attention to cheekbone which means rouge should be artful blended, perhaps a little lower on yo cheeks than you would normally wear i You can exaggerate your eye make-u with the assurance that your glasses w soften the effect. Brown or black masca for daytime. For evening a color to mat your eye shadow—green, blue, violet will give you a wide-eyed glow.

Look for simple accessories that wi blend happily with your glasses rath than clutter up your appearance. Brir less or small-brimmed bonnets should l chosen for their line and color rather tha their "decorative" value. There is no ru against wearing any type of jewelry, pr vided you don't combine too many piec at once. Try earrings *without* the choke lapel or scarf pins *without* the earring

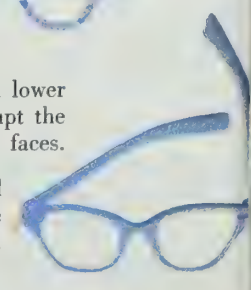
Plaid frames (or stripes or check are an incentive for children teen-agers to wear their glasse



Upswept ovals are becoming to round, square faces, simple frames best for every day.



Frames with a squarish lower rim will prettily interrupt the lines of long or narrow faces.



For an airy nonbespectacled look, metal frames accent the shape and color above the eyes.

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One-at-a-time ends waste-saves money!



Soft! Strong! Pops up!

Have you discovered the wonderful difference between soft, strong Kleenex* and all other tissues? Because of its special Serv-a-Tissue box, Kleenex (and only Kleenex) meets you halfway. You'll see, Kleenex serves you one at a time, not a handful. Ends waste, saves money. It's America's *favorite* tissue.

Just one jiffy fixin' makes these

2 dreamy, creamy desserts!

Grand-tasting treats—with a rave-about difference! Make both at the same time... in jig time... with talented Minute Tapioca. Give today's dessert a rich chocolate overtone; spice tomorrow's with bright red cranberries.



Dessert for today



CHOCOLATE DREAM CREAM

Minute Tapioca Cream

½ Cup Rich Chocolate Sauce

Prepare Minute Tapioca Cream, using jiffy double-recipe directions on the package. Take *half* of the hot pudding, and add ½ cup rich chocolate sauce, blending well. Cool, then chill both puddings. For tonight's dessert, garnish the Chocolate Tapioca Cream with whipped cream and pecan halves. Makes 4 or 5 servings . . . smooth and creamy, like no tapioca you ever tasted before!



Dessert for tomorrow



CRANBERRY TAPIOCA FLUFF

Minute Tapioca Cream

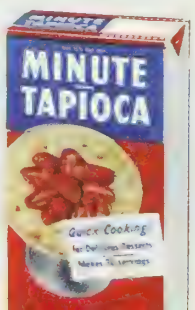
Cranberry Sauce or Jelly, Fresh or Canned

Tomorrow night, merely whisk the remaining half of the Minute Tapioca Cream out of the refrigerator. (Look how light and fluffy it is!) Put a spoonful of homemade or canned Cranberry Sauce or Jelly in the bottom of a serving dish, fill with Minute Tapioca Cream, and garnish with more sauce or jelly. Makes 4 or 5 servings of a dessert extra-appropriate for Thanksgiving! Flavorful? *Yes, ma'am.* No ready-made dessert can match *real, genuine* Minute Tapioca Cream!

REAL TAPIOCA!

MINUTE BRAND TAPIOCA

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Best thickener for fruit and berry pies! Use Minute Tapioca instead of cornstarch (the same amount). If the recipe calls for flour, use slightly less tapioca instead.

CHRISTMAS DINNER COOKED A MONTH AHEAD

(Continued from Page 105)

the squash in a casserole or double boiler. Cook frozen green beans until tender, season and add some canned sliced mushrooms. Heat creamed onions in a double boiler. While you are "dishing up," heat the gravy and give it a vigorous stir. Place the pudding in the foil wrapper on a rack over boiling water; steam, covered, while eating dinner. To serve, I put a sprig of holly on the top. Serve the mincemeat tarts warm. They are better that way. The pudding, the holly and the hidden treasures are a fitting climax to the Christmas dinner.

THANKFUL BE

(Continued from Page 67)

happened to be close to the place that I once lived in, in the county of Westchester, in the state of New York. And it is to Mount Vernon's eternal glory that she found that place where she would be, and the persecution was over. I tell you these things because if you will look up you will find that a lot of things that are happening around here nowadays happened to Anne Hutchinson, and with just as little reason and for as little cause. That she was massacred by the Indians was a mere detail, because she had one whole year of peace and she became a woman of destiny. On the spot where this terrible tragedy occurred, her achievements are immortal. On this spot was conceived the freedom of the press. On this spot this blow for liberty was struck. Freedom of religion became a living flame and the church that memorializes her still stands where it stood more than a century ago. She had no money. She lacked means and influence, but she had brains and imagination and vision, without which the people perish. I hope that you will get a book and read in these times the story of this simple woman, Anne Hutchinson. She is one reason why you may "thankful be."

So it's Thanksgiving again. I suppose the old traditions should not be lightly discarded, among them the well-known roast turkey which graces most tables at this season of the year. How well we all know the aftermath too. First there's the cold turkey, that follows close on the heels of the Thanksgiving dinner. Then there's the turkey hash and finally the noble bird finds itself dished up as soup and farther than that we cannot go. And we are lucky if we get that far. So wishing to be really radical this year, we have turned that turkey into two ducks. Duck is no relation to turkey, but this time it is going to take its place. And there are other things, too, that are going to be different. You wait and see. There's not a pumpkin in sight, not even a squash, but the cranberry will not be downed, and instead of boiled onions you get a salad. But let's get on with this now, and we'll start with

SEA-FOOD COCKTAIL

Any combination of sea food may be used. This one is made of the meat from 2 boiled lobsters, 2 pounds shrimp, cooked, shelled and the vein taken out, and ½ pound canned or cooked fresh or frozen crab meat. Remove all the bits of bone. Arrange the sea food on a bed of greens in scallop shells, cocktail glasses or the little green pottery shells shown in the photograph. Serve with a spoonful of cocktail sauce made like this:

Cocktail Sauce: **To 1 cup mayonnaise add ½ teaspoon salt, a little pepper, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ¼ cup India relish, 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped fine, 1 cup chili sauce, ½ teaspoon minced chives, ¼ green pepper, chopped, ½ pimiento, chopped, 1 table-**

How to make a WOW of a cocktail!



Fill glass with ice cold tomato juice



Add a pinch of salt and pepper

Add teaspoon of FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE THAT'S ALL!



Highest quality — costs less!

spoon minced celery, 1½ teaspoons prepared mustard, a dash of Tabasco, and 1½ teaspoons bottled meat sauce. Mix well and chill. This makes 2½ cups. Delicious as a salad dressing or as a dip for raw vegetables as well as for sea-food cocktails.

What I was talking about. This refers to duck. A duck is a very uninteresting bird. It is much like a baby learning to walk. It waddles along when it's on dry ground and paddles at its best only when there is water to be had. But the duck is a good bird on the table. In order to roast the duck properly and serve it up with a really good and excellent gravy, you will find here the way:

ROAST DUCK—ALMOND GRAVY

Prepare two 4-to-4½-pound (ready-to-cook weight) domestic ducks for roasting, rinsing well and rubbing with salt inside and out.

For Stuffing: Take 10 slices raisin bread and cut off the crusts. Toast them and break into small pieces. To the bread add 1½ cups finely diced celery. Section 3 medium-sized pomelos or 2 oranges, remove all the seeds. Chop fine with the bread and celery and add 2 teaspoons grated orange or pomelo peel. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon thyme. Stuff the ducks. Skewer and truss them.

Arrange the ducks on a rack in an open roasting pan. Roast in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., draining off the fat every half hour and basting each time with the juice of 1 orange squeezing half an orange over the birds, and rubbing the skin with the squeezed half. Add the orange skins to the pan near the end of the roasting period to add flavor to the gravy. It will take about 2½ hours to roast the ducks to the proper tenderness—and 5 orange halves for basting. Remove the ducks from the pan and keep hot. Strain off the juices and all but 1 tablespoon of the fat. Add 1 cup water to the drippings and bring to a boil, loose all the brown pieces that have stuck to the pan. Add 1 cup orange juice made smooth with 2 tablespoons cornstarch. Cook, stirring constantly, until as thick as heavy cream. Add 1 teaspoon molasses and 2 teaspoons soy sauce and season to taste with salt and pepper. Now, brown ½ cup blanched almonds in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Drain on a paper towel. Add to the gravy just before serving with the duck. Serve the duck with wild rice and garnish of preserved kumquats and tangerine sections.

From the wilds. This unusual and much-sought-after delicacy is as wild as the environment from which it comes. It's a strange unordinary grain, unlike any other that grows. Wild rice, they call it. But it has a fascination, a strange flavor, a curious appearance, and it is excellent with roasted game birds or even tame birds such as we are considering here. This is the way I like it, but there are people who cook it in other ways and no doubt their ways are good too. So if you have a way of cooking it that you think is better than mine, go ahead.

WILD RICE

Wash 1 package wild rice thoroughly in several waters. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Meanwhile skin 6 little pork sausages. Sauté the meat until crisp and brown, adding about 1 tablespoon minced onion, a pinch of thyme and one of marjoram. Drain off most of the sausage fat and add sausage and seasonings to wild rice. Mix well. Cover and keep hot.

Beans, beans and more beans. If you are one who goes for beans, you will probably want this short and easy receipt.

VEGETABLES PANACHÉ

Cook 1 package each of frozen peas, little Lima beans and Frenched green beans. Drain. Dress with butter or margarine and season with salt and pepper.

The cranberry comes into its own. You can't make a cranberry stay put. If the cranberry feels slighted it'll get back at you in some mean and contemptible way. If the cranberry feels that it has been done well by, it will just latch into your turkey or duck, or whatever else you have, in a perfectly beautiful way. The cranberry has temperament; it also has a sour disposition. It needs the support of sugar and it goes along very amiably with many and many a thing. Apples and celery, to name two, feel very friendly to the cranberry. It is no berry to eat between meals out of your pocket. It is a berry to let severely alone until it is suitably prepared, and then it rewards you very gratefully. Now here is a very tasteful cranberry relish which goes very nicely with your duck; I hope you'll enjoy it.

CRANBERRY RELISH

Mix ½ cup finely diced celery, 1 cup chopped peeled apple, 1 tablespoon vinegar with 1 can whole-cranberry sauce. Cook just 3 minutes. Apples and celery should be in nice pieces, not in a mess, if you know what I mean. Cool before serving.

Not in the old tradition. I can remember when a salad was considered something only the rich and snobbish served. It was not for ordinary folks. And then ordinary folks began to look into it. After all, what was it but a few lettuce leaves and perhaps an old onion that had been kicking around all winter, some oil and vinegar, and there you were. Just what the society people were eating, and though you hated the sight of it, you ate it just the same. And then you began to add things to it. Humble beginnings became very elaborate and elegant achievements. Here is a salad that has both elegance and good taste, and if you think of anything to add to it, you won't make any mistake.

AVOCADO-AND-ONION SALAD

Arrange slices of peeled avocado and raw-onion rings—red Italian onions if you can get them—on a bed of salad greens. Serve with mint dressing.

MINT DRESSING

Heat 4 tablespoons lime or lemon juice and 1 tablespoon vinegar to boiling. Remove from heat and add 2 tablespoons dry mint flakes. Let it steep ½ hour. Add ¼ teaspoon

Grandfather's Shock Absorber

By Jane H. Merchant

Grandfather Robbins always treated others
Exactly as he wanted to be treated.
He practiced his belief that men are brothers;
The poorest tramps and vagabonds were seated
As promptly at his table as deacons were
And given all his help; yet when a pair
Of them made off with Grandma's cherished fur
Neckpiece, Grandfather never turned a hair.
"Of course I realized they might be bad,"
He said with perfect equanimity.
"It's right to deal with men as if you had
Unbounded faith in human decency;
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HAM STEAK

2½ lb. ham slice (1½" thick)
French's Whole Cloves
¼ cup French's Prepared Mustard
2 tablespoons brown sugar

Slash edge of ham, insert cloves. Combine mustard and sugar. Spread both sides of ham slice with mustard mixture. Place steak in baking dish. Pour into pan ½ cup water containing 3 French's Whole Cloves. Bake one hour at 325° F. Baste often. Cut in steak slices. Serves 6.



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chili powder, ½ teaspoon garlic salt, ¼ teaspoon onion salt, a little pepper, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1½ teaspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lime or lemon rind and ½ cup salad oil. Let stand overnight. Strain and serve on avocado-and-onion salad. Makes ½ cup. Maybe a little more. This dressing is delicious on citrus-fruit salads too.

And to go along with this meal—or any other meal—I give you

POPPY-SEED STICKS

Soften ½ package compressed or dry yeast in 2 tablespoons lukewarm water. Melt ½ cup shortening in 6 tablespoons scalded milk and cool to lukewarm. Stir in the dissolved-yeast mixture. Sift together in a large bowl 2 cups flour, ¾ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon sugar. Make a well in the center of dry ingredients. Add liquids all at once and beat until dough comes away from the sides of the bowl. Set in warm place to rise until double in bulk. Punch down. Pinch off pieces of dough no bigger than a walnut. Roll between palms of your hands or on a board into pencil-thin strips ¼" thick and 4" long. Place on ungreased baking sheet and let dry about 10 minutes. Brush with beaten egg and sprinkle with poppy seeds. Bake in moderately slow oven—325° F.—about 25 minutes until a light golden tan and very crisp. Makes 5 dozen.

No pumpkins, no plum pudding. There was a time when I would have said a Thanksgiving dinner without plum pudding might just as well not be. I can remember so well at our house when we would have apple pie and hot mince pie—oh, I can smell those mince pies, anybody could smell them all over the house. Spices and, well, ingredients that I need not name here, blended together in one ineffable aroma that only comes on th from such a pie.

Now we have a confetti refrigerator and the way thereof is here set forth.

CONFETTI REFRIGERATOR CA

Cover 1½ cups seedless raisins with h water and let stand 10 minutes. thoroughly. Soften 2 envelopes unfla gelatin in ½ cup cold water and disso 1 cup hot water. Stir in 1 cup sugar, ½ spoon salt, 1 cup frozen concentrated o juice, thawed (straight from the ca undiluted). If you buy a 12-ounce there'll be enough for this cake and so over for breakfast juice too. Blend oughly. Chill until sirupy. Whip 1 heavy cream. Fold into orange mixture the raisins and ⅔ cup mixed candied (the kind you buy for fruitcakes) and coarsely chopped walnuts. Line an 8" s form pan on bottom and sides with split fingers. Pour in the fruit mixture. Chill night or until firm. Unmold and Serves 8 to 10. Individual cakes m made in custard cups.

As I said before. History repeats and we are now in the same spot, in ways, that the Puritans were in. It woman who inaugurated Thanksgiving dreamed it up and put it over. That Abr Lincoln helped her was an ideal reali her mind. This woman lived a great years after Anne Hutchinson. I wrote too, once. Her name was Sara Josepha Now I intend to pay tribute to this w who could never have foreseen wha efforts would lead to. Perhaps where she will be glad to be remembered. H happy Thanksgiving; this is my yearly for all my friends who read the LADIES' JOURNAL.

"WE'RE POLLS APART..."

(Continued from Page 164)

anyway," he told her. "You might as well have something to say." He went with her to the office where she paid her poll tax. In 1948 she and Fred both voted for Truman; this year they are switching to Ike. "I like his speeches," says Willie Mae. "I listen to them all I can. It's a good idea to change."

In presenting the Upshaws as a kind of miniature Gallup Poll there is danger that readers will get the wrong impression. What makes them interesting is not their individualism in politics but their individualism in everything. There was the time, for instance, when Catherine was being rushed to the hospital for the birth of Jean, her first baby. She had lived in Texas only a short time and had never seen redbuds in bloom. At Exall Park there was a whole grove of them.

"I made Banks slow down and drive around the park twice," she recalls. "I never saw anything prettier in my life. But it did make us a little late at the hospital."

There is also the story of Banks (the elder) and his pigeons. Probably no one else has ever used pigeons to sell textbooks. Banks used to carry a crate of homing pigeons on his auto treks across the broad map of Texas and take them into schools where he hoped to get an order. With the permission of the science teacher he would give the class a little talk about pigeons, and then let one fly out the window. When it arrived home, after a few hours, Catherine would know he was all right. Later on there would be a chance for Banks to write back to the school and say the pigeon was fine, too, which was a pleasant way of following up his sales visit.

Unlike many Southern parents, the Upshaws christened their three daughters without any middle names whatever. "Middle names are so unnecessary for girls," says Catherine. "If they really want one, they can choose their own when they get older." The only one to take advantage of this is Nancy, who likes to call herself Susan, after her grandmother. Nancy Susan is a taffy blonde who mixes her natural stu ness with a lighthearted way of singin songs and strumming the piano. She i studying for her master's degree a George Peabody College for Teach Nashville, having won a Texas-wide sc ship for that opportunity.

Jean is a blonde, too, and a rather da one. She and Nancy agree on politics, b different in other respects. Jean was a self-sufficient and "a little stubborn cording to her father—"She would out her chin and you couldn't do an with her." But Nancy liked to please p and was more easily hurt. Their p were sure Nancy would marry first. Bu showed her independence in this respe She simply telephoned from Wyoming gust, and announced she was going married. The rest of the Upshaws meet the bridegroom until four days the wedding.

Catie—her full name is spelled lik mother's, and the Upshaws insist o for the nickname—came along when erine was 39 and Banks was 43, and v most bound to be spoiled. She has bi eyes, like her father's, and long hair she wears in pigtails. Her favorite sp jumping over the living-room davenpor her dog, Happy, to the great disgust of Mae, who has to clean up afterward. has thirty-seven varieties of tropica and knows the scientific name of eac another of her hobbies is sewing costun herself, complete with long net glove staging soap operas with her dolls.

Banks, Jr., is tall and lean like his f at North Dallas High, where he s on the track team, he was known as " and his best friend was called "B Banks has just entered the Univers Oklahoma and plans to become an arc But he says, "I don't want to be the k architect who just draws for a fee. Ar ture is a culture, like music and pain Last spring he hitchhiked several hu miles to hear a lecture by Frank

Wright, and came home full of ideas for fitting buildings into "their natural setting." During the past summer he worked on construction jobs in Dallas, to learn some of the practical details, and also to pick up $1 an hour for his unskilled labor. In talking with the older workmen he developed some definite views on the labor question.

"You won't see many union members voting Republican this year and I can't say I blame them," he says. "They've never had it so good as they have now. I think they have a good argument against this Taft-Hartley law too. There's no doubt it was passed to hold the workingman down."

His father listens indulgently to this and remarks, "He's more radical than his old man."

Banks Upshaw, Sr., has been a Democrat since the day he was born on a Texas cotton farm, and an active party worker since he was 21. Today he has a position of some prominence as Democratic Chairman of Precinct 70 in Dallas County, which is the largest precinct in Texas. (It has 5044 voters who have paid their poll tax and are eligible to cast a ballot for President.) On November 4, as he has for a number of years, Banks will serve as presiding officer at Precinct 70's picturesque polling place, an old red-brick church on Midway Road, founded by the Methodists in 1844. During the past two months he has been busy directing a staff of Democratic canvassers who have called on every home in the precinct, which includes some of the wealthiest families in Dallas, along with a great many average-income suburbanites.

While Banks has been beating the drums for Stevenson, Catherine has been zipping around the gravelly roads of North Dallas in "the Ike car," promoting votes for Eisenhower. She and her husband take turns on the family phone for their politicking, and share the same mimeographed list of voters' names and addresses, which is sprinkled with comments in their respective handwriting. Some of their neighbors find this rivalry a bit confusing. But it seems perfectly natural to the Upshaws, whose marriage has flourished on healthy differences of opinion and temperament.

"LIFE is more fun when you don't always agree," says Catherine. "It's more stimulating for the children too. They know Banks and I have never tried to impose our thinking on them; we'd rather hear what they have to say. I think we get closer that way than we would by just echoing each other's ideas."

Like her husband, Catherine is an experienced hand at politics. She was an early member of the League of Women Voters in Dallas and helped organize the League's Voters Service Committee, which makes the rounds of all candidates for state and county office each year and gets their answers to a questionnaire on local issues. This nonpartisan activity caused some resentment among male politicians when Catherine and other women started it fifteen years ago. The men couldn't very well throw their lady visitors out, so they would sit through a whole interview without answering a question. Lately they have come to realize the value of this League service, which has been of real help in raising standards of local government.

Catherine was chairman of this group for several years and later served as the League's state treasurer. But this year she has no League office and can be as partisan as she wants to. (Officials of the League are not supposed to work for either party.)

Catherine would like the League to undertake a campaign against the Texas poll tax. "It just isn't right to have to pay money to vote," she says.

Here Banks disagrees flatly. "You have to pay taxes to earn a living, or drive a car, or buy a wedding ring," he argues. "Why not to vote?" Besides, he points out, the poll-tax money goes to a good cause—it is all used for the public schools.

IN Texas voters do not register by parties. Every year they pay a $1.75 poll tax, by mail or in person, and receive a receipt which entitles them to vote in any primary or general election. Those who have just turned 21 are exempt from the tax for one year, and are given a certificate to that effect. Nancy is a "certificate voter" this year.

Only the Democratic Party holds primaries in Texas; anyone who votes in them is generally considered a Democrat, and is not supposed to take part in local conventions of the Republican Party. That was what all the shouting was about between the Taft and Eisenhower delegations from Texas at the Republican Convention in Chicago. But if you don't vote in the primary in Texas you might as well not vote at all for state, county or city offices. Everything on the local level is decided then.

Catherine has usually voted in the primary. This year she stayed away deliberately so she could go to her precinct Republican convention and help elect pro-Eisenhower committees for the county and state. A lot of her neighbors did the same thing; the Republican meeting was attended by more than 500 enthusiastic men and women, while Banks' Democratic meeting drew less than 300. The size of these two meetings may not mean anything as to the final vote in Texas. But it does reflect the great popularity of General Ike among urban and well-to-do Texans.

It might seem from what has been said so far that life among the Upshaws is one long political debate. But that is far from the fact. They probably have fewer real arguments—and more real discussions—than most families. And there are many things they agree on. On Friday the 13th, for example.

It was on Friday the 13th of July, 1928, that a lanky young textbook salesman from Texas named Banks Upshaw took Catherine Butler into New York to see Show Boat, the famous Paul Robeson musical. That night when they got back to Yonkers the old German elevator man was waiting as usual to take them to the top of rocky Park Hill, where Catherine's parents lived. But they didn't go in the house right away. They walked around the block and talked and looked out over the Hudson River at the sparkling lights on the Jersey shore. They were married the next April, but they still celebrate July 13th as an extra anniversary. In 1934 they bought "The Ancestor," a very old and restful painting of a Chinese mandarin which is the only picture on their living-room wall. In 1945 they saw Show Boat again, as a movie.

Catherine's father was Horace Graham Butler, vice-president of the publishing firm

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CHRISTMAS IN THE PARSONAGE

by Hartzell Spence

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the December JOURNAL

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of Henry Holt & Co. The first time he brought Banks home to dinner Catherine literally "fell" for him. She was sitting on a rocking chair on the porch; when she got up to meet the guest she tripped on a rocker and went down in a heap.

Banks was older and seemed more self-assured than the college boys Catherine had been running around with. "He was so tall—he sort of coiled and uncoiled," she recalls. "When we played bridge he slapped the cards down hard. He did things with a flourish." She was touched, too, by his Texas gallantry. Once when they had to wait for a train at Grand Central Station he invited her to have an ice-cream soda. "We walked in a drugstore and were out the other door before I knew what was happening," Catherine remembers. "Banks was walking so fast I couldn't keep up with him." Outside she asked him what was wrong. "I didn't see any women in there—do they allow women in there?" asked Banks.

Catherine grew up in the secure suburban world of Evanston and Yonkers; because of a girlhood illness she entered Mount Holyoke College rather late, at 19. She remembers vividly the day her economics instructor took the class of girls to a labor meeting in the industrial town of Holyoke. There were signs on the wall that said, "Workers of the World, Unite!", and men sitting around the room arguing and stamping out their cigarettes on the floor. It all seemed very exciting and alive to Catherine. She discovered that her barber was a big man in his union, so she would get her hair cut every week and talk with him about labor problems. Those were the days of the flapper bob and the no-waist dresses.

After her graduation, in 1926, Catherine studied the want ads and came up with a job as a filing clerk. "It wasn't that I needed the money," she says, "but I wanted to show I could earn it. My father didn't seem to think my diploma would be much help in that respect." She took a special course in filing methods and helped install an automatic system for Kidder, Peabody & Co., the Wall Street bankers. There she got interested in the stock market and was planning a career as a lady bond salesman when Banks came along.

HIS background was as different from hers as Texas is from Yonkers. When he was 5 his father died, leaving the family penniless. There were two other children older than Banks, and "Believe me, we scratched," he says. They lived in a little frame cottage in South Dallas; there were Negro families behind them, and when Banks was about 8, a family from the North moved in across the street.

"I had been raised to think a Roman Catholic or a dam' Yankee was not only undesirable but a different biological species," Banks recalls. "Those kids across the street were Yankees and Irish Catholics too. They seemed perfectly human to me and we got to be friends, though some of my folks didn't like it." Later on, when he was graduated from Technical High School, his class caused a stir throughout Texas by presenting the school with a bust of Abraham Lincoln. "Maybe there was a good deal of self-righteousness about that," says Banks. "We were supposed to be very tolerant and high-minded." But it did show that certain old prejudices were waning.

Banks' mother did sewing and dressmaking, and Banks added to the family income by hauling water from a well five blocks away. He got 10 cents a bottle for the water, delivered in his red express wagon. At ten he was selling papers on the streets. In high school he had his own newspaper route, and also delivered The Saturday Evening Post and Country Gentleman. He got the money to enter college by selling the names of his customers to the newspapers for $75.

In 1917, the year he finished high school, a Dallas bicycle dealer offered a free bike to anyone who would ride a bicycle 350 miles to a Baptist encampment at Palacios, Texas, and back. Banks and two other boys started out; the others quit in thirty miles, but Banks completed the trip after some incredible hardships. In those days practically all the roads were dirt, and the summer heat and dust were deadly. In the mud-filled Navasota bottoms, between Houston and Dallas, Banks ran into a thunderstorm and had to push his bike a dozen miles along the ties of a railroad track. During the trip he visited five colleges and chose the recently founded Rice Institute in Houston as the one he wanted to attend. He had two good reasons: 1—Tuition was free at Rice (but only to the best-qualified students), and 2—There was plenty of part-time work in Houston.

THE Rotary Club in Dallas loaned him $50 toward his expenses, but the debt weighed heavily on his conscience. Before his first Christmas vacation he earned enough, clerking in a lumberyard, to repay it. Later he worked as a chauffeur and gardener, and helped start the first co-op bookstore at Rice. This brought him into contact with textbook salesmen and determined his present career; it also gave him an income, as manager, of around $600 a year. In addition he made another $500 selling ads for the student yearbook, and $150 as a part-time instructor in history. He invested in a Tuxedo suit, and paid for it by organizing groups of ushers for local concerts and operas. For $10 Banks would supply as many college boys as were needed at such affairs; they were paid nothing, but saw the show free.

After getting his diploma Banks went on to Columbia University in New York and registered for graduate work in political science. But his savings dwindled fast in the big city, and he decided to get a job right away. After visiting a dozen publishers' offices, and filling out countless application forms, he arrived at Henry Holt's in a desperate mood.

"Young lady, don't give me any blanks to fill out," he told the startled receptionist. "I want to see the man who hires and fires." This approach, coupled with Banks' pleasant Texas drawl, entertained Mr. Butler so much that he hired Banks on the spot, and sent him back to the Southwest as a Holt salesman.

On his wedding day Banks had $8000 in the bank, and had decided to risk it all in his own business. He and Catherine were married by her uncle, the Rev. Courtlandt Butler, who had christened Catherine as a baby. She wore a white taffeta dress which was fitted at the waist and had a long train—both real novelties in 1929. (It came up to her knees in front.) The manager of the Webster Hotel in New York, where Banks stayed on business trips, had set aside a suite with a grand piano and two dozen long-stemmed American Beauty roses for their honeymoon. The next day they took a boat to Savannah, where Catherine got her first look at the South from a horse-drawn cab, and loved it. Then they went to New Orleans, where a reporter friend of Banks had an apartment in the heart of the Latin Quarter, and entertained them at parties which rarely started before midnight. Banks had stored his car in New Orleans, and they drove on from there for a two-week tour of Texas. Things took a turn for the worse at San Antonio, where Catherine ate her first barbecue dinner, and was sick for two days. In Dallas they settled in an apartment handsomely furnished in old New Orleans style by an artist friend of Banks.

Two mornings after they arrived Banks came home from the grocery with a sack of black-eyed peas. "Here's the best food in Texas," he announced. Catherine went to work on the peas, carefully cutting away the black spots from the first pound or so, until she realized they belonged there. Then she began cooking them. She cooked for two days, off and on, and the peas were still as hard as pebbles. Finally Banks' mother came over and gave her some pointers on black-eyed peas.

Her first experience with a Texas summer was sheer misery. (In Dallas it is not unusual for the thermometer to register from 100° to 107° for weeks at a time.) During the long afternoons Catherine would lie face down on the floor, panting for breath. Then, the first winter, it was so cold in the unheated

partment that water froze on her kitchen stove, and the pipes burst under the house. But Catherine is fully acclimated to Texas weather now, with the aid of central heating and air conditioning.

People who have never lived through a Texas summer can scarcely realize what a boon air conditioning can be. The Upshaws have two units in their handsome "modern" house at 8740 Canyon Drive—a three-ton house unit in the basement, which circulates cool air through the pipes used for heating in winter, and a three-quarter-ton window unit in their own back bedroom. The engineers recommended a five-ton unit to serve the whole house, which is a comparatively small one. This would have cost $2800 and the Upshaws didn't feel, in 1949, that they could afford it. Their three-ton unit cost $1800, and the window unit another $300. Besides this, the air conditioning adds $30 to $35 a month to their electric bill. The price of summer comfort comes high in Texas.

When the Upshaws built their home, in 1939, there were very few like it in Dallas; sometimes as many as a dozen strangers would drive up on a Sunday and ask for a guided tour. Catherine was interested primarily in having a large airy living room, and a building that would be as solid, weatherproof and fireproof as possible. Banks wanted to be sure they didn't spend more than they could afford. This combination of "wants" led them inevitably to steel-and-concrete construction. They were lucky in having the friendship and advice of Donald S. Nelson, an architect who designed Dallas' most impressive skyscraper, the Mercantile Bank Building.

The house they have now is basically a two-story rectangular box with an open carport and utility room downstairs, and four rooms, two baths, kitchen and breakfast alcove on the second floor. The living room is big enough to serve for dining as well, and there is a screened porch on the garden side, with French doors leading to it. The initial cost was less than $10,000 (in 1939) and they have added about $5000 in major improvements, including the air conditioning. The outside is painted a cool green, on stucco. Its square lines are softened by its setting—a huge rock covered with trees, shrubs and wild flowers. Catherine picked this lot because it reminded her of her hilltop home in Yonkers. The driveway is steep and winding, but the house is barely visible from the road, and escapes most of the noise and dirt. In the spring the little woods are alive with white blossoms of wild plum and scarlet redbuds. And the first touch of cold in the fall turns the oaks and sumacs to flaming crimson.

A grand piano without legs is a unique feature of the interior. This came as a gift about the time the Upshaws were building; Architect Nelson suggested they cut off the legs and other frilly woodwork, and suspend it from the ceiling by lengths of pipe. The pipe and piano are painted the same dull coffee-and-cream shade as the walls, and blend in perfectly. Visiting tuners claim it has a better tone than pianos that stand on floors.

Other decorations include a pure white plaster head of a madonna; a fireplace framed in black tile, with built-in firedogs; flowing green plants, and three pieces of very old mahogany furniture once owned by Catherine's wealthy Quaker ancestors. According to family tradition the Upshaw sideboard was made by the same New York City cabinetmaker who designed one for President George Washington. The Upshaws went all out in repairing and refinishing this museum piece, and the mahogany gate-leg table and tall secretary that came with it. The bill came to nearly $3000, but they feel it was worth it. The mellowness of the old pieces adds just the right touch of American tradition to their otherwise "functional" living room.

At 49 Catherine Butler Upshaw is as eager and full of pep as a schoolgirl. She has had four children, her once dark hair is turning gray, and her figure is fuller than she would like it to be. But even when her whole family was living at home her household duties could never absorb all her energy.

Every morning before 7 Catherine is up to make breakfast for Catie and herself. Banks, Sr., is unpredictable at this hour; he likes to sleep late, especially in hot weather, and sometimes doesn't get to the office until 10. "There's no use owning your own business if you have to punch a time clock," he says.

How the Upshaws Spend Their Money

The Upshaw system of household finance is unusual, and may be unique. They have no regular budget. Every month Banks gives Catherine half his pay check, and she gives him half of hers. Catherine pays for the food and household expenses; Banks takes care of clothing bills, auto costs, education and insurance. Catherine charges her gasoline to Banks' account, and he charges things at the drugstore to hers. She pays the doctor and veterinarian; he pays the dentist and oculist. The laundry is divided 50–50; Banks carries his own to a washwoman, and pays for it, and Catherine takes care of the rest. "What's in the clothesbasket," she says, "is my responsibility."

Their income now is larger than it has ever been—$1315 a month ($15,800 a year), including the return on investments. It is expended as follows:

	A MONTH
Food and milk	$150.00
Clothing	70.00
Real-estate taxes	10.00
Income taxes	250.00
Fuel and light (This is an average figure; during the summer, because of air conditioning, their electric bill is $45 and $50 a month. Their heater uses natural gas.)	30.00
Water	5.00
Life and fire insurance	75.50
Maintenance of health (including $1 a month to the veterinarian for Happy.)	27.50
Gasoline, auto maintenance and insurance	65.00
Education (includes college bill for Nancy and Banks, Jr., and Catie's dancing and music lessons.)	200.00
Church contributions	50.00
Political contributions (in 1952—$100 to Stevenson, $2 to Eisenhower)	8.50
Telephone	4.50
Magazines, newspapers and books (Banks doesn't read too many of the last—he's in the publishing business himself!)	10.00
Recreation and entertainment	50.00
	$1106.00

This leaves around $300 a month for investment, "basic improvements" and new furniture for the house, all of which comes out of Banks' share.

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The CANTERBURY Jewel Case — in exciting Venetian colors, its lid a symphony of gentle curves traced with gold embossing . . $4.95 No Fed. Tax

Other Farrington Jewel Cases from $1.50 to $15.00
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The ESSEX Jewel Case — tailored to a man's taste with a solid brass plaque for monogramming topping its domed lid. $4.95 No Fed. Tax

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GRAND FOR DRINKING! MARVELOUS FOR COOKING!

A tall, cool glass of Starlac tastes mighty good with *any* meal! And Starlac's so nutritious, too.

For drinking, make as much or as little Starlac as you want. For more nourishment in your cooking, add Starlac to your "made-with-milk" recipes—in liquid or dry form, whichever is more convenient. It's delicious! It's convenient! It's economical! Get Starlac at your grocer's today!

Starlac's Triple Bonus

1. NUTRITIOUS!
Except for the fat, Starlac gives you the same nourishment as top-quality milk — exactly the *same quantity* of valuable B vitamins, proteins, calcium and other minerals.

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Borden guarantees that Starlac uses top-quality milk from tested herds only . . . *guarantees* that Starlac is protein-protected by an exclusive Borden process.

3. ECONOMICAL!
At the remarkably low, low price of only 9¢ a quart, Starlac makes 5 quarts of wonderful-tasting, nutritious nonfat milk for drinking, cooking, whipping and cereals.

© The Borden Co.

STARLAC *IS* MILK . . . WITH ONLY THE WATER AND FAT REMOVED!

Catherine sees Catie off to school—she doesn't have to drive her as she did the three others—and plunges into a day's round of errands, visits and shopping. The Upshaw home is eight miles from downtown Dallas, but bus transportation is slow and Catherine is always picking up somebody in her car, which travels around 1500 miles a month. She prefers to do her own marketing, and her own delivering. Two afternoons a week she drives Catie to piano or dancing lessons. She does all the cooking at night; since the older girls went to college Willie Mae comes only three half days a week to clean and do light laundry.

Besides these routine chores, and the little task of arranging the first family wedding—with bridesmaids' dresses to buy and fit, candles and flowers for the church, and punch and cake for seventy guests at a home reception—Catherine this fall has been doing editorial work for the League of Women Voters, attending meetings of the "college club" (Association of University Women), serving as treasurer of the First Unitarian Church, in which she and Banks are among the most active members; and working five to ten days a month as head bookkeeper for Banks Upshaw & Co.

This last job is on a strictly business basis. Soon after Banks opened his office he found that his secretary (and only employee at the time) had an unfortunate tendency to shift figures from one column to another, even when she realized she was doing it. He called in Catherine to straighten out his books, and she did so well that she has stayed on for twenty-three years, though there have been several minor explosions when she quit, and once when she was fired (for one day only). She now draws a salary of $120 a month, in addition to what the company pays Banks.

Isn't all this enough without campaigning for General Ike too? Catherine doesn't think so. "Probably I try to do too much," she says. "But one thing I can't give up is my job as a citizen. I think I do a little better as a mother and housewife because I'm interested in things outside my own home.

"Besides, I have to admit I enjoy it. I couldn't let this campaign go by without having my say. That's one thing I want my children to learn along with me—that it's fun to get out and take part in what is happening in the world."

CONVERSATION PIECE

(Continued from Page 120)

dough. It isn't puff paste but it's mighty good. A big cooked vegetable salad with a special poppy-seed dressing will be perfect with the pie. There will be greens, cauliflower, carrots and string beans in the salad, and all we need to complete the main course is brown-and-serve French bread spread with garlic butter.

For dessert we'll make a bow toward Thanksgiving and have cranberry-cream sherbet. It's light, tangy and refreshing, three highly desirable qualities for any dessert.

Now recipes, and these will serve eight.

BRAUNSCHWEIGER-AND-BACON BALLS

Braunschweiger and liverwurst are much alike, but Braunschweiger is more coarsely ground and has less fat. If you can't get it, use liverwurst. A half pound will make about 34 bite-size balls. Mold it with your fingers, wrap each ball in bacon and fasten with toothpicks. Put them on a cooky sheet. Shortly before serving time, put cooky sheet on rack near broiler and broil until bacon is crisp. Transfer to paper towels to drain and keep hot on heating device or in very low oven.

GREEN-PEPPER BOATS

Cut off tops, remove seeds and cut green peppers into boat-shaped strips and cover with ice water. To 6 ounces cream cheese add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 4 tablespoons grated onion and ½ teaspoon pepper. Cream together until thoroughly blended. Drain and



Savory dish on a budget
with Herb-Ox

Mock Chicken Turnovers—Melt 1½ tbsp. fat; blend in 1½ tbsp. flour. Dissolve 2 Herb-Ox Chicken Cubes in ½ c. hot milk. Cook until thick. Add ½ c. flaked tuna fish, 1 chopped hard-cooked egg, ½ c. blanched sliced almonds. Make pastry, roll out; cut into 4" squares. Place spoonful of filling on each square. Fold into triangle; press edges together. Cut gash in top; bake 20 min. at 400°F. (Makes 12; serves 4 or 5.)

Send now for the Money-Saver! Recipes and menus to give you more flavor for less money in main dishes, soups and gravies. The Pure Food Co., Inc., Dept. LH-11, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

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COMBINATION BROILER-GRILL

Infra-red Ray broiling element imparts an out-of-doors, charcoal-like flavor to every zestful, healthful bite! Broils, grills, fries, toasts or warms. Cooks entire meal at one time. Gleaming chrome finish. Available at Better Stores or write for the name of your nearest dealer.

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dry pepper boats, fill with cheese mixture and dot tops with red or black caviar. Go easy on the caviar because it is so salty. The cheese mixture can be made the day before, but the peppers shouldn't be filled more than an hour or two in advance.

OYSTER PIE

Use a shallow casserole or baking dish, oval or round. The one I use for oyster pie is an oval 13" long, 10" wide and 2" deep. Drain 4 dozen large oysters. Save the liquor. If oysters are small, use more. Drain thoroughly, or the sauce will become thin when you cook oysters with it. To oyster liquor add enough milk to make 3 cups in all. Drain 2 small cans button mushrooms and add mushrooms to oysters. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine, add 1 medium onion, finely chopped, and cook several minutes, stirring often. Blend in 7 tablespoons flour, add oyster liquor and milk and cook, stirring constantly, until thick and boiling. Remove from heat and add 2 tablespoons chopped chives, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 small jar heavily smoked ground ham or ¼ pound heavily smoked Southern ham cut into slivers, and salt and pepper to taste. Put oysters and mushrooms in casserole and pour sauce over them. This can be done the day before if you keep it refrigerated.

PUFFY PASTRY TOP

Sift well together 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt and ¾ teaspoon baking powder. Add ⅞ cup very cold shortening (half butter or margarine and half shortening) and work with pastry blender or cut with two knives until mixture looks grainy. Add 1 egg yolk, toss with fork, and continue tossing while you dribble in 5 tablespoons ice water. With your hands work dough into a ball and transfer to lightly floured board. Roll into a slab ¼" thick, approximately the shape of your casserole. Cut a paper pattern ⅛" smaller than top of casserole, place it on dough and cut around it. Prick center with a fork and transfer to top of filled casserole. Insert nozzle of pastry tube or a small funnel in center to let steam escape during baking. Roll some of the remaining dough about ⅛" thick and cut leaf-shaped pieces for decoration. Arrange them in any way you like on top of pie. Work the rest of dough into a rope and crimp it with your fingers as you would a pie shell. Place this crimped rope inside rim of casserole. It will probably break in a few places as you transfer it to casserole, but you can pinch the ends together. Beat 1 egg with 1 tablespoon cream and brush top of pie lightly with it.

Put casserole on center rack of a hot oven—450° F.—and bake 10 minutes. Lower heat to 375° and continue baking about 30 minutes longer. If crust isn't nicely browned, set the casserole under the broiler for a couple of minutes, but watch like a hawk.

Now to the beforehand business on this meal. The dough as well as the filling can be made in advance and kept in the refrigerator. The dough can be rolled and put on the pie several hours before baking, if kept cold, but if you're using a pottery or glass baking dish the pie should be warmed a little before putting it in a hot oven. Bake the pie as near the last minute as you can manage and keep hot in the turned-off oven. If waiting period is too long, turn on oven to lowest possible heat. (Note—the pie you see in the picture was eaten two hours after it was finished and I heard no complaints.)

VEGETABLE SALAD

Boil separately in salted water cauliflower, carrots and string beans until barely done. Be careful not to overcook. Drain, cool and store in refrigerator. I like the beans Frenched, the cauliflower separated into flowerets, and I find it easier to cook the carrots whole and cut them into rounds later.

POPPY-SEED DRESSING

In a bowl put ¾ cup salad oil, ¼ cup wine vinegar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon catchup, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 clove garlic, finely minced, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1¼ teaspoons sugar and several dashes Tabasco. Beat with rotary beater 3 minutes, add 1 cup mayonnaise and beat 3 minutes longer. Add 2 tablespoons poppy seeds and beat until blended. This dressing doesn't separate and I think it's delicious with vegetables or fruit.

Put a bed of crisp greens on a large platter and have fun arranging the white, green and orange vegetables on it. With the three colors to work with, it's sure to look pretty. I like to serve the dressing in a separate bowl.

FRENCH BREAD

Get brown-and-serve French bread and bake it according to directions. Mix 1 clove garlic, finely minced, with some softened butter or margarine. Cut bread in thick slices but do not cut through bottom crust. Open slices far enough to spread on both sides with garlic butter, press back in loaf shape, put loaves in a paper sack and fasten end with paper clips or string. This can be done in advance and the bread can be heated in a low oven before serving.

CRANBERRY-CREAM SHERBET

This sherbet can be made with either fresh cranberries or canned whole-cranberry sauce. I'll give you the recipe for both because this is a wonderful hot-weather dessert when fresh cranberries aren't available. Cook 5 cups fresh cranberries in 2 cups water until tender and press through a sieve. If you have an electric blender, buzz them a little before you press through sieve—much quicker. Add 2 cups sugar and the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon and bring to a boil. Remove from heat and stir in 1 envelope unflavored gelatin that has been softened 5 minutes in ¼ cup cold water. Cool mixture, put in freezing tray and freeze to mushy stage in either a freezer or the freezing compartment of refrigerator. Whip 1 cup heavy cream and blend thoroughly with the cranberries. Return to freezer for an hour and again stir well, scraping sides and bottom of tray. When almost hard enough to serve, stir once more. It's the frequent stirring that will make refrigerator sherbet or ice cream smooth. Freezing time is about 4 hours.

For sherbet made with canned cranberries, use 2 one-pound cans of whole cranberry sauce. Press through a sieve, add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon and bring to a boil. Add gelatin and proceed as with the above recipe.

Service. It seems to me I've said everything I have to say about buffet service—not once but many times—and here we are again. However, I do have one thought to pass on and then I'm off. While this is an excellent meal for buffet service, if possible arrange for people to sit at a table or tables when they eat it. It's no fun to juggle two plates and this calls for two, a hot one for the oyster pie and a cold one for the salad. Both of these dishes are far too good to be ruined by striking an average of temperature and losing their very special identities. That's all this time except to wish you a fine Thanksgiving. THE END

Double Dealers

By Hortense Flexner

Not always storm or the roar
Of torn space closing in;
There is soft sound, too:
The sea clucking under the dock,
Bright washing of foamy pebbles,
Little splashings from the full
dippers of tides.
The wind can be gentle,
As if it had never been guilty
in its life
Of twisting off a branch,
Or cracking a mast;
The fire hums and purrs
Above the unnatural endurance
Of a driftwood log.

Variety...Flavor...Nutrition
You'll find them all...
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MAINE Sardines




Broiled Deviled Maine Sardines

Offer your family the *variety, flavor* and *nutrition* they need in scores of delightful dishes using Maine Sardines. This popular seafood makes wonderful croquettes, omelets, loafs and casseroles . . . are the hit of any meal in combination with rice, cheese, eggs, macaroni and many fresh or canned vegetables.

They're the mainstay of the smart hostess when unexpected guests drop in or Junior and his friends stage a pantry raid. Maine Sardines are a tasty treat on bread, crackers or right out of the can. Try Maine Sardines in husky sandwiches for school and work lunches.

According to a recent Army survey, Maine Sardines are preferred food by the armed forces. Include 6 or 12 cans in your gift package to that boy of yours.

Maine Sardines are now at your grocer's in singles, 3, 6 and 12-can combinations at new lower prices. Stock up now and save while these new lower prices last! Today's best food buy!

Send for your free copy of the new Maine Sardine Recipe Book with full color illustrations.

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For sardine value you won't forget!

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THE LOW-COST HIGH PROTEIN FOOD



Mrs. Collier receives encouragement from the directress of a leading Fifth Avenue salon. Her professional beauty tips (outlined on Page 180) can be carried out at home.

Widowed in her fifties . . . two thousand miles from her only daughter . . . forced to go back to work once again, Ann Collier got busy, prepared to meet the competition in looks as well as skills.

Beauty Editor
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

My dear Mrs. Norman: Because I have read the JOURNAL for as long as I can remember, you and all the editors seem like old friends. Am sure I couldn't do without the JOURNAL.

Now to my problem. After working for some years, during which I reared a daughter by my first marriage, I married an old friend last fall and we came to Illinois to live. Dale and I both hoped to stay here until he reached retirement age—seven years. But in January he became ill with what was finally diagnosed as rheumatic heart. A sudden heart attack caused his death on May 6th. My daughter has asked me to live with her in California, but I am not ready to "retire" and spend my life loafing, nibbling and putting on weight! It will be necessary for me to go to work again, and I have a position in prospect which may require my going to New Haven for an interview soon.

Can you help me? I feel that my appearance in general could be vastly improved, but have never known just what to do. I am in my early fifties, in good health, of medium build and coloring; particularly need something done to my hair, which has become dry and needs styling. Am also sure that my wardrobe could stand suggestions for overhauling. Perhaps I am looking for a major miracle—but aren't we all?

Thanks so much for a reply, and best wishes to all the JOURNAL family.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. ANN COLLIER

Facing the world alone after fifty

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

DEEP in Mrs. Collier's heart and forever a part of her is the sorrow of losing her husband whom she adored and with whom she had made lovely lighthearted plans for the future. "But," Mrs. Collier says, "even if I could afford to, I wouldn't indulge in a life of helplessness and self-pity now. I don't want to be a burden to my daughter and my friends. I know if I keep busy I won't have time to worry and waste away. Dale would never have approved of that."

No doctor could have prescribed better treatment for Mrs. Collier's emotional wounds. With the courage and resourcefulness one might expect from a woman half her age, Mrs. Collier has taken definite steps toward getting her appearance and wardrobe in the best possible shape and finding employment. These intelligent steps are sure to lead Mrs. Collier into a future which will reward her with the reassuring feeling of being wanted and needed.

First, she checked her health. A thorough medical examination and reassurance by her doctor that she was well and strong gave Mrs. Collier's spirits a needed lift.

Next, her figure problem was solved in exactly four weeks by losing the seven pounds that stood between her and a perfect size fourteen dress. Mrs. Collier's "diet" consisted of: switching from whole milk to buttermilk; having *either* a slice of bread and butter *or* a starchy vegetable at the same meal. Lean meat and salads were her mainstay. Cottage cheese with pineapple slices, peach or pear halves on lettuce became her favorite combination salad-dessert. Stewed or fresh tomatoes, peas, carrots, green beans and spinach in moderate portions gave her a wide selection of low-calorie vegetables to choose from. By eliminating rich desserts (she would have an occasional fruit gelatin or custard dish), and by avoiding fried foods, gravies and extras at the table and between meals Mrs. Collier managed to slide down the scales from 134 to 127 pounds. A healthier and prettier weight for a woman her height, 5′ 1½″! *(Continued on Page 180)*



Grooming to face the world is an important step toward being *able* to do so! From her becoming hairdo to her trimly shod feet, Mrs. Collier is prettily prepared to meet the future.

your hands—

your face—

your elbows—

your arms—

your legs—

Yes, <u>all</u> of you—pamper all of you

with fragrant

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FRAGRANT

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LADY'S LOVELY LOTION SINCE 1873

Soothing! Smoothing! Softly fragrant! That's Frostilla. Use it for your hands—to smooth, soothe, soften! For your legs—to end those nasty nylon snags. For elbow bumps, ankle chaps, all the ills soft flesh is heir to. Never sticky, never greasy, never gummy. Frostilla leaves your skin so fresh, so fragrant, oh, so *smooth!* Yes, pamper *all* of you—with fragrant Frostilla!



Shelton Stroller

the carefree fashion that keeps pace with the spirited life you lead.



PUZZLED about what to buy, what to wear?

Choose a Shelton Stroller—the dress that makes fashion history because it cheerfully keeps pace with your busiest schedule. The on-in-a-jiffy zipper front invites you to step into it easily. The smooth acetate jersey launders easily, seldom needs the touch of an iron, sheds wrinkles to assure your appearance ALL DAY LONG. The slim lines gracefully flatter... stylish push-up sleeves leave room for accessories to your arm's content... side pockets flow gently in the soft, swirling skirt.

The exclusive print: colorful rosebuds on Black, Navy, Charcoal grey, Teal.
Sizes 12 to 20, 14½ to 22½
ABOUT $9

Free: **write for your fashion folio: "A lovelier you ALL-ways in your Shelton Stroller!"**

Watch your newspaper for news of the arrival of Shelton Stroller in your city. Or mail your order to us today. It will be forwarded to store nearest you for prompt delivery.

Shelton CASUALS • 1350 Broadway, Dept. L-11, New York 18

(Continued from Page 178)

Look Young Too

With her doctor's approval, Mrs. Collier practiced the following exercises:

Hold That Waistline! Lie on back, arms out at shoulder level, palms up, knees bent over chest. 1—Drop knees to right side. 2—Drag knees up to elbow. 3—Pull knees up to chest. 4—Repeat all movements on left side. Begin with 3 each day for the first week, gradually increasing to 10.

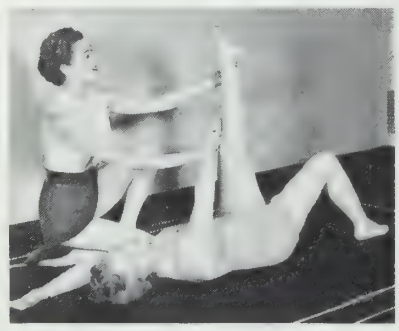
For Slimmer, Firmer Upper Arms. Lie on back. Bend knees. Place finger tips on shoulders. Lift arms up and drop them on the floor (1) in close to the side of the body 25 times, (2) out at shoulder level 25 times.

All-Over Stretch. Lie on back, knees bent. Arms extended over head. Middle of back digging into the floor. Raise left leg and right arm to touch without bending knee. Return to starting position (with knees bent). Stretch arm back as far as possible. Repeat on other side. Start with 5 times each side. Increase to 15 times daily.

Hip "Walk-Away." Sit up. Walk forward on buttocks, then walk backward on buttocks. Maintain as good posture as possible.

Final figure control was achieved with new foundation garments, which she had fitted for comfort as well as beauty. Her bra gives a moderate and more youthful lift to her bustline. Her combination one-piece girdle-waist cincher, which extends above her waist to meet her bra, is light in weight, firmly elasticized and snug throughout the hips and upper thighs.

Trimming, shaping and restyling turned a plain hairdo into a pretty, youthful coiffure!



From an exercise expert Mrs. Collier learns that lying-down exercises produce less strain on the heart . . . allow all the muscles to share the body's action.

Mrs. Collier's tidy roll at the back of the neck was replaced with shining, brushed-up curls. Her forehead was softened with a flattering half-bangs effect in front. With the dry ends of her old wave cut off completely, her hair was ready for a new permanent.

Her dry-hair condition has responded beautifully to regular brushing and massaging. Mrs. Collier follows each weekly oil shampoo by parting her hair in sections and applying a special tonic to her scalp. The tonic is massaged firmly but gently into the scalp, and can be used occasionally during the week since it is nonsticky and nonoily and won't disrupt her hair arrangement.

A lubricating cream massaged gently over her face and neck and allowed to remain for fifteen minutes each night has helped solve Mrs. Collier's dry-skin problem. For daytime wear a cream-type make-up base, tinted a pinky beige, goes lightly and evenly over her face and neck. A very little brown mascara and eyebrow pencil, a hint of pale blue eye shadow, soft clear red lipstick and a light dusting of powder add the final sparkle to her face.

Mrs. Collier's "star" addition to her wardrobe was a slim black crepe dress, prettily softened with its own pink tulle gilet. The low square neckline lends itself to many pretty changes. Fresh linen dickeys in white or pastels, pretty scarves, single flowers or strands of pearls become alternates. A half-hat of velvet and veiling is becoming and shows off her new curls. Trim black pumps, a smart black bag with a fresh white hanky edged in lace, and creamy suède gloves, add the final well-groomed look.

Appraise Your Talents . . . other people do!

Appealingly modest about her own a as a prospective employee, Mrs. Collier a ally possesses some personality-plus qual that will be enviable to even her youn and most active feminine competitors in

TANA HOBAN



The amount of effort you put forth toward your own appearance shows up in a young attitude of mind—as well as a youthful look. A shiny, pretty hairdo is a first necessary step!

business world. Here they are. Do you l them too? Are you:

An adventurer at heart? Is it a stimula experience for you to meet new people, new places, listen to new ideas? A fle outlook will prevent you from becoming in your ways."

Up-to-date? In the last six months you: Tried a new hairdo? Read a new b Given a party? Joined a new club? The "news" in your life, the more interesting become!

Proud of your speaking voice? Is it p antly modulated, yet animated enoug add special interest to the things you to say?

A good organizer? Does your daily sche allow you to accomplish your work



Relaxing after lubricating cream has been massaged well into your face and neck is a lovely way to smooth out taut nerves as well as fine wrinkles.



Everyone responds to a bright face and an engaging smile. Here Mrs. Collier learns how to accentuate her make-up to make the most of certain features.

enough free time left over for sufficient r ation and social activities?

Well-enough informed on a variety of jects (such as school and church af politics, current trends in fashion or h making) to enable you to fit in comfort with different groups of people? **THE**

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a new and lovelier you
says

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Susan Smart

utumn can be the most romantic time of the year . . . so
ou'll want to be sure you're looking your loveliest. Begin
our Winter beauty care, too, with a visit to Woolworth's.
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ationally advertised cosmetics and toiletries. Choose
ours *now*, at friendly Woolworth's — and learn
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HOLI-DATING? Here's news . . . DURA-GLOSS *Perfumed* Nail Lacquer puts the "extra" in special occasions. Imparts subtle fragrance to your twinkling fingertips. Quick-drying, chip-free. 10 salon shades, in a plumed bottle. 25c*



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HELP YOURSELF to a peaches-and-cream complexion, with LADY ESTHER'S Complete Creme Make-Up. It hides those tiny blemishes and lines...keeps your skin looking petal soft all day long! 5 flattering shades. Just 49c*



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SEE YOUR COMPLEXION BLOOM with new beauty . . . this Winter, give it the *extra* protection it needs with LADY ESTHER'S 4-Purpose Face Cream. Lady Esther cleanses, softens, smooths . . . acts as powder base, too! 29c, 55c, 83c*



PERMANENT HAIR BEAUTY! Treat yourself to a TONI Home Permanent. *New* Toni Trio lets you choose the permanent just right for you. *Regular* for normal hair, *Super* for hard-to-wave and *Very Gentle* for easy-to-wave hair. $1.50*



FOR HAIR THAT'S SUNNY BRIGHT tomorrow, use WHITE RAIN tonight. Not a creme or soap, it's a *new kind* of shampoo. Like washing with softest rain water! It leaves hair lustrous, cloud-soft . . . easier to comb, set. 30c, 60c, $1



WHY KISS AND TELL? Try HAZEL BISHOP, the amazing no-smear lipstick that leaves no tell-tale traces! Won't eat off . . . bite off . . . kiss off! All day long your lips stay fresh and colorful as the moment you first apply it. $1.10*



STAY LOVELY TO LOVE whatever you do . . . skiing, skating, dancing, with FRESH Cream Deodorant. Fresh checks perspiration. Its amazing ingredients become reactivated to assure continuous protection. It's safe yet gentle. 25c, 39c*



"Polonaise". . . lavish ball gown by Carrie Munn. Dependable deodorant protection by FRESH.

YOU CAN BE LOVELY TO LOVE *Always and Always*

Soft candlelight . . . sweet music in your heart and his . . . and his kisses are yours . . . always. For such precious moments . . . make sure you'll never offend. Trust FRESH Cream Deodorant . . . so many smart women do.

For when you use FRESH daily, you get both continuous and special protection in moments of emotion and exertion. Because the amazing "moisture control" formula in FRESH gives you that special protection you need in perspiration emergencies. No other deodorant has ever made you this promise.



11 times surer than ordinary soap! Gentle FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap removes up to 95% of skin bacteria that cause perspiration odors! Delicate fragrance! Use daily to keep bath-fresh all day.



Also manufactured and distributed in Cana

REVISION IN NEW JERSEY

(Continued from Page 25)

rigned. Mayor Hague liked things the way they were and he was not the man to be shy about saying so—or backing up his opposition with stronger words and action. From Hague, they had to learn a hard lesson in politics: that you must play the game in order to win it. Defeats were numerous, and the victory long overdue before they accomplished their goal.

Things had been most unbusinesslike in New Jersey for many years. The industrial state had for more than a century been forced to conduct its public affairs under a document drawn up for a farming community with a population of 400,000 whose total expenditures had been $100,000 a year and whose only public institution was the state prison. In 1947, when revision was finally won, the population was 4,500,000 and the budget was $155,000,000.

Hamstrung by one of the most disproportionate systems of representation ever devised, the senate could be and often was controlled by eleven small counties with less than one sixth of the population. Constitutional change had been turned back for years by vote in this politically controlled body. "Representation by acres, not people," Governor Charles Edison called it.

In the highest court, sixteen judges presided on a part-time basis in one of the most complicated court systems in the English-speaking world. Cases were tried for years in one court before the judge threw them out because he'd decided it was out of his jurisdiction.

"The governor," Edison once remarked in exasperation, "is a gentleman who walks through the room without disturbing anyone." He was referring to the peculiar situation whereby a governor had to suffer through appointments made by his predecessors—or even by the governor pro tem who serves in the governor's absence. Even if he was lucky enough to appoint a few of the 92 department heads, he hadn't even the power to call them to a meeting, much less to fire any of them.

The state itself led a Jekyll-Hyde existence. In one part there was the teeming life of the industrial state, while in the southern part, Negro and white children still attended segregated schools. At Princeton, men like Woodrow Wilson, Harold Dodds and Albert Einstein contributed to the knowledge of the world; at the same time, some bosses did their best to suppress it.

And under the state's ancient constitution, very little could be done about it. That is, until the citizens of New Jersey took over the project of revision.

On February 24, 1941, the League of Women Voters called a meeting at Kresge's department store in Newark. It brought out 300 interested men and women, representing almost all important state-wide organizations of business and labor, civic and professional groups. They came to discuss what they could do, as citizens, to modernize the state's business. Sparked by the League, the New Jersey Committee for Constitutional Convention was formed and the most extensive citizens' campaign ever staged in the state began.

AND the beginning was only the beginning. Within four months after the committee opened headquarters, the groundwork was laid. A speakers' bureau, publicity offices, regular courses for revision workers had been organized. Most adult schools in the state now taught a ten-week course on the state constitution. Both candidates for governor were enthusiastic backers of constitutional reform.

These were the big things that were happening. But the really important things were the small things—the work being done by the Gene Millers, the individual members of the committee all over the state. They stumped the state, went to any meeting they could get into.

"It was just like a vaudeville-circuit tour," says Gene, remembering that life was just one long bus ride in those days of war, gasoline rationing and revision. "We also used to go down to the commuters' train in the morning to pass out pamphlets to the men going to New York. In Summit, twenty-five of us got up every workday morning in the dark and either took busses or walked to the station to pass out fliers. The policemen at the station had been told that revision would lose their jobs for them, so they weren't much in favor. They used to laugh and tell us to go back home and get our sleep. I even got some anonymous letters telling me to stay out of politics—that it wasn't any place for a woman."

The thing that really counts is face-to-face talk among friends and neighbors, says Mrs. Maxwell Barus, of Montclair, state League president during the latter part of the campaign. "Whenever you get people to discuss an issue, they generally get interested enough to go out and vote on it. At that time, with forty-three branches of the League spread throughout New Jersey, the local groups organized for business. They set up main-street information booths and showed volunteers how to man them to answer all questions people asked about revision. They passed out pamphlets and educational material prepared by the committee. When time came for the election, they canvassed door to door."

More dramatic methods were used, too, Mrs. Stuart Henderson, who preceded Mrs.

A man is young if a lady can make him happy or unhappy. He enters middle age when a lady can make him happy, but can no longer make him unhappy. He is old and gone if a lady can make him neither happy nor unhappy. —MORITZ ROSENTHAL

Barus as state League president, recalls. "We used to drive a horse and buggy down the street, advertising the old age of the constitution. Trouble was, though, the horse-and-buggy costumes the women wore were really kind of picturesque and we had to be careful that they didn't look too good."

In many homes the constitution became a family project. Mothers, housewives, businessmen and professional women were giving every spare moment to the project. And they were beginning to impress people mightily—people who hadn't even known there was a state constitution. They were beginning to talk about the revision program; newspapers were writing about the committee and its open defiance of Hague domination. And the mayor of Jersey City was beginning to hear things, too, things that made him unwilling to take a chance. He also began to move.

Gertrude Henderson still laughs when she thinks about the days when she was shadowed. "I was followed by a reporter from one of Hague's papers wherever I went. Any little meeting I went to—there he was. We really became quite good friends. I used to share my umbrella with him on rainy nights—poor dear." The lively gray-haired grandmother was undaunted by this attention, and went ahead with her speaking wherever and whenever she could, and no one ever managed to "get anything on her."

Despite the opposition, it was obviously a people's movement not to be denied. The legislature created a commission to inquire into the need for revision and to make recommendations. ("Appointment of a commission is a popular device in New Jersey for getting an uncomfortable idea safely shelved," commented Jane Barus.)

It took Hague only two days after the commission submitted its report to the legislature in May, 1942, to decide that the whole "scheme" was "fraught with trickery and deception." The legislature turned down the commission's proposal to put the constitution issue to the voters. Instead, another public-hearing commission was appointed to test public demand for revision, and a legislative hearing was held weekly at Trenton, with people from all over the state scrambling into busses to attend the hearings and to testify for revision.

AT the final hearing of the commission a delegation of forty veterans and Gold Star Mothers (eleven of them from Mayor Hague's Jersey City) appeared and gave the legislature the "out" revisionists felt it had been groping for all during the hearings.

"Submission of this question while the war is in progress will be treachery and a stab in the back to thousands of men now serving in the armed forces who are not allowed to vote," the head of the delegation asserted. Leading newspapers, the governor and veterans' groups pointed out the fallacy of the appeal, but the legislature turned down the idea of a convention—purely on patriotic grounds.

The committee had chalked up its first defeat, but had gone much too far and was far too interested to give up.

"We were beginning to learn new tactics," said Gertrude Henderson. "We learned to approach the candidates to find out their stand on revision and then reported it in the bulletins and fliers. We also knew that while constitution revision was not a dramatic issue, we could appeal to people on the basis of things they understood—business and household management; that we could describe it in terms of washing dishes, if we had to."

Another major accomplishment during the campaign was establishment of the New Jersey Constitution Foundation which was incorporated as an agency to disseminate information on the constitution. It was headed by Spencer Miller, Jr., with Prof. John Bebout, long the L.W.V.'s technical adviser on revision and a charter committee member, as executive vice-president.

The committee and the foundation continued the work. Then, shortly afterward, at the end of Governor Edison's term, Walter Edge, former governor, U. S. senator and ambassador to France, became the Republican candidate for governor. He also had revision in his platform, moved balky Republicans to accept a bill proposing that the 1943 legislature should act as a convention and draft a new constitution. The proposal was put to the voters in November, 1943, and passed.

It looked like clear sailing and on March 3, 1944, the legislature published a draft of a new constitution to be submitted to the voters. But by then revision was too much of a party issue, and—as always—there was Hague.

Just before the election, his campaign took on momentum. He plastered billboards all over the state, ads in every paper that would accept them, flooded the mail with letters. "Women will lose their rights," the propaganda read. "Negroes are not granted equal rights. . . . Church groups will lose tax exemption." A new civil-service section "will jeopardize the jobs of incumbent public servants."

The opposition had chosen his subjects well; many bewildered people chose to vote "no" rather than take a chance that Hague might be right. The vote was heavily against revision, and after four years of intensive campaigning, the constitution was shelved.

Although the pace slackened after the defeat, revision was a live issue, and it was only a matter of time until it would come up again. This it did in January, 1947, when Gov. Alfred Driscoll, in his inaugural address, gave top priority to the need for a constitutional convention.

The legislature worked fast and the question was submitted to the voters and passed. This time revision had everyone's blessings,

(Continued on Page 186)

"I'd crawl a mile for Q-TIPS!"



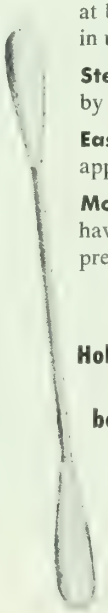
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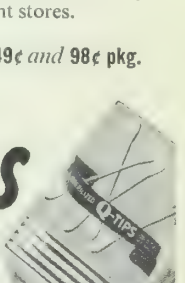
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All over America — right in the stores you shop — you see The American Standard coming back into its own. More and more of the better things on display. And when you find these better things, you find genuine leather. Truly, the things you live with, live longer in leather.

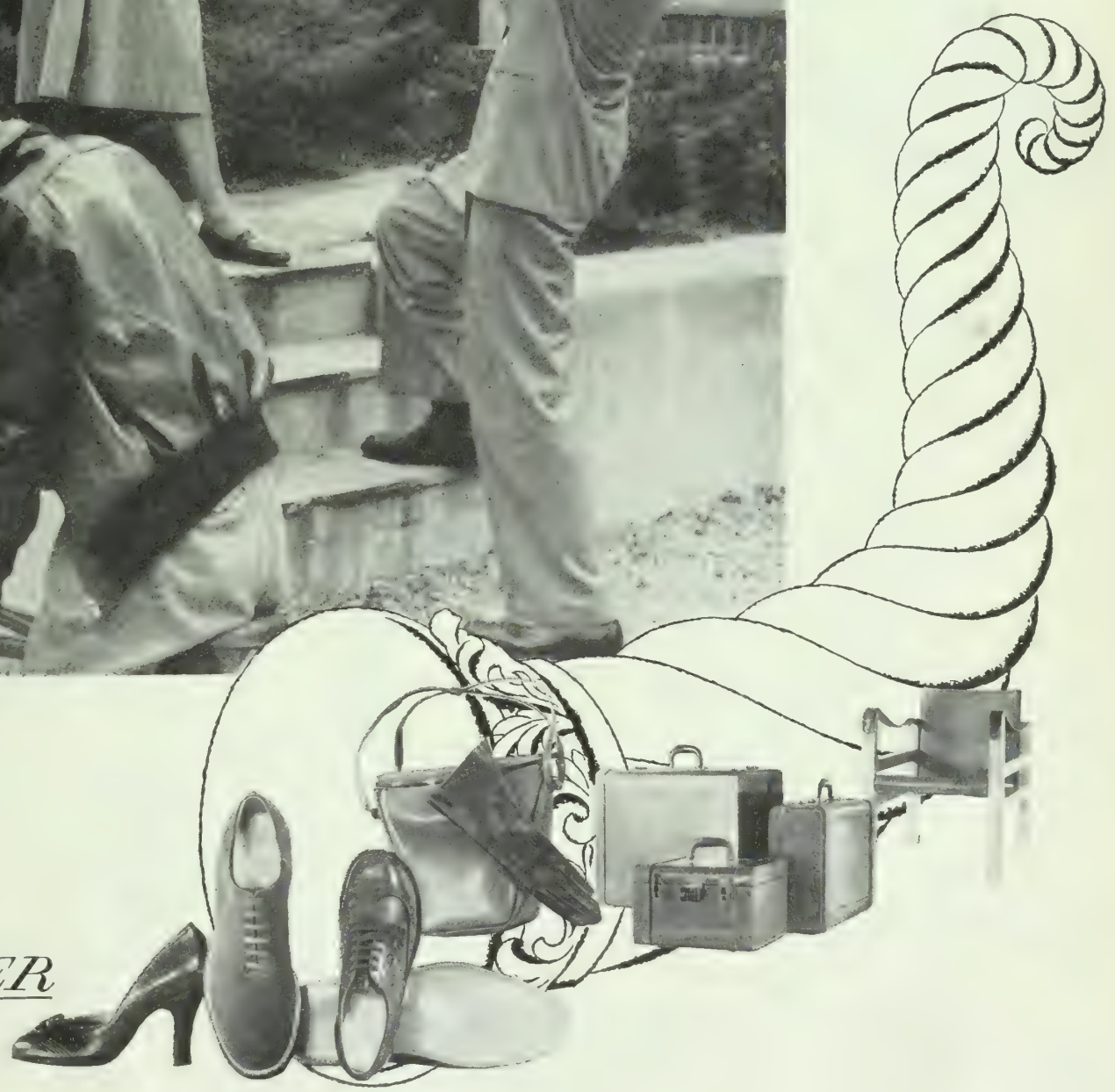
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(Continued from Page 183)

and two months later 81 delegates convened at New Brunswick to write the new constitution. Mayor Hague had just abdicated in favor of his nephew, Mayor Frank Hague Eggers, and said he no longer opposed revision. But he made it plain that he would have other suggestions at the convention, and this time the revisionists were prepared to play the game with him.

Among delegates were eight women who had worked for revision; four were League of Women Voters members.

Intelligent, tactful Jane Barus was the only woman to serve on the committee for revision of the executive article. "I wasn't too sure how useful I could be, when I looked around at the rest of the committee—all public officeholders. And they in turn looked at me with suspicion, thinking I would be a starry-eyed reformer who would cause a lot of trouble." However, when her job was through, and the executive article drafted, her fellow committee members commended her for her efficient work as secretary.

Gene Miller was barely out of the hospital with young Damon when the convention vote was called. She was in a quandary. There she was with a new baby to care for. She had time to file as a delegate candidate, but how would she have time to serve? Rich helped her make up her mind. Given the choice of spending the summer with his mother at home or seeing her off daily for New Brunswick, he simply said, "But the constitution's got to be fixed." With such a mandate, Gene filed her candidacy, was elected, served as secretary on the Judiciary Committee, and rushed back and forth from Summit to New Brunswick each day of the convention, getting home in time to fix Damon's formula and to report the day's convention proceedings to Rich.

Then there was Mrs. Olive Sanford, veteran Essex County legislator who had served seven terms as an assemblywoman when she was elected a delegate and served on the Legislative Committee. Mrs. Marion Constantine, of Passaic, served on the Rules Committee. Mrs. Ruth C. Streeter was former director of the U. S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve; Mrs. Marie H. Katzenbach held the highest position of any woman in the convention, that of second vice-president; Mrs. Myra C. Hacker, of Bergen County, and Mrs. Pauline H. Peterson, of Salem County, were other women delegates.

People from all over the state flocked to the convention. "It was just like a circus coming to town—or a disaster; everybody wanted to be on the scene," said Gene Miller. While many came to gawk, most came to help mold the constitution. Comm members testified before every comm Mrs. W. B. Heinz, chairman of the Le Steering Committee, literally moved t Brunswick for the sweltering summer, s it that the results of ten years' work o stitutional reform were read into the r

There was Evelyn Seufert, lawyer Englewood, who, with John Bebout, h write a proposed judiciary article, t sential features of which were incorp into the new constitution as the law state. Working till dawn of the day presented, the attractive lawyer, wh done valuable field and legal work f committee and the foundation, trave New Brunswick and presented the pro to the committee without so much as nap on the train.

Myra Blakeslee and Marguerite Carp of the Business and Professional W campaigned successfully to have the "persons" substituted for "men," drivi opening wedge for rights for women.

When the conv ended, it was o the ten-year campai really taught revis how to win a p fight. All points which the constituti been attacked in had been covered.

Happiness is a habit—cultivate it.

—ELBERT HUBBARD

The Bill of Rights now included a forbidding discrimination because religious principles, race, color, ances national origin." Collective-bargainin for labor were guaranteed. The gov powers were increased and his term ened, and he now had the right to immediate re-election. The 92 execut partments were pared down to 20 a governor given power to appoint and his chief assistants. Terms of legislato lengthened and the confining $500 salary upped to $3000. Ten courts w duced to three.

Major objectives were gained, bu promises had been made. "Even tho had approved the constitution, our g fear all along was Hague. We were af would change his mind," said Gene But the "Boss" was pacified; the co tion was drafted.

On November 4, 1947, voters went polls and accepted the new const The vote was heavy in favor and spo of the long, tedious struggle of a g selfless men and women who finally that you must play the political g order to win it—that hard work a cerity are not enough. It was an easy at the polls, but the groundwork h something short of monumental.

As Jane Barus summed it up: "I takes time."

"THERE IS A TIME"

(Continued from Page 14)

to reform my fellow men and their institutions. Now I am more concerned to understand them.

As one grows older, certain mental changes occur. The mind, of course, is the last part of oneself to grow old. Normally it reaches full maturity at about sixty. Some qualities diminish—for instance, the great quality of creative imagination. But the powers of judgment and discrimination increase rather than diminish, as long as the mind is actively used. One is less inclined to accept the popular intellectual idols and political slogans of the times; more inclined to contemplation. By sixty—and particularly, perhaps, in this century—one has lived through so many modes of thought that one ought to be able to distinguish the transient and superficial from the lasting and firmly rooted: the notion from the idea.

"But" (the young will make the mental reservation, without articulating it, being tactful) "you just, in the nature of things, are facing illnesses. After all, people die."

That's odd too. I remember whe afraid of developing some fell disease will happen to my family!) Now I nev about it. I'd *like*, of course, to fall dow old tree, when my sap has run out. one grows older, one lives more, as chil in the present. One is not striving a future and therefore not anticipatir its possible achievements or probab Whatever may befall won't cripple life." One isn't going to drag out "o years" in a bed or a wheel chair. Ma won't drag them out at all! Who kn

Today is precious. My life *now* is ha fruitful. *Maybe* I will go again this Europe and the Middle East. Or In never been in India). Yes, I will t limited number of lectures this win willing). But *today* I'm going to fi article.

And—thanks for listening, if any As I started to say—there are adva growing old!

"He hath made every thing be his time."



Yesterday's oversight... today's complaint!

All the regrets and all the complaining will never bring a shrunk-up dress back to size.

Please, pretty please, don't let this happen to you. Always look for "SANFORIZED" on the label. It is your never-failing sign that your cottons will never shrink out of fit...out of style. That's right, NEVER!

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There's a man in the house

by HARLAN MILLER

Imagine my surprise when a fond friend phoned at 3 A.M. (just as I was about to phone him).

"My daughter is out with your son," he said. "Any idea where they are?"

"Why do you let her stay out so late?" I inquired.

When he phoned me at 3:15 that they'd been parked in his driveway for three hours I forgave him.

★

Our neighborhood imps held a juvenile dog show in our back yard. I didn't mind the commotion, because two collies won first and second prizes, as they'd have won 'em when I was a boy. Is this youth's answer to the adult dog-show fashion czars?

★

We were arguing about the wonder drugs at the bridge table when somebody said one person in sixteen is painfully allergic to penicillin. . . . Maybe Job ate something moldy out of the ground when he got those Biblical agonies!

★

Around the big table at the club we were comparing notes on hunting trips.

"Ever notice," said our champ duck hunter, "that our wives almost never try to veto a hunting expedition?"

We agreed that this is further proof that women have a strong streak of the primitive in 'em, and like wild game.

★

Only one woman in our little coterie has kept her feet warm at the state university's football game this fall: the one whose feet are so small that her stadium boots fit inside her husband's hunting boots. His feet got cold, but he thawed O.K. on the special train coming home.

★

Lately I've innocently eavesdropped at collegiate conversations about girls and "women." The more the collegians seem to know about the female of our species, and the more authoritatively they talk, the more the girls seem to baffle 'em.

★

"My Peter is so eager to shock his in-laws," confides Betty Comfort, frowning at the accumulation of soda bottles on the back porch, "that he wants me to serve steaks for Thanksgiving instead of turkey to the whole clan this year, and hang the cost!"

★

We've discovered an antidote to our youngest's needling for amusement: When he demands movies, picnics, explorations, outings, we softly mention his chores—yard raking, car washing, driveway sweeping and any others we can remember. It keeps him from stampeding us.

★

I've quizzed our twelve-year-old about his teeth braces, and my cynical conclusion is that the only certainty about them is that the dentist gets $10 a month.

★

Since my Dream Woman became aware that good wieners cost almost as much as steak, she serves smaller cuts of steak, augmented with hot dogs. (But not before she'd seen such a combination pictured in a magazine!)

"I hear they're trying to limit phone conversations to five minutes in the next county," reports Peter Comfort, tightening a nut on his wheelbarrow. "Shucks, that hardly gives a girl time to maneuver around to what she's really got on her mind!"

★

When I raid the cupboard at midnight, I conclude there are only two kinds of breakfast foods: the kinds I don't like and the kinds we're always out of.



I've noticed that when I go off on a duck-hunting trip my Dream Girl adopts a semi-neutral attitude, neither adverse nor enthusiastic. In fact, she doesn't commit herself until she sees how many ducks I bring home.

★

Our neighborhood elves held a bike and trike parade around the block to celebrate the return of a pal back after a year in California. It isn't quite clear whether they honored him as (1) a heroic survivor of the last earthquake or (2) merely as a Marco Polo returned from long exile.

My revulsion from our narrow "concrete cowpaths" stimulates two opposite enthusiasms. I now revel in rolling along a divided four-lane highway—and I sometimes (as a shun-piker) ask the highway map experts to route me on the back roads where the landscapes retain a tinge of 1910 serenity.

★

In my long rassle with penicillin allergy, I suffered fourteen hypodermic injections of four different chemicals, and swallowed thirteen different kinds of pills, including several wonder drugs. (I learned why they're called wonder drugs—you wonder what they'll do to you.)

★

Maybe the best trick my Dream Girl and I have discovered is to start a "fund" for anything that costs over $100. Then we know exactly when we ought to buy it: when we have the money saved up. (And if we change our minds about buying it, we still have the money!)

★

Our youngest has wangled from our neighborhood druggist five or six of the racks on which he displays those 25- and 35-cent paperbound books. To fill 'em up we've accumulated a library of several hundred two-bit volumes, and the covers are the liveliest decorative touch in the house.

★

While carving turkey for twenty eager mouths at our Thanksgiving table, I'm tempted this year to create a new superstition: that the carver must munch titbits of turkey as he carves, to propitiate the Goddess of Plenty. Otherwise he himself may still be unfed when he begins to carve second helpings.

★

I detect signs that the craze among the younger teen-agers for "exclusive dating" is not so fashionable as it was. In the date clinics around our phone it appears that some of the more adventurous young braves are scattering their sunshine among five to ten eager and receptive squaws.

★

At this season I have a problem convincing the family (with gestures) that, at 62° outdoors, with half a dozen doors and windows wide open, the furnace can't keep the house at 72° though it blaze day and night. (Thus I build a tidy reputation as an eccentric.)

★

Even as strong-minded a woman as my wife is amenable to the power of the press. The morning she read that ex-King Farouk had eaten ten boiled eggs for breakfast she made history by giving me three instead of two, and by eating two herself instead of her usual one!

★

When Junior loads and unloads all the luggage in the car on a cross-country trip . . .

Or our daughter offers to save me enough of her red hair for a toupee . . .

And our twelve-year-old rows three miles across a lake and back in heroic zigzags . . .

Or my Lady Love suddenly releases me from the doghouse and begins to pamper me as if I were worth my salt . . .

I stop drawing up imaginary lists of husbandly grievances and face the truth: I'd have been a wretched misfit as a bachelor.



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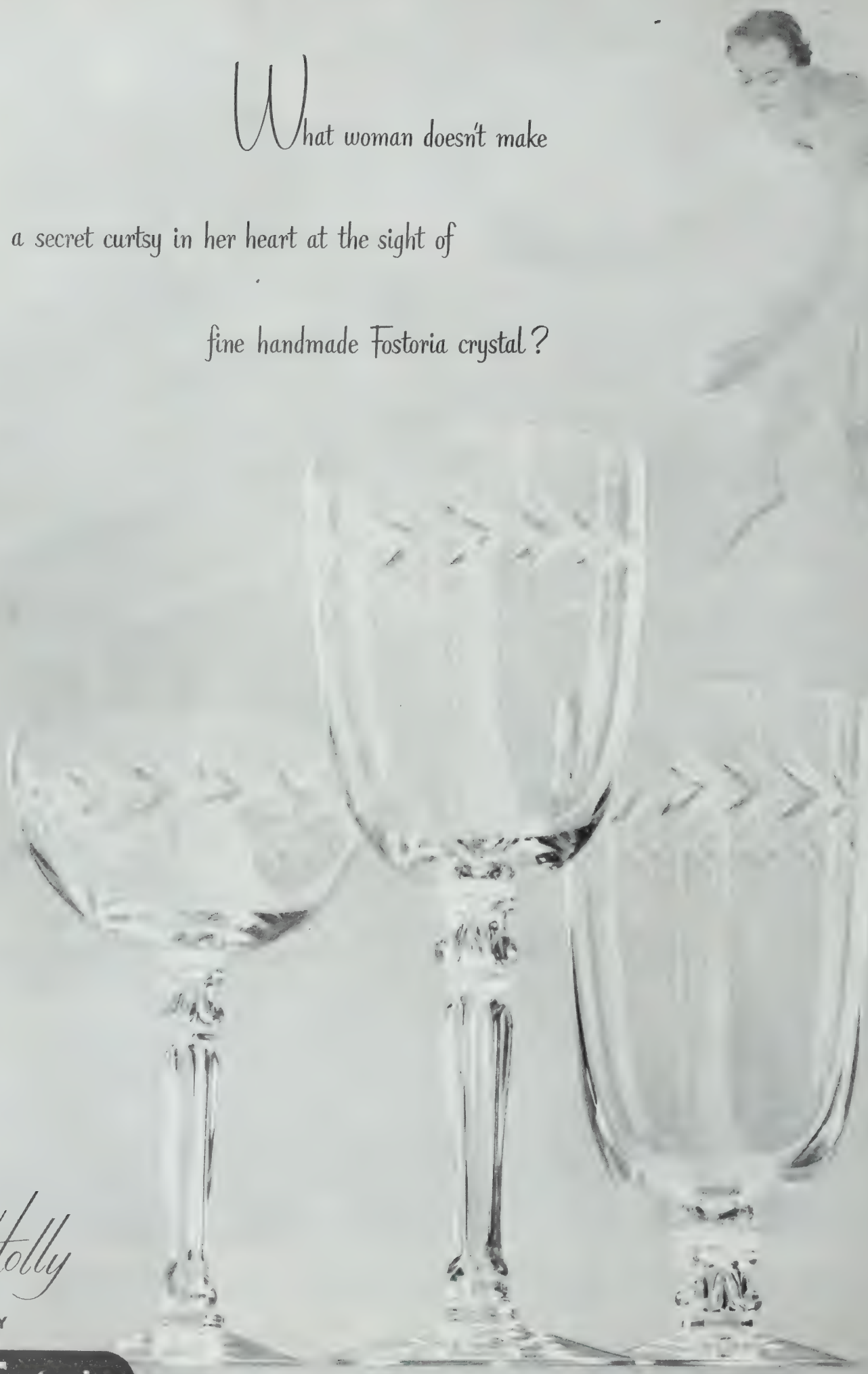
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Holly

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PORTRAIT OF A GIRL

(Continued from Page 56)

extravagant, but Corot replied, "Give her the money and remember the worst kind of misery is the misery dressed in silk." Daumier, one of the giants among nineteenth-century artists, was poor and going blind. Corot bought a house and gave it to his old friend with the diverting explanation, "It is not for you I am doing this. It is merely to annoy your landlord." The morning of his death, when his servant brought his breakfast, he remarked, as though disclosing his plans for the day, "This afternoon *le père* Corot will lunch in the next world."

At their best, his paintings are just as serenely unself-conscious. Though in landscape Corot's production is uneven, in his rare portraits and figure pictures he almost never falters. The tranquillity of his nature seems to have enabled him to give these canvases a mood of benign objectivity. His models are gentle and kindly people. They look relaxed and comfortable. He paints them when they have become oblivious of the artist; when they are bemused and self-absorbed.

Corot himself, however, was never bemused; his vision never failed in its quick alertness. With perfect co-ordination of hand and eye he knew the effect of his web of short, swift brush strokes. As a young man, he said he took so many steps backward and forward to see the effect of each touch that a canvas represented a walk of many kilometers. But later his virtuosity became so great that there was no necessity to move back from his easel. He once remarked jokingly that often he did not even look at his canvas from the spectator's point of view until the "picture was signed, framed and paid for."

The beauty of the *Portrait of a Girl*, painted in 1859, lies in this combination of technical skill and exactness of observation. All the modulations of tone, the amount of light falling on any part of the face, from the fully illuminated right cheek through the half tones of the opposite cheek into the shadow under the chin, are perfectly related. These delicate transitions from light to shade give the head its appearance of solid volume. But beyond this organization of values there is a further congruity in the painting: a uniform breadth of vision. No dress was ever woven with such broken, meandering lines. But imagine this passage painted more precisely, suppose the dress looked more like actual tartan, and you will realize at once that it would be out of key, that by comparison the face of the young girl would seem too sketchy, too lacking in detail. Few artists have been able to organize the facts of appearance with such consistency of vision. To find the peers of Corot, one must look to Velazquez in Spain and Vermeer in Holland.

—JOHN WALKER,
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 8)

Collect Girl Babies

The Nest
Korhogo, Africa

Dear Editors: We are two girls, one French, the other American, in a lost part of the brush of Ivory Coast and we have already adopted four African babies—our eldest, a girl, is almost four years old now; and she was three months old when we



Mother Hens' babies.



took her; our youngest, we got her at birth, is fifteen days old—and we have opened a house to receive all the babies who need us. (The fate of the babies who have lost their mothers, in this area, is to be left in the brush and eaten by hyenas.) I agree that babies are sometimes far from being fun, but when you have to face the fact that any minute you might lose them from disease or just because some of their old relatives in the villages think that girls—even only two years old—are not worth anything but to be sold to any man who wants them, then you think they are worth anything to you and life would lose a lot of its meaning for you without them. And when you recover them by a pure miracle of God—even when you have to struggle all the time with them and you are so tired—you think children are worth it.

Sincerely,
MOTHER HEN

P.S. As you can well see by my many mistakes I am the French girl. The other Mother Hen is still in America on furlough.

Built to Stay Put

Kittery, Maine

Ladies and Gentlemen: Here at Sparhawk Mansion Richard Pratt and I recently had quite a talk on modern vs.

PHOTO BY ELDREDGE WOODS



Master of Sparhawk.

colonial baronial architecture. Pratt said that the difference between building in 1742 and 1952 is that then the builders built for 200 years, for an empire, for the future. While today builders don't dare to look beyond a few years and an atom bomb.

If that is true, won't it incline toward defeating our own ends? So long as we have faith in the future can anything lick us?

We haven't anywhere near the somber outlook of 1742. The currency was then all shot. England didn't have strength enough to enforce her own laws. Canada, under the French, glowered to the south. Indian uprisings were constantly feared. A French fleet could have come into the harbor at Kittery Point and bashed in the four fine homes in four minutes.

Were the people afraid? No. They figured the French would not come, but if they did they'd be met with whatever the people had handy. So the carpenters in homespun, with their queer and awkward tools, carved patiently the glowing, knotless wood, and sawed carefully so the joints came together as if grown there.

Wouldn't it be a helpful thing to inject a little of this philosophy into the old-house descriptions?

Yours,
HORACE MITCHELL

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PROVINCIAL PREFERRED

(Continued from Page 46)

and more drawers for linens and keepsakes and so leave us a great variety of originals from which to make our reproductions.

Modern Provincial furniture is at its best with today's fresh flower-bright color schemes. There is a world of gay cottons, calicos, sprigged chintzes and rainbow denims to choose for drapery and upholstery, and fresh paint colors and wallpaper designs to go with all of them. Braided rugs no longer need be handmade, as commercial ones in wool and cotton come in any size and coloring, are reversible and moderate in cost.

Much of the charm of a Provincial room lies in its accessories. Acquiring them is a delightful hobby which takes you to country sales, secondhand shops and your own attic and cellar. An old tray for a coffee table, a big tureen for flowers, a stoneware jar for a lamp all add personality to your room and the satisfying accent of authenticity.

In buying Provincial furniture, here are some quality tips to look for. Good pieces will be made of solid woods—birch, hard maple, and occasionally walnut or cherry. Table and chair boxing will be rigidly reinforced by corner blocks which are glued and screwed into place. Joints are usually of the tenon type, and legs will be smoothly turned in one of several traditional designs. Drawers in tables or chest will be permanently aligned and fitted so that they work smoothly under all conditions. Upholstery, of course, is a later innovation, but an important consideration when buying Provincial furniture. Many pieces have loose seat and back cushions which are spring-filled and reversible. Seat platforms with steel straps supported by springs and felt-padded are used in quality pieces.

Nowadays you can have your choice of finishes, for Provincial furniture comes creamy light, tawny or dark to suit your color scheme. The surfaces will be satiny rather than shiny, as if hand-rubbed.

FABULOUS FANNY

(Continued from Page 53)

On summer nights, Fanny and her audience would gather on her front stoop for an evening of singing. Within a few weeks she noticed that they were attracting more and more adults who would stand around the group listening to the songs. One night Fanny counted the house, and the following evening, when her gang gathered, she led them seven or eight blocks away from St. Mark's Avenue.

Stopping at last in the rear of a likely looking tenement, Fanny ordered the others to be still and broke into When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget, seasoning the lyric with a generous portion of tears. She sang it loud and clear and mournfully. When she had finished, she stepped back, ran her sleeve over her eyes, and waited.

There was a brief, scattered shower of pennies, followed by a brief flurry of fisticuffs which Fanny arbitrated immediately by electing herself treasurer of the choir.

With the pennies securely tied in her white handkerchief, Fanny led the choristers through an alley, across another block, and into another back yard. At the end of an hour, having infrequently allowed someone else to sing, Fanny called a halt to the evening's concert, stopping below an arc light to open the handkerchief.

"Nobody ever got a short count from Fanny," Lew said. "She divided it even all the way around, keeping fifteen cents in a pile near her. When she was finished, one of the kids says, 'What's the fifteen cents for?'

"'For a flashlight, you dope,' Fanny yells at him. 'I heard more pennies fall than what we got here. Tomorrow night we're not leaving any behind.'

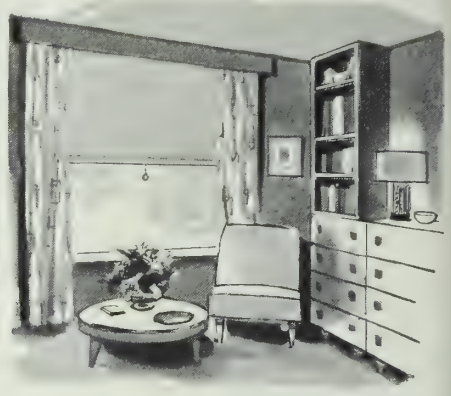
"One night the kids show up around our stoop and everybody's going to Keeney's Theater for the amateur night. Fanny and I



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e even heard of it. They tell us it costs a
ur er to get in, so Fanny takes me and the
h ight and we make a couple of back
d , her singing and me collecting. In an
ur we got the price for both of us."
Except that when they arrived at the
a er, all the quarter seats were sold. Only
y cent tickets remained. Taking Lew's
o , Fanny led him to the stage door, stop-
g a few feet away to give him instruc-
ns. They would tell the man they wanted
a pear on amateur night. She was a
g r, Lew was a dancer, and they worked
e her. That way they would get into the
a er. Once inside, they would see as much
t e show as they could. When it was their
n to perform, they would sneak out, and
h ave their half dollar.

"Next thing I know," Lew said, "we're
t e wings behind Frank Keeney, and
r e watching those amateurs. He's got our
e s, but I'm not too worried. I'm fast on
f eet. Then I see that the curtain is up
j t six inches from the floor and I spot
e stage hands picking up the coins.

"Next thing I know," Lew continued,
K eney announces some guy, but nobody
e s a move. The audience is clapping
h hands and stamping feet and Keeney
p s Fanny by the arm and shoves her out
t ."

Most of the audience knew the thin,
ky girl, and not a few had heard her
b They saw her shaking with fear, and
s shouted, "Stick with it, Fanny!" They
h her crying real tears, and they yelled,
"You can do it, Fan! Go on, show them,
Fanny!" but she could only stand with her
h clenched, her fingers digging into her
p s, too far from the
s to run for it, too
l tened to sing any-
t g.

Until someone shouted,
"Then You Know You're
Not Forgotten!" The or-
chestra leader raised his
arm, and led the musi-
cians into the chorus. And she sang. She sang,
and later she told Lew that she had closed
her eyes and imagined nobody in the theater
but herself and her mother.

With her eyes closed Fanny imagined her
mother wearing a straw hat with a blue
ostrich plume. Her mother wore white can-
vas shoes with high heels, and a beautiful
chiffon dress.

Fanny made it up that her mother had
come to hear her sing. She made it up that
Lew had built her mother a house in the
country, as she sang that night. She had
bought her mother a car and hired a chauf-
feur with a mustache who drove her mother
all over the United States in the beautiful
car.

After the show Frank Keeney learned that
Fanny had never been in an amateur night
before. He told her that he owned two
other theaters and he wanted her to appear
there the following Wednesday and Thurs-
day nights.

She won those. Within a month Fanny
had won a dozen amateur shows. The prize
money, together with half of what Lew
picked up behind the curtain, brought her
weekly income to between $60 and $70.

When Fanny was in the second grade, Lew
remembers her as the kind of student who
spent most of her days in the coat closet, hav-
ing been ordered there by the teacher for dis-
turbing the other pupils.

Now that she was winning contests, Fanny
decided to quit school. She had never liked
school and had never been a good student. When
she showed her mother the money she was
making, Fanny was an ex-student.

"She won the first time she ran, remember
that?," Lew said. "Fanny never stopped win-
ning."

From Fanny's older sister, Carolyn, came
the history of their mother, Rosie Stern. When
she was eighteen years old and in love with
a tailor, Rosie married Charles Borach, a
pretender earning $80 a week in the largest
saloon on the Bowery.

For Rosie, whose eight years alone in America had been spent boarding with one family after another in the fetid back bedrooms of a dozen lower East Side flats, the bartender with the black mustache was something more real than love.

Pinochle Charlie, as he was called, was as real as the apartment of her own on Second Street, with its steam heat, which he promised her.

From a village near Budapest, Rosie's mother had sent her to America with the child's aunt, giving three feather beds in payment of passage from Hungary to Ellis Island. Her mother wanted something more for Rosie than her own hut with its leaking roof, dirt floors, and the cow in the kitchen. Years later, Rosie told her children that she had not wanted to leave her parents, her brothers and sisters, her familiar, safe world for the new world. But her mother had said go and she had gone.

She lived first with an East Side family as cook, maid, and nurse for the infant of the house.

FOLLOWING which she found a job in a dress factory where she earned enough to be able to share a room with the daughter of another family.

She moved again and again and again in an unceasing search for warmer, cleaner, more private lodging, until at last she found a bedroom of her own in the home of Frank Grant and his wife, who was Pinochle Charlie's sister.

Rosie had known Seymour Cohen for almost a year then. He was a short sallow youth making $2 a week, which was almost enough for himself and the aged mother who lived with him. He was thin, badly dressed and ungainly. He would walk the East Side with Rosie, buying her a bag of sunflower seeds, holding her hand in his hand.

Those who wish to sing always find a song.
—SWEDISH PROVERB

Rosie waited and worked and walked the East Side with Seymour Cohen until the night Pinochle Charlie came to visit his sister and saw Rosie going out to meet her tailor.

Until then, Pinochle Charlie had been a sometime guest at the Grants'. Now he became as frequent a visitor as a bill collector. There was a night when Rosie could no longer wait, when $2 every seven days was not enough for a youth and a girl and an old woman. She gave Seymour Cohen back his sunflower seeds that night and turned away from him on Houston Street. When she came home, the Grants were in the kitchen, drinking beer with Pinochle Charlie.

Mrs. Grant insisted that Rosie join them. After several minutes of silence, the two men went into another room, and Mrs. Grant said:

"He wants to marry you, Rosie."

"No."

"It's time you were married. He's a good man. He makes good money."

"No."

"Think about it," Mrs. Grant said before joining the men.

Rosie thought about it for a week. Pinochle Charlie came every night, sitting in the parlor with Frank Grant.

Rosie Borach never told anyone what happened during those seven days, but at the end of the week she agreed to marry Pinochle Charlie.

"We were all born on the East Side," said Carolyn. "Very soon after Lew came, we moved to Newark, where my father bought a saloon across from the Pennsylvania Station. He bought it and mom ran it. She could tap a keg of beer better than any man. She couldn't read or write but she could figure percentages like an adding machine. Fanny adored my mother. She was always with Fanny in later years.

"So it was mom who was boss. Pinochle Charlie was too busy playing cards in the back. Everybody who knew him loved that man. Everybody except my mother. She never liked him, but Pinochle Charlie was a fascinating character."



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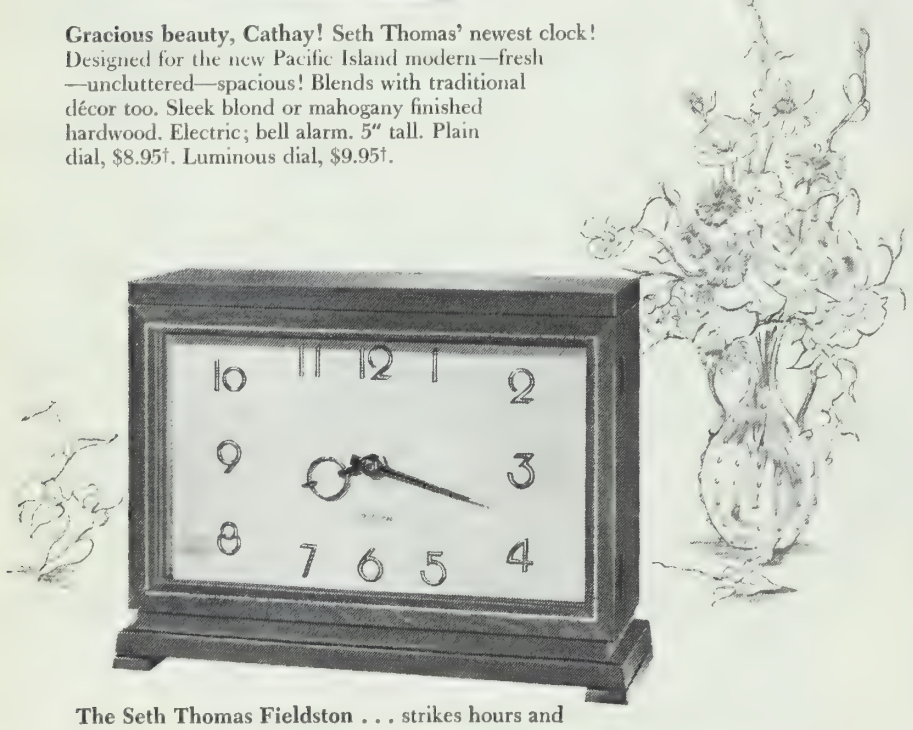
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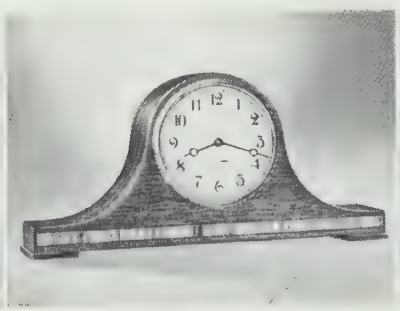
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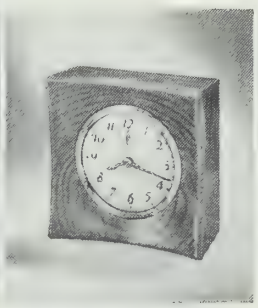
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Fanny wrote of her father, "He liked his liquor. He said it made him feel good. He had asthma and he couldn't breathe sometimes. He never slept in bed. He used to put a pillow on the table and sleep on his arm. Because he said if he laid down he would choke. He said the whisky would let him breathe. On Sunday the saloons were closed. We would all sit down in the saloon after breakfast on Sunday. I remember there was a pool table and it would be covered with a cloth. And I would get up on the bar and sing and dance. And my mother would be mad, but my father would say, 'No, let her sing, let her dance.'

"'What are you going to do for us, my actress?' he would ask.

"So I would tell him. 'I'm a princess in a big castle,' I'd say. 'The bad king has me locked up. I can't escape.' I would do a whole routine, and my father would applaud and throw me a nickel or a dime. Then I would sing a song and he would throw me another coin. It's funny, mom made all the money and there he sat throwing nickels and dimes at me."

"Fanny was a crook as a kid," said Carolyn. "Really! When she was eight years old, she would steal money and buy toys to give to babies on the block. We had a charge account at a shoe store. One month my mother got a bill for seven pairs of shoes. She saw that only Phil and Lew had new shoes, so she went to the store. She found out that Fanny had come in with five kids and bought them all shoes.

"Here is a strange thing. When we were young, Fanny would always say, 'I'm going to marry a blind man.' I would ask her why. She'd tell me so she could take care of him.

"Now how do you put that together with the stealing? It's a funny psychology she had. Fanny didn't need to steal, because mom was very good in business. Once we had seven saloons in Newark. Mom would go from one to the other. Still Fanny stole. Whenever mom would visit people, she never took Fanny or Lew because they would go right into the kitchen to the sugar bowl where the money was."

THE pair became adept shoplifters. Fanny would take only pencils, crayons and erasers, tearing the lining in the pocket of her coat so she would have more room for loot. Lew stole only candy.

After many months of successful forays against law and order, Fanny decided they were being watched with more than ordinary interest by several blue-suited sentinels in the department stores they visited.

On the afternoon of their next scheduled venture, Fanny dragged Lew into the bedroom she shared with her sister and told him to get out of his clothes.

"Huh?" Lew said, staring at his sister.

"You're going to wear Carrie's clothes," Fanny decided. "They won't recognize us."

"Who?" Lew asked.

"We'll fool them," Fanny said, tugging at Lew's shirt.

"Fool who?" Lew said. "I'm not wearing girls' clothes. Mom!" he shouted, breaking for the door. But Rosie was at the saloon and Fanny blocked his path to the door.

"Get them off," she commanded.

An hour later two small girls dressed in matching white made their way into a department store. They held hands as they walked shyly along the aisles, smiling at salesgirls and stealing whatever they could lay their grubby little hands on.

Until, looking up, they saw a pair of store detectives standing before them.

"We're waiting for mother," Fanny said.

Lew was pale, shaken and speechless.

"We've got a special waiting room," one of the detectives announced, getting a firm hold on each. Fanny and Lew were quickly transported to a room upstairs and separated. While Lew was taken through a door by one detective, Fanny was kept outside by the other.

Fanny noticed that the wall behind which Lew was held did not extend to the ceiling. She saw lamp cords extending into the room as the detective said, "Empty your pockets."









"Me?" Fanny asked.

"Come on, kid, empty them," the detective ordered, and Fanny emptied.

Even the detective was amazed at the amount of his employer's merchandise which Fanny had been able to secrete about her person. "How'd you steal all this, kid?" the detective asked.

"I didn't steal nothing."

"Look, kid, don't get smart with me," the detective warned.

"I didn't steal nothing," Fanny insisted.

"Now, listen ——" the detective began, as Lew screamed, "She made me do it!"

Fanny heard him and the detective heard him. "She made me do it!" Lew repeated. "I didn't want to, mister, honest I didn't. It was her!"

Always thereafter, twenty and thirty and forty years later, Fanny would suddenly remember that day, and point the accusing finger at Lew. "You traitor! You sold me out!"

Fanny loved flowers. They were living in a rather dingy neighborhood in Newark, in one of three identical buildings, each with a janitor. Often Fanny led Lew into the outlying districts of the city where they could make their way into the private gardens behind fine homes to pick flowers. One summer day Fanny saw a music box on the back porch of a house. Within seconds the device was off the porch and the two were running as fast as they could. Since they could not bring the music box into their own home without submitting to questions for which Fanny had no answers, she showed it to the janitor of the building next door. Fanny sold it to him for $2, watching as he carried it down into the cellar. When he appeared without the music box and went into the building, Fanny reasoned that the janitor had hidden it until he left for the day. Leading the trusting Lew, she made her way into the basement, where she found the instrument in the cold furnace.

Before ten minutes passed, Fanny had sold it to the janitor of the building beyond. Loitering near the stoop, they saw the second purchaser take it into *his* cellar, waited until *he* was gone, and this time sold it to a music store for $10.

In those years Fanny didn't care whether the money could be made within or beyond the pale; all she wanted was a chance at it. She was ten years old when she learned, a few weeks before Christmas, that a Newark department store was hiring wrappers for the holiday season at $2.50 a week. Unable to recruit Lew, who suspected another stealing scheme and for once preferred fractions to five-fingering, Fanny left school immediately and was hired the same day. Mom was busy in the saloon from morning to night, the children had to make do for themselves, and Fanny swore the others to secrecy.

Standing at the wrapping table, she began to imagine that she was very poor, that her mother was dead and her father blind, that the sole support of the family was her responsibility.

The fantasy continued with Fanny refining and reshaping the original ingredients: Carolyn was epileptic (Fanny had once seen someone in a seizure); Phil had to have a brace for his crippled leg; Pinochle Charlie was not only blind but needed a set of false teeth.

The other girls around the wrapping table soon noticed Fanny's sad face. When one asked if anything was troubling her, Fanny reluctantly shared her imaginary grief with the others, giving her recitation precisely the same shading and emphasis she was later to employ in the Ziegfeld Follies.

One of the girls stole away to report the incident to the section manager. He immediately asked Fanny to repeat the story, which she did with alacrity. The section head went from the wrapping table to the store's main office, where he quickly learned that Fanny's

(Continued on Page 197)



You can't blame Santa for taking a few moments of relaxation in the new La-Z-Boy Model 103. You'd be tempted too, once you tried the luxurious feeling of the posture-controlled relaxation you get when you recline in the Model 103 with its automatic foot rest. Yes, for tired Dads and Santas too, you can't beat a La-Z-Boy for that perfect Christmas gift. Write for folder and name of your nearest La-Z-Boy dealer.

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New Ways With New Fabrics

By Virginia Carr

We love the new washable, quick-drying fabrics—they are so easy to keep at their bandbox best. Tricks we've learned make them more wearable—easier to keep attractive.

• Your slips and blouses cling, due to static electricity. To avoid, rinse them in a declinging solution. The antistatic product, a clear, odorless liquid, is found in department stores. On our first tryout we dipped half a blouse. The results: part of it bloused; the rest clung like paper on the wall. Good idea for all washable synthetics.

• Since static electricity attracts dye and dirt, the antistatic rinse helps keep fabrics clean.

• To brighten dingy-looking nylon undies, soak a few minutes in a safe-for-synthetics bleach. Used regularly, it keeps them bright.

• Our recipe for wrinkle-free nylon, Orlon and Dacron—let them drip dry. The materials dry quickly, so wringing isn't important, and anyway it adds unwanted creases. Dried on hangers, many garments can be worn as is. Others look fresher when touched up with an iron.

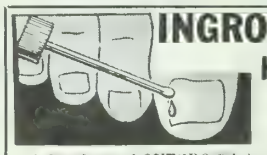
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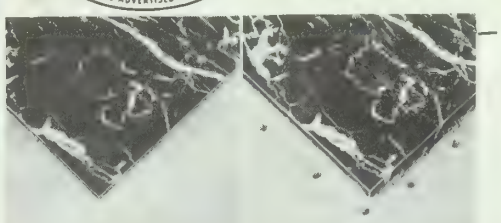
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

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FOR BROTHER AND SISTER...

Watch 'em go for Hunt's Heavenly Peaches! Ummmm—how they love these tender, golden beauties. Good for them, too. Serve Hunt's often!





RECIPE

Heavenly Broiled Peaches

Place 6 peach halves cup side up in shallow baking dish. Dot each with butter. Mix 2 tbsp. syrup from peaches and 2 tbsp. lemon juice; pour over peaches. Fill hollows with any of the following: mint jelly; currant jelly; shredded cocoanut; a mixture of chopped maraschino cherries and nuts. Place about 4 inches below broiler, heat and broil until peaches are lightly browned, basting occasionally. Serve for dessert, or with roasts.

Hunt- for the best

For Mrs. and Mister...

Broiled Heavenly Peaches! What a wonderful treat for you and your guests. Grand as a dessert. Grand with roasts. And they're so easy to make! See recipe below picture.



Hunt's Heavenly Peaches

at down-to-earth-prices

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

(Continued from Page 195)

mother not only had a charge account at the store, but was a very good customer. He thought it wise to telephone Rosie Borach.

Rosie appeared at the department store within the hour and was led to the wrapping table. As she seized Fanny's ear with one hand, she slapped her daughter with the other.

"You disgraced me!" cried Rosie.

Slap!

"You told lies!" cried Rosie.

"Mom, please ——"

"Shut up!"

Slap!

As she held on to the ear, pulling Fanny through the store:

"Mamma's dead," Rosie remembered, "and papa's ——"

Slap!

"—— blind!"

Slap!

"You're hurting me," Fanny wailed.

"Good."

Slap!

CAROLYN chuckled as she remembered Fanny's bruised ear and puffed face. "The week after Christmas the store sent mom a check for $2.50," Carolyn said, "and she wouldn't give it to Fanny. It was a big, standing joke in the family. Years and years afterward when Fanny was living in California, she would say to mom, 'You owe me $2.50 and I want my money.'

"Just about that time we went abroad," Carolyn said. "Fanny, mom, and I traveled first class to see mom's family in Budapest, Hungary."

Fanny remembered the journey clearly in her notes. "After we had been in Hungary a couple of weeks, my mother took us to her home where she was born, some town about eight hours from Budapest. And in this village all the roofs were straw. The Hungarian gypsy children, 10 and 12 years old, used to go around naked, so primitive was this village. And my mother took us through the woods, and said, 'Now here is a place where I always used to go when I was a little girl. I used to find eggs here.' The chickens used to run wild, see, and the kids would run all over looking for eggs. And as we came to the spot where she used to find eggs, you guessed it—we found two eggs there!"

"We didn't stay in Newark long after we came home," Carolyn said. "Not because of Fanny, oh, no. Mom just got tired of my father's ways, I suppose you would say. She would work from dark to dark and he would be losing all the money playing poker and betting on the horses. There was a Sunday morning, I remember it very well, when Pinochle Charlie was watching Fanny perform up on the bar. I was there and Lew, and mom came in with Phil. Being the oldest, he was with her a lot in those days."

The saloon, Carolyn recalls, was hot and muggy and dark that summer's day. Fanny was singing as Rosie came through the front door. Waving at her mother, Fanny continued her ballad.

"Enough," Rosie said.

Fanny sang on.

Rosie walked to the bar, her back to Pinochle Charlie. "Get down, Fanny," she said. "It isn't our bar any more."

She reached up for her daughter, lifting her from the bar.

"Wait," Pinochle Charlie said. He rose from the chair. "Wait a minute, please. What do you mean, it isn't our bar?"

"I'm telling you," Rosie answered. "I sold the saloon today."

"Since when are you the boss, please?" he demanded.

"Since I opened the first saloon. Since I stand behind the bar."

"I'll stop the sale," Pinochle Charlie declared.

"You'll stop nothing," Rosie told him. "You're not the boss, Mr. Borach. I'm the boss, and I sold."

Lew began to cry.

Rosie said, "Keep still, you," and Carolyn began to cry.

Rosie said, "Come, I'll give you dinner," but Pinochle Charlie took her arm.

"And what happens now, Rose?"

She turned to him. She looked at her handsome husband, with the black mustache. "We are moving to Brooklyn. I bought a building in Brooklyn."

"I don't want to move to Brooklyn," Pinochle Charlie declared.

She pushed his hand from her arm. "You're not going," she told him. "I'm going. The children and me."

"Rose," Pinochle Charlie called. "I warn you, Rose," he said, but spoke now to an empty saloon.

When Rosie moved her brood, Pinochle Charlie did not move with them. Rosie learned that he had followed them to Brooklyn, taking a room far out in Gravesend where he became a bookmaker, but did not tell the children. Rosie plunged into the real-estate business, leaving her children in the care of a housekeeper during the day.

The Children in Autumn

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

They are unconcerned
With autumn now, the children
Playing beneath this sudden
Blazing of the maples.
Autumn might just as well have
come,
For all they notice,
To the far Pacific's islands
Or the boulevards of Naples.

I hear them playing loudly
Under the reddening myrtles
The games they played when April
Captured the whitening park.
The signals are all the same
And their laughing playmates even,
But they do not see the embers of
leaves
That light the gathering dark.

Autumn is fast upon us,
But not for the eyes of the children.
It is for us, their elders,
Who carry its name in our talk,
Who sensed it before the turning
Of a maple leaf or the sumac,
Before a scarlet cinder
Fell from the salvia's stalk.

Carolyn remembers that she and Fanny were on the stoop in front of the St. Mark's Avenue house one day, when Pinochle Charlie came around the corner. She remembers that Fanny saw him first, giving a wild, ecstatic scream as she hurled herself at Pinochle Charlie.

He dropped the packages he carried to the sidewalk while Fanny held him with both hands, her skinny arms around his middle.

Now Carolyn was upon him, the pair holding and kissing their father whom they had not seen for months, until he straightened up, laughing.

"I grew," Fanny announced.

"I grew too," Carolyn declared.

"You are both very beautiful," Pinochle Charlie told them. "You are my beautiful daughters."

"Me, too," Fanny said. "Do you want to hear me sing, daddy?"

"Of course I want to hear you sing. I want to hear Carolyn sing. And I want you to show me your presents."

"Presents!" Fanny shrieked.

"Where?" Carolyn demanded, as Pinochle Charlie bent to pick up the packages on the sidewalk. He held the packages and led them to the stoop where he sat while the girls tore at the paper wrappings.

There was a doll for each.

Each son had a drum. A big red-painted, boom-boom-boom-booming drum which they pounded in front of the house while Fanny sang and waltzed with her doll and Carolyn sat happily beside her father until the sun had dropped behind the buildings and Pinochle Charlie rose from the stoop, brushing the dust from his trousers.

"Have we had fun?" he asked his children.

They nodded, watching him.

"You'll have to get ready for supper," he said. "Your mother will be home soon."

"Aren't you hungry?" Fanny asked.

"I have already had my supper."

"You could watch us," Fanny said, holding the doll by one patent-leather shoe.

"But I have to go now, Fanny."

"Why?" she asked.

"Come and kiss your father good-by," he said, kneeling before his children.

Carolyn kissed him first. Carolyn and then Phil and last Lew.

But Fanny stood apart, holding her doll, Baby Annie, by its shoe until Pinochle Charlie came to her, bending to kiss the top of her head, before backing away, smiling, and waving his hand; walking backward for a time, until he turned without warning, hurrying to the corner and disappearing from sight.

Fanny dropped her doll, her Baby Annie, on the stoop and began to walk to the corner. She walked slowly and then she quickened her steps. She walked quickly and then she began to run.

She ran to Vanderbilt Avenue where she stopped to look. She did not see him and ran for the trolley stop. She did not see him there, either, and retraced her route, looking in each saloon, but could not find Pinochle Charlie.

Nor could Rosie find Fanny. When she had returned from the day's business, and fed her children, and sent Phil to find his sister, and waited for his return without Fanny, Rosie ordered the others to bed.

She sat alone in the kitchen until nearly midnight, when Fanny came home. "Your supper," Rosie said, and led her daughter to the table where she had propped Baby Annie against the sugar bowl.

She didn't ask Fanny where she had been. She didn't ask why she had been away so late. She didn't order her daughter to wash her hands. She set food before Fanny and watched her eat and didn't insist that the child eat more.

For a time Fanny pecked at her food and then she reached for Baby Annie and slid off her chair. "I'm going to sleep," Fanny said, holding her doll.

"All right," Rosie said.

Fanny was nearly out of the kitchen when Rosie said, "Do you want to kiss me good night?"

Fanny turned. She walked to her mother and lifted her face. She let her mother kiss her cheek. "Good night, darling," Rosie said.

"Good night," Fanny said.

"Go to bed," Rosie said gently.

Fanny nodded. She started for the door. "Sleep well," Rosie said, as Fanny walked across the kitchen.

"Sleep well, darling," Rosie said, in the empty room, as she lifted Fanny's plate from the table.

"HE came back now and then," Carolyn said. "Pinochle Charlie would come to see us. Always with presents, and always during the day, when mom was away on business. That's when he'd come: handsome and tall and dressed like the King of Rumania. Oh, he was gallant, Pinochle Charlie. We would beg him to stay home with us. All except Fanny. After that first time, whenever he came she would leave; she would disappear after a few minutes. I don't know why. She would get her present and take it in the house and go out the back door. Not us: not Phil and Lew and me. We would just plead with him to stay, but he never did. He never came home to live."

When she had won every amateur night in Brooklyn, Fanny began to cross the East River into Manhattan. She won contests as

How to roll out pie dough so it fits the pan exactly



—another pie-baking hint from Marie Gifford, *Armour's famous home economist*

First, follow Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe that's printed on your carton of Armour Star Lard. Then divide the dough into three equal portions. Form each portion into a round ball. (This is the exact amount of dough required for a bottom crust in a 9″ pan.)



Roll out, starting from the center and rolling to the outside edges of the dough. Roll until circle of dough is about 11″ across. Release pressure on the rolling pin as you reach the edge. You'll have a perfect circle that exactly fits your pie pan—without any leftover scraps.

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far uptown as the Harlem Opera House on 125th Street. Three and four nights a week she was out winning contests and every night she was badgering her mother to move to New York.

To Rosie Borach, who had turned her back on love for Pinochle Charlie's $80 a week, Fanny's bring-home pay was a convincing argument. Soon she and her brood occupied an apartment in uptown New York.

Fanny was rapidly losing her amateur status, and wanted to break into real show business.

For a time she worked as pianist, ticket taker and sweeper in a motion-picture theater at Third Avenue and 83rd Street. She had long ago promised John Brice, a hearty, Irish friend of the family, that she would one day take his name as hers. In applying for the job, she called herself Fanny Brice. She was done with Borach forever. Rosie, who considered her separation from Pinochle Charlie a lifetime arrangement, followed suit, as did the other children.

For her varied chores at the movie house, Fanny received $8 a week. But for the gawky girl of fourteen it was only a way station. Carolyn recalls that Fanny considered her job at the nickelodeon as required training for the future.

One night Fanny read an advertisement in the theatrical section of one of the newspapers calling for chorus girls the following day. It bore the names of George M. Cohan and Sam Harris, whose names meant nothing to Fanny. Fanny didn't care who was in need of chorus girls; she just knew she wanted to be one.

"But I'm thinking to myself," she wrote in her notes, "'If I don't get *that* job, I don't want to lose the job in the movie house.' That night I says to Carolyn, 'You call the nickelodeon in the morning and tell them I'm sick.'

"'You're not sick,' she says.

"'I know I'm not sick, dope! Just tell them I'm sick.'

"'That's a lie,' she says.

"'I know it's a lie,' I told her. 'I don't want to lose my job in case I don't get hired at this other place.'

"'I won't do it,' Carolyn says.

"So I told my mom to call. She did it. She had brains."

While Rosie called the nickelodeon the next morning to announce that her daughter was in bed with a high fever, Fanny was on her way to the offices of Cohan and Harris.

Taking her place at the end of the line, Fanny made her way slowly, pausing at last before a young man who looked at her casually and said, "Name?"

"Fanny Brice. Mr. Cohan, I can ——"

"I'm not Mr. Cohan. Eighteen dollars a week," he said. "Leave your name and address with the girl," pointing at the far end of the room.

Fanny didn't move. "Mr. Harris, I can sing," she said.

"I'm not Mr. Harris. They'll hear you at rehearsal. Leave your name with the girl."

"Mister, I've got my music right here," Fanny said, offering the sheets.

THE young man took her arm and firmly pulled Fanny across the room to his assistant, where he left her.

Fanny was told that she would hear from them and that night, reporting the day's glorious event to Carolyn, she could not understand why she had not been allowed to sing.

"I'll bet he would have given me twenty-five dollars if he'd heard me," Fanny said.

In the two weeks which followed, Fanny could not keep food on her stomach. She could not sleep the night through without waking at least once, sitting up in bed and staring for several minutes. She could not believe in the integrity of the United States postal service. One day she threw a chair at Lew when he suggested that she might have thought up the Cohan and Harris story while sweeping out the theater.

But she could work at the nickelodeon. There was the $8 to consider and Fanny considered it.

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by CHERAMY
PERFUMER

When the post card arrived summoning Fanny to rehearsal at the Amsterdam Roof on 42nd Street, Fanny quit her job immediately. There followed several days of song rehearsal. Fanny seemed to be getting along all right except for Mr. Cohan's repeated warnings that she must shut her mouth when the other girls shut their mouths and not linger over the last note like a lovesick coyote. Fanny had told her family that once Mr. Cohan heard her sing he would then and there assign her a solo and raise her salary to $25.

AFTER the singing satisfied Mr. Cohan, he began directing the dances. For Fanny, who had never lifted a foot except to kick a can, and who, actually, didn't know her left from her right, this was something less than a lark.

She soon devised her own method of distinguishing between her feet. She knew that she wrote with her right hand. By concentrating on her right arm, which she moved in a continuous circle, and remembering that she wrote with that hand, she could follow Mr. Cohan's orders. If he said right foot, she moved the limb below the swinging arm. If he said *left*, it was the one below the arm at her side.

George M. Cohan got one look at Miss Perpetual Motion up on the stage and stopped the rehearsal. "You," he said, "you with the St. Vitus's dance. Back to the kitchen."

Alone in the dressing room on the floor below, Fanny wept herself into exhaustion. She bathed her face with cold water and sat down. Many years later she wrote, "I had no place to go. At the nickelodeon they got another girl and at home they think I'm the new Duse. I sit there, I don't know, maybe three hours, maybe four.

"Then I hear somebody coming. I rub spit on my eyes. I know they are all red from before, and I start crying quick. Well, in walks Cohan and I'm wailing like a funeral. 'Now, now, little girl,' he says, 'you've never been on the stage. You can't dance.'

"'No,' I say, 'but I can sing.' I'm flooding the room with tears.

"'Well,' Cohan tells me, 'we need dancers for this show. But there's another show in rehearsal and maybe they can use you there.'

"So he sends me to this other place and it's a saloon on Broadway, across the street from the Winter Garden. In the back they have all the tables piled on each other. Rose Green, Mitzi Green's mother, is in charge. When I compare what I see with the Amsterdam Roof, I think, 'Uh-uh, not me.'

"But I see the steps the dancers are doing and I think of the steps Cohan is rehearsing. I decide I'll learn something about dancing."

At that time, Hurtig & Seamon were to burlesque what the House of Morgan was to banking. They *were* burlesque. Fanny planned a frontal attack on Joe Hurtig, and in a month she was shown into his office.

Reminding him that she had won an amateur-night contest at his Harlem Opera House, she gave him a rapid rundown on her theatrical past. It approximated the combined activities of Miss Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Eleanora Duse, and Miss Eva Tanguay. Joe Hurtig hired her for the chorus of his Transatlantic Burlesques, which was then in rehearsal preparing to take to the road.

In those years burlesque was not very daring. In most cities the girls would not wear tights, and in all cities they wore stockings.

Again Fanny was plagued by her inability to dance. The director told Hurtig that either she left the chorus or he left the show. However, Hurtig had listened to Fanny sing. He gave her a song she was to render from a box seat while a blue light played on her.

WHILE the director glared at her, she told Hurtig that she wasn't satisfied with his decision. She wanted to be seen on the stage, not in a box in the theater. As she argued, her anger mounted, and as her spleen rose, she looked about her for something to push into the director's face. Hurtig hurriedly ordered the director to shift Fanny to the back of the stage. She would be with the girls, Hurtig told Fanny, but in the last row. Taking her place in much the same spirit with which a relief pitcher occupies the bullpen, Fanny continued rehearsal.

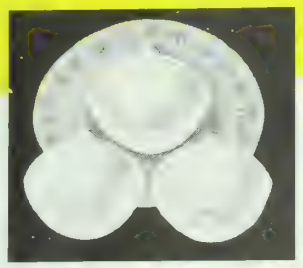
The night before the Transatlantic Burlesques departed for its opening date in Birmingham, Alabama, Rosie packed her daughter's suitcase. Fanny stripped the clos-

(Continued on Page 201)

the light touch

By Victoria Harris

PERFECT lighting doesn't come with many houses. If you live in the midst of those old-fashioned fixtures that have clusters of bare bulbs, the new mushroom-shaped lamp which directs about two thirds of the glare up to the ceiling gives a soft indirect lighting. Screw-in fixtures, which you can put in yourself as if you were screwing in a light bulb, can be used wherever you have a single glaring lamp bulb stuck out of the ceiling. Some have a series of louvers, some glass bowls to shield glaring bulbs. Wonderful in that antique bathroom.



"Mushroom" bulbs divert glare.



Louvers diffuse light.

The kitchen can be brighter on dark days if you use the new 150-watt bulbs that are no larger than the 100-watt and will fit the same fixture.

For cherished table lamps without diffusing bowls there are special bulbs shaped and coated to diffuse light. New harps to support shades fit around them.

For the girl who doesn't like a **heavy** make-up...



choose this delicate, greaseless base

If you feel that heavy make-ups give your complexion a coated, "obvious" look—you'll be especially happy with this sheerer, more natural powder base. It feels so wonderfully light on your skin. Gives such a fine-textured, "poreless" look to your face. Never streaks or discolors. Never cakes around nose or mouth. Before you powder, smooth on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Right away it *disappears*, leaving only an invisible, protective finish that holds your powder superbly . . . gives you the soft, fresh, *un*selfconscious kind of make-up that you feel happiest in—look *prettiest* in!

Remarkable 1-Minute Mask smooths away dulling dead skin particles!

Before your next important date—make your complexion tingle with new brightness! Cover your face—except eyes—in a deep, snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens chapped, dried skin particles. *Dissolves them off!* Leave on one minute—then tissue off! Now—see what wonderful things have happened to your skin—in just 60 seconds! It looks lighter, even *clearer!* And perfectly smoothed for a flattering, *lasting* make-up.

SEE—*on your hands—the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream! Chappings, ragged cuticle dissolve off. Hands look silky—white!*



Antonia Drexel Earle

"Several times a week I treat myself to a luxurious 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says the enchanting Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle. "Nothing makes my skin look so fresh and clear. I really look forward to the make-up effects of the mask."



3 generations tell you why Maytag is the Automatic for you



"For three generations my family's clothes have been washed clean with Maytags," says young Mrs. Westley Ensign of Duluth, Minnesota. "My Maytag has so many features I just couldn't do without!" She particularly likes the big double-walled aluminum tub, Maytag Roller Water Remover, and famous Gyrafoam washing action.



"Since I was a girl, Maytag's been a household word," says Mrs. Floyd Ensign, right. "So naturally I chose a Maytag Automatic!" This mem of a three generation Maytag family pours tea for her daughter, Mrs. Westley Ensign, and her mother, Mrs. William Lentz, all of Duluth, Mi



Maytag Dutch Oven Gas Range. Most efficient, best-insulated oven you can buy. Speedy gas cooking. Easy to clean. The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa. Washers • Ranges • Freezers • Ironers.

"I wouldn't have believed an automatic could wash clothes so clean," says Grandmother, Mrs. William Lentz. Yes, only the **Maytag** Automatic has famous Gyrafoam washing action . . . the agitator action originated by Maytag. Gentle water currents wash out even the most stubborn dirt. Safety Lid . . . open it, washing action stops; close it, washing resumes. It's "children-proof." No bolting down . . . perfectly balanced. And Maytag's adjustable legs will fit the most uneven floors.

"My automatic leaves clothes so easy to iron," sa Mother, Mrs. Floyd Ensign. The Maytag Automatic sp dries gently . . . clothes have no hard-to-iron wrinkl You'll like the completely automatic operation . . . wa rinse, and spin-dry, and Maytag even turns itself Up-and-over rinse flushes dirt *away* from clothes *through them.* You can wash everything from nyl to blue jeans. Built by **Maytag,** and that means ex years of dependable performance and clean cloth

(Continued from Page 199)

ets of every chemise, bloomers and brassière n the Brice apartment. When Rosie asked if Fanny intended to establish an undergarment emporium in the Southern city, she explained that since she was the star of the show, she was required to make several changes of costume during the performance. Certainly Fanny could not be expected to wear the same bloomers through an entire performance. Somewhat mystified, but dedicated to art and its financial returns, Rosie packed the unmentionables.

Arrived in Birmingham, Fanny looked about her for a means of breaking out from her beachhead in the last row. Selecting a front-line chorus girl whose bloomers-and-brassière inventory was considerably less than her colleagues', Fanny ostentatiously displayed her own swollen stock.

"FANNY gave this girl one each—bloomers, chemise, brassière—as payment for a week's dancing lessons," says a Follies friend, Trixie Wilson. "After a couple of days, the girl had enough. Then Fanny gave the girl most of her salary for the week. The town was full of bananas, so Fanny had bananas for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"But she picked up some steps. When the first girl wouldn't teach her any more, Fanny picked another one. And she started to make up to the dance director, who traveled with the show, telling him he was the greatest thing since the electric light.

"And she's winning Chorus Girls' Night all the while. That's an added attraction once a week after the regular show. All the chorus girls do specialties for a ten-dollar prize and Fanny is the winner. She's buying the director striped shirts and cigars the size of a baseball bat. Every time she sees him, Fanny breaks out into a dance. Of course she continues her lessons with whoever is hard up for a chemise or a bra."

In St. Louis Fanny was moved forward into the second row. When the show reached Chicago, she was kicking in the first line. Although Fanny had exhausted her brassières, she had only begun her campaign.

The soubrette, or leading lady, of the Transatlantic Burlesques was the stage manager's wife, a kind of Pauline Bunyan, with legs like barrel staves. For weeks the string-bean Fanny had been ooh-ing and aah-ing over this Amazon, inundating her with compliments while carefully studying her role and secretly praying for a mysterious disease to strike her.

From Chicago they moved to Cincinnati, Joe Hurtig's home town. The producer was in the city and had invited a great many of his friends to the opening-night show. Shortly before curtain time, the soubrette fainted in her husband's arms backstage.

In the midst of the confusion behind the curtain, Joe Hurtig appeared, demanding to know why the show hadn't started. Seeing him, Fanny bounced forward to announce that she knew the stricken soubrette's part as well as she knew her name. By this time, Hurtig would have let the Siamese Twins play the lead in order to get the curtain up. He ordered Fanny to get on with it, before returning to his guests.

Fanny rolled her eyes, she winked, she kicked, she sang loud enough to wake the whole state of Ohio. She was all over that stage. They brought her back for seven encores. She would have given seventy, but Hurtig kept the curtain down and told the stage manager to fit Fanny with the leading lady's costumes.

At the start of the following season, wanting to get out of burlesque, Fanny appeared at the casting office of Max Spiegel, who was producing what he termed a musical comedy, called The College Girl.

Spiegel, who had heard her sing in Transatlantic Burlesques, asked Fanny if she did a specialty. Fanny assured him she had a specialty to end all specialties. When Spiegel asked Fanny what salary she expected, she replied that with her specialty she would work for $25 a week. Spiegel hired her immediately.

After a week of rehearsals, Spiegel called the cast together. "I want all of you specialty people to go on Friday night in a big benefit show in Arverne, Long Island. I'll be there watching so I'll know where to place you in the show."

As she listened to Spiegel, Fanny became faint with fear. "Well, here goes my job," she wrote long afterward. "I have no specialty. And I ran right to Irving Berlin. 'Oh, Irving,' I said, grabbing him, 'I've got a job in a show, and when Spiegel signed me up, he asked me if I did a specialty. I told him yes, thinking that was the way I could get the job. I never thought he really wanted me to do one. And I have to sing something because I've got to do this benefit in Arverne or I'm finished.' Irving took me in the back room and he played Sadie Salome and Grizzly Bear. The first song was a Jewish comedy song, and the second was a ragtime song. So of course Irving sang Sadie Salome with a Jewish accent. I had never had any idea of doing a song with a Jewish accent. I didn't even understand Jewish, couldn't talk a word of it. But, I thought, if that's the way Irving sings it, that's the way I'll sing it. I learned them both in an hour.

"Of course," Fanny continued, "I came home and told my mother about the benefit—and what was I going to wear? She said, 'I better wash your white sailor suit.' It was linen. 'I'll put a little extra starch in it.'

"At Arverne, every big star on Broadway was there. Well, I came out and did Sadie Salome for the first time ever doing a Jewish accent. And that starched sailor suit is killing me. And it's gathering you know where, and I'm trying to squirm it away, and singing and smiling, and the audience is loving it. They think it's an act I'm doing, so as long as they're laughing, I keep it up. They start to throw roses at me. I did Grizzly Bear for them, and I'm still with that creeping sailor. More roses. I was a hit, I guess."

The following day, Spiegel called Fanny into his office and offered her an eight-year contract. The seventeen-year-old comedienne listened as Spiegel promised her a $10 weekly raise each year, reminding Fanny that in the last twelve months of her contract with him she would be making $95 a week. Spiegel told her to take the contract home and have her mother sign it.

"My mother can't write," Fanny said, thinking of the $95 each week, and worried lest Spiegel change his mind while he was waiting for the document. "I can write."

"Sign it," Spiegel said, extending a pen. Fanny signed.

The show opened in Scranton. The College Girl was a great hit, and Fanny Brice an even bigger hit. In New York, Spiegel read the notices and moved Fanny's contract from his desk to his office safe.

[EDITORS' NOTE: Fanny was just over eighteen years of age, and appearing in The College Girl, when she married her first husband, Frank White, a barber. But she never lived with him. A few years later she got a divorce.]

It seemed to Fanny that she had never wanted anything except to work for the Great Glorifier, Florenz Ziegfeld, whose annual Follies were the best Broadway offered. Once when a young woman—employed by a song-publishing firm—whose name was Helen Ziegfeld saw her perform, she sent a card backstage to Fanny.

On it was the name of the company and the words, "Please see me. Miss Ziegfeld."

Fanny immediately wrote "Mr." over the "Miss," put her thumb over the company's name, and showed it to everybody in the theater, shouting, "Ziegfeld sent me a card! See? Ziegfeld! He wants to see me!"

SHORTLY afterward Ziegfeld did want to see Fanny. He had watched her in The College Girl at the Columbia Theater on Broadway, the first house built for burlesque on the Avenue of Ambition. Like everybody in show business, Ziegfeld knew that Max Spiegel had Fanny signed to an exclusive eight-year contract. Discussing Fanny with Bert Cooper, a successful agent of the time, Ziegfeld praised her abilities, deploring the fact that Max Spiegel had her tied up. Cooper, who knew Fanny well, told Ziegfeld that she was only seventeen, a minor, when she signed the contract.

When Fanny got to the Columbia Theater the next day, the stage-door attendant handed her a telegram. It read, "Will you come to see me at your earliest convenience. Florenz Ziegfeld."

Fanny was certain that somebody in the cast of The College Girl had sent her the telegram after listening to her story a few weeks earlier. She telephoned Ziegfeld's office and asked his secretary, "Did Mr. Ziegfeld send me a telegram? This is Fanny Brice."

"He certainly did," was the answer. "He wants to see you as soon as possible."



". . . So much for his career at college. Then, of course, he'll go on to medical school ——"



There's added health protection in CLOROX-clean linens!

Used in laundering of white and color-fast cottons and linens, Clorox does more than make them snowy-white and color-bright... it makes them sanitary, too, safer for your family's health! No other home laundering aid equals Clorox in germ-killing efficiency!

Laboratory tests show that harmful germs often survive ordinary washing. So, follow the example of millions of women who always include Clorox in laundering. Give your family the added health protection Clorox provides. And because it's free from caustic —an exclusive, patented feature— Clorox is extra gentle on fabrics.

And CLOROX protects health in routine cleaning, too!



Clorox is more than a washday help. It's a 4 in 1 product! Besides bleaching, Clorox removes stains, deodorizes, disinfects. Make kitchen and bathroom surfaces bright, fresh, sanitary with Clorox. It's one of the world's great disinfectants! See directions on the label.



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That's because Sanitone is a special kind of Dry Cleaning that gets out all the dirt . . . even stubborn spots. That's why we know you, too, can profit from the experiences of thousands of women from coast to coast—Sanitone Dry Cleaning makes an amazing difference. Colors regain like-new sparkle, fabric texture and finish is restored, no tell-tale cleaning odor and a better lasting press. Yet it costs no more than ordinary dry cleaning. Try it—see for yourself what a difference there can be in dry cleaning.

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BE SURE TO VOTE IN NOVEMBER

Does Dry Skin Make People Guess Wrong About Your Age?

Do salespeople suggest matronly hats and toned-down colors instead of the sparkling, chic little samples on the mannequins?

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For such skin, Woodbury has a marvelous Dry Skin Cream, with a wonder-working ingredient called *Penaten! Penaten's* special magic is that it penetrates deeper into the important corneum layer of the skin — and carries the rich benefits of lanolin and 3 other special skin softeners deeper than ever before!

Spend five minutes a day with Woodbury Dry Skin Cream and see how little dry lines and rough flakes seem to melt away! Watch your skin take on a lovely new softness. Others will notice it too! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream costs only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



It was a warm autumn day, and the stage door was open. Fanny had called from a wall telephone just inside the door. She was almost nineteen years old, in perfect health, and possessed of a superb voice with remarkable lung power. Yet when Fanny finally reached her rendezvous, she immediately lost her voice completely. Having been ushered into Ziegfeld's office and greeted warmly, she could only stand staring at him while she bit her lip to keep from collapsing.

So Fanny remained: speechless, trembling, until Ziegfeld rose and walked around his desk, and sat her down gently in a chair. Leaning against the desk, smiling at Fanny, he said, "I watched your work. You are very talented, Miss Brice."

Nobody had ever called her "Miss Brice" before. She locked her fingers and stared miserably at her hands, her feet together and her knees together, dressed in the white she always wore because, "I didn't want to look burlesquey."

"Would you like to work for me, Miss Brice?" Ziegfeld asked.

Fanny remembered later that she wanted to sneeze. To sneeze and to cry. To cry and to kiss him. To leap into the air. To tell Rosie. To tell Carolyn. To tell Clara Hendricks and her brother, Lew, and whomever she saw.

But she could only sit pulling her fingers.

"How old are you?" Ziegfeld asked.

Then, at last, she found voice. She could talk but she could not look up and she said, "I was seventeen when I signed with Max Spiegel. Is that what you mean, Mr. Ziegfeld?"

"Yes," he said. "Then your contract isn't legal." He asked Fanny why her mother hadn't signed it. She told him Rosie couldn't write.

"It's a good thing for both of us that she can't, isn't it?"

ZIEGFELD produced a contract. It was, as Fanny later said, "on slick, shiny paper," and when she had signed the document which provided that she receive $75 weekly that year and $100 weekly the following year, Ziegfeld presented her with a copy of it.

Fanny would not have exchanged it for the Magna Charta. She thanked Ziegfeld and left his office slowly, as befits a lady who doesn't want to look burlesquey. She thanked his secretary and downstairs she thanked the doorman.

Then she set off for 47th Street and Broadway at a speed that would have shamed a fire horse. Reaching that corner, the burlesque crossroads of the world, she pulled up and caught her breath and waited.

As soon as she saw a familiar face, she would shout, "Hey, Ziegfeld signed me. A hundred a week," quoting the following year's salary. Seizing the friend's arm, she would begin to read the contract word for word, from top to bottom.

As Fanny remembers it, "I'd stand there every day. I never went back to College Girl. In about four or five days the contract was torn to pieces. I think I wore out eight before the Follies even went into rehearsal.

"Not only a hundred dollars, but Ziegfeld! I couldn't stay home. I used to stand on Broadway with it, waiting for anyone I knew to show up."

The 1910 Follies, Fanny's first, was Ziegfeld's fourth. When rehearsals began, Fanny was forgotten in the crush of stars, beautiful women, sketch writers, composers, set designers, costume designers, stage hands, all the hundreds of retainers whom Ziegfeld, the monarch, kept at his court.

Here and there during rehearsals Fanny would be pressed into service for a moment or two, but most of the time she sat forgotten and unnoticed. It became quite apparent to her that while she might have a contract for the Follies, it contained no clause which guaranteed her appearance *in* the Follies.

SHE appealed to Ziegfeld. "Are you going to let me sing?" she asked.

"Of course, Fanny. Of course," he said. "Just talk to the music boys," he suggested, and was called away to another part of the theater.

Fanny looked over at Joe Jordan and Will Marion Cook, the two colored song writers. Around them were two dozen performers, each fighting for a song, a lyric, anything to help his own status in the show.

Fanny went to the telephone and called Rosie. Then she waited until almost everyone had left the theater. Approaching Jordan and Cook, Fanny said, "How would you boys like a real, home-cooked meal? My mom is the best cook in New York."

Jordan lowered the lid of the piano and reached for his jacket. Cook was buttoning his. Fanny led the pair uptown to Rosie's food.

She waited until they could eat no more. Then, leaning against the piano in the parlor, she asked if perhaps they didn't have a song which she might sing in the Follies.

By this time, the pair *wanted* to give Fanny a song, but reluctantly admitted they had nothing for her. Jordan sat at the piano picking out a melody with one finger, and the frantic Fanny asked if that wouldn't do for her.

"That's nothing," Jordan replied. "That's just my tune. They call me Lovey Joe where I live, and I call this little old thing 'Lovey Joe.'"

"Sing me the words," Fanny pleaded. "Let's hear the lyrics."

"Haven't got lyrics," Jordan said. "This here ain't no song, Fanny."

That's what you *say*, brother, Fanny thought. Signaling Rosie to bring fresh coffee and hot pastry, Fanny sat down next to Jordan at the piano. "Let's try together,"

(Continued on Page 204)

RUTH B. MOLLOY



Be Kind, O World!

Ruth Branning Molloy

Watch for this little traveler;
The road seems very long to her,
All time and space live in her eyes
That are not clock nor worldly wise,
Remember her, O engineer,
And mute your whistle to her fear;
Conductor, tell her "Here's your town,"
And help her lift her satchel down;
Hold out your arms, O world, to her,
Watch for this little traveler!



From experience comes faith

Willingly you give yourself to depths of drifting silence. Down and down . . . in softness, quietness . . . and sleep. You do not fear . . . behind the expert hands that guide your journey lies infinite experience with this blessing. . . . Its name is ether.

100 years ago Squibb ether first appeared. It made possible the techniques of modern painless surgery. Before that, different grades of ether, different strengths and qualities, made anaesthesia unpredictable.

The inventor of the process for making pure ether was Dr. Edward Robinson Squibb. To meet the world need, he offered his technique freely for all to copy. Today E. R. Squibb & Sons continues to be the world's largest manufacturer of anaesthetic ether . . . and the fundamental process Dr. Squibb developed remains universally in use.



The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

SQUIBB



DELIGHTED CHILDREN DISCOVER



(Continued from Page 202)

said the young woman who could not have rhymed sky with fly. "Let's work on it," she suggested.

At rehearsal the following day Fanny followed Ziegfeld around until, in desperation, he agreed to listen while she sang Lovey Joe. Jordan was waiting at the piano, and Ziegfeld took a seat nearby. Winking at Jordan, Fanny scrambled onto the stage, found the exact center with the instincts of a homing pigeon, and burst into her song.

It's one thing to stop a show, it's quite another to wring applause from a cast in rehearsal. But the girl with the long legs did it. When she had finished, there was no polite hand clapping from her colleagues, but a genuine, spontaneous acknowledgment to a superior performer. Fanny had her song and a spot in "one" (alone on the stage before a lowered curtain) to sing it.

For this, the 1910 Follies, Ziegfeld had allowed Abe Erlanger, of the theatrical firm of Klaw & Erlanger, to back the show.

Erlanger, a small man wearing a straw hat and a pink satin shirt which was immaculately tucked and pleated, was allowed to attend the dress rehearsal as a sop to his status as backer. There he sat beside Ziegfeld, straw hat atop his head, nodding knowingly as the performance progressed. He found no fault with the gorgeous production which unfolded before his cash-register eyes, and when he saw the skinny young woman appear before the dropped curtain, he was a particularly pleased little man.

Then Fanny began to sing:

"Lovey Joe, that ever-lovin' man
From way down south in Birming—ham
He can do some lovin', an' some lovin' sho',
An' when he starts to love me
I jest hollers for mo' ——"

At which point Erlanger was on his feet, waving his arms wildly to stop the music. "What?" he demanded. "What's that? What did you say? What's that last line?"

Fanny looked at Ziegfeld, who nodded. "'I jest hollers for mo',"' she repeated.

"Not for two and a half a ticket you don't holler for mo'," Erlanger decided. "You're not in burlesque now, young woman. You holler for more. *More!*"

"I can't sing it that way. I have to sing it the way I feel it."

"Burlesque! Burlesque! Burlesque!" Erlanger screamed. "You're out! Get off the stage. You're out of the show!"

Fanny looked at Ziegfeld, but he only slid deeper into his seat, holding his chin in his hand.

Fanny came down off the stage, walking up the aisle past Ziegfeld, who would not look at her, past Joe Jordan and Will Marion Cook, who shook their heads mournfully, until she had reached the last row of the theater. But she couldn't leave. She had waited so long, worked so hard, bribed, flattered, cajoled her way along such a tortuous road to reach this eminence, that now, two nights before the opening in Atlantic City, facing the doors to the lobby, she was unable to push them open. She fell into the aisle seat.

HERE Ziegfeld found her when he slipped away from Erlanger. Motioning her to follow, he walked past Fanny and into the lobby, where she seized his arm. "What am I going to do, Mr. Ziegfeld? What's going to happen? I'm out ——"

"You're in," he said, and put his fingers to his lips, mindful of the Brice voice which could erupt throughout the theater.

"Why must you argue with him, my dear Fanny?" Ziegfeld asked softly. "Can't you sing 'more' now and 'mo'' later? Must you *feel it* today, when Abe Erlanger is sittin with me?"

"I didn't mean to argue, Mr. Ziegfeld. won't argue," Fanny told him. "I promise won't argue."

"Good," Ziegfeld said. "Now you mu listen to me, my dear. You must stay awa from Erlanger until the opening in Atlant City. Stay away from here, and on the tra sit in the ladies' room. Do not let Al Erlanger see you until you appear on the sta in Atlantic City. Do you understand now?

Fanny nodded.

"All right, my dear. Change your cloth and go home. Remember, out of sight un Atlantic City."

ZIEGFELD used the days in Atlantic Ci to cut and prune the show until it fitted t Broadway theater schedule. That first nig Fanny appeared onstage at 9:30, walki past Abe Erlanger, who stood in the win as though he were an electrician or a gri He wore the straw hat and he wore the pi shirt and Fanny would not have been su prised had he followed her to the footligh and dragged her off the stage.

She sang Lovey Joe and she sang it wi the "mo'," and she stopped the Follies cold as any show has ever been stopped, b fore or since. She came back into the win with the audience wild, but she saw o Erlanger staring at her and she was frightened that s had to be pushed ba to take a bow.

But a bow was n enough for that au ence. They wanted encore and Fan gave them an enco They wanted anot and she oblig They brought back twelve times fore they would the show continue

Standing there the wings as the c tain came up on next number, Fan had eyes only for Erlanger.

And he took off straw hat. He smiling and he hit on the head with the hat. "Good," he s and hit her again. "Good, good, good," said, and bang, once more. Slapping with the hat until the crown broke, and said, "You owe me a hat, Fanny," lau ing at his joke.

"You owe me an apology, kid," she s to the little man who, with his partn controlled more theaters in the Uni States than any ten theatrical firms in country.

When the performance was over at l ending at three o'clock in the morning, all Ziegfeld's first-night Follies, Fanny w back to the hotel and asked the switchbo operator how much it would cost her to New York.

Learning that she would be charged cents for three minutes, Fanny sat on the in her room for two hours, unable to de whether or not to phone and tell Rosie of great success.

The sun was rising over the ocean whe last Fanny took the receiver off the hook gave the operator Rosie's number in York. Rosie came down on the first avail train.

Fanny, meanwhile, had made a quick complete tour of the hotel.

Meeting her mother at the station, took Rosie to the delivery entrance of hotel and led her up the back stairs to room.

For the balance of their stay in Atla City, Rosie came and went through rear of the hotel, sharing her daugh single bed. So delicately attuned were two on the same economic wave length Rosie boasted about the deception for y

Opening night in New York was or reprise of what had happened in Atl

(Continued on Page 206)

WITH THE CHILDREN

"He looks at children with a real bad grin on his face."

"Sometimes I get awfully sick of grownups. They don't change their minds enough."

"You don't think much about how mothers look. You think most about how they are."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON

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(Continued from Page 204)

City, except that as Fanny waited to go on, a bee stung her below the right ear. She carried the mark for the rest of her life, but that night the plague of locusts which stopped the Egyptians could not have held Fanny. A triumph before the vacationers on the New Jersey seashore was one thing. Tonight, two weeks later, to win the applause of the sophisticated audience which waited for her, was another matter.

Win them, however, she did. It was Fanny's Follies, all right, and you have to remember that the line-up of talent in a Ziegfeld revue was several light years ahead of the cast of a current Broadway show.

They brought her back a dozen times, while the blotch behind her ear grew redder and redder. Fanny never knew whether the applause ended after her twelfth encore or whether she wanted to match the Atlantic City mark.

She *did* know what kept the audience clamoring for more. At a time when the taste in women's legs ran to gams resembling champagne bottles, Fanny's were as svelte, as shapely as Grable's or Dietrich's. In any leg line-up during those years she was certain to finish last.

In her efforts to please the audience, Fanny lifted her skirts high as she began an imitation of the cancan. At its first glimpse of Fanny's legs, the audience howled. Whereupon Fanny, her dress high, looked down at her knees, put her hand to her head, shaking it from side to side and moaning, "Oy, oy, oy!"

Once she knew what the audience wanted, Fanny gave it to them. Always she maintained that between her and an audience there was a secret language clearly understood, and always audible to her.

Writing many years later, Fanny said, "I never worked out any business ahead of time. It would only happen when I hit that audience, because they speak so much louder than my mind. I could hear them much clearer. They would tell me what they wanted.

"You get your first laugh—boom! You're going. You lose yourself. You become whoever it is they're laughing at, but it isn't you. Any time I ever did any kind of dance, don't you think that in my heart, as I am making them laugh, that I don't want them to say, 'She's really so *graceful*'?

"Your audience gives you everything you need. They tell you. There is no director who can direct you like an audience. You step out on the stage and you can feel it is a nervous audience. So you calm them down. I come out before an audience and maybe my house burned down an hour ago, maybe my husband stayed out all night, but I stand there. I'm still. I don't move. I wait for the introduction. Maybe I cough. Maybe I touch myself. But before I do anything, I got them with me, right there in my hand and comfortable. That's my job, to make them comfortable, because if they wanted to be nervous they could have stayed home and added up their bills."

No one knows like a woman how to say things which are at once gentle and deep. —VICTOR HUGO

WHEN Fanny left the stage that opening night of the 1910 Follies a star had been born. When she came down from her dressing room wearing a blue foulard with white polka dots, she was engulfed by admirers. Recognizing George M. Cohan among the group, she shouted, "How do you like the kitchen you sent me to?"

She was introduced to Ethel Barrymore, to Diamond Jim Brady, to Mrs. Borden Harriman, who was later to become minister to Norway.

She was hugged by women whose pictures she had seen in the society sections of the newspapers. Her hand was kissed by men whose names she had heard spoken only with awe.

After a time, Diamond Jim Brady said, "I'm giving a party, little girl. Wouldn't you like to come to my party?"

"Sure," Fanny said.

Diamond Jim escorted her to a private room at Sherry's. There she noticed that most of the girls immediately lifted their plates. Fanny lifted hers, saw a dollar bill and wondered if it was for the waiter. She set the plate down and was watching the festivities when the girl beside her said, "Did you get your hundred?"

"Hundred what?"

"Your hundred dollars. Look under your plate." Fanny lifted the plate once more.

And saw that the buck had multiplied with astonishing rapidity, for there, below the crockery, was a bill whose four corners bore the figure 100.

THIS was too much for any waiter, Fanny decided, depositing the century in her bag while platters of food, the variety and amount of which she had never seen in her life, were set upon the table.

Fanny fell to with gusto, noticing that one of the chorus girls got up to offer a short dance for her host and his male companions. When the girl finished, Diamond Jim passed her a hundred dollars, whereupon Fanny swallowed her food, cleared her throat, rose to her feet and burst into song, shuffling toward the head of the table as she sang, until, finishing the tune, she bowed before the money man.

Clutching her second hundred, Fanny returned to her chair. But she had scored her second hit of the evening, and the male guests clamored for more. She immediately obliged. At that price, she would have continued singing until the following night's Follies but for the venomous glances of her colleagues who waited more than a little impatiently to offer their specialties before Diamond Jim's provident eyes.

When Fanny resumed eating, the purse she clutched to her bosom contained four $100 bills. She could not wait to get home, wake Rosie and thrust the money at her mother. She was not certain at that moment whether Rosie would even believe her.

For Fanny had never seen $100. She had never heard of Diamond Jim Brady. She had never set foot inside Sherry's. She had never been told of these parties, but Fanny was never one to look a gift horse in the mouth.

When Diamond Jim told Fanny that he would take her home, she looked at the twenty sparklers in his shirt, and said thank you. When he also told Vera Maxwell, a chorus girl, and a great beauty, that he would take her home, Fanny felt the familiar envy which always possessed her in the company of lovely women. When Diamond Jim dropped Miss Maxwell first, Fanny clutched her purse and pushed herself into a corner of the carriage. He wasn't getting his $400 back, she decided, but he wasn't getting anything else either.

Arriving at Fanny's flat, Diamond Jim helped her from the carriage, bowed to kiss her hand, and thanked her for a delightful evening.

Fanny only stared as he turned away and then she fled to wake her mother.

Once, talking of the early Follies, Fanny said, "The funny part about burlesque is the people were so nice. They were always paying off the mortgage on some little house in Long Island. Circus people the same way, also vaudeville people. I noticed the difference when I got into the Follies."

Ziegfeld meanwhile had a new star in the Follies firmament, and the master showman made the most of it. When he had exhausted run-of-the-mill publicity concerning Fanny he informed the press that he had discovered her singing on a corner below the Brooklyn Bridge while she peddled her papers. Fanny who had done almost everything to earn money *except* sell newspapers, enthusiastically fell in with his deception, weeping dail for the reporters and photographers as sh told them of the bitter years of privatio when, summer and winter, she had stood be



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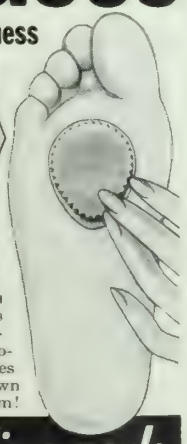
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low the bridge, trying to eke out enough money to keep life in her undernourished body.

"You know," says comedian Eddie Cantor, "all of us who were in the Follies, from the biggest star to the extra chorus girl, we brag about it. This is the high point of our lives. But I will say this: Of all his stars Fanny was really in everything with Ziegfeld. Take Will Rogers, Bert Williams, Bill Fields, any of them, when you say Fanny, you have to say Ziegfeld.

"Do you know how I felt to be in a show with Fanny Brice? She was not only the best comedienne of her time, but I will say that Fanny was among the first three funny women of the world at any time.

"There I am at the beginning of the season, my first Follies, and Fanny Brice comes over to talk to me.

"'Do you dance?' she asked.

"'Of course I dance.'

"'We ought to get together,' Fanny said.

"Fine," Eddie said. If she had told him to rob a bank with her, he would have gone out and bought a hammer and chisel.

During rehearsals Fanny said, "You can't dance a lick." But they kept at it until opening night.

"At last we came to our dance," Cantor says. "Remember, mister, it's my first opening and I'm knocking at the gates. Everything I was or hoped to be I was putting into that performance, and in the middle of it Fanny whispers to me, 'You dope, you still can't dance.'

"We had to hold each other up, we were laughing so hard. She did that, said what she said to help me. And she did help me, because I relaxed and lost my fright and my tenseness.

"FANNY was with the Follies until 1923. When the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic started on the Amsterdam Roof, Fanny was in that. She would play the regular Follies, then go upstairs with other selected members of the cast to do the Frolic. There was a radio program long ago: Ziegfeld Follies of the Air. Fanny was a star in that. They made The Great Ziegfeld out here in Hollywood. Fanny was in it. They made the Ziegfeld Follies as a picture, and they called for Fanny. The Shuberts revived the Follies for two years after Ziegfeld died. Fanny headed the cast.

"A few years ago Ziegfeld's daughter got married, and Billie Burke, his widow, asked Fanny to attend the wedding with her, because she wanted someone there close to Flo.

"Finally," Cantor says, "Fanny's ex-husband, Billy Rose, *buys* the Ziegfeld Theater.

"There was a Ziegfeld thread in Fanny's whole life," Cantor says. "He changed everything for her. One day she is a soubrette in a burlesque show and the next day she is the biggest star in New York.

"She had the acclaim of all America; here was a woman who was up in the money; here was a woman who had jewels, fine clothes, furs, beautiful homes, everything she could want. But there was one man around who broke her heart."

Eddie Cantor says of Fanny's second husband, gambler and confidence man Nick Arnstein:

"He was a far better actor than anyone Fanny had ever known. Nick gave her a wonderful performance, morning, noon and night. The curtain never fell. There was no intermission. He was the best-dressed man I ever saw. When he took his shoes off, he would put them on shoe trees that he had made from a cast of his feet. He knew about food and wines, and flowers, and furniture, and sterling silver, and cars. Nick was a fascinating guy, not only to women but to men. W. C. Fields used to follow him around. That language Fields used later in the movies, the high-blown talk, he heard Nick talking that way. Nick was very suave, gentlemanly. He was all the time the perfect gentleman. He was the kind of fellow who wouldn't hit a lady until he tipped his hat."

(To be Continued)



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PUPPIES FOR SALE

(Continued from Page 48)

door and began to whimper a little in her throat.

"It's all right, Tinker," Hildy said. "I'll take care of them."

She carried the long pan of warm milk into the laundry, with Tinker trotting anxiously behind her. Instantly, at sight of them, the four puppies waddled uncertainly to the side of the box and pressed their blunt noses against the wire, setting up a shrill insistent clamor.

Hildy set the pan down inside the box and the puppies rushed frantically for places and buried their faces in the milk, lapping, sputtering and sneezing. One of them fell into the pan, and had to be hauled out by Hildy. When all the milk was gone, they licked each other's dripping muzzles industriously, and then played briefly, nipping and cuffing one another, sounding little baby growls. Tinker, meanwhile, walked around and around the box, looking worried, until finally the full puppies got tired and went to sleep.

Hildy went outside to where Ward was leaning on the handle of the lawn mower, resting, his freckled face moist and pink. "I'm going to miss them something awful," she said.

"You don't need to worry." He chuckled. "Nobody's likely to buy them anyhow, when they see that crazy sign you're going to make."

But Ward was wrong. Hildy's sign was a great success.

Mr. McCabe had gone past the Thatcher house in his patrol car before the wording on the sign nailed to the maple tree forced itself into his consciousness. Then he had to go back and read it again to make sure. The sign said:

FOR SALE
Four Nice,
Fresh Puppies
(Cocker Spaniels)

Hildy looked out the window at the sound of his brakes, and then came out of the house. "Hello, Mr. McCabe," she said. "Would you like to buy a puppy?"

"Well, I don't know. You sure they're fresh?"

"Oh, yes. They're only six weeks old. They were born right in our house, so I know. You could see them, if you want."

"Not right now, Hildy," he told her. "I'm on duty. Maybe I'll come see them another time."

He drove off, chuckling. It was a long time since he had chuckled about anything, almost since Mary, his wife, had died eleven months ago. What with that terrible sorrow, and then all the trouble about the boy, there had not been much to make Mr. McCabe laugh.

His beat took him past the junior high school, and he circled the block slowly, his sharp eyes and ears alert for signs of activity.

It had happened just this same time a few weeks ago. He had heard a noise from inside the building, and he had gone in to investigate, tiptoeing along the corridors, so light on his feet for all his two hundred and six pounds that they had not heard him until he was in the doorway.

Three boys, all students at the school, were tearing up papers, spattering ink on the floor, scrawling over the blackboards, prepared to do no one knew how much more serious damage, had Mr. McCabe not caught them in time. Three boys, and among them Billy McCabe, his own son.

Since none of the boys had ever been in any kind of trouble before, Mr. McCabe could simply have reported them to the principal. But because of Billy he did not feel he could be so lenient. He did not want it on his conscience that he might have been more severe had his own son not been involved. So he arrested them.

"I don't know," Mr. McCabe said to Billy afterward, "if the judge let you all off in the custody of your parents because you're my son. Maybe. But next time that won't save you."

Billy had walked along with his head down, not answering, a tall, thin, blond boy. He looked sullen rather than penitent, and Mr. McCabe did not understand it at all. He had always thought of his son as a good boy, a little on the quiet side, and never any trouble. Here was a boy he did not know.

"This is a fine thing now," he said. "Me upholding the law and you breaking it." He looked down at the pale, averted face. "What did you do it for, anyhow?"

The boy spoke briefly in his hoarse, changing voice, the larynx too uncontrolled to express emotion of any sort. "I don't know," he said.

"I ought to take the strap to you," Mr. McCabe said sadly. "That's what my father would have done. Only your ma wouldn't like it. She never held with hitting a kid."

When they got to their three-room flat he sent the boy into the bedroom and locked him in. Then he sat in the kitchen in the dark and talked it over with Mary, the way he always talked everything over with her.

He told her that he thought he had been as good a father to the boy as she would have wanted, never hitting him or speaking rough to him, seeing that he had plenty to eat and that his clothes were neat, taking him to church regular, just as she had done.

"I never even leave him alone, unless I'm working, Mary. You know that. I've always stayed home like this with him and you. Can it be my fault, then, Mary?" he asked her, speaking out loud in the dark little room. "And yet he was a good boy for you, and now, alone with me, he is like this."

If there was any answer, Mr. McCabe did not learn it.

Billy had been in no more trouble since then—at least as far as his father knew—but he stayed out when he should have been home, and when he was there he scarcely spoke, and his grades in school were not good any more the way they had been once.

It was a hard thing for a man to lose a wife like Mary, and then, with the grief still so heavy on him to have this worry about his son.

Mr. McCabe, off duty now, drove back home the way he had come. As he passed the Thatchers', he saw Hildy's sign again, and he grinned and got out. Hildy was on the lawn, playing with four fat, wobbly-legged puppies.

Two of them had her handkerchief in their teeth and were playing tug of war with it, making soft, fierce little noises at each other.

Lost Girl

By Elizabeth McFarland

Call to her, she will not answer;
Run to her in dreams, there is no embrace;
She has disappeared down an echoing well of laughter,
She has left the place.

All that you knew of her was lights and baubles,
As the evergreen glows in a trance awaiting the Birth;
Now she holds richest joy and guards hereafter
Her peace on earth.

Look for her, she has changed past knowing;
Ask in the old haunts, there will be no trace;
She has grown into herself, she has lost her girlness,
And found her face.

nother was investigating a bug that crawled ily up the walk. The fourth, a small reddish e with solemn eyes and a very round stom-h, trotted right up to Mr. McCabe, looked into his face, and then took hold of his trou- cuff and tugged it.

"He wants you to go along with him, r. McCabe," Hildy said.

Mr. McCabe laughed. "All right," he said, suddenly that he had not had any idea he is going to say it. "I'll take him."

A little later, going down the walk with e puppy snuggling warm against his shirt, began to hum very softly to himself.

Hildy stood in the middle of the living-om floor with the tears streaming down r cheeks. "He was the best puppy of all," e wailed. "He was my favorite one I ever d!"

"You just think that now, darling," Mrs. atcher said, "because he's the first one to ."

"Anyhow, honey," Mr. Thatcher said, was your own idea to sell them and buy a e with the money, wasn't it? You always ve to give something up to get something e you want more."

"Aw," Ward contributed, "she's just a baby."

Hildy stopped wailing and stuck her tongue at him. "You shut up!" she said.

Mrs. Thatcher sighed. "Why are they so an to each other?" she inquired of no one particular.

Linda Russell stayed in bed a long time er she awoke. She dreaded to get up and e the empty day, the silent house. There s no muffled giggling from down the hall, clatter of mules, racing to be first in the wer, no young voices calling "Good rning" outside the door.

What is it like to have twins, Mrs. Russell? t hard?

t had never been hard before, not really. ad been bewildering and funny and time-suming and wonderful, but never really d. Not until now.

The telephone rang, and Linda reached for it and spoke without enthusiasm into mouthpiece.

"Yes, it was a nice wedding, wasn't it?" said. "Yes. . . . I'm glad. . . . Yes. . . . ll, I don't consider it exactly a trick ——" he hung up and sat on the edge of the , making up her mind to get dressed. *A k*, she thought. As though she had gone and snared them herself, two eligible ng men, and produced them at the right ment, all ready for a nice double wedding. she had had nothing to do with it, noth-at all. She scarcely knew them, really. y were both pleasant, nice-looking boys h good manners, but she did not know t they were really like, inside.

FEELING of panic clutched her. How could have let those strange boys marry girls and take them off alone? Eve and h had never been away from home re, yet she had stood there and watched n go yesterday and made no move to vent it.

ut of course she could not have prevented It was a long time since she had been h more than an onlooker in the lives of twins. They loved her, of course, and etimes they asked her advice about little gs such as what jewelry to wear with a ain dress, but she was not necessary to n now in the way that she had been once. y did not come to her with their troubles often any more, or tell her very much hat they were thinking or feeling.

till they had been here, in the house, y and laughing, their smooth, bright s on either side of the dining-room e—the duplicates, as Roy always called n, pretending to get them mixed up.

Well, the duplicates are gone all right," ad said early this morning, as he left for office. "I actually slept straight through night."

or years he had grumbled about being urbed when the twins came home late at t after a date. Now she supposed he was ved. He was fond of his daughters, of course, but it was not the same as with a mother.

Linda swallowed past the ache in her throat and got dressed and went down to the breakfast room for coffee. She was terribly tired, as though she had not slept at all, yet at seven-thirty she had been so wide awake that she had almost come down to have breakfast with Roy, the way she had always done in the early years of their marriage. But all they ever had now was orange juice and coffee, because they had to watch their waistlines, and it hardly seemed worth while to get up for that. Besides, she knew Roy liked to look over the financial page of the paper before he left the house.

"It's a lovely day," she said to Minnie. "I think I'll go for a walk."

Minnie stared at her. "A walk, ma'am?"

LINDA went out, laughing at the maid's baffled expression. Evidently Minnie thought she was incapable of any extended locomotion without her car. Yet in the days before they could afford a car, she and Roy had walked everywhere, swinging their arms and talking, always talking. What on earth, she wondered, had they found to talk about like that, day after day?

A girl drove by in a convertible with the top down. From the back she might have been Beth or Eve. *But I always knew them apart,* Linda thought, *even from the back. I was the only one.*

She walked faster, until she came to the older part of town. On every lawn there grew a maple tree, and one had a sign nailed to its trunk, a red sign with large, white letters.

Linda stared at the sign and did not know whether to laugh or cry. Once when the twins had been little they had sold fresh lemonade on the front walk in competition with a neighbor boy who was selling the powdered variety for three cents a cup. They had announced theirs as "Squeezed Lemonade," sold it for five cents, and put the boy out of business.

"Lady!"

Linda looked up to see a plump little girl with yellow pigtails coming out of the house. She walked carefully, looking down at something she held in her arms, her round face earnest and her lips pursed. Such a short while ago Eve and Beth had been fat little girls like this too.

"Lady, do you want to buy one?" the child said. "I've only got three left."

Linda smiled, looking down at the sun-bleached hair that would inevitably, she knew, get dark. "Are you the one who made the sign?" she asked.

"Yes," the little girl said anxiously. "Do you like it?"

"I think it's wonderful."

She looked at the three puppies sleeping in the child's arms, and then she bent and gently, almost timidly, stroked one soft, buff-colored head with her forefinger. The puppy opened incredibly large, sad eyes and stared at her. Then it yawned, revealing tiny white teeth and a pointed pink tongue.

"Oh," Linda said. "Oh, my."

"Would you want to hold her?" the little girl asked. "No, not like that." She rearranged Linda's hands around the puppy. "This way, so she doesn't dangle. See, now she feels safe."

The puppy gave Linda another long look. Then with a little wriggle it burrowed its moist nose into the crook of her arm and was quiet.

"She likes me," Linda whispered.

"If you're gonna bawl every time you sell one," Ward said, "I'm gonna take down the sign."

"Y-you think you're so s-smart," Hildy said, between sobs. "How would you like it if somebody came and took Duffy away?"

Ward snorted. "You talk like somebody stole the puppies. Anyhow, it's not like with Duffy." He scratched the big red setter behind the ears, and the dog made dignified acknowledgment by licking the boy's hand slowly twice. "You only had them six weeks. Duffy and me, we've been pals ever since before you were born."



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MADE FOR BUSY HANDS!

If housework is part or all of your day, better be choose-y about hand lotion. The "glamour" kind is fun while you're sweet and single—but gather up a husband and a household and see what happens! Then, your hands need Italian Balm—*made* for busy hands.

This lotion, with medically-proved ingredients, soothes and softens rough, chapped hands overnight—and used daily, *keeps* them smooth no matter what! Like an "invisible glove," it holds in softness, keeps *out* dryness.

Women who *know* about housework, insist on Italian Balm, for no other lotion is like it. 25¢, 50¢, 1.00.



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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
In 7 Out of 10 Cases
That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



PURE, WHITE,
SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT
STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

"You think you know everything," Hildy said, "you stuck-up old—old goop!"

"Aw, shut up," Ward said.

The phone was never going to ring. It stood there on the table, black and silent, indifferent, and Donna hated it.

Of course he might have been delayed, somehow, so that he couldn't get to a phone, or he might be sick or hurt. He might —— *No*, she thought. No, she had been all over this two hours ago. There was no use fooling herself any more. He was just not going to call, that was all.

"I'll give you a ring early Sunday morning," he had said. "Before ten. If it's a nice day, we'll take a long drive out into the country, stop at a little place I know for lunch." He had taken her hands and smiled down into her eyes. "We'll have the whole day together, Donna."

His voice, his smile had promised that everything was going to be wonderful again, the way it had been once—that he loved her, had never really stopped loving her.

"Do you still have the yellow dress?" he had asked her. "The one that makes you look like a buttercup? Will you wear it?"

She had gone home in a daze of happiness—she who had thought she would never be happy again—and washed and starched and pressed the yellow dress. She had spent almost the whole two days getting ready, grooming herself and her clothes as she had not done since he had left her.

She had told herself that it had perhaps all been her own fault. You could not judge anyone like Gary by ordinary standards. He was a romantic, a man of whim and impulse. You could not hold him to all the foolish little punctilios that applied to other people. You could not tie him down. She had tried, and that was how she had lost him.

But now he was back. He had come walking in, shouting her name in his rich, exuberant voice: "Donna! Donna! Where are you?" As though it had been only yesterday instead of four months since he had gone away. "Donna, I've missed you," he had said. "I didn't know it would be like this without you."

It was typical that he assumed she was waiting for him, that no one else had come into her life while he was gone. He took her into his arms in the old way, murmuring the old endearments, and she was too happy to care that he did not speak of the reason for their separation, that he did not promise to be different. She told herself that she did not want him to be different—that nothing mattered except that he was back.

"I've missed you, too," she said.

The words were meaningless, ridiculously inadequate for what she had suffered. She had walked like a ghost through the days, gone through the motions of going to work and eating and sleeping, coming to life only when she saw on the street or in a restaurant a broad back, a shaggy dark head that might have been his, but never was.

"I've been lonely," she said.

How lonely, he would never know. She could not even bear to spend a day or an evening with any of her friends any more, because they were not Gary, and gradually they all fell away, and her phone never rang, and she was alone. She had not thought he would ever come back, and yet she had hoped and waited. And now, at last, he had come.

"I'll give you a ring Sunday," he had said. "Before ten. We'll have the whole day together."

She had smiled up at him, making a joke of it and yet asking, unable to keep from asking, "You won't forget?"

He had frowned then. "Forget? How could I forget?"

But he could. He had, so often. An old friend who had been with him at Okinawa would show up, or he would become absorbed in his painting or in some other of his many hobbies. Sometimes he telephoned hours later. Sometimes he did not call at all, but just came to her house the next day, shouting her name, as though nothing had happened.

"I can't go on like this," she said to him finally. "I never know where I stand with you—not even for an evening's engagement. I can't take the uncertainty any more."

"All right," he said. "If you'd be happier without me ——"

"It isn't that. It's—oh, Gary, how can you love me and still let me wait this way, time after time, forgetting me or ignoring me for something else?"

"I thought you were bigger than this, Donna. I didn't know you measured love by punctuality."

He had gone, and now he had come back, but it was the same as before. He did not really care.

I can't go through it all again, she thought, *waiting and waiting, never knowing if he'll come, never sure that he loves me.*

He was not worth all the suffering he had caused her. If he could do this again right away, after the months they had been apart, he was not worth anything. She would put him out of her life once and for all.

Still, there might really be some good reason this time why he had not called. Before she made up her mind about him she ought to call him and find out.

She moved to the window seat where the telephone stood and sat down with it, holding it in her lap, staring out the window, aware that her heart was hammering and her hands were cold and moist.

I oughtn't to call him, she thought. *I know nothing has happened. I know* ——

But she had to call him. At least then she would not have to sit here any longer, just waiting.

As she looked down into the street, a red sign on a tree across the road caught her eye. She put down the telephone and opened the window to lean out so she could see it better. When she was sure it really said what she had thought it did, she laughed out loud.

Hildy, swinging on the front gate, looked up and saw her and waved. "Hello, Miss Donna," she called. "You want to see my puppies?"

The little girl reached down to the grass and then straightened up, holding a puppy in each arm. One of them turned its hea toward Donna and gave a little baby bark and then looked around apprehensively t see where this fierce noise had come from.

"Wait a minute," Donna called. "I'll b right there."

She left the front door open, so that if th phone rang she could hear it from across th street.

"She's getting used to it," Ward said "She didn't bawl over this one."

"Well, he's right where I can see hi every day if I want to," Hildy said. She sa on the kitchen floor, counting her money smoothing out the green bills on her lap "I'll have enough when I sell the last one I'll have enough for a bike." She looked a Tinker, sitting beside her, with shining eyes "I'm going to get one with a basket for yo to ride in, Tinker, and we'll go all over ever place."

"You can't go every place," Ward said "You're too little."

Hildy scrambled up, and thrust her fac as close as possible to her brother's. "I am not too little! I am not!"

"Sure you are. You won't be allowed to g hardly any place, just maybe around th block or ——"

"Children!" Mr. Thatcher came in fron the back yard with a rake in his hand "Hildy, shell the peas like your mother tol you, and Ward, you'd better go out on th porch and take a look at Duffy. He seem pretty tuckered out after that run you gav him this morning. He's an old man, yo know." Mr. Thatcher went back to whe his wife was weeding. "The kids," he said "tormenting each other again. I separate them."

"What's the matter with them?" Mr Thatcher asked. "Why don't they love eac other the way a brother and sister should I wonder if it's something we've done wrong

Billy McCabe came home late, walkin with the swagger he had acquired in the pa few months, smelling of cigarettes. H started to go straight to his room, but h father called to him from the kitchen.

Billy went to the door and stared at th wall beyond his father's head. "Yeah?" h said.

"Look here," Mr. McCabe said. "Loo at the new member of the family."

A bright, sudden color leaped all the wa up to the boy's blond hair, and he took step forward and then stopped.

"Is it ——" he began in a soaring falsett and broke off and began again, lower dow "Is it—for me?"

Before Mr. McCabe could answer, th puppy pranced across the floor, took Billy shoelace in its teeth, and began pulling at shaking its head from side to side and maki small growling sounds. Billy went down his knees and pushed the puppy away, h gently, half roughly, and instinctively t little dog recognized this boy-and-pup game, and pranced delightedly back to t rough-gentle hand.

Billy looked up at his father. "Did y get him for me?"

"I did," Mr. McCabe said.

The boy went on playing with the pupp After a while he said, "He's gonna be ea to train. You can tell he's smart." He pick the little dog up and held it against his fa "I'm gonna teach him to heel and to down and fetch. I'm gonna train him good

Mr. McCabe leaned forward in his cha "We'll build a run for him in the yard, so can be out while you're in school and still safe."

"Yeah," Billy said. "Yeah, that'd good." Then he stared at the floor. "M was scared of dogs. Maybe she would want me to have him."

Mr. McCabe straightened up and look around the brightly lighted kitchen wh usually, at this hour, he sat talking in dark to Mary. "I guess we can't ask h son. She's gone now," he said. "I guess y and I better just go on together with her."

(Continued on Page 212)

COULD YOU SAY IT WITTIER?

Edited by John Henry

The penny continues to drop in purchasing power. Right now I wouldn't give you two cents for one.

JOHN PETERSON
in Walton, N.Y., Reporter.

Another reason you can't take it with you: it goes before you do.

THOMAS HAUSER
in Denver Post.

Mistaken is the way we've always been about the difficulty of parallel parking, we learn from the expert lady driver who insists there's really nothing to it. You back up, she says, until you run into the car behind, then go forward until you run into the car ahead. Atchison, Kansas, Globe.

A sister who had always been very free with advice on how she would rear her brother's children if they were hers finally married and had a child or two herself. When she announced she was coming to visit her brother's family she warned, "I want you to know that these children I am bringing home are not the children I have been talking about all these years." **MILDRED KEESHAN**
in Manhattan, Kansas, Mercury-Chronicle.

A human being is a foolish person who has had unexpected expenses every month of his life, but who doesn't expect to have any during the coming month. Minneapolis Star.

BUY-LINES • • by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE



I'D LIKE TO SING OUT this good news . . . about a miraculous "foam-wash" that doubles the life of your nylons and cuts l osiery bill in half! It's called NYLAST . . . and ier product, soap or detergent, ou this protection! What's more, al ingredients are perfected by it . . . and in less than a minute, s than a penny, NYLAST washes, cts and beautifies even your st nylons. I know . . . I've proved an assure you, too, that NYLAST to use . . . just a few swishes of and and presto: it gently washes ylons flower-fresh . . . adding strength and beauty at the same I'm not exaggerating . . . each g with gentle NYLAST not only ts against snags and runs, but prevents fading nds a luxurious softness . . . as well as adds that nable dull finish we all admire. But words can't stice . . . so get NYLAST at your Favorite Store or market today and see for yourself how it makes ylons last and l-a-s-t!



IS IS THE SEASON I like best . . . that very ecial time between vacations and the holidays you're either entertaining or being entertained. VESTERN UNION is such a great help . . . for nly send invitations by Telegram, but I wire my "Thank You's," too. Why? Because I really think it's the most thoughtful, gracious thing to do, and of course, it saves a lot of time and trouble. You can telephone your Telegrams to WESTERN UNION and have them charged on your phone bill. you I also think a Telegram is the nicest of all es on special occasions . . . particularly during olidays which will soon be here. So naturally, ver I want to say, "Happy Birthday," "Conations" or "Best Wishes on Thanksgiving Day," k of WESTERN UNION . . . and always send a am. And now a wonderful pre-holiday GIFT u:



BOOKLET called *"The Western Union Telegrammar"*. . . monthly reminder calender and spaces for names and sses . . . plus suggested sentiments for all occasions. Check #1 on coupon.

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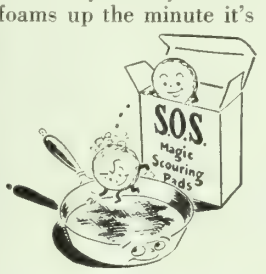
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LOOKING FORWARD TO THE HOLIDAYS AHEAD . . . started to plan your Christmas gift list yet? Well, I have . . . and I'm planning to give one of the most wonderful gifts in the world . . . a PRESTO Cooker. It's truly something *any* homemaker will treasure *every* day of the year . . . for it gives up to 300 extra hours of kitchen freedom . . . actually cooks meals 3 to 4 times faster! But best of all, a PRESTO Cooker promises doubly delicious, extra nutritious meals . . . because it *seals in* health-giving natural vitamins, minerals and food flavors. In fact, even when cheaper cuts of meat are PRESTO-Cooked they become elegant treats . . . so think of all the money that can be saved on food bills! What's more, when you give a PRESTO Cooker, you know you're giving the one pressure cooker that's as safe as it is easy to use . . . for *only* PRESTO Cookers have the Pressure-Tru Indicator. Still they cost only $12.95 and up . . . at Department, Appliance and Hardware Stores. P.S. Why not whisper to Santa that you want one, too?



LET'S TALK "PARTY POLITICS." I don't mean election tactics, but smart ideas for hostesses. Like S.O.S. scouring pads that clean up a party's-worth of pots and pans — fast! Every sturdy S.O.S. pad has soap right in it, that foams up the minute it's moistened. So as you clean with S.O.S., you polish! Tarnished pots . . . blackened pans . . . crusted broilers . . . are just a minute's work. And you're ready to join your guests. Now isn't that smart "party politics"? But don't think of S.O.S. as just an *occasional* helper. Day-in, day-out, S.O.S. is the most *useful* cleanser there is. Take stoves, for instance. I used to dread cleaning a spattered oven, crusted oven racks, messy reflector pans . . . until I tried S.O.S. What a difference! No sloppy rags, no tough scrubbing . . . with S.O.S. you *breeze* through the job! No wonder stove manufacturers and home economists *both* recommend S.O.S. for cleaning stoves. No wonder I always say, "Stop working so hard . . . use S.O.S.!"



I HAVE A BRAND-NEW recipe book for Y-O-U . . . with 28 color-illustrated pages of pies, puddings, candies, cookies and other desserts galore. It's called *"BORDEN'S Book of 70 Magic Recipes"* and I consider it absolutely priceless . . . yet BORDEN'S OFFERS it to you almost as a GIFT! What's it like? The beautiful full-color illustrations are so life-like, you'll want to "eat them with a spoon" . . . show you just how picture-perfect and taste-tempting each sweet treat will be. And the recipes are so quick, easy and economical, you'll have fun making them . . . will want to serve them over and over again. Furthermore, they're *failure-proof* . . . many even require *no* cooking. But why go on . . . this is one recipe book every good cook should have. So be sure to check OFFER #4 on coupon . . . and enclose 10c for each copy you want. And if I were you I'd get several . . . for your friends will want a copy of BORDEN'S brand-new book of *"70 Magic Recipes,"* too!



I'M ALWAYS SO THANKFUL when I find a main dish that's "hot, hearty and hasty," thrifty, too . . . for I know I've gone a long way toward solving that budget-protein problem for winter days. And I've really found one now called "Casserole Quickie" . . . a perfect example of how DEMING'S protein-rich salmon can give you both nourishment and economy in a taste-enticing dish with an elegant party air. You'll love it . . . *and* the way it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s DEMING'S fine salmon to help your budget. There are also four luscious variations of the same basic recipe . . . you'll want to try them all. And you can . . . just look on the back of the DEMING'S Recipe Salmon label and there you'll find the recipe for "Quickie Casserole." You might like to try DEMING'S Alaska Red Salmon in this and other hot dishes sometimes . . . I do. But either way, it's a thrifty and wonderful winter menu idea. Just remember one thing . . . when a recipe "calls for" salmon, DEMING'S makes it better!



TELL ME SOMETHING . . . do you ever suffer from a painful corn or callus? If you do, you can thank your lucky stars for BLUE-JAY Corn and Callus Plasters . . . for they contain a new Wonder Drug called *Phenylium* that brings wonderfully quick, comforting relief! *Phenylium*, you know, helps push out corns from *underneath*. It travels down through your corn right to the base. Quickly! Gently! And there it helps new live tissue cells to grow. In a short time these new cells push up even a stubborn corn . . . you just lift it out! In actual tests, *Phenylium* went to work ⅓ faster and worked far more surely than old-style remedies. So don't ever suffer the painful hurt of a corn or callus, or accept any other treatment supposed to be just-as-good. Insist on the corn remedy *I* recommend, the new BLUE-JAY Corn (and Callus) Plasters with *Phenylium!* Come in Regular and Ladies Sizes . . . at drug counters everywhere.



New BLUE-JAY Helps Push Out Corns From Underneath

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☐ OFFER #2 . . . HAMILTON Planter (enclose $1.95, please)
☐ Frosty White ☐ Shell Pink ☐ Black Emerald

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☐ OFFER #4 . . . *BORDEN'S brand-new book of "70 Magic Recipes"*—enclose 10c, please.

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"HEBERLEIN PROCESS"

(Continued from Page 210)

Linda Russell was lying awake in bed when her husband got home from a business conference. He came tiptoeing into the room in the dark and then stood still in the middle of the floor, listening to the steady, sad yelping sound that came from somewhere in the house.

"Roy," Linda said.

He whirled around. "I didn't know you were awake. What in thunder is that noise, like a puppy yelping?"

"It is a puppy yelping. It's crying for its mother, I guess, and I don't know what to do."

He stared at her through the darkness. "Where is it?"

"In the bathroom. I didn't know where else to put it. I bought it this afternoon from a little girl on Maple Street. She had a sign out saying, 'Nice, Fresh Puppies for Sale,' and I bought one." Linda got out of bed and put on her robe and then sat down on the bed again. "There are so many things I forgot to ask, though. I don't know anything about puppies."

"Why on earth did you buy it?"

"I don't know," she said.

Roy went in the direction of the yelping and opened the door. He picked up the shivering little buff puppy, and instantly the noise stopped and the dog wriggled contentedly down into his arms. He turned on the light and looked at it.

"He sure is cute," he said, and chuckled.

"She," Linda said. "It's a girl." She got up and stroked the puppy's head. "I've been trying to think of a name for her."

Roy looked at her. "Why did you buy the puppy?" he asked her again, more gently.

She shook her head. "I guess because I was lonely. With the girls gone, and nobody—nothing—I don't know. She looked as if she needed me. But I don't know anything about dogs."

He put his arm around her and gave her a little squeeze, something he had not done in years. "I do, though," he said. "I always had dogs when I was a kid." She thought he looked younger suddenly—almost boyish. "I'll get a box up from the cellar and put an old blanket in it to keep her warm, and then if we can find a watch or a small clock with a loud tick to put in with her, that'll comfort her and keep her quiet." He paused, staring down at the contented little dog in his arms. "I didn't know you were lonely, Linda," he said. "I thought with all your community activities and card parties and everything you'd be ——" He broke off and then added, "I'm lonely too."

She put her hand on his sleeve. "Come on," she said. "I'll help you look for the box and things, and then we can have a snack in the kitchen and think of a name for the puppy."

DONNA talked out loud as she walked down the street. "I think I'll call you Captain Bligh," she said, "because you think you're so ferocious."

The puppy looked up from her arm and barked his toy bark.

"I'm glad you approve," Donna said. "We've got to buy you some milk and cereal now, to keep you fat and healthy. . . . Yes, I know it wouldn't hurt me to try a little myself. Maybe I will, now that I'll have company with my meals."

She did not see Gladys Falk, who had once been her very good friend, but Gladys, walking by, hesitated a moment, and then came over to her.

"Hello, Donna," Gladys said. "I thought you were crazy, walking along the street, talking like that. I thought you were talking to yourself."

"No, I was discussing diets with Captain Bligh." She held up the puppy and smiled. "Gladys, I'd like you to meet my friend, Captain Bligh. Bligh, Gladys."

The other girl laughed. "Oh, Donna, you always did have a wonderful sense of humor. I'd almost forgotten." She petted the puppy. "That's the cutest thing I ever saw in my life. I wish you'd bring him over to the house and show him to daddy sometime. He's crazy about dogs."

"I will," Donna said. "I'll bring him.

On the way back from the store, D had a little difficulty carrying the bundl managing the wriggling puppy at the time. Once he slipped from her arms an to the pavement, where he set up such a that she thought he was fatally injure she put down her package to investig young man came around from the ba the house where she had stopped, foll by a little boxer not much older than Ca Bligh.

"I THOUGHT it was an air raid," he "What happened?"

The puppy had stopped his caterwa and was nipping experimentally at Do chin. "Nothing, apparently," she sai was sure he was killed."

The man grinned. "They're awful fakers. Like kids," he said. He leane arms on the fence. "Aren't you the gir lives over at Two-ten Maple?"

"Yes." She looked at him. He had a friendly face, vaguely familiar. "I'm D Landon," she said.

"My name's Rick," he said. " Duryea. We've lived here about two m and I've seen you every day, on your w work, I guess, but you never noticed all." He grinned again, so that his ey most closed. "I thought you were a sn something."

Captain Bligh gave his little bark and jumped at the sound, and they both la so hard that they had to wipe their Then Donna adjusted her bundle agai tried to settle the puppy in her other a that she could take him home.

"Here, wait," Rick said. He came the street and took the bundle. " better let me walk along home with before you drop him again."

They walked slowly, talking. It seen Donna that they said a great deal duri short distance from his house to hers. they arrived, she asked him in for a coffee.

"I wish I could," he said. "Will yo me a rain check? I've got to get b feed my dog."

She looked up at him. "Aren't yo late?"

"Well, not if I can help it. I figu sort of waiting for me and depending and I don't like to disappoint him. Sa said, "your phone's ringing. Aren't yo to answer it?"

She shook her head. "I know wh and it doesn't matter." She smiled a "It doesn't matter at all."

Hildy went out to where Ward was on the porch steps with his head on hi She was carrying a very small tan and when she reached Ward she th into his lap.

"Here," she said.

He stared up at her. His face was with a clean streak down each cheek. are you doing?" he asked her. The tried to crawl up his shirt, and he gently with one hand. "What's that f

"For you," she said. "On account don't have Duffy any more."

He scowled at her. "What abou bike?"

"I don't need it. They wouldn't le anyplace much on it anyhow till I'm

He looked down at the puppy and sc it softly behind its ears. "You're kid," he said. "I'll let you ride my bik ever you want."

Hildy went back inside the hous Thatcher was standing in the d smiling at her.

"That was sweet, Hildy," she said.

A few minutes later Ward called the porch, "You want me to take do silly old sign, now, Hil?"

"It is not a silly old sign," Hildy "You think you're so smart!" She l her mother. "He's awful!"

Mrs. Thatcher sighed. "Hildy, something," she said. "Why did y him your last puppy?"

Hildy looked at her with round eye my brother," she said. T



November has a quiet beauty.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

HE rain falls. It falls hard and heavy, and absolutely straight from a flat h-gray sky. Dodging out to the kennel, el as if I were at the lower end of a erfall, a cascade overwhelms me. The aches of the maples shine dark as ay, the slender needles of the pines are aded with water.

he pond brims and we hope the dam hold this time. If it doesn't, we have to d it back again, and by then there will o rain at all and the pond shrinks like a piece of cloth.

here is never anything equable about climate; whatever we have, we have a f it. Now the rain fills every little hol- and, we hope, will raise that mysterious g called the water table. Having only rface well, we often open the top of the house and peer down with a lantern to just where the water is. In August, n it drops low enough for the old stones e visible far down, we go on a water- ng campaign. With the heavy fall s, we wait for a chance to wash every- g in the house—curtains, spreads, slip rs. It is a fine feeling to have every- g clean all at once, even though the rain means paw marks on covers again.

n a day of dark swift-falling rain, there a good many things not to do. Washing dows is futile—they fog up instantly. shing furniture is hopeless—the damp es the surfaces seem soapy. No use to n floors, for Teddy and Tiki and Sister be in shortly, small earnest fountains. he best occupation, we find, is cleaning vers. Nobody is going to wade in, so ything can be spread all over the house. it gives me a hopeful feeling to find the ot-lost key to the front door in with a box paper clips and my membership in the tol Obedience Club.

he second possibility is to do the linen et, which is just a slanting section under steep roof. You bend almost double to in, and there is not enough room to file gs. But some sort of order helps in ting beds with the right size of sheets. ly favorite way to manage the sheet stion when you have every size of bed is to use colored sheets and match them to the room. We now know the aqua sheets *must* fit Jill's bed, the stone-blue belong to Cicely, the pink are going to fit mine, and so on. This is well worth the slight extra cost of the colored sheets and pillowcases in our household.

The new sheets come in the loveliest colors imaginable. But if you want to dye some white sheets they dye quite well in the washing machine if you follow the directions on the little dye boxes. We did some Indian-copper ones for Don's room some time ago, and after repeated washings they are still faintly coppery and very pleasant. And I have some soft gray ones which are lovely with blue blankets and spread.

Thanksgiving week end we like to have a party. Sliced cold turkey, delicate pink slices of ham, the chafing dish simmering with creamed oysters and mushrooms, a casserole keeping hot on a heated tray—sweet potatoes and pineapple for this, or curried rice with chopped ripe olives, or golden corn pudding. A mixed fresh green salad is good, and for dessert an easy one for tray pickups such as cheese and toasted crackers, thinly sliced spicecake, tiny mince tarts. Pots of coffee. A bowl of purple raisin clusters, nuts, clean sharp mints. Nothing difficult to fix, everything easy to serve.

Thanksgiving is such a nice home festival, but it is also a religious celebration. It is peculiarly our own, and should rededicate us to the fine things our forefathers gave to us. For if, in the welter of settling a new land with great travail, in the political and personal battles which were waged, we still established a few ideals which have not weakened, that is a great triumph for our country.

Sometimes I think we hear so much about ideals and our country's destiny to lead the world that the words are vague and misty. It reminds me of long Sunday sermons in my childhood when the minister spoke on and on in long rolling phrases, and I made up little stories for myself about the Bible characters or held little secret conversations with Jesus,



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Who seemed such a friendly and quiet Being. Perhaps if we put an embargo on all fine-sounding oratorical words for six months, the country's leaders might boil things down.

There is no doubt but that we have more to be thankful for than we probably deserve. That loud knock at the door is only the brush salesman or someone collecting for the Crippled Children's Fund. When the door is opened with no knock at all, we never dive for the cellar, we call out, "We're in the kitchen, come on out!"

We still may read what we like and listen to any radio program. We may "attend the church of our choice," as our local paper advises. Our children may go to private or public school. If they get angry at their parents, they are not going to denounce them, for there is nobody to denounce them to. When we hear a sudden explosion, we stop stirring the soup and say, "George must be taking out another stump up in the pasture." Yes, much is ours.

Also, in my opinion, we have a responsibility, being so blessed above others, to serve the world. I venture nobody would sit at the laden Thanksgiving table and eat if a pallid stark face were pressed against the window watching. If a spindling small child in torn rags huddled on the steps, who is there who would not share? But often what we don't see with our own eyes is not real. Let America take care of itself and never mind the rest of the world, it isn't our business. This is poor thinking.

November is a very short month—probably because we know the next month means winter. When there is a warm hazy day, we drop everything and ride through the valley and up to New Milford. There is a place at the edge of the sky as you come up the long hill from which you see a whole sweet valley, spread far below, circled by fold after fold of steadfast hills. Deep in the very heart is a farm with two great silos, silver in the sun, pearl-colored in moonlight. The farmhouse is doll-size from our height, the autumn fields roll around it, a farm wagon pulled by toy horses moves along an invisible roadway. The little parking place has a name like a very old poem. It is called Lillionah—or Lillinonah. As you stand at sunset and look across the shadowy valley to the rhythm of the hills, the world seems like a fresh miracle. And the old lovely words come back to me, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

The farm seems like a symbol of all the good things man has built, the fields evidence the richness of Nature, and the horizon enlarges one's own. The cool autumnal air makes breathing an excitement.

Driving home again, our own road violet with evening. The voices of the do are a stirring music, Jonquil's high feminir keening, Jerry's robust woofing, the setter excitable hysterical yell, Sister's small ar earnest bark—they are all wild with joy as we had been gone months. One of the nice things about dogs, I think, is that you are perpetually exciting to them. Even if yo walk to the mailbox, the grand welcome the same.

Teddy is man enough now to outbark an body and he bounces his plump golden s high in the air and bugles happily. I dou whether a wolfhound could produce a mo massive noise. Whenever he barks, he whis his tail madly until his entire rear half bouncing. Unlike most of our dogs, he is n sensitive about laughter, he rather likes to laughed at. Everything is a party to Teddy and to Tiki too. As they race across the law the black-and-white and the golden one, th make a pattern of flying movement love to watch. They utter game noises: who whoo—whoo; not a bark at all but a singi tone. When they are worn out, they collap in a tangle of legs and ears.

Pots of ivy come in the house now aft the ivy had a summer wandering at will the border. If ivy leaves are sprayed once week, they will be fine all winter. My Afric violets are ensconced in the front living roo under the only window that has no radiat by it.

The African violet is a mysterious pla I tried to root some leaves last summer a nursed them week after week until fina Jill said, "I may as well throw out th leaves, they are rotting away." The min she walked to the pots, a neat little vio plant was visible. I felt sure it had flung its up that very instant just as we gave up ho

Then another thing: One winter I v have a bevy of blossoms, pale pink and wh and purple and soft blue. Next winter plants simply stop everything. They sit always confer with Ethel Bennet, who cou I think, make a telephone pole bear hibis if she put her mind to it. I follow her dir tions faithfully. Her plants are burgeon with rich and delicate color. My white c lies down and dies. Sailor Girl decides give me another chance, and I am off aga Yes, I do everything the books and the perts advise, my violets simply have temp aments.

The November nights are quiet, the ea is still, waiting. The fire on the hearth bu gently. The cats doze, paws neatly fold The old house breathes to itself, as old hou always do. And the season turns with turning earth.



"Oh, he's sincere with me—but he's sincere with **all** *the girls!"*

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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN



4 Christmas Feasts

By ANN BATCHELDER

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I WILL LIVE AND HAVE MY BABY

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Holiday Glamorous Dress Easy for You to Make

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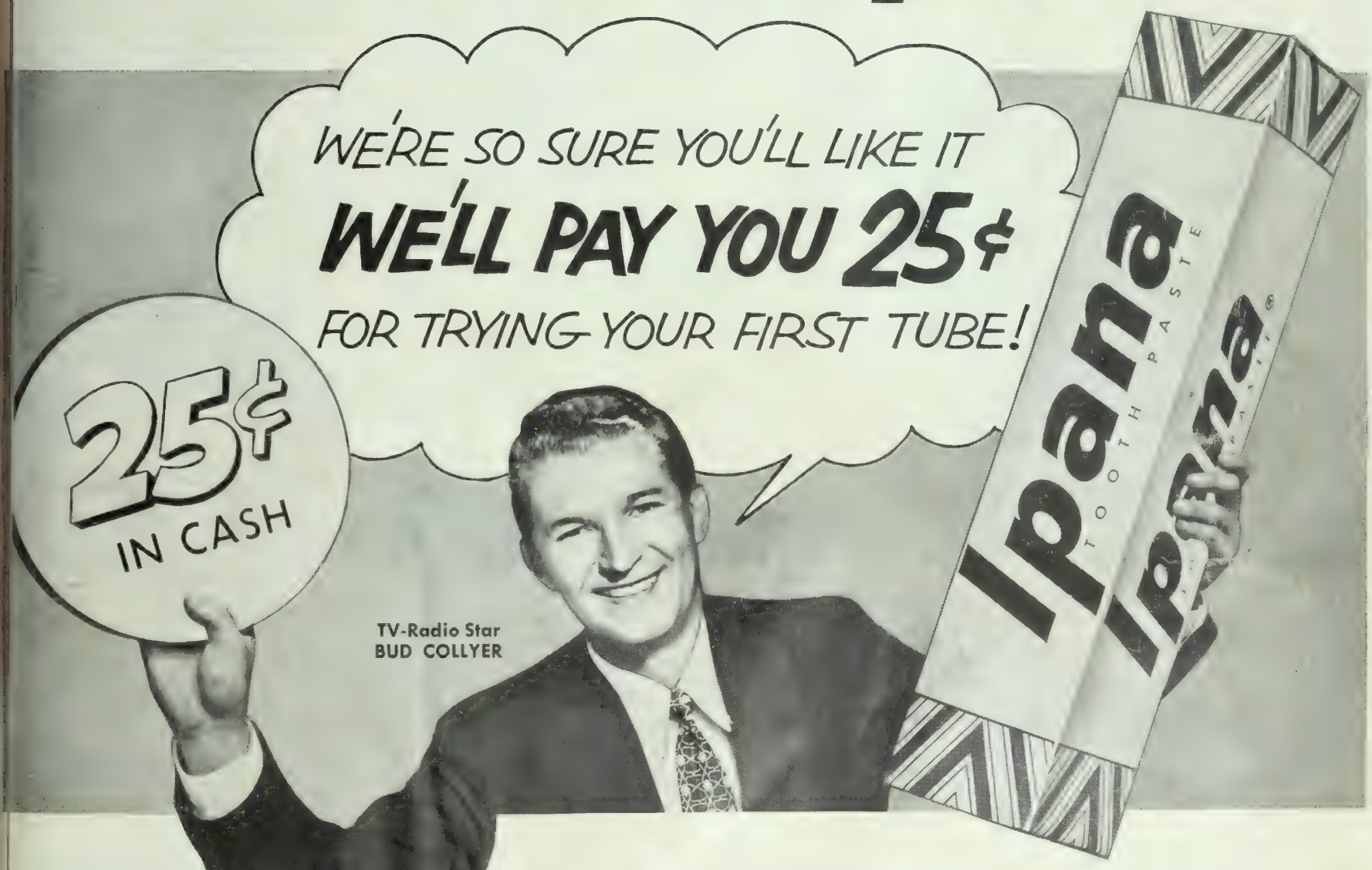
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Grandma Carver's Christmas

MAYBE you know the house where Elizabeth Carver lives. It's over on Cedar Street—about halfway up the hill.

She lives there alone a good part of the time, because her two daughters are married now—one to a contractor up state and the other to a doctor in Ohio—and although the girls have often suggested that she pack up and move closer to one of them, she has never got around to it.

You get used to a place. And when that place has been home for as many years as it has been to Grandma Carver, the rooms become filled with memories that you hate to leave.

She sometimes visits her daughters in turn for short spells during the year. But always at Christmas time the girls come back home with their husbands and their children to spend the holiday with her.

They trim a big tree, put holly and fir around, and the house is filled with a mixture of never-to-be-forgotten fragrances. Hot mince pie and roasting turkey. Cranberry sauce and spice cake.

On Christmas morning they all go into the living room. There are always gifts galore for everyone—and there is always much laughter and excitement.

And there are always some very specially wrapped packages under the tree for Elizabeth and her children and her grandchildren. These packages are saved for last and opened very carefully.

The cards on these very special gifts all say, "From Santa Claus"—as the cards on packages such as these have said for over fifteen years.

And Elizabeth Carver and her daughters spend more time undoing these packages. Their fingers dwell a little longer at the ribbons, a little longer at the seals.

Because they know that even though Elizabeth Carver bought these gifts and wrapped them an wrote the cards and placed them underneath th tree, the money came from a special fund Ph Carver left for this, and this alone, some fiftee years ago.

For over and above the life insurance that woul see his daughters through school and his wife take care of through the years, Phil Carver had als arranged with his New York Life agent to have special separate check delivered to Elizabeth ever year just before Christmas time.

The checks are not for very much, if you recko in dollars. But who reckons in dollars when th tree is trimmed and the candles are aglow and th house is filled with memories?

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPAN
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitio

Journal Contents

VOL. LXIX NO. 12 December 1952

Journalities



Bill Lederer

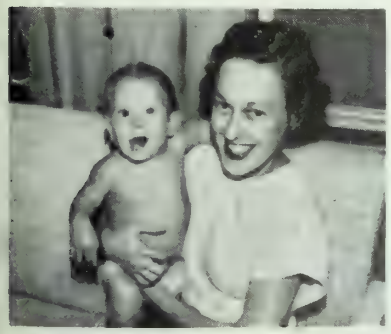
If you hear that COMDR. BILL LEDERER, USN, is Santa Claus in disguise, believe it. Everything said about him is the truth, or better. Some of his adventures may be read in his book, *All the Ships at Sea*. He is at present a member of Staff, Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet. His wife, Ethel, and their three boys live in Pearl City, Oahu. ***Operation Kid-Lift*** (Page 48), like the commander, is the stuff of which legends are made. A moving example of human compassion, it may one day be known as the most important story ever told about the war in Korea.



Viña Delmar

Ballad for a Fish Fry (Page 36) was composed by VIÑA DELMAR, who reports that she was born in New York (giving the date). After seven weeks she moved to California, where, after much wandering, she is now. "My parents were show people and I gave several years to the belief I was too. I am married to Eugene Delmar. We have a son, Gray, and a daughter-in-law, Rowena. Eugene and Gray like hunting and fishing. I don't. Having been raised in a dressing room, I have a natural suspicion of the great outdoors."

MARY VERDICH ***(Miracle for Two,*** Page 50) has a problem named Fred (see photo). She says, "This typically spoiled and wonderful male's favorite sport is jiggling the card table on which I do my Thinking. I wish—and I know she does, too—that my mother could have got *me* in the JOURNAL at such an age so easily."



Mary Verdich and son

Book Condensation Complete in This Issue

O Rugged Land of Gold . . . . . *Martha Martin* 34

Stories

Ballad for a Fish Fry . . . . . *Viña Delmar* 36
Christmas in the Valley . . . . . *Jesse Stuart* 38
A Visit From Mother . . . . . *Rebecca Shallit* 42
Miracle for Two . . . . . *Mary Verdich* 50

Special Features

Why Should Superior Men Run for Public Office? *Dorothy Thompson* 11
"If I Give You All of Them?" . . . . *Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam* 11
Brick by Brick Volunteers Build Spring Valley Church 23
Students and Religion . . . . . *Margaret Hickey* 23
Tell Me Doctor (Fourth part of eight) . . *Henry B. Safford, M.D.* 31
Fabulous Fanny (Second part of four) . . . . . *Norman Katkov* 44
Operation Kid-Lift *Commander William J. Lederer, USN, and Nelle Keys Perry* 48
The Girl With the Hoop . . . . *Painting by Pierre-Auguste Renoir* 53
Political Pilgrim's Progress: Men Have to Learn 85
How America Lives: Christmas in the Parsonage . *Hartzell Spence* 125

General Features

Our Readers Write Us 4
Under-Cover Stuff . . . . . *Bernardine Kielty* 14
Diary of Domesticity . . . . . *Gladys Taber* 21
Making Marriage Work . . . . . *Clifford R. Adams* 26
Watch That Halo (The Sub-Deb) . . . . . *Edited by Ruth Imler* 29
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal • Journal About Town 33
There's a Man in the House . . . . . *Harlan Miller* 52
"Third-Day Blues" . . . . . *Dr. Herman N. Bundesen* 86
This is a Gift-Gimme . . . . . *Munro Leaf* 99
Ask Any Woman . . . . . *Marcelene Cox* 110

Fashion and Beauty

Glamour to Make—to Buy . . . . . *Wilhela Cushman* 54
Lovely to Look At . . . . . *Nora O'Leary* 56
Holiday Highlights . . . . . *Dawn Crowell Norman* 58

Food and Homemaking

Christmas With the Editors . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 60
Line a Day . . . . . *Ann Batchelder* 62
Holiday Helps . . . . . *Margaret Davidson* 119
Holiday Dividends . . . . . *Betty Ives* 130
Conversation Piece . . . . . *Ruth Mills Teague* 142

Architecture and Interior Decoration

Dumbarton House . . . . . *Richard Pratt* 40
Lanai Look . . . . . *H. T. Williams* 46

Poems

Le Chat Noir . . . . . *Patricia Martin* 78
What Can My Present Be? . . . . . *Aileen Fisher* 104
We Heard the Trumpets . . . . . *Rhina P. Espaillat* 115
Forget When the Leaves Go . . . . . *Marion Lineaweaver* 144
The Heart That Loves . . . . . *Merle Price* 149

Cover Photograph by Josef Schneider

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See these new Bissell Sweepers—now on display at your store.

Pick your favorite:



A. The "VANITY"—Smart streamlined beauty. Mint Green, Claret Red, Ebony Black. **$10.00 B.** The "APARTMENT"—Handy size for small homes. Poppy Red, Spruce Green, Marigold Yellow, Iris Blue. **$8.45 C.** The "FLIGHT"—Bissell's de luxe model. Teal Blue, Thrush Brown, Raven Black. **$11.25 D.** The "LITTLE QUEEN"—For little girls. Mother can use it, too. Really sweeps! **$2.69.** Prices a little more in the West and Canada.



BISSELL SWEEPERS

For Quick Everyday Clean-ups

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush

Our Readers Write us

Like Christmas Presents

Huntsville, Texas

Dear Editors: There is absolutely nothing I enjoy more than having a baby. The only comparable thrill is that of Christmas when I was a little girl. The principle is the same. You wait and wait for such a long time wondering if it (Christmas or a baby) will ever actually come. Can anything so wonderful really happen? The preparations are made, everything is ready and at last the Eve is here in its sweet ecstasy. All you have to do is go to sleep (can anyone possibly sleep at a time like this?) so Santa can come. Then you wake up, a wee bit anxious that perhaps Santa forgot you—but no, oh wondrous miracle, he didn't! That is what having a baby means to me and I am grateful that science enables me to approach childbirth not only unafraid but with boundless joy.

Sincerely,
MRS. J. D. SIBLEY

Journal Helped Lovers

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: I noticed how many say they live "*by* the JOURNAL." Well, our little family is different. We live "*off* the JOURNAL."

Two years ago we had nothing. Joe had just finished a year in college and I had completed my junior year in high school. We were desperately in love and wanted more than anything to be married.

But we were penniless. A fellow of Joe's age (19) couldn't get a job anywhere because of the draft. As a last resort he answered an ad for a magazine salesman. We didn't know it then, but this job was the answer to our prayers.

Four months later we had saved over a thousand dollars. We were married in October, 1950. In July, 1951, I gave birth to a beautiful baby boy and the following December we bought our own home.

I am now expecting another baby this December.

And we owe it all to the JOURNAL, for practically every order he turns in is headed by your wonderful magazine. So we truly say that we live "*off the* JOURNAL."

Gratefully,
NANCY HUTTER

Everywhere, Christmas Tonight

Arverne, New York

Dear Editors: With the approach of the holiday season, I thought this picture of our two-year-old Frankie might appeal to you. He's studying the Christmas story with typical wonder and seeming reverence. As you'll see, the front view is as cute as the back.

Sincerely,
MRS. FRANK LEHMAN

Pin-Up Pie

Annapolis, Maryland

Sir: A naval officer captured at the fall of Corregidor told me this incident.

On Christmas Day, 1943, the prison commandant permitted the prisoners a ten-day period for reading some prewar issues of American magazines.

Everywhere was heard, "Next on the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL." Many a long-repressed prisoner gazed at the JOURNAL's illustrated advertisements, rapture in his face. Some whispered, "Boy, how would you like to get next to *that!*" Without exception, they would be pop-eyed at colored pictures of hot cakes, plates of steaming tomato soup, a baked ham or a mince pie.

Instead of pin-up girls, the American prisoners used pictures from the JOURNAL's ads. One man pinned up a picture of a marshmallow-topped cup of cocoa.

The undersigned is a naval historian.

COMDR. LOUIS J. GULLIVER,
(USN ret.)

Indian Boy Approves

Lowell, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: What a pleasant surprise it is to have such a true account of Young India.

In your article, the choice of two characters, Uma Narang, the college girl, and Abhikor, the village girl, was perfect in that they represent the cross section of Indian girlhood. These days the Abhikors are gradually becoming Narangs. As an Indian boy I sure love this change. Very truly yours,

ANANTHA K. SETTY

One Code

Holland, New York

Dear Editors: I am a puzzled mother. After reading Ingerman's Neither Birds nor Bees, I started wondering why all the advice on morals currently being printed in the best magazines deals almost entirely with girls.

I am the mother of three small boys and feel hopelessly inadequate. Where can I get suitable information for my sons?

I do not believe that the moral code in this country will be raised until parents make the attempt to educate their sons. Boys should be taught to respect the same moral code which society expects from girls.

Very truly yours,
MRS. HOWARD DRAPER

(Continued on Page 6)



Frankie and the Christmas story.



Yes—try new dreft for gleaming dishes—lovely hands!

You get your wish! Now DREFT has all the grease-cutting power of best-known washday detergents—AND a new safety for your hands!

New, milder DREFT is a special dishwashing detergent with a new plus . . .

WONDERFUL SAFETY! When you use DREFT in your dishpan, you're giving your hands much the same safe care you demand for your finest fabrics. DREFT is SAFER, by actual tests on dainty pastel washables, than any soap, any washday detergent. SAFER than the mildest soap flakes made!

DISHWASHING MAGIC! Yet with all its new SAFETY, no soap—no other detergent can get dishes cleaner! Rich, instant-sudsing DREFT cuts grease like a whiz, gets dishes shiny-bright—without wiping! No soapy scum, no film. No greasy dishpan ring. And your hands are so SAFE in DREFT'S gentle suds.

NO HARSH INGREDIENTS of any kind! That's why DREFT is so safe.

GET BOTH BENEFITS! So, if *you've* been wishing for a miracle detergent that's wonderfully efficient AND wonderfully safe, it's here! Get new, milder DREFT today, and see for yourself.



SAFEST POSSIBLE SUDS YOU CAN BUY for precious silks and nylons. HANDS love it for dishes!

DREFT...the dishwashing detergent that's SAFE for hands!

"Best smelling dog on the block"

(thanks to odor-ending Ken-L-Meal)



"We tried a lot of different foods for our puppy, "Frigga," and she would nibble at them but never finish them. Now that we feed her Ken-L-Meal she likes it so well she practically knocks me over when she sees me fixing it. The chlorophyll in it sure stops her odors, too. She's the best smelling dog on the block now, and we let her have the run of the house."

Caroline Nahl
Evanston, Ill.



KEN-L-MEAL

Nourishes with real meat protein!
Deodorizes with chlorophyllin!

You get *double* value when you feed new Ken-L-Meal. Your dog gets the complete nourishment of meat protein, vitamins and minerals. And the chlorophyllin now in Ken-L-Meal ends offensive odors in all normal dogs! Ends odors in 7 days . . . or your money back. Costs only pennies a serving. In 2, 5, 25 and 50 lb. sizes.

These foods end dog odors, too!



KEN-L-RATION

Packed with lean, red U. S. Govt. Inspected horse meat. Added chlorophyllin ends offensive dog odors. Ready to serve. In regular can or new jumbo jar.



KEN-L-BISKIT

Contains real meat meal, baked right in. Has a meaty "sniff appeal" dogs love . . . the hearty nourishment they need . . . plus chlorophyllin to end offensive odors. In 2, 4, 25 and 50 lb. sizes.

Win beautiful OIL PAINTING of YOUR dog!

12 first prizes: A beautifully framed, 24" x 30", portrait of each winner's dog. Famous painter, Bob Siford, will come to winner's home and paint dog from life.

1500 second prizes: 1500 copies of "The Modern Dog Encyclopedia," 615 fact-packed pages of valuable information about 111 breeds of dogs. Retail value, $10.00 each.

Get free entry blank and rules at your dealer's! Hurry! Contest closes December 31, 1952.



(Continued from Page 4)

Christmas Caution

Northampton, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: Here is a plea to grandparents, godparents and all others who like to bring little gifts to babies and children. *Please don't waste your money and endanger our children by purchasing fragile plastic, metal or wooden toys.*

Today I threw away eight little toys, attractive and colorful, almost new, but each now useless because it had splintered or cracked into dangerous pieces.

Before you get the next cunning little toy, ask yourself these questions:

What will happen if this is stepped on?

If Junior takes a hard bite on it, will it splinter in his mouth?

Can it be hurled from a crib without smashing?

Has it any thin projecting legs or arms or wheel supports that will snap easily?

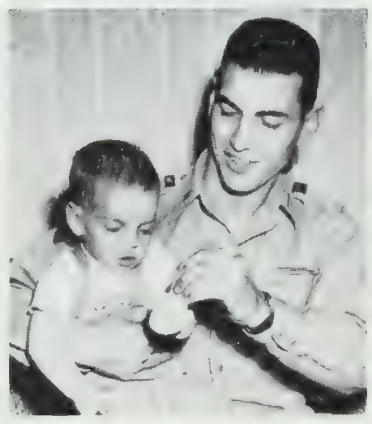
If it won't meet these tests, then don't waste your money and endanger your little friend. Sincerely yours,

(NAME WITHHELD)

"Shank's Bootees"

Fort Riley, Kansas

Dear Sir: Thought you might like to see the enclosed picture of Lt. Richard Shank and Richard, Jr., now thirteen months old.



Lucky bootees back.

They are holding the war-torn "Shank's Bootees" from the story in your July issue. Lieutenant Shank is now assigned to the 10th Infantry Division here and serves as an instructor in the 25th Field Artillery Battalion, the division's Leadership School.

Sincerely,
LEWIS C. WENDELL, JR.,
Major, Inf.

Enthusiastic Citizen

El Dorado, Kansas

Dear Editors: When Constantine L. Leonida, Greek-American restaurateur, Hutchinson, Kansas, says, "Let them eat cake," he says it with love and gratitude in his heart for all servicemen. He sends large fruitcakes, at Christmastime, to every man and woman from Hutchinson



Gave 24,000 meals away.

on foreign soil. In the past several years he has sent thousands of fruitcakes overseas.

"Gus" became a citizen of the United States in 1918 and served in the United States Navy during World War I. His life is an example of what America does for an immigrant and what new adopted citizens will do for America. During World War Two, he did the very spectacular job of

(Continued on Page 8)



CLOROX-clean linens are more than *white*... they're SANITARY, too... *safer* for your family's health!

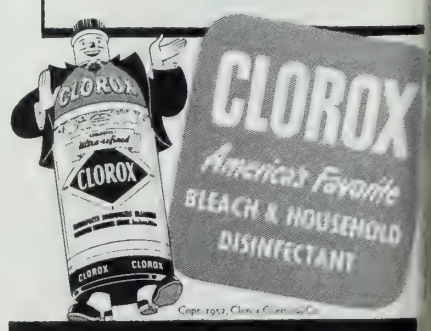
Of course you want your white and color-fast cottons and linens made snowy-white and color-bright. Clorox does both extra gently. In addition, Clorox makes linens sanitary, fresh smelling... even when dried indoors!

Yes, Clorox is a 4 in 1 product. It's an extra-gentle bleach, a dependable stain remover, an effective deodorizer, and the most efficient germ-killer of its kind! Clorox is free from caustic and other harsh substances, made by an exclusive, patented formula.

CLOROX helps protect health in routine cleaning, too!



Germ centers such as drainboards, sinks, wash basins, tubs and toilet bowls are easily made fresh and sanitary with Clorox. It's one of the world's great disinfectants! Give your family the added health protection of a Clorox-clean home. See directions on the label.



When it's CLOROX-clean... it's SAFER for Family Health

The Dayton Koolfoam Pillow!



The whole family wants this Perfect Gift!



Christmas Greetings! Bright and cheerful, is this gayly colored package. And *so* welcome and appreciated because it contains . . . a Dayton Koolfoam Pillow!

They see it, touch it, feel its incredibly luxurious softness and resilience. Every member of the family, young or old . . . or every relative and friend . . . senses *instantly* the wonderful promise of comfort, rest, sleep, offered *only* by the Dayton Koolfoam Pillow! What a truly *marvelous* Christmas gift!

There's *no* gift like it! *Only* Koolfoam is made by Dayton's exclusive mountain-water process. It's 100% pure foam latex—*no* substitutes! *Only* Koolfoam is softer, cooler, smoother, more resilient, cradling the head perfectly without punching or fluffing, always holding its shape. *Only* Koolfoam is so clean, sanitary, allergy-free!

Your favorite store has the gift you'll *love* to give . . . a Dayton Koolfoam Pillow, ready for giving in its gay "Merry Christmas" package. See it . . . and learn what pleasure *you'll* have in giving it! You too will agree there is no substitute for Koolfoam quality.



NEW Koolfoam Gift! Here's the Dayton Koolfoam Sofa Pillow . . . ideally sized for many places in every home. Wonderful fabrics . . . beautiful colors . . . styled by Edmonart

Enjoy the Rest of your life!

Dayton Koolfoam pillows

TRADE MARK

The World's Largest Manufacturer of Foam Latex Pillows

DAYTON RUBBER COMPANY • DAYTON 1, OHIO • *Since 1905*

R. 1952

NICEST THINGS IN HER STOCKING:

Pretty Slippers by DANIEL GREEN



Bonny (top) and Loro (bottom) in black, white, pink, wine, heaven blue, scarlet and royal blue viscose rayon satin. Each $6.00.

Powder Puff (center) in white, black, pink and heaven blue viscose rayon satin, $7.00.

DANIEL GREEN COMFY SLIPPERS

MADE BY MASTER CRAFTSMEN SINCE 1882

DANIEL GREEN MAKES "AT HOME" SLIPPERS FOR "HIM" TOO!

(Continued from Page 6)

selling $11,000,000 worth of bonds. He gave away 24,000 meals to facilitate their sale. His motto was and still is, "Buy bonds as if to stop the enemy were they only thirty miles from your home." Sincerely,

LILY-B ROZAR

One-Dollar Investment

Durban, Natal, South Africa

Dear Editors: About two years ago I wrote for Dr. Herman N. Bundesen's baby booklets, enclosing a battered and war-scarred dollar bill which my husband had brought ashore from the U.S.S. California in 1945.

I duly received the booklets, which I found most helpful. I also duly received Junior! Here he is wrapping himself round a chocolate biscuit (cooky to you!).

Sincerely yours,

MRS. JOHN KENNETH WASSUNG

P.S. Photos by father.

▶ *We've never seen a dollar bill turn out better. ED.*

Baby Takes the Cake



Anticipation . . .



Investigation . . .



Gratification . . .



Satiation.



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

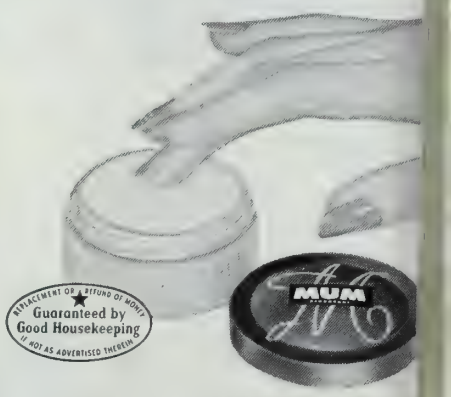
Help your heart sing a happy song by giving your charm the best of care. Stay nice to be near. Guard against underarm perspiration odor with new *finer* Mum.

• **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!

• **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

• **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.

• **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

New MUM®

CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Here's the gift that brings 365 thank-you's!
One for every blissful night's sleep in the year.



Wonderful new gift idea!

PACIFIC's Contour Sheets— the newest in sheets!

Any homemaker you know will *love* the easy bedmaking this Pacific gift offers— the famous Bottom Contour and the newest of all new sheets, Pacific's exclusive TOP Contour! This Christmas, give Pacific— give *complete* Contour Sheet luxury!

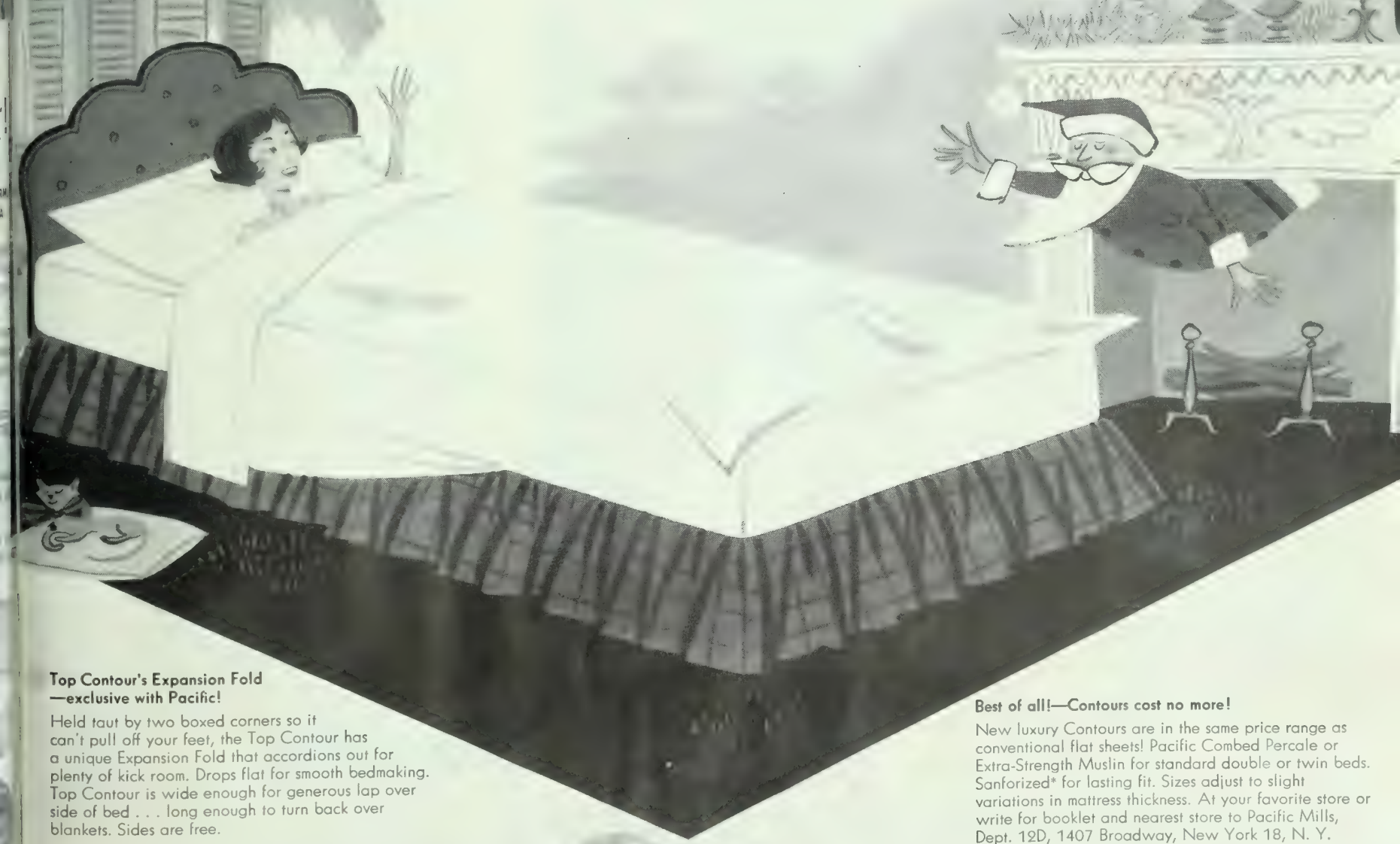


Famous Bottom Contour—loved by millions!

Four boxed corners hold Bottom Contour smooth all night long! It can't wrinkle, can't pull out. Arrow shows point of greatest strain on corner. Tape on Contour prevents rips and tears. Pacific makes the strongest and longest-wearing type of corner in fitted sheets.

Nice touch: matching Pacific Pillowcases. They're Sanforized to keep their fit.*





Top Contour's Expansion Fold —exclusive with Pacific!

Held taut by two boxed corners so it can't pull off your feet, the Top Contour has a unique Expansion Fold that accordions out for plenty of kick room. Drops flat for smooth bedmaking. Top Contour is wide enough for generous lap over side of bed . . . long enough to turn back over blankets. Sides are free.

Best of all!—Contours cost no more!

New luxury Contours are in the same price range as conventional flat sheets! Pacific Combed Percale or Extra-Strength Muslin for standard double or twin beds. Sanforized* for lasting fit. Sizes adjust to slight variations in mattress thickness. At your favorite store or write for booklet and nearest store to Pacific Mills, Dept. 12D, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ONLY **PACIFIC** MAKES Contour **SHEETS*** TOPS AND BOTTOMS

Contour Crib Sheets • Pillowcases • Supersorb* Towels • Pacific Silver Cloth

"ah-h! my Ivory Bath it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!"



Yes, Ivory makes richer lather . . . faster!

It's no effort . . . just a pleasure . . . to lather up with Ivory! You barely *touch* your washcloth to that husky cake . . . and presto! . . . you've got heaps of the richest, sudsiest suds that ever filled a tub! For Ivory makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap.

And Ivory makes the mildest, most refreshing lather!

Soothing is the word for silky Ivory suds—they *baby* your skin *so* delightfully! Why, Ivory is the most famous soap in the world for mildness—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And you'll find the clean, fresh smell of Ivory lather an added pleasure—so refreshing!

Yet famous Ivory actually costs you less!

Would you ever guess that you pay *less* for pure, mild, wonderful floating Ivory Soap? You do! Ivory gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!



99 44/100% pure...it Floats

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

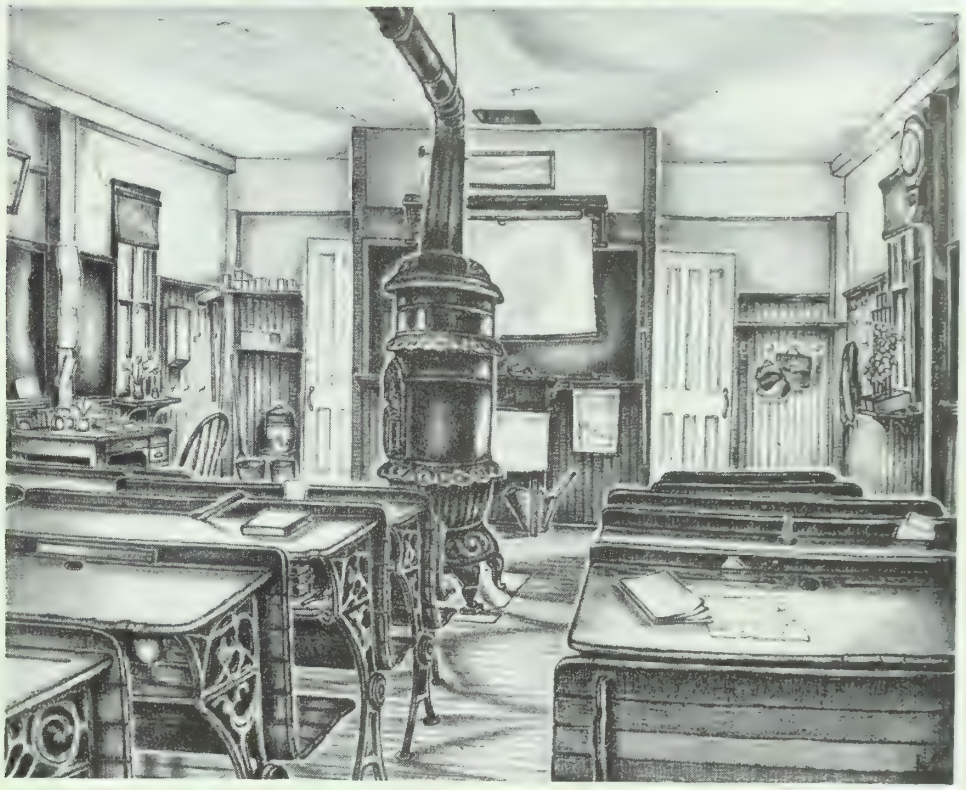


America's Favorite Bath Soap!

Ladies' Home

JOURNAL

Bruce Gould
Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors



NOON RECESS *By Edith Newton*

"If I Give You All of Them?"

By BISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM
of the Methodist Church

"WE always spend our money upon ourselves at Christmas. Can't you suggest something for us to do for someone else?" This question was asked by the president of a class of young ladies.

I made a poor suggestion, but it was the best I could think of. "Why don't you gather a hundred little foreign children and give them the best Christmas they have ever had?"

It was in Los Angeles. Ten or a dozen automobiles went to the East Side, and were soon crowded with children. One little fellow turned and made a face at a traffic policeman. He was in a machine for the first time in his life, and perfectly safe.

We drove to a beautiful house in the Wilshire district. Up on the third floor, we told the story of Christmas and played games. Then we went down to the drawing room. At the far end stood a Christmas tree, and on it very simple presents—a baseball bat and a ball and a pair of stockings for each one of the boys, a doll and a pair of stockings for each one of the girls. The presents were given out; and the hostess finally stood alone in the library, deeply touched by the joy such simple gifts had brought the children.

One little fellow, a Mexican boy named Sebastian, came to her with the ball, the bat and the pair of stockings in his arms and shoved them at her. She said, "Laddie, what's the matter?" He couldn't answer; there were tears in his eyes. She put her hand down upon his head; and he knew that she loved him. He looked up. His English wasn't very good; but he said, "Oh, señora, if I give you all of them, this here bat and that ball and them stockin's, will you give me just one of them dolls to take home to my little sister who couldn't come?"

Jesus said, "A new commandment give I unto you. That ye love one another." The Gospel teaches that it was because of love that God sent His Son that we might truly understand the Eternal. It was the Son Who found religion to lie in loving God and loving brother. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." God is love. This is the essence of religion.

Why should superior men run for public office?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

IN the course of the presidential campaign, which has recently closed to the satisfaction of a majority of our citizens, several things stood out which suggest further thought.

The Democratic presidential candidate was accused, in his capacity as governor of Illinois, of supplementing the salaries of some of his officials from privately raised funds; and the Republican vice-presidential candidate was also accused of receiving, as a senator, funds from private sources to supplement his income and enable him to carry on work he, and they, his friends, thought it proper and necessary to do.

Both admitted the facts while denying that there was anything improper involved or that the private contributors had been repaid by any special favors.

But it is not a good custom that salaried men in public service should receive supplementary income from private sources, however personally disinterested the contributors may be. Public representatives and administrators should not only be innocent of corruption; they should be even above suspicion of being influenced by financial holding strings. It would therefore be well to inquire into the background and reasons for these incidents.

The plain truth is that our elected officials, and many appointed ones, are wretchedly remunerated, even though for some elected officials, and for civil-service governmental workers, some provisions are made for their future security.

The United States Senate and House of Representatives are together, at present, the most august legislative body in the world. They make the laws of the

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Her precious Christmas gift—the distinguished Seth Thomas* *Legacy* . . . gives a home that special feeling of peace and permanence. Rich, mellow Westminster Chime. Straight and crotch mahoganies. Brass dial. 14½″ tall. Electric or 8-day keywound. $114.55†.

Give this magic
for making a room feel homey...

Decorator-styled clocks
by **SETH THOMAS**



Homestead Banjo Clock. 24¾″ tall. Electric, $32.35†. 8-day keywound, $37.35†.



Fieldston—Mahogany finish on a modern cabinet. Silvery face. Strikes rich, mellow chords. 7¼″ tall. 8-day keywound or electric. $35.00†.



Cathay New! Modern! Blond or mahogany finish. Electric alarm. 5″ tall. Plain dial, $8.95†. Luminous, $9.95†.



Sharon — Striking clock. Mahogany or maple finish. 15¼″ tall. Electric or 8-day keywound. $44.80†.



Baxter –Modern desk clock with a warm presence! Blond ... brown mahogany...red or black lacquer. Electric. 4¼″ tall. $24.90†.



NEW! **Glance!** — 6 colors. 10″ tall. Electric. $6.95†. Send for free clock folder. Dept. J-D, Thomaston, Conn.

Since 1813 **SETH THOMAS** *Fine Clocks and Watches*

Division of GT GENERAL TIME Corp.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. †Tax extra. Prices subject to change.

world's richest nation and control the purse strings of expenditures totaling tens of billions of dollars.

The policies that they make or approve affect the destinies of people all over the globe.

If representative government should fail in America, it is dubious whether it would long survive anywhere else.

Its conduct requires—and we demand—men of unimpeachable character and superior brains; men of courage, all-embracing patriotism, knowledge and understanding of the world, vision and wisdom.

In our society these qualities are generously remunerated by the simple operation of supply and demand. Business executives who are at one and the same time imaginative and prudent are not to be found on every street corner. Honest and brilliant lawyers; editors with a record of building circulation without recourse to cheap sensationalism; foreign correspondents with proved insight into events; physicians and surgeons who seldom lose a curable patient; scientists who have made great contributions to industry; university professors of international reputation—in short, men and women able to assume and successfully carry heavy responsibilities for others—are sought-after persons.

For what sets one person above another in modern society is not birth or social position, but precisely the will and capacity to carry responsibilities. Relatively few men or women have the will, and even fewer have, on test, the capacity, and for the rare combination, society, as individual clients and organizations, is willing to pay. The office, in fact, seeks the man.

No group of men hold heavier responsibilities than those who compose the Government of the United States. They do not hold them for one industry or a few clients, but for more than 150 million Americans. Yet our senators and representatives receive salaries way below those commanded by others whose responsibilities are comparatively minuscule.

Now, I would be the last to suggest that people are moved only by mercenary considerations; and especially that superior persons—superior in brains and virtue—are so moved. But any person, given a choice, is likely to take remuneration and future security into consideration.

America has never had a considerable leisure class who, because of inherited wealth, were financially independent, and who might be inclined toward public service, and the remnants of such a class are rapidly disappearing in modern society—with some gains and some losses. An ever-decreasing number of people, even in relatively high-income brackets, are able to provide for an old age including the amenities which they have been able to secure for themselves during their earning years. Yet independence of mind and judgment is to some extent, at least, an accompaniment of financial independence. We pension judges for that reason. We should, it seems to me, better remunerate our senators and representatives and give them higher pensions for similar reasons.

APART from the fact that it is patently preposterous that a senator or representative should be worse paid than, say, the president of a sizable trade-union, it is to the national interest to help them keep their minds on the job and resist special influences. A congressman worrying about meeting his present bills, paying for his children's education, and concerned about his future if turned out of office, is obviously more susceptible to proddings, direct or subtle, in the form of personal approaches or organized pressures, than a secure man. If we want more congressmen prepared to say "No," we should double their salaries and provide pensions according to years of service, and in accord with value to society.

Character is habit long continued. —GREEK PROVERB

For the elected official has something else to contend with besides inadequate remuneration—the obloquy cast upon him by his political opponents. Some years ago I asked the late Sen. Arthur Vandenberg why more absolutely first-rate community leaders would not run for Congress. He replied, "Well, if a man leaves an established position, he cannot count on returning to it if he suffers a setback in politics. But even more important is the contumely to which he is subjected. Superior men have a high sense of personal honor; they don't know how to answer back absolutely unsupported charges. If they haven't the skins of elephants, their nerves become frayed and their judgments warped from the smears to which they are subjected."

WE saw plenty of that—too much of it—in the recent campaign. A candidate for Congress, with a distinguished reputation for previous service as a highly successful business executive, noted for fairness in all his relations, and for service in an administrative branch of the Federal Government, running in a Midwestern state, found himself simultaneously pictured as a "blood-soaked war profiteer," a "golf-playing crony of communists," and the "chosen agent of British international bankers."

The support for these charges was nonexistent, and, as reported by Stewart Alsop, who was covering the campaign, the candidate at the end of September said, "Win, lose or draw, I'm through—this is the last time I run for anything." Mr. Alsop himself commented, "If this sort of thing becomes accepted practice it will soon be impossible to persuade men of reputation to run for any public office. And this is not amusing."

There are inequities in many other branches of Government; for instance, in various categories of foreign service. New agencies that have been created, theoretically on a temporary basis, have drawn in persons from private life who, in order that their services may be obtained, are offered much higher salaries than are paid our regular diplomatic agents. They are not, to be sure, eligible for pensions, but often they are granted "leaves of absence" from their firms and kept on their pension lists.

Ambassadorial posts have, in the past, been granted as honor-patronage to millionaire contributors to the party in power, for the simple reason that Government salaries and emoluments are insufficient to cover desirable representation in some posts—the career official, unless he has independent means, being unable to afford the job. This is bad for morale and bad for the kind of service we need. Although the popular myth has it that the career man in the diplomatic service is a "striped-pants cooky pusher," the service commands the devoted work of men who have made a lifework of American foreign affairs, and could leave it tomorrow for much better-paid business positions where knowledge of the world or special parts of it is at a premium—and where they would suffer far fewer frustrations from kibitzers at home. Many are in hardship posts, in atrocious climates, in backward countries; and in matters of leave, tutors for young children who have no access to proper schools, and travel expenses for older children who must go home to universities, our Government is less generous than the British or many small European states, and less considerate, also, than the Army.

I have often wished we had an institution similar to the British "Royal Commission" (drawn from eminent men in public life) to go into matters like this and report to the public. I am sure any body of disinterested citizens would make better provisions for our outstanding "public servants" than they have felt able to do for themselves.

THE END

This Christmas give her a gift as lasting as your love!

1847 ROGERS BROS. ROYAL GIFT CHEST

Complete 60-piece service for 8
in magnificent drawer chest... only $89.95.

Eight 6-piece settings... plus your choice of 8 butter spreaders, iced-drink spoons, or oyster forks... plus 4 important serving pieces

Small down payment
... easy terms!

For mother... wife... sweetheart or daughter ... the gift she has always longed for!

Most every woman dreams of owning enough beautifully *matched* silverware to set her table graciously ...every day... for any occasion.

This Christmas—make her dreams come true! Give her this exquisite new chest of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate.

Made to last a lifetime, 1847 Rogers Bros. has been America's most beloved silverware for many generations. See it at your silverware store today.

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Choose from America's most popular, best-loved patterns.





Very Special Holiday Gift Set ... only $18.47

What could be nicer for the lucky woman who already owns a set of 1847 Rogers Bros. than these 6 most-wanted serving pieces to match her very own pattern! Cold meat fork, Gravy ladle, Serving spoon, Hollow Handle Pie or Cake knife, Round server, Pickle fork in attractive gift box.

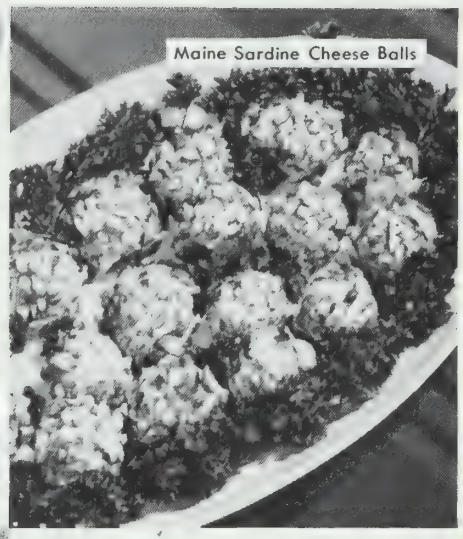
1847

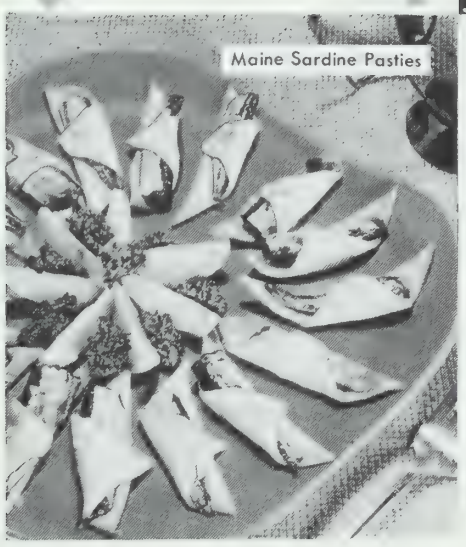
1847 ROGERS BROS.

AMERICA'S FINEST SILVERPLATE

A product of The International Silver Company

for card party snacks





serve *tasty* MAINE SARDINES

WHETHER your guests prefer canasta or bridge, you'll enjoy a "grand slam" as a hostess with easy-to-prepare Maine Sardine sandwiches and canapes. Here are two tasty recipes that will hit the jackpot at your next card party:

Maine Sardine Pasties

Cut rich pie crust in triangles. Lay Maine Sardine in center, fold over, seal and bake in hot oven (425°F.) for 15 minutes. Serve hot—and often!

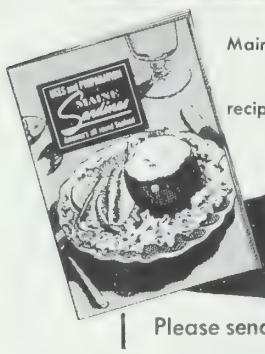
Maine Sardine Cheese Balls

1 can Maine Sardines (3¼ oz. size)
2 (3 oz.) packages cream cheese
1½ tsps. prepared mustard
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated onion juice
¼ tsp. salt
Dash of cayenne pepper
¼ cup finely chopped salted nuts

Drain oil from contents of can of sardines and mash with a fork. Add cream cheese and continue to mix until smooth. Add prepared mustard, lemon juice, onion juice, salt, and pepper and mix in well. Chill. Form into small balls and roll in salted nuts. Makes about 20 balls.

Maine Sardines are delicious and nourishing in dishes such as casseroles, croquettes, omelets and loafs . . . with rice, cheese, eggs, macaroni and many vegetables. They're packed in purest vegetable salad oils, mustard and tomato sauces . . . in modern sanitary plants under rigid Government inspection.

FREE!



Maine Sardine Recipe Book containing 62 easy-to-follow recipes with many full-color illustrations.

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Remember the name —MAINE
For sardine value you won't forget!

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THE LOW-COST HIGH PROTEIN FOOD

ANDRE DE DIENES



Manhattan's Christmas centerpiece: the tree at Rockefeller Center.

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

CHRISTMAS in New York is very special. No other place and no other time compares with it, as the big city leans over backward to be gracious. Bright stars shine from the steeples of her churches; Park Avenue glows as it stretches northward for miles, its trees alight in memory of the boys who won't have any more Christmases; and the huge tree in Rockefeller Center stands a good eighty feet, straight and tall, shining and gay, surrounded at one time or another by most of the city's 8,000,000 and their thousands of visitors.

The stores are jammed, the windows filled with glittering frivolities, and on the last day before Christmas excitement reaches its peak. Everybody who still has the strength for it is out on the streets, arms filled with beribboned packages, tired faces beaming good will.

Fifty years ago, Mr. and Mrs. James Finnell, living on a 20,000-acre ranch on the Sacramento River, gave a Christmas dinner for twenty persons. At each guest's place was the following menu, handwritten and decorated with holly. (This was sent us by a JOURNAL reader.)

OYSTERS

"Even an oyster may be crossed in love!" —Sheridan.

TOMATO BOUILLON

"I will eat these broths with spoons of amber." —B. Jonson.

ASPARAGUS AND MUSHROOMS

"I came upstairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar!" —Congreve.

TURKEY

"Appoint a meeting with this fat old fellow!" —Shakespeare.

(Continued on Page 16)



REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Nature's most refreshing flavor happens to a meat dish... *when you bring on*

Pineapple

You can't miss on pleasin' when Pineapple comes to table!
In meat dishes, salads, bakings... as breakfast fruit or dinner dessert...
Pineapple gives your meal a lift with Nature's most refreshing flavor.
Canned 5 ways, as golden juice and varied fruit cuts, to be the
good companion of America's good-eating. So many families like Pineapple
so much that it is kept on hand in more home pantries than any other fruit.
You get quick food energy, protective vitamins and minerals too,
in this tropic fruit. Pineapple's now plentiful
at welcome low cost. Better stock up!









CHUNKS

TIDBITS

CRUSHED

CUPS OF GOOD CHEER
ALL THROUGH THE YEAR
FARBERWARE MAKES COFFEE

"Good...Automatically!



it's the Gift...

FOR BETTER LIVING
FOR SMARTER GIVING

TIME SAVER!
No more waiting for coffee at the last minute . . . you can make it in advance at *your* convenience. *Automatically* keeps hot and savory for hours . . . always ready when you are!

WORK SAVER!
Everything's automatic. Simply plug it in, right at the table. Farberware's design is so handsome you'll want to show it off anyway.

FLAVOR SAVER
. . . nothing to set, nothing to forget. Coffee never boils, never spoils. Automatically shuts off at flavor peak, stays that way for hours, thanks to Farberware's exclusive heat control . . . FLAVOR GUARD!

APPROVED BY UNDERWRITERS LABORATORIES

Only Farberware has fully automatic coffee makers in 3 sizes: Classic design in 10 and 12 cup size. Modern design in 8 cup size. (Big 6 oz. cups). In luxury chrome over solid brass. 22.95 to 26.95.* *Prices $1 higher west of Mississippi.

Fully Automatic
FARBERWARE
Coffee Robot

FREE: "Hospitality Hints," 16 pages of unusual recipes to serve with coffee. Write: Farberware, Dept.CL4, New York 54, New York.

(Continued from Page 14)

POTATO
"Under the earth in fragrant glooms I dwelt!" —Aldrich.

MACARONI
"Some joy of Italy." —Shakespeare.

CRANBERRY SHERBET
"The cold that moderates heat." —Cervantes.

WALDORF SALAD
"My salad days when I was green in judgment, cold in blood!" —Shakespeare.

PLUM PUDDING
"Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire." —Alexander Smith.

LALLA ROOKH
"I always thought cold victual nice; my choice would be vanilla ice!" —O. W. Holmes.

COFFEE
"And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink!" —Pope.

"Now the battle's ended." Shakespeare.

•

You will hardly be able to credit it, if your experience has been like ours, but we now know a child of five who last Christmas sent a thank-you for every present she received, and had a good time doing it! Out of a pile of old magazines she found a picture of each object that had been given her—a sweater, a book, a doll, a balloon, a dress—cut the picture out, pasted it on a piece of paper and signed her name in great big little-girl letters. Her mother printed a "Thank you for ——" at the top, and addressed the envelope.

•

There's a Christmas story Tommy Dorsey tells of the days back in the '20's, when he was playing trombone in Paul Whiteman's orchestra. He and another member of the band exchanged presents. The other fellow gave him a trombone mute and he gave his friend a $5 pipe lighter inscribed "Good luck Harry from Tommy." He had good luck all right. No longer known as Harry, the other fellow was Bing Crosby.

•

Books make the best Christmas gifts, we always say, but maybe we'll be accused of having a vested interest. Anyway, here are a few suggestions:

For the musical family: **MUSIC FOR EARLY CHILDHOOD**, New Music Horizons Series; and **FUN WITH MUSICAL GAMES & QUIZZES**, by ***David Ewen*** and ***Nicolas Slonimsky.***

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



For grandpa or Uncle Tim or Aunt Melinda: **A LITTLE TREASURY OF MAIN STREET U.S.A.**, selected by ***John M. Henry*** from small local newspapers. *"A small town is the place where a fellow has to walk around a dog enjoying a nap on the sidewalk." . . . "The trouble with a small town's alcoholics is that they are not anonymous." . . . "The radio will never supplant the newspaper. You can't*

(Continued on Page 18)

How to measure lard accurately 2 easy ways



—another pie-baking hint from Marie Gifford, *Armour's famous home economist*

1. Simply cut along the dotted lines on your carton of Armour Star Lard for accurate portions of 1, ½, or ¼ cup. Only Armour Star Lard—the *all-pure* lard—has this handy self-measuring carton.



2. When recipes call for ⅓ or ⅔ cup, the easiest way to measure lard is *in water* in a standard measuring cup. For example, to measure ⅔ cup of lard, fill measuring cup with ⅓ cup of cold water. Then add spoonfuls of lard until water level rises to the 1 cup line, being sure lard is entirely covered with water. Measured this way, lard never sticks to the cup.

The secret of a flaky, tender crust is lard, and a crust made with Armour Star Lard has a wonderfully delicious flavor, too. Armour Star Lard is the lard so many State Fair pie-baking champions use. Only Armour Star Lard has Marie Gifford's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe printed on the carton. Try this easy, can't-fail recipe next time you bake. It's exactly the right recipe for this new-type lard that needs no refrigeration. You mix all ingredients at room temperature.

Got a pie-baking question? Just write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 572, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Ill.—for free *Picture Book of Pie-Making Hints.*

Now available in convenient 3-lb. tins!



Armour Star Lard



Sparkling flavor makes "second-day" meals taste like company meals

HOLIDAY LEFTOVERS

are extra good with French's!

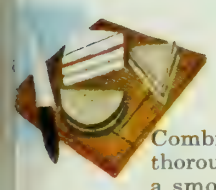


FRENCH'S GOURMET SAUCE

½ cup currant jelly
½ cup French's Prepared Mustard

Melt jelly over low heat. Slowly blend in mustard. Mix well. Serve hot with slices of ham and turkey. Equally delicious with sliced pork, lamb, tongue or chicken.

HOT DAN SPREAD



1 cup ground ham
1 tablespoon horseradish or chopped pickle
1 tablespoon French's Prepared Mustard
1 tablespoon mayonnaise

Combine all ingredients. Mix together thoroughly using sufficient mayonnaise for a smooth consistency. Yield: approximately 1 cup.



LUNCHBOX SPECIAL

½ cup minced cooked ham
¼ cup peanut butter
2 teaspoons French's Dill Seed
¼ teaspoon French's Paprika
1 teaspoon French's Prepared Mustard
1 teaspoon mayonnaise

Combine ham, peanut butter, dill seed and paprika. Blend in mustard and mayonnaise. Allow to stand in refrigerator several hours. Yield: ⅔ cup. Use as canapé or sandwich spread.

French's Mustard is a rich blend of the finest spices, mustard seed and vinegar, money can buy. Smoother, creamier French's blends better . . . flavors better, doesn't fade out in cooking.

Also made in Canada

Clip this coupon today!

NEW **32-Page Recipe Booklet!**

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Enclosed is 10¢ in coin. Please send me your 32-page illustrated booklet, "Seasoning Makes the Difference."

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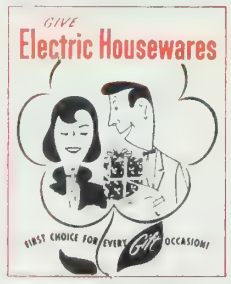
"Mom's gonna get a KitchenAid!"

FOOD PREPARER

Dad's secret is out! Mother *is* going to get a *KitchenAid*, and she'll be delighted with this thoughtful gift.

She knows how *easily* she can prepare all her favorite recipes with a *KitchenAid* food preparer . . . cakes, cookies, pies . . . all sorts of goodies. And Dad's pretty smart 'cause he figured this out, too! Mother knows she can be sure of true-to-recipe results with her *KitchenAid* and its "round the bowl" mixing action.

"Round the bowl" mixing is just what it says—the *single* beater travels around the inside surface of the stationary bowl, rotating as it travels, and *completely* mixing all ingredients. And *KitchenAid* has a convenient up-front mixing guide, a *Pyrex* brand mixing bowl, and a wide range of practical attachments, including meat grinder, vegetable slicer, and ice cream freezer.



For literature write *KitchenAid* Electric Housewares
Division of The Hobart Manufacturing Co.
Dept. KL, Troy, Ohio • In Canada, write 175 George Street, Toronto, 1.

KitchenAid TRADE®MARK

The Finest Made... by Hobart

World's Largest Manufacturer of Food, Kitchen and Dishwashing Machines

(Continued from Page 16)

fold up a wave length and sit down with it beneath you on the grass."

For the game hunter, animal-story reader, adventure lover: **HUNTER**, by ***J. A. Hunter***, an account of forty years tracking elephants, lions, leopards, rhinos, in the vast plains of British East Africa, told by the No. 1 White Hunter of Kenya.

For excitement: **GREAT ESCAPES**, a collection of real experiences edited by ***Basil Davenport***—Mohammed from Mecca, Casanova from the Doge's Palace, the Holy Family from Herod (a charming ballad), and any number of present-day prisoner-of-war escapes and modern jail breaks.

Especially for Christmas: **THE CHRISTMAS BOOK**, by ***Francis X. Weiser, S. J.***, about Christmas customs and festivities down through the ages to our own day.

For the novel of family life: **THE GOLDEN HILL**, by ***Eunice McCloskey***—story of a Swedish-American family in Western Pennsylvania from the 1890's onward.

For gossip and nostalgia: **THE LAST RESORTS**, by ***Cleveland Amory***, the chatty story of Newport, Saratoga, Palm Beach, White Sulphur and all the others. *For a Hollywood close-up:* **MAGIC LANTERN**, a novel of romance with undertones, by ***Robert Carson***.

For the literary connoisseur: **ROSE AND CROWN**, the fifth volume in ***Sean O'Casey's*** memoirs, one of the great autobiographies of our day—haunting prose, brilliant portraiture, a daring, dark, deeply emotional personality.

Also for the discriminating, two first-rate English novels: **TROY CHIMNEYS**, by ***Margaret Kennedy***, fictitious letters of an eighteenth-century aesthete; and **THE LAST SEPTEMBER**, republication of an earlier novel by ***Elizabeth Bowen***, about an Irish county family in the 1920's.

For perplexed parents: **DON'T BE AFRAID OF YOUR CHILD**, by ***Dr. Hilda Bruch***, an excellent book of wise, serious, understanding advice.

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"But, dear, you know how the children look forward to your day off."

For the daughter-in-law's stocking: **MOTHER'S GUIDE FOR BABY SITTERS**, by ***Lydia Mead***, including check lists, fill-in charts, schedules, and what to do in emergencies. "Leave this book with your baby-sitter and ENJOY YOURSELF," is the slogan.

For a good laugh: **THE BEST CARTOONS FROM PUNCH**, edited by ***Marvin Rosenberg*** and ***William Cole***. Or

(Continued on Page 21)

Gifts of Cheery

PLAS-TEX WARE



20-oz. "Long John" Tumblers in warm California pottery shades. In gift set of 6, $3.00

Salad Set with 12" bowl, six 6" bowls and detachable salad tongs. Complete set, $3.95

Informal Dining Set with four 13" plates and four 13-oz. mugs, $5.40

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America's Quality Plastic Housewares Line

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FREE . . . write for your cop of new recipe bookl of Pecan, Black Walnut and Almond tre

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R.E. Funsten Co. 1509 DELMAR BL ST. LOUIS 3, M

You never outgrow your need for Milk!

Milk is merry...

...so many different ways!



Milk and Christmas cookies —What would Christmas be without butter cookies—that go so good with a glass of MILK? Sweet, fresh and satisfying, MILK makes *so many* foods taste better! Try this for snack time. It's delicious—*simply* delicious!



Milk-rich egg nog —Rich in holiday tradition . . . rich in flavor and nutrition. Everybody *loves* Egg Nog! You can get it from your milkman, your dairy food department, or use your favorite recipe. And for extra goodness, top it with whipped cream.

It's a treat to remember that dairy foods are 30% of all the food you eat—yet take only 15% of your food dollars.

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1,000 SHEETS TO A ROLL

...and So Soft for his Tender Skin



1,000 SHEETS—over ½ more than the 650 sheets you get from most other brands

For finest quality—for outstanding value—ScotTissue is your best buy! The big 1,000-sheet roll goes further, lasts longer—gives you ½ *more* tissues than the 650 sheets you get from most other brands. And ScotTissue's 3 important "tender skin" qualities—softness, strength and absorbency—make it the ideal bathroom tissue for baby, perfect for every member of the family too! Be sure to buy several rolls of ScotTissue next time you're shopping. See if you don't agree that it's the world's finest quality tissue—and the world's best value.

"ScotTissue," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

3 Rolls of ScotTissue

equal 4½ Rolls of most other brands



COMMANDER GLOBE AND BOOK $8.95

They Need a Globe at HOME!

Homework is easier when children have a globe *of their own!* Only this *exact model* of the world imprints on their minds every country in its true size and shape . . . and its relative location to other countries. Educators agree: "Geography and History come alive when children can refer to a globe."

GET A GOOD GLOBE NOW!

This large *up-to-date* 12" **Commander** model is recommended as the best globe to buy. Washable 10 color map. 6410 place names in large type. Classrooms use this size to give a clearer impression of our world.

INCLUDES "SEE THE WORLD" BOOK FREE—this 96 page book with each **Commander** Globe is the *key* to unlock its riches, mysteries and fascinating uses. Get this fine globe and book at your stationery, book or dept. store. Other Replogle globes from $3.95 up. Standard and illuminated models.

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325 N. Hoyne Ave., Chicago 12, Ill.
Send without obligation the exciting new 12-page GLOBAL QUIZ GAME, also illustrations of your globes in full color, and name of my nearest dealer.

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The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

(Continued from Page 18)

(in case he's a young fellow from the city): **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING,** by ***Shepherd Mead.*** *"A junior executive is any male in an office who sits down."*

COLLIER'S



"Since I told the boss off, he's a different person. And I'm with a different company."

For the art lover: **THE STORY OF ART,** by ***E. H. Gombrich*** just about the very best, with admirable text and 370 illustrations.

A list of educational books for children, classified by grades, can be obtained by writing to Young Scott Books, 8 W. 13th St., New York 11. For history books for young readers write for the Landmark Books list, Random House, 457 Madison Ave., New York 22. . . . In **RECIPE FOR A MAGIC CHILDHOOD** (a nice little Christmas gift itself), ***Mary Chase*** says that there is no substitute for books in the life of a child.

(Incidentally, in Vienna, fairy tales at bedtime are now told over the telephone. You dial A-0-60, and hear a tape recording of an Andersen or a Grimm fairy story, different each day.) **THE END**

You Can Buy the Best

"Art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass," wrote Walter Pater. Here are such great works of art—available for you at home, at little cost.

The Casals Festival

at Perpignan, France. Twelve records have been issued from this great musical event. Perhaps the most popular is the famous cellist, Pablo Casals, directing Mozart's *Symphony No. 29* and his *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik.* Columbia Records. At all record stores, $5.45 each.

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One of the immortal books now obtainable in a paper-backed Modern Library edition for only 65 cents. Many bookstores carry these special editions. If yours does not, write to Random House, 457 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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A big portfolio with full-color reproductions of paintings by Manet, Cézanne, Pissarro, Degas, Renoir, Monet, Sisley, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Seurat—all ready for framing. Put them up on your children's walls. Complete for $1.50 from Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 421 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.



For you! The world's most luxurious lotion! *Revlon's* new

AQUAMARINE LOTION

Fabulously fragrant! Fondles every blessed inch of you!

Lavish it on . . . you've never dreamed of such luxury! A miraculous blend of balms scented with costly imported perfumes—designed to keep your hands and body silken-soft, divinely fragrant. Never before a rich, creamy-blue lotion with such a genius for fondling every blessed inch of you! 1.00* and 2.50*

*PLUS TAX DRESS: HERBERT SONDHEIM

Revlon Aquamarine Lotion Deodorant

A truly modern anti-perspirant...
gentle as a face cream, yet doubly-effective! 1.10.*





A message from Santa Claus to every husband who really loves his wife

If you can afford to give her a ten carat diamond — that's your gift! Or, if you can arrange to have a shiny new Cadillac out front Christmas morning — go to it!

But look! If you're still working on your first million — and if she's a real partner working right along with you — don't give her some knick knack she'd secretly like to return for credit.

Think, man! What's the one present she'll thank you for *every* day of the year? What's the one gift that'll make her load easier, give her some of the leisure she deserves?

If she won't tell you . . . we will! It's a gleaming new automatic washer.

And if you're not convinced that an automatic washer is the most wonderful present in the world, stay home some day and manhandle the wash yourself! Get an education, brother — see what you're doing to your bride!

No doubt about it, my friend, the modern automatic washer is the cleverest piece of time and wife-saving machinery since running water. Greatest boon to women since the discovery of kissing.

Go on down town and look over the new models. Every one's a mechanical marvel, brilliantly designed, wondrously built.

And no matter which one you choose (they're all good), be sure to take the man's advice and let him send along a supply of all — the wonderful detergent especially made for automatic washers. Practically every automatic washer maker says to use it . . . and who should know better?

Merry Christmas,

S. C.



all IS THE WONDERFUL WASHING POWDER RECOMMENDED BY EVERY TOP-FLIGHT AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINE MANUFACTURER

Brick by Brick, Volunteers Build . . .

Students and Religion

By MARGARET HICKEY

YOUNG parents like Dorothy and Bill Hillard are helping to make church membership the largest in our history. Their children's need for religious training is a big reason. As one father pointed out, "When my little girl asked me to help her with her prayers I was ashamed I didn't remember any. That sent me back to church."

The current Yearbook of American Churches, published by the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., reports 88,673,005 members. This is 58 per cent of our present population—the highest percentage ever recorded on church rolls. Between 1940 and 1950, when the population increased only 15 per cent, church membership advanced 34 per cent. This does not take into account the Church of Christ, Scientist, which has a tremendous and ever-growing membership.

Nearly 1,000,000 new names have lengthened the church Sunday-school rolls annually since 1947, making a total of more than 30,000,000 children who regularly receive religious instruction. Furthermore, Sunday-school lessons are being worked out so that the whole family can learn together. Many parents now are sitting down with the youngsters to follow the Bible stories and scriptures. In towns everywhere, the old-fashioned church supper is being renewed as a strong community bond for parents, children and Sunday-school teachers.

This bond is reaching out to the young adults. When students leave home for college, the tie with the hometown church often is broken. Universities and colleges are helping students keep in touch with their church groups.

Students want religion, said Dr. James L. Stoner, director of the University Christian Mission, who has visited some 400 campuses during the past five years to lead and take part in discussion groups. They're asking profounder questions, such as "What is the meaning of life for me?" . . . "How does God reveal Himself to us?" One sorority social chairman wondered, "How can we reconcile our religion with blackballing girls during rush week?" Above all, students want to discover the place of religion in world and personal affairs.

Each fall at the University of Minnesota, Dr. Henry E. Allen, co-ordinator of student religious activities, reports, students may fill out religious-census cards. These are sent to the campus church organizations. Seven denominations, plus the Y.M.C.A., the Hillel Foundation for Jewish students, and the Newman Foundation for Catholic students, have student centers along the edge of the campus. In a typical week, some 150 meetings, study groups and worship services are held for university students. An estimated 2500 to 3000 students—about one tenth of the student body—are active in programs sponsored by 24 campus religious organizations directed by a staff of 38 workers. At the denomination centers, meals are served at cost. But the students usually stay on for worship or for a talk session on religion. **THE END**

Spring Valley Church

BILL HILLARD flung open the back door of the neat little frame house. "Those fried cakes ready yet?" he called.

"Right on time and piping hot, too," Dorothy Hillard said.

Bill snatched up the kettle and ran out the door. He didn't want to keep those hungry men waiting. This was one of the men's regular work nights, and the group of volunteer builders had been busy all evening putting the finishing touches of paint on the new Spring Valley Presbyterian Church near Huntington, West Virginia. The women's part in the building program had been to help keep the hungry men fed.

It was just a little more than a year ago that Bill and Dorothy Hillard as newcomers to town first set foot in the partially completed church. They noticed something different about it that very day, but never dreamed they'd soon be up to their ears in church work. Maj. Bill Hillard, with an assignment as ROTC instructor at Marshall College—and a new set of golf clubs and a good-looking suit—was all set to get into the swing of his new community life after ten years at Army posts. Bill expected Dorothy to get busy with volunteer work, or politics, perhaps. But church? They hadn't thought of that.

Like many other parents, though, the Hillards wanted their children to have some understanding of spiritual values, too. That was how they happened to go to church one Sunday—to take their son Billy to Sunday school and their two-year-old daughter Alan to be baptized. Bill and Dorothy themselves planned to go to church occasionally—only when they felt like it. *(Continued on Page 83)*

TODD WEBB



Volunteer builders are proud of their new Spring Valley church. Salesman, doctor, minister, housewife—all helped with the construction. Now, after seven years, the work is nearly completed.

Sandpaper Hands feel

Caressable

in 10 Seconds!



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NEW! Cashmere Bouquet French Type Non-Smear Lipstick!



Stays Moist! Stays Bright! Stays On!

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Christmas is always merry with a batch of puppies to help!

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

OUR country world is wider now, with only dark branches between us and the horizon. The road at the top of the hill again is visible, and the postman's car stopping by the mailbox is pleasant to see. Without the leafy screen of bushes, the swamp has a lovely open look powdered with pearl in the early-morning light. I can see from my window the way the land itself folds down to the cranberry bog, and up again where the young Christmas trees stand so sturdy and bright.

At the feeding station the birds are as busy as Grand Central Station. Very early, when I let the cockers out, the blue jays flash their brilliance and invade the suet cage and the station. They are like those women who ram their way to the counter and scream at the tired clerks around Christmastime. (I always wonder whether Christmas can mean much to them.)

Later, we carry our breakfast trays to the window and watch the chickadees and the juncos and the woodpeckers. The chickadee is the most cheerful small one; the juncos, who are ground feeders, pop around below the great sugar maple, very neat and very important. The woodpeckers come and go, whacking away at the tree, eating suet, tearing off large chunks, rushing off, rushing back. The pileated woodpecker is gorgeous with his crested top, but the mamma downy is my favorite: she seems like a steady little woman who would always undertake unpleasant committee work.

This morning a blue jay tried to take the entire half pound of creamy suet from the cage. His wings staggered and he flew dizzily with a chunk larger than he was; in the end, he lost it, and a waiting cocker whoofed it down. I told him it was a good moral lesson: greediness seldom pays in the end.

There are dozens of birds we do not know, and we rush for the bird books and read and look at pictures, and Jill says, "Our birds just aren't in *anywhere*."

One of my Christmas presents I have had in advance—an album of bird songs which Cornell got out. We put on the first record and had to rush to take it off, for the record player was instantly mobbed by five cockers and one Irish. Daphne tried to get inside, then tried to wedge herself behind, then backed off and sniffed to catch the scent, then lunged at the top of the cabinet. The ruffed grouse was just too much! It isn't likely I shall enjoy these records often, but they are certainly lifelike!

It is a little difficult to get the house ready for Christmas with a bevy of dogs bringing in slush and snow every few minutes. Little Sister is no problem—she prefers the hearth fire anyway—but Teddy and Tiki just have to adventure constantly, and they are very furry boys. They also like to help wrap presents and this is the reason so many of our packages have a wee nip at the corners. "Well," says Jill, "you can't eat your cake and have it too!" It's a neat house, spotless tissues, and no dogs around, or else. We take the else.

Especially Me is as big as a horse now, and half his baby fuzz is gone. His color is now on the wild-clover-honey shade. And he seems to me as nearly perfect as one can be this side of the pearly gates. He is gay but tractable, vigorous but loving, easy to train on the leash, ebullient off. Jonquil, his mother, thinks he is too bouncy, but she is bouncy herself. After tearing the house to pieces playing hunting games, he lumbers his fat self onto my bed, lays his golden head on my pillow, scrabbles the spread up with a fuzzy paw, and is instantly deep asleep in the sleep of virtue.

Christmas isn't exactly quiet at Stillmeadow. With every bed full at night and every dish in the house in the dishwasher three times a day, and the stove always full

(Continued on Page 145)

"Take a tip from an old traveler... give Samsonite"





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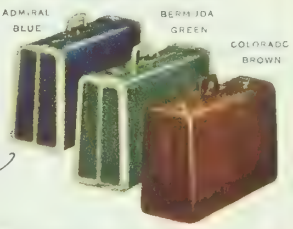


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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Is your physical relationship with your husband distasteful?

It's a problem that can destroy your marriage if you let it . . . but you needn't.

If You No Longer Find Your Husband Physically Attractive

"My husband and I were married three years ago. After a few weeks together, we seemed well adjusted to our marriage in every respect. But within a year I admitted I no longer found him physically attractive. What makes it worse is that I am friendly and outgoing, which often makes him jealous. He is a nice person and I think I still love him, but I can't help shrinking from his advances. Why did my feelings change, when we've been reasonably happy most ways?"

A WIFE'S loss of interest in the physical relationship with her husband is a definite danger signal. For whatever the reasons, it very often is the first symptom of something wrong in the marriage. It may mean that the sexual adjustment was never really satisfactory, or that the relationship is faltering in other respects.

In any event, she will do well to heed the warning if she wants her marriage to succeed. Otherwise her husband's feelings of inferiority and inadequacy, combined with her own tension, will raise an emotional as well as a physical barrier between them. When the matter reaches this stage, any new strain—whether competition from another woman, or financial reverses—may destroy the marriage bonds entirely.

To avoid this problem—or relieve it if already present—a wife may observe these suggestions:

- *She protects his self-esteem.* It is a brutal blow to a man's pride to learn that the woman he still loves no longer finds him sexually attractive. Yet many wives tell their husbands, by words or deeds, that the physical relationship has become distasteful. To do so is to display a callousness and lack of understanding which suggest the difficulty may be within her.

- *She accepts some share of responsibility* for the situation. Even though her husband's ignorance or lack of consideration may be largely to blame, rejection or evasion on her part will only aggravate the problem. But if she sincerely tries to develop tolerance, understanding and responsiveness, he will gradually reciprocate by adapting to her.

- *She asks his help in modifying her attitude.* She discusses the situation, not as her grievance or his fault, but as a mutual problem. This approach will foster the reciprocal relationship essential to a satisfactory adjustment.

- *She widens her knowledge.* Her information about the physical and psychological aspects of the sex relationship may be inadequate. As her understanding increases, so will her ability to adjust.

- *She seeks professional counsel* if her own efforts fail to produce improvement. Many women are reluctant to discuss this intimate problem with an outsider. But for the very reason that it is intimate and personal, the objective viewpoint of a qualified outsider (doctor, psychiatrist or psychologist) can help the wife to see the situation in perspective.

Regardless of the specific measures adopted, the mere act of trying to adapt will produce some improvement. For both physical and spiritual unity between husband and wife depends on the willingness of each to submerge self in the needs of the other.

How to Make Husband and Friends Like You More, Not Less, When You are Ill

"There must be thousands of wives like myself, disabled by accident or long illness. Painful as my condition is, my greatest worry is fear of losing my husband's love. He spends less and less time at home and shows his discontent in every way. Unless improvement comes soon, I'm afraid he'll leave me and our marriage will be over. How can he be so heartless when I need him desperately?"

WE all know at least one husband whose behavior toward his wife reflects a callous, selfish nature. Though it would be pleasant to believe otherwise, the crisis of his wife's illness is not likely to transform his character overnight. Only time, patience and effort will result in improvement; and unfair as it may seem, the initiative and much of the effort must come from the wife, sick or well.

No wife ever improves her relationship with her husband by bewailing his shortcomings. And this hard fact applies with particular force in the crisis of physical misfortune. The victim herself must make a satisfactory adjustment to the situation before those around her can.

It would be unrealistic to attempt to welcome the idea of invalidism. Nevertheless, the emotional rather than the physical consequences determine its effect on your happiness. And the emotional damage can be minimized, even prevented. If misfortune comes, could you adopt a constructive approach?

The first step is to accept the situation as it is. It's futile to ask yourself why this had to happen; the fact remains that it did. To live in the past is to destroy hope. You'll be on the road to mental and emotional health when you start living in the present—and for the future.

Your doctor's advice and your experience will soon establish your safe limits of activity. It's foolhardy to exceed those limits, but it's cheating yourself not to reach them. Accept them, then map out a program within your capacities.

Actually, your illness presents opportunities for learning, for appreciation, for cultivating neglected talents and interests. You've always wanted more time to read; now that you have it, use it to broaden your horizons, as well as for recreation. Read not one, but several books in the field of art, ancient history or any appealing subject. If gardening has been your hobby, you can transfer your skill to house plants. If you miss competitive sports, try your hand at chess.

Being confined to your room, or to bed, need not mean being cut off from life. You can bring the world to you through reading, radio and television. If you like company, try to make callers want to return, not from pity but because they had fun.

By the same token, though spending time with you may be your husband's duty, you want him to look forward to it for his own satisfaction. If you are cheerful, attentive and appreciative, he and the children will want to bring you their news, their problems and themselves. Your room can still be the center of your home and family life.

Admittedly a long-drawn-out illness creates practical problems. But it need not weaken the bonds holding the family together. Neither husband nor wife can solve the problem alone. But if they approach it with intelligence, insight and determination, their relationship can gain new depths and richness.

Am I Possessive?

Possessiveness and dominance are closely akin and sometimes make it difficult for a wife to give generously of herself. Check your own attitudes by answering these questions *Yes* or *No*.

Do You:

1. **Dislike lending personal possessions?**
2. **Cry, or lose your temper, easily?**
3. **Keep close tabs on your husband's spending?**
4. **Occasionally have trouble with salesclerks?**
5. **Have a great deal of personal curiosity?**
6. **Think that many charities are wastefully run?**
7. **Find your husband's relatives hard to understand?**
8. **Have strong views about most issues?**
9. **Usually manage to get your own way?**
10. **Ever feel quite jealous of your husband?**
11. **Think he spends too much time with friends?**
12. **Find it hard to throw old things away?**
13. **Make most of the family's decisions?**
14. **Hate to spend an evening alone?**

With 7 or fewer "yes" answers, you are probably less selfish and demanding with your friends or family than the average wife, who scores 8 or 9. But with 10 or more "yes" answers, you seem to be too possessive and, perhaps, too aggressive for either your own comfort or that of your family. Try to be a little more tolerant, patient and understanding.

Do You Agree?

My husband dreads Christmas because of the extra expense. How can I change his attitude?

Budgeting expenses and saving ahead for them will help. So will emphasizing the Christmas spirit, and proving it by thoughtful, but inexpensive, gifts.



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your hands—

your face

your elbows—

your arms

your legs—

Yes, all of you—pamper all of you

with fragrant

FROSTILLA

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A LADY'S LOVELY LOTION SINCE 1873

Soothing! Smoothing! Softly fragrant! That's Frostilla. Use it for your hands—to smooth, soothe, soften! For your legs—to end those nasty nylon snags. For elbow bumps, ankle chaps, all the ills soft flesh is heir to. Never sticky, never greasy, never gummy. Frostilla leaves your skin so fresh, so fragrant, oh, *so smooth!* Yes, pamper *all* of you—with fragrant Frostilla!

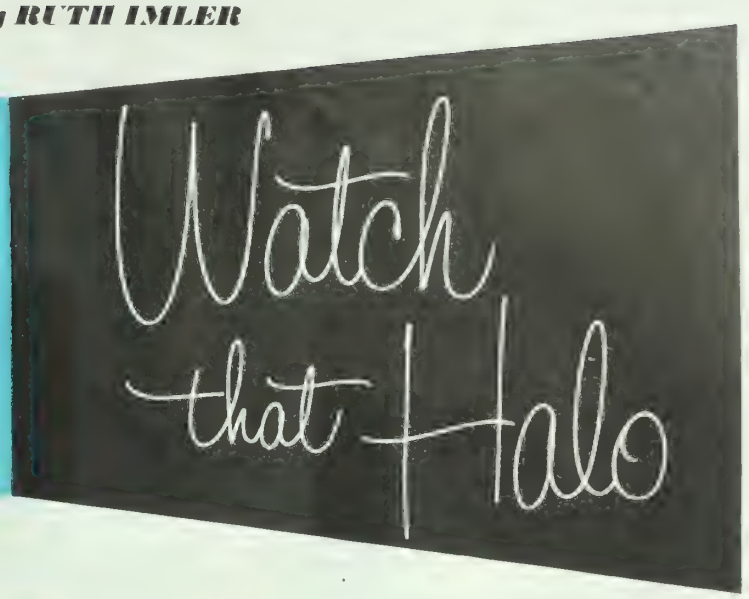


the Sub-Deb

edited by **RUTH IMLER**



JUDY WHIPPLE, AGE 20



when you give . . . . .

love

When you say, "If you loved me (as much as I love you) you'd ——" *spend more time after school with me than you do with Space Cannon* (to a boy or girl friend) . . . *press my dress* (to your mother or sister)—the price tag of your love is showing! And if you "hang around a boy" or slip him notes in class . . . instead of showing him that you're fond of him by reading his favorite book; if you kiss the folks and rush out without telling them your plans . . . instead of naming the place, and the time you expect to return—your love isn't wrapped as such a gift should be: in thoughtfulness.

time

When you "shut up" for ten minutes while Pete tells the gang about the funny part of the movie (and mentally rehearse a story of your own); or when you listen to Peggy's tale of woe (and mentally wonder how anybody could be fool enough to fall for that line of Bruce's)—you're *not* being generous with your listening time. It's more than just a question of being quiet when you spend time listening to somebody. If you listen with your head and heart, you can decode the message your ears are taking in. (Boys are always complaining about the shortage of *good* listeners.)

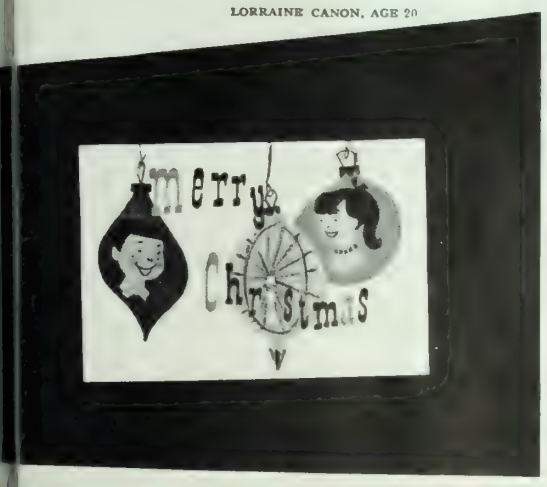
hospitality

When you give a party or invite some friends to come home with you, you're an angel if you *don't* try to do everything yourself! You'll help your guests to feel at ease if you *share* your party problems with them. Two or three close girl friends can help you swing a new game or stunt—if you've worked out the details with them beforehand. Boys have other talents besides moving chairs; ask the "show-off" in the crowd to show off, and the shy boy to pass the score sheets. Enlist a volunteer clean-up squad, and your party—honestly—will end in an absolute blaze of fun.

thanks

When you keep someone waiting a long time to tell her how much you enjoyed her thoughtfulness (no matter how graciously you do so eventually), you take the edge off her enjoyment. There's a certain charming breathlessness about telephoning or writing immediately, "I just opened your . . . and . . ."—besides providing that always-difficult opening sentence! A thank-you (for a gift or a good time) is always more vivid if you're brief but specific. More effective than a long line of "very's" is "Because I ——" *I've been wanting to own* (or *see* or *read* or *do*).

LORRAINE CANON, AGE 20



a gift

IT'S A GOOD IDEA . . . *to keep your ears open for sentences that begin "I wish . . ." or "Gee, that's neat . . ." or "Can I borrow your . . ."* because they'll tip you off to hidden and not-so-hidden wishes and whims.

. . . *to select something different for each one of your friends* instead of giving them all the same thing (six compacts), so that each of them will feel especially remembered. You could also make your gifts or give something that belongs to you which a friend has admired.

. . . *to avoid giving items of wearing apparel—even to girl friends*—because something which doesn't fit, or is wrong color or style, is never welcome.

. . . *to consider interests and hobbies*, because such thoughtfulness is unexpected—and touching.

. . . *to spend less than three dollars on a gift*, because an expensive gift is considered poor taste and is likely to make the recipient feel apologetic about any gift he may give in return.

. . . *to wait until some especially fitting time to "return" a gift if you're given one and haven't one to give in return*, because gift giving is not swapping, and genuine friendship is not measured gift for gift, or dollar for dollar.

. . . *to send carefully chosen Christmas cards rather than a gift to the boys you date casually*, to save them embarrassment if they haven't a gift for you.

SHOPPING FOR THE BOYS is simple—if you follow their suggestions:

"What I'd really like for Christmas is to win all the football games of the season, but the nicest present that my girl could give me would be a big box of homemade cookies," says star tackle Lawton, of the Gainesville (Georgia) H.S. Other *athletes* want: fishing flies, a tackle box, hand-tooled belt, travel kit, engraved watch charm.

Lawton Wofford, age 17



Bob Southall, a top student and Student Council representative at Custer County H.S., Miles City, Montana, would like a tie clasp or cuff links. "Accessories have lasting value and are both useful and personal. You feel that your girl has picked them out especially for you." Other *top students* suggest: a wallet, color film, a magazine subscription.



Bob Southall, age 17

Tommy Miller, age 19



Tommy, one of the best with a uke, has had poetry published in The Saturday Evening Post, now is at Duke University, Durham, N. C. "Handmade Argyle socks are tops—and we appreciate the mistakes too! If she's a real pro at knitting, a sweater would be ideal." Other *musicians, writers and artists* recommend: a book, record, or pen-and-pencil set.



"I'd like initialed handkerchiefs. They're not too expensive and just personal enough," says Ray Doran, class treasurer, and member of the Boys' Student League of Warren G. Harding H.S., Bridgeport, Connecticut. Other *activities men* prefer: handmade socks or mittens, a tie, scrapbook or photograph album, an identification bracelet.

Ray Doran, age 16

Beautiful Christmas Cards

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AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS



CHRISTMAS CANDLELIGHT



THREE OF US



FOUR OF US



GOLDEN CONES



HAPPY HOLIDAY



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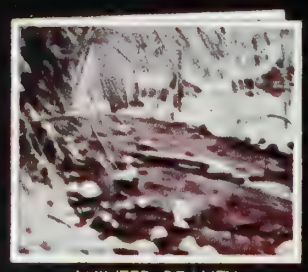
SPRIGS OF HOLLY



THE HAPPY COUPLE



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CHRISTMAS TREE

No matter what type of card you're looking for, you'll find it here -- cute, scenic, dignified, decorative or truly religious.

★ *When you select a card by Rust Craft, your friends will appreciate the thoughtfulness of your choice.*

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Tell me Doctor

PART 4

"You make it sound as though I were a criminal. . . . I wish something could be done to that doctor."

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

THE woman advanced hesitatingly and seated herself in the chair which a slight gesture had indicated. "And what is the problem that is perplexing you, young lady?" the doctor inquired pleasantly.

"Why, how did you know I had a problem?"

"The mere fact that you are here to consult me predicates that. Besides, it is written all over your face."

The young woman blushed slightly. "Well, Doctor, I want to find out why I'm not menstruating."

"I have a stock question in reply for any woman who asks me that," was the quick response. "Why do *you* think you're not menstruating?"

"I don't know."

"How many months have you missed?"

"Five. It'll be six soon."

"Did it ever happen before?"

"Never, except when I was pregnant. I have always been regular."

The doctor leaned back in his swivel chair. "When a healthy young woman who has had a normal, regular menstrual life, suddenly ceases to menstruate, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand there is one reason for it."

"You mean pregnancy?"

"Emphatically."

"But that couldn't be, Doctor."

The doctor permitted himself the suggestion of a smile. "Of course yours could be the thousandth case. I would have to find proof of that, to be convinced."

"But it couldn't be. I—I *was* pregnant, but I can't be now."

"Ah!"

"No. I can't. You see, I had an operation."

"You mean you had an abortion?"

"I guess you would have to call it that."

The doctor frowned. "Aren't you married? Your ring says so."

"Of course I'm married!"

"When you got married, didn't you expect to have children?"

"Of course. That's the trouble. I have two now."

"And you took the chance of leaving those two helpless young ones without a mother!"

"I don't see why that follows."

"Don't you?"

Thoughtfully the doctor removed his glasses and used them as an instrument with which to emphasize his next remarks: "It has always been a mystery to me how women will abuse the marvelous bodies which the good Lord gave them. I can understand the mental processes of an unmarried girl in a predicament from which, to her immature mind, there appears no escape. But a happily married woman with the responsibility of a family—that is somesomething quite different.

"If I could take you into the wards of a hospital and show you the wrecks of women struggling to convalesce from the results of just what you've put yourself through, you'd never let an abortionist touch you again with a ten-foot pole. Did your husband approve?"

"He didn't know."

"That makes it all the worse, if anything can. Well, I'm not here to read you a sermon, but I feel so strongly on this matter that I had to rid myself of some remarks. Anyhow, the damage is already done, I imagine. What was the problem you wished to take up with me?"

"Shouldn't I have menstruated before now? It's more than three months since I had it done."

"Indeed, yes—that is, if you haven't entirely ruined your reproductive system."

"Oh, dear! Couldn't it be anything else?"

"Yes, it could. In fact, it very likely is. We shall find out within the next few minutes, I imagine. Go with the nurse, please."

Within a quarter hour the patient was back, and the expression she presently turned on the doctor evinced as much surprise as curiosity.

"Why, it didn't take you more than two or three minutes, Doctor," was her comment. "I guess there can't be much the matter with me, after all."

"There isn't."

"And the cause of my difficulty?"

"You're pregnant."

"But I can't be—I had an abortion."

"I assure you that you're pregnant—I didn't have to make an internal examination to find that out. Or even use a stethoscope—only my ear."

"You mean I've got pregnant again, after all I paid to get rid of the last one?"

"I doubt it's another pregnancy. You simply didn't get rid of this one."

"But the doctor told me that was all there was to it."

"Naturally."

"Wouldn't he know?"

"I'm not so sure of that. I'm afraid you can expect little of a professional abortionist. I don't want to carp, but this abortion business is a sore spot with me—I've seen so much misery result."

(Continued on Page 150)

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I dreamed I went skiing in my

maidenform bra

"Speeding through space . . . and on top of the world . . . because the experts say my form is flawless! Figuratively speaking, I'm the loveliest sight on this dreamscape! Wonderfully moulded, excitingly dreamlined . . . and Maidenform* gives my figure a breath-taking lift!"

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Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN December, 1902, Henry Ford caused a sensation by driving his car a mile a minute at the Grosse Point race track. European railroads were still faster than ours. The Twentieth Century to Chicago made 49 mph. Everyone was discussing George Horace Lorimer's book, Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son, one of the first "go-getter" books for businessmen.

The December, 1902, JOURNAL suggests for "an old-fashioned Christ-

Journal about Town

Gossip about
people you know,
Editors you like,
and what goes on
in New York



Danny Kaye, as Hans Christian Andersen, holds his "audience" spellbound—just as movie-goers are by the fantasy now showing.

Markova danced the night before he ballet. In her Giselle this season literally seems to float. It is the : of the ballet world, ***Harold Silva*** of the messenger staff tells that a ballerina past forty should be so terrific—the ballet world g Harold's world. He has one more of training at ballet night school, which he hopes to join a ballet pany. He once met Markova. n the ballerina learned he was the JOURNAL, she told him, "Oh, JOURNAL is the first thing we when we're abroad. We send all opies to my sisters in England."

ugh June is the most popnonth for weddings in the nas a whole, December is favored des of the deep South.

it to ***Maureen Daly***, who, know, used to be JOURNAL Sublitor and a writer in the Profile th series, to pick up a little item papers about a girl Maureen had a story in Lakeland, Florida, nose picture appeared in the What is Popularity?, in the , 1950, JOURNAL. The girl's s ***Neva Jane Langley***, and f you will be seeing her in her sonal-appearance tour of the , for she's now Miss America

of the relationship bete American man's occupal his physique shows that s tend to be rather lean and r; artists and lawyers are portly; teachers are inbe thin; while the "typical i" is tall, muscular and ortioned. . . . A college surs that over 50 per cent of questioned listed "good the least essential charof a dating partner.

ber back in September when ons now about to be hung on towering Christmas tree in irty flights below us created are by catching the eye of the police and several defense people here.

If you don't recognize the little girl in the middle here, take a look at the cover. She is ***Tracy Ecclesine***, seven, with her mother and younger brother and sister. And if you want to know how long the photographer



Cover girl Tracy Ecclesine (seated, center) had to wait six years for her debut.

Josef Schneider has been waiting to get her picture for a cover, it's been ever since he discovered her as a baby on a train with her mother, six years ago. He's photographed her a few times meanwhile, but this is her big debut—her first magazine cover. "And what's more," Schneider told us, "it's just the way I pictured it would be from the very start—on the JOURNAL."

For Your

CHRISTMAS GIFT *Orders . . .*

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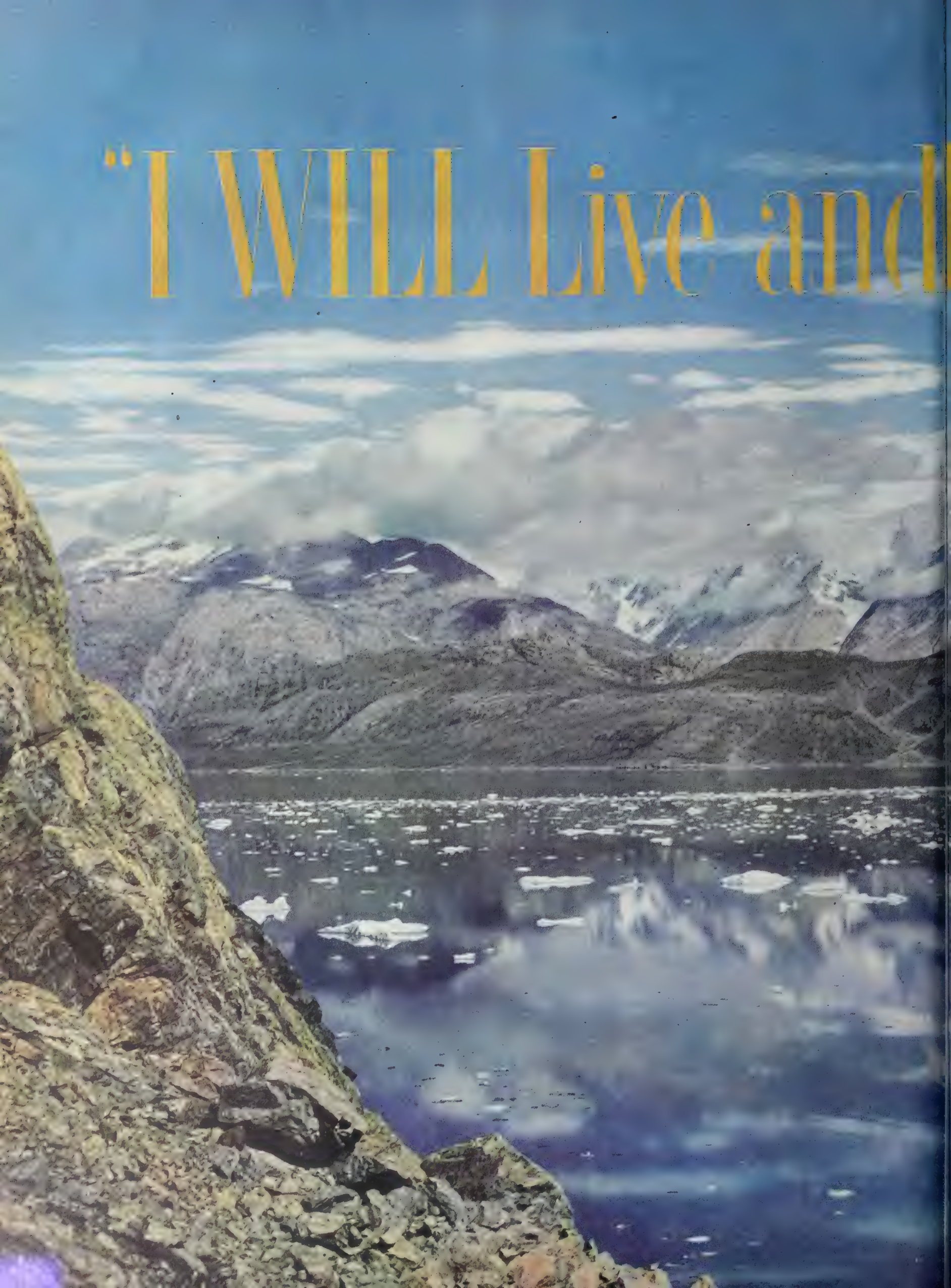
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JOURNAL PRICES INCREASE ON JANUARY 1, 1953

Printed in U. S. A. For foreign prices see title page

. . . . . through the ballet.


"I WILL Live and



BRADFORD WASHBURN

Have my Baby!"

Condensed from the book

O Rugged Land of Gold

by Martha Martin



This is the true story of a woman cut off by a violent storm from all contact with the world and left alone in a wilderness cabin to heal her hurts, to bear a child, to fight, singlehanded, against an Alaskan winter for their two lives.

Editors' Note: The author has lived for years in Alaska, where, with her husband, she prospected and mined for gold in many places. This account of her winter alone, a condensed version of the book soon to be published by The Macmillan Co., is her first appearance in print.

I CAN hardly write, but I must. For two reasons. First, I am afraid I may never live to tell my story, and second, I must do something to keep my sanity.

I must order my mind, make myself think clearly. How can I better do this than by recording all that has happened, and all that develops until I am released—one way or another?

This strange writing comes from my left hand. My right arm is broken, both bones of the forearm broken about three inches above the wrist. The ache in my head is the worst of all. I do wish my head would stop hurting. My body is wretched beyond anything I thought I could endure, but I have to endure it and I will, and I will write too.

I will do my best to write down everything just as it happened, yet I am sure I won't get it exactly right because my mind is still so confused. Maybe writing about the things I am sure of will help me to reason out the things I don't know yet.

Sam went away with Mat Logan last Friday. Don and I stayed on in the upper cabin to do odd chores—get more wood, pick up tools, store things away and close the place up for winter.

When Lloyd left for school we promised him a fine buck to share with friends and neighbors, but summer weather had lasted all fall and we kept waiting for snow to come and drive the deer to lower levels. Here it was at the end of hunting season, and still we hadn't sent our son the promised buck.

We went up to finish the chores, close the upper cabin, and take mine samples.

"We ought to have a lot more samples," Don said.

Don gets very enthused over ore, rich ore. I do too. We looked at the walls of the tunnel; at the dike and the gouge; and at our splendid ledge of gold-bearing quartz. We hunted for pieces of rich rock—picture rock, Don calls it—washed bits of quartz in the tunnel water and watched for the gleam of gold. Don found a beautiful specimen, almost as grand as the prize rock out of the first surface blast. Don said I should have this specimen, and he said, "Don't lose it." *(Continued on Page 87)*

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"—deep fiords and tide flats,
glaciers, great snowy peaks—"
On a rugged Alaskan shore like this,
she faced her darkest hour.

She was only

a swamp girl . . . but

she didn't need Hollywood

to improve her

technique.

Suddenly I knew that River Ashburne
adn't come back to visit her ma
to eat hushpuppies. She had come back
because of this young giant.

Ballad

By **VIÑA DELMAR**

for a Fish Fry

THIS story is about River Ashburne, the most beautiful girl you never saw. If things had worked out differently you would have seen her. Now you never will, and I'll tell you why.

I have a job with a big movie outfit and my name is Ginny Kingman. I'm a worry queller. I'm supposed to make life flow smoothly for the people in whom the studio has a stake. It's my job to keep these people good-humored and happy so that the studio gets its money's worth out of them.

I'll give you a "for instance" or two. There was the case of the Broadway star who looked like a shark when she smiled. What I had to do was talk her into swapping all her own front teeth for a brand-new custom-made assortment. The trick was that I had to make her like the idea. Then there was the time I was sent to Paris to prevail upon a star's estranged husband to let me fly their baby to its mother in Hollywood. The hardest part of that deal was giving the baby up to the star when we landed. I'd got fond of the little fellow. I do sneaky things too. Once I substituted a live black poodle for a deceased one. The hysterical lady in whom the studio had invested a million dollars never knew the difference. Well, that's about the story on my job. You can see the sort of thing it is.

I want to explain that I do not come naturally to the hot glitter of the Hollywood scene. The ballyhoo, the limelight, the colossal *première* were all phenomena of another world, a world in which I was not interested. My father is a psychology professor and I wanted to be a botanist, but there was a fellow named Mike Martin. Mike lived next door to me when we were kids. He lived there till the day he went away to war.

After that there were fudge and knitted scarves from me and small, odd souvenirs from Mike. When the war ended he went to New York. There were a few letters, and after that, silence.

Then one day an enormous, shining convertible drove up to our little bungalow and out popped Mike Martin. My father and I were not given to reading movie news, so we didn't know what every fan in the country knew—that Mr. Michael Martin was Hollywood's latest young genius, the fellow who really knew what the public wanted.

"I've come to get you," he said. "Will you work for me? I need you."

When I was eight years old he had asked me if I would mind his white mice while he was away at camp. I had felt that nothing was too much trouble if it was being done for Mike. That's how it happened that I'm not a botanist. And it brings me to the day when I first heard of River Ashburne.

Mike had sent for me and when I walked into his office he was playing a record. He didn't speak as I entered. He just smiled a greeting and indicated that I was to listen.

I listened because I had never before heard anything like that voice. It didn't belong in Mike's quietly elegant office, I can tell you. It was almost shocking to find it there, because Mike's office had oak paneling and a very prim portrait of his mother. The voice was all drumbeat and racing blood and you thought of swamp flowers and a woman who would be half girl, half witch lying in wait in the moonlight.

I looked at Mike. He was listening with deadly earnestness. The voice *(Continued on Page 146)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS


Even when pennies
must go for food, the heart warmed by love
will find a way to give

Christmas in the valley



by Jesse Stuart

THE time was drawing near for a very important thing. This was to make somebody very happy. I wanted to make Grandma Beverley the happiest woman in the world. There was a big reason. She had been the best person to me I had ever known. She had given me a home. I loved my Grandma Beverley more than anybody I had ever known. If there was any way in this world to get her a Christmas present, I was going to do it.

I had been thinking about this present since November. One of the things I thought about getting for Grandma was a dress. But I didn't know how to choose one. Because my grandmother wore long black calico dresses that she made herself. She didn't dress like the younger women who lived in The Valley. She always wore dresses with a high collar and sleeves that came below her elbows. The skirts were always full because Grandma was a tall woman and took big steps when she walked.

There was another reason why I didn't buy Grandma a dress. We were having a hard time making a living. Grandma had about three hundred chickens, a cow and a pig. That was when I went to live with her and a new life began for me. I started feeding the chickens and gathering baskets of white and golden eggs. Hens hid their nests out and I'd find the nests and bring the eggs in and Grandma would smile and pat me on the back and say she couldn't do without me. She said she didn't know how she had managed to get along the two years she had lived alone.

"Hester, you beat all the boys I've ever known," she said. "You're the master of this place. I wish your Grandpa Beverley was alive and knew what a fine young man I have to help me." Her words made me feel good. This was the first place I had ever been where I was wanted. I knew that Grandma loved me from the start.

But I want to tell you how I took over for Grandma when I was nine years old. I fed the chickens the little we were able to feed them. We kept our feed for the time when snow was on the ground. In the spring, summer and fall, we let our chickens dig for themselves. "Let them dig for themselves like we have to dig," Grandma told me. "Keep the feed for the setting hens and the little chickens."

I even learned to milk the cow. Grandma taught me how to do this. And believe me, I loved to milk our Daisy and so did Grandma. So we worked it this way. I milked early in the morning while Grandma washed the breakfast dishes. Grandma milked in the late afternoon while I fed the pig. I always liked to watch him eat. When I fed the pig

(Continued on Page 81)

PRATT



Dumbarton is one of the best houses to see in the nation's capital.

DUMBARTON

By Richard Pratt
Architectural Editor of the Journal

Dumbarton grew up with the White House a few miles away. And I am sure Jefferson enjoyed stopping by at this handsome new house whenever during his two terms in Washington he would ride his horse out Georgetown way. For Dumbarton reflected then as now the classic simplicity the great architect-statesman felt to be so fitting to the fine homes of our fresh young republic. This house, in which the Early Federal style he did so much to form has been kept beautifully alive

A kind of musical elegance graces Dumbarton's Early Federal effect. The drawing-room chandelier is eighteenth-century Russian.



HOUSE

by the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America, was known to Jefferson as Bellevue. The White House, too, received *its* present name following Jefferson's departure, when in 1817 its tawny sandstone exterior was painted white to hide the smoke stains of the burning it got three years before by the British. A hundred years later, Dumbarton was taken apart and put together again not more than fifty yards away. These lovely old houses do manage to live through a lot!



An early occupant of Dumbarton's best bedroom was Commodore Rodgers, famous in the Barbary-pirate war.

The parlor is colorfully pure in the taste of the brothers Adam, a good setting for the decorative Dolly Madisons of the day.



EZRA STOLLER



The dining-room mantelpiece is delectable Adam.

A visit from Mother

By
REBECCA
SHALLIT

ILLUSTRATED BY

IT was one of those mornings when the whole world glows. Jean spooned cereal into Ducky and listened to the campus chimes warning that it was time to be on your way, if you had an eight-o'clock class to teach. She lifted her face to Andy's good-by kiss. She put her arms around his waist and hugged him hard.

"I still can't believe it," she said. "Imagine having mother here for three whole blessed days."

Andy smiled. He was tall, lanky and good-looking in a shy, serious way. When he wore his Phi Beta Kappa key and his preoccupied expression he looked the part of a brilliant young man working toward an advanced degree on a teaching fellowship in a famous college. Put him into old slacks and a plaid shirt and he looked young enough, with his blond stubby crew cut, to be one of the undergraduates hurrying across the campus. Which he had been, two years ago.

"Have you figured out where we're going to put her yet?" he asked.

"On the couch in Ducky's room," Jean said. "It makes a perfectly comfortable bed. And you just take that worried expression off your face right now, Andrew Lang!"

Andy put his hand in front of his face and wiped off the worried expression. "There. That better? You're pretty excited about seeing her again, aren't you, hon?"

Jean nodded. "It's funny. In a way. You grow up and you become—oh, emancipated. You're married and you have your own baby and—well, most of the time you're so busy and happy you don't really miss your mother at all. And then . . . just the sound of her voice over the telephone last night, Andy. All of a sudden I felt like a little girl again. And when she said daddy was giving her this plane trip to see me as a present, while he had to be away at that conference, I—I was so happy and excited I wanted to bawl." She lifted Ducky from the high chair and hugged her. "Just think, you're going to see your grandma tonight! For the first time since you were two weeks old. Your doting grandma is going to be knocked for such a loop when she sees you that she won't have eyes for anything else, her whole visit."

Andy paused, his overcoat half on, half off. "Well, let's hope so anyway."

"If you're referring to this place, it's perfectly darling and you know it," Jean said. "When I think of *some* of the places we lived in, before we found this one!" She sighed, from sheer happiness.

Andy bent and rubbed his cheek against her face. "I love you," he said. His voice was unexpectedly husky.

"Silly," Jean said. And after a moment, "But nice." She pushed him toward the door. "How do you expect to nab that instructor's job for next year if you show up late to teach your class?"

She was still smiling after he left. Imagine poor Andy stewing about how this place would seem to mother. Ducky in her arms, Jean surveyed their domain. All two rooms of it. Or one and a half rooms, depending on how you looked at it. Because Ducky's room was hardly more than a foyer off the entrance. Until Ducky's arrival they'd used it as a study for Andy, so the walls were lined with bookshelves. And they'd left some of their nicest prints on the walls because Ducky might as well look at the best, from the beginning. Even now, crowded with Ducky's crib and the rest of a baby's necessities, it still gave a pleasant entrancy feeling when you came in the door. Or would, as soon as she'd straightened it up for the day. And the main room, which served as living room, dining room, kitchen and bedroom for herself and Andy, was really charming. Maybe

(Continued on Page 152)



Do parents
know the time
when their
children have
grown up?

"Oh, my sweetheart,
my little precious,"
grandma breathed,
bending toward her.

VICTOR GEORG



FABULOUS

How could Fanny Brice, with fame and fortune, go on loving a swindler who broke her heart and went to prison? Yet she did—and waited.

By NORMAN KATKOV

Fanny Brice, Ziegfeld Follies star and radio's Baby Snooks, started singing for pennies in back yards of Brooklyn slums. By accident she won an amateur contest. After winning every other contest in sight, she wangled a job in burlesque and promptly traded lingerie to more experienced chorus girls for dancing lessons. Hard work, and much persistence, won her Broadway stardom at eighteen. Ziegfeld asked her to join him, and she achieved national acclaim. Then into her life came a "perfect gentleman." He was Nick Arnstein, a fellow who wouldn't hit a lady until he had tipped his hat.



Mother's singing lips intrigue daughter Frances. Fanny was happy at having a baby, but Nick sometimes seemed almost embarrassed at being a father.

Fanny holds baby Bill (in her lap) and Frances. Three weeks after Bill's birth Fanny was rehearsing for the Follies—for "somebody had to pay the rent."

INTERNATIONAL NEWS



"A model couple" was the description of this happy-looking seaside photo of Nick, holding Frances, and Fanny, with Bill, as printed in the newspapers. But Fanny wasn't as happy as she looked. Nick was charged with heading a plot to steal $5,000,000 worth of bonds in Wall Street. Fanny raised bail from a gangster and hired crack lawyers to defend him. Yet Nick's eyes strayed. He often stayed away from home. Fanny raged and accused him bitterly, but most scenes ended in each other's arms.

FANNY

"THE first time I saw Fanny," Nick Arnstein said, "was in my suite at the Canon Hotel in Baltimore. She came in with another woman. I had a friend sharing my suite. He brought them. I paid no attention to either Fanny or her companion. They were just show people, and I was there racing my stable of horses."

In Fanny's account of their first meeting she said, "We went up to their suite for supper. After all, it was a free meal. We always ordered a club sandwich or chicken à la king after the show. That was real elegance for us. So we go up there. I'm sitting and talking to them. We had our supper and after we finished, I said, 'Where's the ladies' room?' Nick said, 'Use mine,' pointing at his bedroom. There was a sitting room in the middle and the two bedrooms. I've been upstairs an hour, eating and talking, and I didn't notice him or anything. So I go to his bathroom and I look, and I see he's got seven toothbrushes. *Seven!* I see gold-backed brushes. I see everything in leather cases. I see a big, wooden bowl and it has soap in it. England, it says on the bowl.

"I look at the back of the door. There is a Scotch-plaid robe hanging up and also his pajamas with a monogram *that* small on the pocket. Gee, class, because the monogram was small. I see *(Continued on Page 64)*

Copyright, 1952, by Frances Stark and William Brice

CULVER



Ziegfeld publicized Fanny every possible way and often sent out glamour poses like this. Yet millions loved her for her comic songs, mimicry, shouts of "Oy, oy."



Fanny was the social set's favorite. New York's 400 were always represented in her home. Her parties began after the Follies, lasted until guests couldn't stay awake.

CULVER



Fanny was no beauty—and even her svelte legs went unappreciated except to bring laughter. Underneath the fun, Fanny hoped audiences would think she was graceful.

Fanny, in a more formal pose with Frances and Bill, said she wanted her children to know her as she was. "I could always talk to my kids," she said, "and say things I wanted to say. I've told them all about . . . me. Everything."



KEYSTONE



Nick shaved off his mustache as a disguise while avoiding arrest. He fought, using every legal ruse and tactic to stay out of prison. But he was convicted and sent to the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth.

Lanai

by H. T. Williams

The lanai, or airy, open-sided patio, came to us from the Pacific—from Hawaii, where the lanai is the most relaxing, lived-in part of the house; going farther south to Gauguin's beloved islands, where spacious rooms are open to gardens flaming with hibiscus. But the "lanai look" is not limited to its Pacific origins. Most people in any part of the country, with a house adjoining a small garden, or pocket-sized terrace, can have a room reflecting the subtle influence of indoor-outdoor living. The living-dining room above, born and brought up in New York City, opens onto a leafy patio, about 10′ x 16′ in size. The walls of the room are covered in a rosy-beige, rough-textured grasscloth. Light from the patio is screened by wall-to-wall curtains of raw silk. The sofa is upholstered in a black, brown and white Polynesian print similar in design to the tapa, or South Seas bark cloth. Here the coloring, especially, is identified with Nature—the pink-clay tones of the grasscloth walls, the sea-blue leather of the two officer's chairs, the hot hibiscus red of the easy chair and bamboo ottoman. Another trick borrowed from the Pacific—the low-scaled pieces of furniture, which have a tendency to enhance the spacious quality of any room. Special note: the natural redwood three-panel bookcase-screen at the far left suggests a separation between the dining and the living ends of the room, and is a perfect answer to the problem of where to find room for bookcases these days when so many houses have window walls and limited wall space.

Look

HAROLD TOWLER

ABOVE
The coffee table has a polished slate top, 3′ square, which wet glasses and cigarettes can't hurt. Practical textured carpet, in black, beige and white mixture, is easy to care for, doesn't show marks, $7.95 per square yard.

RIGHT
Bleached-walnut dining table in corner is 6′ long (and shaped like a surfboard!). A good buy at $135.00. Dining chairs are $29.90 each; the hanging lantern, $30.00.



"These kids
belong
to the marines."

Operation Kid-Lift

by Commander William J. Lederer, USN,
and Nelle Keys Perry

It was Christmas, and

Editors' Note: Commander Lederer, who is assigned to Staff, Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet, wrote this article for us after returning from temporary duty in Korea. In a heavy snowstorm his plane made an emergency landing at Marine Air Group 12 at Kangnung. Wondering about the problems of supplying a base so near en lines, he asked the commanding officer, "How many mouths do you feed here?" Colonel Moore said, "Over a thousand marines and two hundred children." "Children?" asked the incredulous Commander, reaching for his notebook. This is the story he heard



"The Americans will eat you," communist soldiers had told the children. Tense and scared, they huddle aboard the plane bringing them to the orphanage at Kangnung.



Waiting marines vie to help children from the plane and carry them to food and warmth and kindness—the first some of them have known.



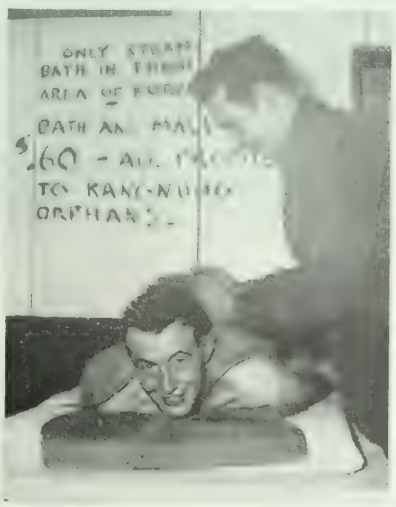
ne month later, these fat, happy little girls have evidently ptured Lt. Lynch and Sgt. Arrigona, as well as their hats.



Major Phillips' guest is sleepy, but she politely suppresses an after-dinner yawn.



Query: Who is having more fun, the marine or the young lady filling her face?



Sgt. Parent is one of many marines who made money by ingenious schemes.



Clothes, food and toys from America help to brighten lives of these innocent victims of war.



"Better than a USO show"—children entertain their "American fathers" with pantomimes and Korean songs.

marines were thinking of home — but these kids were homeless. ". . . as ye have done it unto the least of these . . ."

THE mess hall was suddenly quiet as expectant marines watched the radioman hand a dispatch to the commanding officer, Col. L. S. Moore, USMC. The colonel glanced at the paper and smiled. "Boys, we've got it." Then he read the message aloud:

"OPERATION KID-LIFT IS AUTHORIZED SUBJECT TO COMBAT REQUIREMENTS"

What Marine Air Group 12 had was official permission to go ahead with its highly unofficial plan for helping Korean children orphaned by war. North of the 38th Parallel, in a no man's land ravaged by the passage of four armies, these children clung to life with a terrible tenacity. Their parents had fled, or died, and many of the children died too. But some had managed to survive, living like animals, foraging in the snow for bark and scraps of frozen garbage. In the cruel Korean winter, it was a miracle that any of them were alive.

Air Group 12 is stationed near Kangnung, just below the 38th Parallel. It is the UN's northernmost airstrip, and every day the fighter planes roar off on their deadly mission with monotonous regularity. The marines had first heard about the children from a sanitation officer for the United Nations Civil Assistance Commission Korea (UNCACK): "We are bringing out as many as we can to the orphanage at Kangnung, but it's a rugged business. The trip takes twelve hours by truck, and it's cold and rough and dangerous; many of the children can't survive the ride. Even when we get them here, it's the old story of no money, no clothes, no food, no decent housing, no one to care for them properly. But at least it's better than what they've been used to."

That was when Sgt. Harry Ball had his brainstorm. "Hey, we can do something about that. Why couldn't we take a plane in there and haul out a whole batch of kids? An hour hop would be a lot easier than that truck ride." *(Continued on Page 122)*



Miracle

She found herself looking into enormous eyes belonging to a small, solemn boy sitting in a wheel chair. "Why, hello, there," she said. "Are your visitors late?"

Meg had said she disliked children. Yet here she was, leaving her Christmas party, all for a scrawny kid she scarcely knew.

by Mary Verdich

for two



IT began on a raw, blustery day a week or so before Christmas. Meg Carpenter had just finished tying the last silver ball on the tree and was standing before her living-room window, thinking to herself, *I really should get busy and wrap the rest of those presents, but I'm not going to. I'm not going to do another blessed thing this whole afternoon but lie before the fire and read. Or maybe*—she smiled luxuriously, surveying the chilling bleakness of the day—*maybe I won't even read. Maybe I'll just lie before the fire and fall asleep.*

And then the telephone rang. Ten minutes later her sister-in-law, Ellen, was still talking. "Well, honestly, Meg, I realize that you simply detest children, but it does seem to me ——"

"You're wrong, darling," Meg laughed, but there was a slight edge to her voice. "I don't detest them. I just don't enjoy them much until they reach the age of reasoning—around twenty-one or so."

"Please, Meg! All I'm asking you to do is go to see Suzy for me. Maybe she isn't really sick any more, but you know perfectly well that if someone doesn't show up by three o'clock the poor baby will be on the verge of hysterics."

She's always on the verge of something, Meg thought, but she gave in, knowing when she was beaten.

"Oh, all right," she said ungraciously and couldn't resist adding, "And have fun this afternoon, darling."

"What? Oh, thanks, Meg. As a matter of fact, since I couldn't leave the house anyway, I asked some of the girls in, Sally and Emily Rader and ——"

Meg quietly hung up the phone.

An hour later when the elevator jerked to a stop on the pediatrics floor of the hospital, Meg, her eyes still stinging from the wind, was the only person aboard who did not rush eagerly up the corridor. Meg walked. She hated hospitals. She hated their smells and their sounds and their air of brisk efficiency. *And the things they do to you*, she suddenly thought, feeling a half-forgotten twinge of pain.

She followed a plump young nurse down the hall to Susan's room.

Susan took one look at her and instantly started to wail. "Where's mommy? Where's my mommy? Where is she, Aunt Meg?"

"Your mommy couldn't come today, dear," Meg said brightly. "She twisted her ankle and so she asked me to come to see you instead."

"But I want her. I want her, not you. I want my mommy."

"I know you do," Meg smiled, thinking, *You're not the only one, sweetheart.* "I brought you a storybook, Suzy," she said, drawing up a chair. "Now what would you like me to read first? The Sleeping Beauty? Or Jack and the Beanstalk, maybe?" *(Continued on Page 138)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRIET SCHWARZ

There's a man in the house

by HARLAN MILLER

Family discord arises in a mild way even when we choose a Christmas tree. My wife wants a tall graceful one to touch the ceiling; I prefer a short full-foliaged one, easy to trim and which won't dwarf the living room. . . . See those tree marks on the ceiling?

●

Where's that youthful zest and ambition which goaded me one winter to sweep deep snows off the tennis court and play thirty times between December 1 and April 1? Gone with those same snows of yesteryear!

●

If our skating pond (which always reminds me of a Breughel painting) freezes early enough I'll teach our youngest to skate in time for our New Year's Day wienie roast. If I can teach, that is, from a recumbent position.

●

Our neighbors in the oversize Cape Cod salt box called us over to show something "cute" in their daughter's closet while she's away on her honeymoon: her blue jeans and her wedding gown hanging side by side in her bedroom closet.

●

That holiday spirit really begins to race through your blood like penicillin allergy when you lure the family outdoors at night to see how the Tree looks through your front window, and you discover the colors reflected in the snow.

●

"What America really needs," says Peter Comfort, testing his outdoor electric socket with his electric razor, "is a sedative pill to brace us for the explosion of our home-coming young during the holidays."

●

Our town's Ernest Hemingway cult is up in arms again and it's hard to finish a rubber of bridge. Every time he writes a story as good as a Forester story you'd think, to hear *them* tell it, that he'd written it with his elbow dipped in blood.

●

You'll attribute this mistakenly to my local pride: I'll wager all my cigarette money for January that there are at least three girls in our block who are prettier than the latest Miss America, if her pictures do her justice. But they no more want to be Miss America than they want to be a maharaja's bride.

●

My neighbor around the corner claims that he has relatives who can smell a roast of beef three to five miles away and who always drop in just ten minutes before the moment when you must eat it or let it dry to ruin in the oven.

●

At a party, I ran into the pretty wife of a doctor at the Mayo clinic, the most sanitary woman I've ever met: If anybody takes a puff from her cigarette, she makes him keep it; if somebody sips from her glass, the glass is his. And she makes her kids wash their hands eight times a day minimum.

I'm happy to report to my Lady Love that romance isn't dead in New York. I saw more people holding hands than you see on a Western coed campus, and they weren't tourists or honeymooners, either.

●

Unless the winners in the election promptly deport the losers in January, or sequester 'em on a remote desert isle, I won't believe anything they said about each other during the campaign.



Tenderest Christmas Eve memory of my Dream Girl: When I discovered her at 3 a.m. sitting up in bed, knitting desperately to finish a sweater for me. Nowadays I'm happy with one Argyle sock on Christmas morn, symbol of a second one to come by Valentine's Day.

●

If I understand the psychiatrists correctly, it's safer for a husband to praise his wife at least twice a day, but a wife needn't praise her husband except when he gets a raise.

"Once upon a time," confides Betty Comfort, hiding some packages in the upper pantry shelves, "Junior saw a picture of a family carrying home the Noel tree; he always wants to carry it home from the vacant-lot tree bazaar on his shoulder. Our youngest demands a hitch for it on his sled behind the convertible."

●

A fellah in the next block told me proudly on our way to the bus that his daughters must come home from all dates by midnight. . . . I envied him secretly, but warned him that he may be condemning 'em to spinsterhood. (That upset him slightly.)

●

One of the more fanciful matrons in our crowd thinks the way to hold on to her husband is to keep him jealous by encouraging other men to flutter around her. It may not work, but I suspect she has a lot of fun trying out her theory, and with the soundest of alibis: It's all for the kiddies.

●

"Mother," inquired our youngest casually one evening when we were eating dinner at the airport dining room, "were you conscious when I was born?" "Not entirely," she replied, gulping and choking slightly, "and please be gentle with such questions when I'm eating an oyster!"

●

My quest for a comfortable modern rocking chair is faltering. The modern ones seem to lack stability, and my Dream Girl won't allow one of the older models to clutter our living room, no matter how much it relaxes me.

●

We've passed luxurious house trailers on the highways this year so fantastically long that I suspect they must be housing both mothers-in-law, with a room for each at the opposite ends. (Maybe that's an explanation for the longer "ranch" houses too?)

●

My high point in 1952: When they invited me to serve as a linesman at the Forest Hills tennis matches. I almost called a foot-fault on Louise Brough too. But a careful study of her strong chin made me conclude I was probably mistaken and that it wasn't a foot-fault at all.

●

If your youngest astounds you by bringing breakfast to your bedroom on your day of rest . . .

Or your daughter vows she can cook more and better in an electric roaster than her great-great-grandmother did in a mammoth fireplace . . .

Or Junior has the first heavy snowfall cleared off the driveway while you're still hunting your galoshes . . .

And your Dream Girl tells you you "look distinguished" in your new blue suit . . .

You sneak a quick look at yourself in the mirror and sorta pinch yourself and are grateful you haven't been found out yet as a rascal who doesn't deserve all this.



FROM THE CHESTER DALE COLLECTION

THE GIRL WITH THE HOOP

PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841–1919)

ARTISTS can learn a great deal from a study of Renoir's life. Though his education began conventionally, with his attendance at the usual art school, he was fortunate enough to meet there four young men of genius, Claude Monet, Alfred Sisley, Frederic Bazille and Camille Pissarro. These painters were to revolutionize style and establish Impressionism. It was a moment when revolution was necessary. "Painting," as Renoir said, "had fallen into the worst banality. Everyone was copying everyone else, and Nature was lost in the shuffle."

There is a striking similarity between the situation in Renoir's time and that of today. A

(Continued on Page 152)

GLAMOUR TO MAKE



wo-piece jeweled camisole top and rt, Tartan plaid tweed, Polly Hornburg.

A pattern-diagram to make each dress on this page can be ordered from Journal Reference Library, and will make two sizes—Small (12–14) or Medium (16–18). Blue plaid is No. 2607, 25¢; Pink tweed, No. 2608, 25¢. Write also to ask where to buy the fashions on the opposite page.



SLIPPERS JEWELED BY MAGANELA

Calypso-pink tweed box-pleated skirt, jeweled bodice and matching fringed tweed stole, by Polly Hornburg.

...TO BUY

If you can sew at all, the most glamorous of at-home clothes like the two at the left can be yours for the making. These jeweled tweeds lead off the glitter fashions. If you don't sew, the four on the right are yours to buy— beautiful jerseys, velvet trousers for holiday wear.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Wool-jersey at-home dress with elasticized belt, Claire McCardell.



Multicolor jeweled sweater by Lilly Dache, with velvet slacks by Tina Leser, jersey shirt by Merle Beitling, jeweled felt slippers.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



SLIPPERS BY BEN SOMMERS

White jersey skirt, with ribbon-trimmed sweater top, by Patric.

Tapered velveteen slacks with hand-painted silk blouse, Polly Hornburg.



Lovely

The palest blue satin accented with a bright green taffeta bustle. The pattern includes a jacket. Vogue Design No. 679. The bustle (add a lovely pink rose), No. 7840.

DERUJINSKY



Iridescent blue-green silk organza—a dream dress for dancing. The sash, yards of moiré ribbon. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7874.

Other Views on Page 102

© VOGUE

...to look at

Nothing is lovelier, nothing more flattering than a beautiful evening dress. Elegant satins, lovely laces, silk shantung organza, bright velveteens and crisp taffetas . . . all, never more beautiful, are yours to choose from. The length, too, is for you to choose. It may be long or the newer ten-inches-from-the-floor length.

By Nora O'Leary *Pattern Editor of the Journal*



Young, gay velveteen for dancing. Inset band of shirring. Junior Vogue Design No. 3499.



Velveteen designed with great simplicity. A mink neckband, bow. Vogue Design No. 7809.



Acetate faille taffeta fashions this lovely dress with tiered skirt, made for unbelievably low cost of about $10. Vogue Design No. 719.



Pure silk warp-printed taffeta makes this four-gore skirt in the prettiest colors, is just as pretty in the short version. Black sweater top. Skirt, "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7467.



Pale yellow silk taffeta with attached overskirt in matching lace. The lovely border accents hemline. "Easy-to-Make" Design No. 7831,

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.)

Right: One large pink rose in silk and chiffon joins a simple, brushed-back hairdo and fastens close to the cheek with bobby pins and a rhinestone clip.



Decorate a candy cane (real or make-believe). Ours has a rhinestone hair clip, flower, lipstick, cream sachet, perfume for purse.

HOLIDAY HIGHLIGHTS...

WILLIAM HELBURN



Glitter and gold for holiday evenings, in a cap of heavy mesh veiling and braid. Wide bracelets and gold earrings brighten feminine holidays.

Paris inspired, glitter headdresses in ribbons, feathers, flowers add a gala touch to the way you look for festive evenings.

By Dawn Crowell Norman
Beauty Editor of the Journal

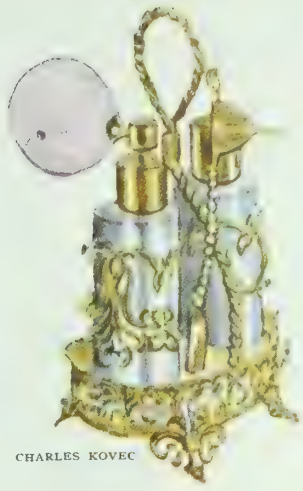
A bicycle clip is worn in back to fit over a chignon or cluster of curls. Sally Victor decorates hers with bright orange feathers and a flat green velvet ribbon bow.



Tiny artificial flower petals tacked in clusters on both sides of a 24″ length of tulle, which goes over the head, ties with tulle "ribbons." By Mr. John.



in beauty



CHARLES KOVEC

Elegant and useful: filigreed dressing-table accessory is 5″ tall, holds perfume bottles, powder scoop and funnel.



Velvet case (used later for hankies) holds puffy scented sachets, each inscribed with charming sentimental verse.

Fun reminder for girl who resolves to diet, come 1953—a colorful calorie handkerchief for 50 cents!



A round ball of soap is wrapped in glitter paper to tie and hang on the Christmas tree.





A pair of opaque cologne bottles are decorated with flower prints and placed in a bracket. Hang on wall.



Star-shaped earrings have opening in back for cotton to be scented. Have matching perfume vial.



Let your own artwork (or decalcomanias) decorate a white tile. Add appropriate sentiment!

Back from Paris with Lilly Dache comes this veiling headdress brilliantly sewn with little gold leaves and tiny opalescent balls. Muff by Maximilian.



Satin-covered buckram shaped to the head dramatizes a gleaming hairdo; ⅜ yard satin does the trick. By Elly-Jean.







HOLIDAY BUFFET
Mary Bass

Corn Chowder
Lobster Salad
Tomato-and-Avocado Aspic
Toasted French Bread
Relishes
Steamed Orange-
Marmalade Pudding
Golden Sauce
Demitasse

(Planned for 12)

Christmas with the Editors

By Ann Batchelder



CHRISTMAS-EVE SUPPER
Gladys Taber

Sea Food Stillmeadow
Curry Rice
Lime Cottage-Cheese Ring
Baking-Powder Biscuits
Currant Jelly
Fruit Compote
Sugar Cookies—Lebkuchen
Coffee

(Planned for 6–8)







CHRISTMAS DINNER
Barbara Benson

Roast Turkey with Dressing
Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes—Gravy
Scalloped Oysters
Creamed Onions Spanish Corn
Relishes
Steamed Pudding—Hard Sauce
Coffee—Milk

(Planned for 10)

NOT that these are *all* the JOURNAL editors. There are several others. The Goulds are conspicuous by their absence. That is too bad, as I believe they have a Christmas to end all Christmases. But this year, for some reason, they withdrew into anonymity, and so you won't find out whether it's turkey or goose or the great roast of old England at their house. But that it will be tops goes without any guesswork of mine.

I have pried into the Christmas celebrations of a select few of our editors, and they graciously came across. And so I pass along to you the secrets they passed on to me who am one of them, as you know. *I* eat turkey, stuffing, turnips and onions and mashed potatoes, and plum pudding and mince pie and ice cream and some nuts—and, oh, I forgot, scalloped oysters—and I've been eating these things all my life. I wanted you to know, for I am not included in the few whom I shall take up in this piece about editorial Christmas doings.

Mary Bass, our Executive Editor, has an eye to her figure. It's wonderful, and she's for keeping it. But *(Continued on Page 135)*



CHRISTMAS BRUNCH OR BREAKFAST
Nora O'Leary Smith

Grapefruit
Chicken Livers with Mushrooms
Scrambled Eggs
Dutch Loaf
Coffee
Holiday Mints

(Planned for 8)



STUART-FOWLER



Summer Fruits, Currier & Ives lithograph, 1861

1 Greetings, my dear friends, old and new. And greetings again. Everyone needs some children on their list—and I have three (not my own, only borrowed). And Amos, my white Persian, is old enough to understand. At least he can swallow twine and ribbon and open packages and sit under the tree. And now to our more than greetings. Let's to work.

2 Eggs must be broken before they are scrambled. Even grandma says so. Get a little surprise in the scramble by adding some cooked shell-shaped macaroni, and on top grate a grater of Parmesan cheese.

3 There are dozens of fillings for stuffed peppers. Turkey stuffing is one, and rice, tomato and sardines is another. Parboil the halved peppers. Look to the seed problem.

4 One of the best of the *canapé* family—which is a large tribe and growing every day—is the cracker covered with peanut butter mixed with crisp bacon, with bacon on top and whole salted peanuts too. You can eat and eat, and then some.

5 Desserts and desserts. There is no end. Never will be. Toast some slices of spongecake and spread with jam. Cover with meringue, brown till light and airy. Nuf said?

6 For the holiday sweetmeat tray: Steam large prunes five minutes, drain well and remove pits. Fill with whole or chopped Brazil nuts. Roll in granulated sugar.

7 Fried salt pork with cream gravy, along with red-flannel or vegetable hash and broiled bacon, is for sure one of the best of the suppers for cold nights. Not for dinner. It's for supper. There's a difference.

8 Cream gravy is a far cry from so-called "white sauce." This, as I usually find it, in public and private, is, I regret to say, little more than flour paste with pepper in it. It may hold wallpaper up, but it has no business as an eatable.

9 Rub that leg of lamb with a little dried rosemary along with the garlic before roasting. You'll like the flavor.

10 Boil potatoes in their jackets, then peel, and roll in melted butter or margarine until each potato is golden. Then sprinkle with caraway seeds. Lifts a plain boiled potato up and into the gourmet class.

11 Pears haven't all the flavor in the world, but there are things to be done with them. Halved pears, fresh or canned, filled with currant jelly or Bar-le-Duc, dressed with mayonnaise, garnished with something green, make a lovely salad for that bridge luncheon. Serve them in lettuce cups. And little hot cheese biscuits and coffee go right along with the salad.

12 Want to make a hit with chicken livers or with fried chicken or most anything you can think of? Well, let me tell you about a collop. That's right. "Collop" is the word. Listen as one would to the mockingbird.

13 *Chicken-liver collops:* Cut the livers into pieces, wash them, and take off the membranes. Have the deep-fat kettle going strong. Dip each piece of liver in salt, then in sugar, then in flour. Yes, that's right, sugar. And fry. Serve hot with hot buttered toast points.

14 For table conversation—a tiny rice muffin, split and buttered while hot. Or scooped out a little and filled with maple cream or jam or marmalade. Talk about hot cakes!

15 *Reminder:* When you make a bread sauce, don't forget to drop in a bay leaf, ten whole cloves—count 'em, ten—and a small onion, grated. You can't get the onion out, but the bay leaf and cloves must bite the dust when the sauce is done. Don't forget, now.

16 A sea-food *canapé* that disappears like dew under a hot sun is made by spreading toasted crackers with anchovy paste, covering this with chopped lobster or crab meat tossed in tartare sauce, and decorated with a star of lemon or pimiento.

17 I don't care if you *have* had them a dozen times or more, angels on horseback are just as good as they ever were. You know how to do them. Wrap up oysters in strips of bacon, and fry them. Lemon juice and a little horse-radish on the oyster help things along.

18 Get a can of minced clams—or fresh clams and make your own. Season well. Add enough cream to make a beautiful soup, and on each cup put a spoonful of salted whipped cream.

19 When you are doing fried chicken, and making gravy from the pan drippings after the chicken is done, you might like to try adding ¼ teaspoon aromatic bitters to each 1½ cups gravy.

20 Did you know that the first Queen Elizabeth introduced gingerbread to old England's Christmas festivities? And the early New York Dutch made gingerbread men for the holiday doings in their new home.

21 I like to serve brown bread or pumpernickel with sea food. Don't ask me why, for I don't know. I just like it, that's all.

By Ann Batchelder

22 *Answer to query:* "Why, Penelope, I'm horrified. After all these years and letters and you ask what a *canapé* really is. I'll only say that it is *not* an awning. You can't eat an awning—or can you? Don't be so silly. Annie."

23 *Luxury note.* We all need one once in a dog's age. Get yourself a bottle of marrons (preserved chestnuts) put up in one of several flavors. Mash them and make a purée. Stuff little squab chicken or use as a garnish with guinea-hen breasts. There now. Down to earth again.

24 Chicken in aspic is a dish for a buffet that is something to make with the style. Chicken aspic is best. Tomato? Not for this stylist. Don't fear gelatin. It won't bite you.

25 Galantine of ham and chicken, or chicken and ham, is sliced thin, set on artichoke bottoms (they come in jars or cans), and served on the cold platter for a cold supper or buffet. Little pickles, stuffed orange slices and black olives are the garnishes. *Maybe.*

26 I'll lay off baba rhums after I answer all the questions right here. Don't fret. Buy them in cans or jars. Serve as they come, with whipped cream. Two to a serving. And I'm through—and that's that.

27 Every "tearoom" tries the waffle-and-creamed-chicken racket on the unwary guest. Make both at home. Play safe. Be happy. Eat hearty. I'll be telling you.

28 Little Lima beans, frozen or fresh (little late, in Vermont anyway, for the fresh). But whatever you decide, cook them with a good lump of butter or margarine, and a teaspoon of minced chives. You'll never do different.

29 Fried chicken, the old, familiar, so-often-ruined delicacy, done right by and served in a rich mushroom sauce, is a stand-by for Sunday dinner.

30 For the mushroom sauce, there's canned mushroom soup. With peeled, chopped, sautéed fresh ones to sprinkle on top. Whew! Serve buttered asparagus on toast with this, and olives and currant jelly. Your reactions will please me!

31 Thanksgiving is over and Christmas is coming up. Bought everything yet? Or are you related to my methods—wait till the last shopping days are upon you and the last aunt has said she was starting, and *then* shop. And *wrap*. I won't describe my wrapping again. But last year some of it hung together until I got it to the post office. Never mind. I'm learning. And a merry Christmas again from your old faithful ANNIE.

How to find time at CHRISTMAS



Just plan quick, easy meals with brimming bowls of good hot soup

BY Anne Marshall



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

Here comes that happy, breathless season again! Probably you're saying, "Oh, for more shopping-wrapping time!" And besides, you still have meals to get—good, hearty meals for good, healthy appetites.

But cheer up! You'll find help . . . and time . . . and grand good eating—all three! Just choose a favorite soup from your Soup Shelf. Add a platter of eggs, or quick-broil some sausages, or heat a casserole of beans—and there's your meal. And how welcome on winter days—meals that include heart-warming bowls of good hot soup.

On this page are some lunch and supper suggestions—with help from your Soup Shelf. So, as we enter another Holiday Season, here's more Merry Christmas-*time* to you!



A good cook keeps a full Soup Shelf

Plan these good meals around tomato soup
- Ham and Potato Cakes
- Pork and Beans, Salad
- Frizzled Beef, Toast
- Codfish Cakes, Slaw

With green pea soup you might serve
- Franks and Relishes
- Chili, Green Salad
- Chicken Hash, Muffins
- Creamed Tuna, Fruit

Beef noodle soup goes well with
- Macaroni and Cheese
- Hot Potato Salad
- Waffle and Syrup
- Stuffed Peppers, Salad

Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!



BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Shasta's sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.



BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta's rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually "super"•cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.



GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES with silver. Yes, Shasta's sparkle-giving lather brightens *all* hair color. See for yourself how Shasta Cream Shampoo, with its super cleansing action, enriches *your* hair color.



RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. The secret is in the sparkle-giving lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo. Such wonderful, super cleansing lather ... it lets those coppery lights shine out undimmed.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.*



29¢ to 89¢

LANOLIN-ENRICHED

New **Shasta** *Cream Shampoo*

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

FABULOUS FANNY

(Continued from Page 45)

the pajamas are twill silk, it's like a serge, but it's silk. And not shiny silk; this is dull finish.

"I came out of that bathroom full of personality! Honey! Boy, I was all over the place. I really got stuck on him in there. Well, I had him dying, he was laughing so much. We were up until five or six o'clock. He didn't go anywhere, he stayed in Baltimore.

"It always left a question in my mind. What did I get stuck on, the toothbrushes or Nick?"

At thirty-three, Nick Arnstein was as handsome a man as Fanny had ever seen.

When did she fall in love with Nick?

There is the way Fanny said she fell in love: in a moment, in the man's suite, having come for a midnight supper to kill a few hours and save the price of a club sandwich, and, as she said, "I never left him until the day I divorced him."

For Nick Arnstein had no horses which he was racing in Baltimore. The only silks he owned were the pajamas in the bathroom.

When Fanny went back to New York and the Albany Apartments, Nick went with her. There he promptly objected to the *décor*. He thought it tasteless, vulgar and depressing. He went to Gimbel's, where he ordered $10,000 worth of furnishings. As the clerk wrote the order, Nick asked that everything be sent C.O.D. When he got home and told Fanny what he had done, she paled and said she had nothing like that amount of money. Nick only shook his head. He told her when the furnishings were delivered Fanny was to explain that she wanted to pay in monthly installments. That way, Nick told her, she would save the extra cost for credit which he said they would have added to the price of the furniture.

With the coming of spring Nick began to get the itchy foot. Through the months of April and May, Fanny pleaded with him to remain at the Albany, but Nick, faced with Rosie's disapproving eyes, professed a longing for the shores of England. He seemed preoccupied and Fanny found him cool and distant.

There was an evening when he was silent throughout dinner. When Fanny prepared to leave for the theater, Nick said, "Have you any plans for tonight, my dear?"

"Nothing I can't get out of, Nick. Why, Nick? Do you want to do something?"

"I thought perhaps we could have supper together after the show, Fanny."

"Supper!" she shouted. "Oh, Nick, that's great! That's wonderful, Nick! Where should I meet you?"

"I'll pick you up at the theater, my dear, if that meets with your approval."

"Will you come up to the dressing room, Nick?" Fanny asked.

"I'll be there, old girl," he promised. "Now run along."

WHEN Fanny was gone, Nick sat with his brandy for a time before leaving the dinner table. In his bedroom he shaved carefully, trimming his mustache with skill and patience. He dressed with as much attention to detail as though he were being presented at court: boiled shirt, black tie, dinner jacket, diamond studs, and soft-brimmed black hat. He arrived backstage at the Follies a few minutes after the performance had ended.

He knocked and waited. Fanny opened the door and Fanny kissed him, there in the corridor.

"Can we leave soon, my dear?"

"Right now, Nick?"

"Fanny," he said gently, "I have something to tell you and I'd like to get out of here."

"Where do you want to eat, Nick?"

"Oh, I don't care, Fanny. I ... would you mind walking with me?"

"That's just what I wanted to do, honey," Fanny said.

THEY started up Broadway: the tall, handsome gambler and the tall, striking Follies star. They walked in silence for several blocks until Nick said, "Fanny, I'm married."

He said, "I haven't lived with her as man and wife for three years."

He said, "I want a divorce but she won't give me a divorce."

Fanny held his arm. She smiled at someone she knew and a moment later Nick nodded to an acquaintance.

Walking, Fanny turned on her ankle, and Nick's arm tensed as he held her.

"She has a daughter by a previous husband," Nick said. "I adopted the daughter when we were married. I don't love my wife, Fanny."

"I love you, Nick," Fanny said. That was the first thing she said.

"She's hounded me across the length and breadth of the country, Fanny," Nick continued. "I have no argument with her demand for support. But she wants me to return and I won't do that. Nobody can tell Nick Arnstein what to do, or where to live."

They passed the Albany Apartments. Fanny saw the doorman at the entrance who raised his cap in greeting, and reached for the door, but she turned her head and held Nick's arm and walked past the building.

"I wanted you to know that, my dear Fanny," Nick said. "I should have told you sooner, as would any gentleman of honor, but ... somehow ... I didn't have the courage. My wife knows I've been living in your apartment. She's had detectives watching me. I've got to leave the country, you see. Besides," he continued, "I have many important deals waiting on the Continent."

They had reached Central Park and Nick paused, turning to Fanny. "I wanted you to know about me, my dear," he said, looking at her.

"Now I know about you," she said. That was the second thing she said.

"Well, old girl," he said. "We've had our laughs, haven't we? It's been a lot of fun, Fanny, and I think you're a swell pal. I always think so."

"Come on home," she said, and that was the third thing she said.

When they got to the apartment, Fanny led Nick to the kitchen and sat him down. "I'm going to make you a Welsh rarebit like you never ate," she said happily. "Are you hungry, honey?"

"Why, I could stand a little food, my dear."

"You get out of that soup-and-fish," she ordered, "and when you get back, I'll have you a supper you couldn't get anywhere. I'm the best cook in this town."

Fanny learned, through her own source that Nick's wife was Carrie Greenthal Ar

(Continued on Page 67)

MERRY CHRISTMAS...

and to all a good gift! What a happy holiday idea it is to send the JOURNAL as a Christmas gift.

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3. **Special emulsifier for extra softening**



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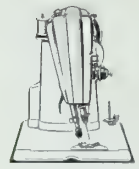
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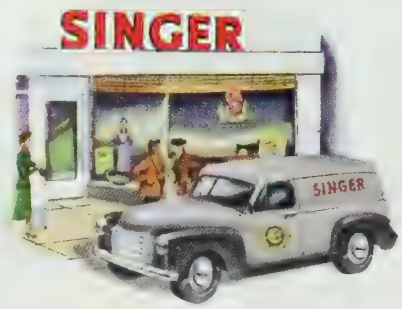


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(Continued from Page 64)

tein, whom he had married on May 5, 1906, n Jersey City, but she said nothing of this to him. She learned that her apartment, her comings and goings as well as Nick's were nder constant surveillance, but she said nothing. Long afterward she remembered hat Nick's wife tried to see her, but Fanny would not dignify the floundering marriage with a meeting.

One day after Nick had left the apartment, Rosie burst into Fanny's room. "Your Nick is married," she announced.

Fanny was brushing her hair.

"He has a wife and a daughter," Rosie declared.

"It's not his daughter," Fanny said.

"Whose?" Rosie asked. "President Wilson's? And whose wife? Emperor Franz Josef's?"

"She won't give him a divorce," Fanny said. "He hasn't lived with her for three years."

"Maybe she hasn't got champagne for the gentleman," Rosie said, but stopped as Fanny began to shout at her.

In the days that followed, Fanny tried unsuccessfully to persuade Nick that Asbury Park was as safe from his wife's private eyes as London, but he was adamant. Soon afterward Nick booked passage for England and was relieved to hear Fanny's stolid acceptance, when he announced he was sailing. She bought him a matched set of luggage, helped him pack, and explained that she would not see him off because of a previous engagement. Leaving Nick, Fanny carried some jewelry to a pawnshop. She waited until Nick had left the apartment before she returned. Her face aglow, she kissed Rosie several times as she told her that a girl friend had asked Fanny to spend the summer at the family's mountain retreat. But Fanny must leave immediately, she explained. Locking the door to her bedroom, Fanny pulled her packed suitcases out of the closet, lifted the mattress to extract an envelope, and examined her tickets to be certain for the hundredth time that she was on the same deck as Nick.

Nick unpacked as soon as he came aboard ship. Later he went up on the promenade deck for a preliminary survey of the passengers, cataloguing those he believed might not be reluctant to take a whirl at a gentleman's game of poker. He went into the saloon for a brandy and soda, toasting the Statue of Liberty as the ship passed her, after which he settled himself comfortably in a deck chair. He pulled the blanket up to his chest, pulled his cap down over his eyes, and was very nearly asleep when Fanny threw herself down on his chair, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly.

Nick disengaged himself, pushed his cap back, held Fanny at arm's length, and said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

For Fanny, the voyage was "wonderful and heavenly and enchanting and I was never happier in my life. I didn't know what the word 'happy' meant until I saw Nicky in that deck chair."

She listened to Nick's plans for making money when they got to England, and wanted only to help him. Her salary for the past season had been $500 weekly, but show business was another world.

While he talked, Fanny would only look adoringly at him. "All my life," she said once, "I was afraid I was going to get stuck on some little guy who played the piano in a joint filled with smoke. That's what I thought. And if he ever got up and sang 'Melancholy Baby,' I would have been a goner. But when I met this tall handsome guy with the beautiful hands and thin ankles, I said, 'This is the guy. I want to have children with this man.'

"When you're young," she continued, "you make pictures in your head, you have ideas. You pick the type guy you want. But if I went to a party, and there was one good bum in the room, I'd go for him right away. It's so funny, in my friends, I must have admiration and I must respect them. I never liked the man I loved, and never loved the men I liked. Because I never really loved but once. I could never understand when people say they have been in love two or three times. That first love, that's the last one, it takes everything in."

Upon their arrival in London, Nick immediately took a flat for them on Jermyn Street. After a few weeks of living in what Nick felt were cramped quarters, they moved to a huge apartment at No. 1 Marble Arch. Fanny happily went to work in the kitchen, but Nick disapproved, installing both a cook and a butler, and asked Fanny to advance him a few dollars until his plans for making money were realized. During the incubation period, Fanny paid the domestics, the rent, and the cost of two race horses which Nick assured her would make them rich.

Owning a stable, however, quickly drained Fanny's cash. She soon became aware that Nick's nags couldn't outrun the brewery horses which had pulled the beer to Pinochle Charlie's Newark saloon. Nick insisted one of them would win the Grand National. While she was as much in love with him as ever, she felt their love would not suffer if she looked about her for work.

Gaby Deslys and Harry Pilcer, the French favorites, were playing in London. Fanny had met them in New York. She went to Gaby, who introduced her to Alfred Butt, the English producer. He agreed to let Fanny go on at the Victoria Palace, a vaudeville theater, for one performance, as a tryout.

Clothes and manners do not make the man; but when he is made, they greatly improve his appearance.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER

Fanny was an instant hit at the Victoria Palace and Butt moved her to another of his theaters, the biggest vaudeville house in London.

Of the months which followed Fanny wrote, "Nick and I were living in a style I never knew existed in this world. What did I know about such things? I knew how to dress, because I always loved good clothes, but what else did I know? What I learned, I learned from watching and listening.

"Nick knew all those things. He knew everything and he was always talking about the big people who were his friends. But I never met any of them."

A large part of Fanny's income, when she returned from abroad, went into the furnishing of a duplex apartment on West 58th Street, across from the Plaza Hotel.

Fanny, whose notion of a big time before she met Nick was to buy a dress at half price, hurrying home after her night's performance to work on the garment, now began to entertain and be entertained in a constant whirl of parties.

"The big thing I wanted to do in my life was live well," she said, referring to those years. "I wanted a nice home and good food and I wanted to serve good food. That I got from my mother. She liked to feed people. She liked good food better than anything in the world, and maybe I did too."

THOUGH it was true that Fanny never took to the road in a show without her cooking equipment—a trunk filled with pots, pans, a portable stove, spices, herbs and other condiments—most of her friends of that period attribute her sudden social life to her love for Nick. The Fanny who had asked a thousand questions of anyone from whom she might learn something, the Fanny who had stood on a Broadway street corner proclaiming to the world that she was now with Ziegfeld, that Fanny took to sitting quietly at her own parties while Nick talked.

"He would be surrounded by people ten minutes after he entered a room," Fanny said. "He was a wonderful speaker. Of course half the things he would be telling them were lies. He was a man who couldn't face the truth in his life. Nick would make himself out to be such a daring guy. Inside he was really a child."

(Continued on Page 69)



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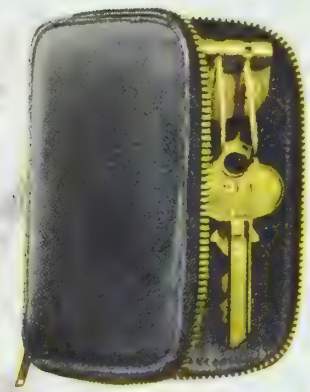
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(Continued from Page 67)

But Fanny was in love, and she could have her happiness with as many people as could be brought into her apartment. Will Rogers came, and Nick says he taught the famous humorist how to play the violin. Eddie Cantor came and was enchanted with Nick's stories. Bert Williams came on occasion, standing quietly in a corner and talking of books with Nick. John Wanamaker, the department-store heir, was a nightly visitor and one of Fanny's great admirers. Ann Pennington, of the dimpled knees, Lillian Lorraine, Vera Maxwell, all the Follies beauties were frequent guests.

LONG afterward, Nick complained of those years with Fanny. "Her life was the night life, the life of the theater," he said. "Should I wish to rise at seven in the morning and go to work after a good night's sleep, I was confronted with the fact that she did not reach home until midnight, and then usually with a bevy of stage friends who gaily turned the night into day, because with the day, they could just sleep."

"Nick's disease," Fanny said, "was dreams of glory. In 1918 he would say, 'In 1919 I'm going to have a million dollars.' In 1919 he would say, 'In 1920 I'm going to have a million dollars.' He was always going to have it, but he never got around to making it. He started a hundred different businesses, and after he would tell me about each new one, he would reach for the checkbook. One business was manufacturing advertising signs which would shine all night. He furnished his office with huge mahogany desks, big leather chairs, thick carpets, expensive drapes. I said, 'Nick, why do you have to spend so much on the office?' He said, 'Fanny, my dear, if you start small, you finish small. Start big and you'll be big.'"

Often, during those years, Nick's wife would begin to make things uncomfortable for the husband she never saw, and he would disappear for a time. Fanny also had to pacify Rosie, who early recognized Nick's peculiar talents for extracting money from her daughter, and who, according to Carolyn, "hated Nick from the beginning."

For her part, Fanny was not at all concerned with his past. She wanted only to be with him.

On a night when Nick was out on "business" Fanny waited for him to come home until long after midnight. When she could no longer stay awake, she took her lipstick and scrawled, "I love you, darling," on the mirror, before going to sleep.

She was happy even during the early months of 1915, when Nick was arrested on a wire-tapping charge and stood trial for grand larceny in New York's General Sessions Court.

One day Rosie arrived at the apartment on 58th Street for a visit, entering Fanny's bedroom unannounced as her daughter was filling a purse with jewels.

Greeting her mother, Fanny continued to empty her jewel case. When Rosie asked if Fanny had taken a safe-deposit box and was transferring the valuables to it, she was told that the jewels were being sold that afternoon.

"I have to pay Nick's lawyers," Fanny said. She had used most of her money to raise Nick's bail bond, and now she had to assure Nick of adequate counsel.

Rosie, to whom a dollar was as sacred as her soul, staged a scene, but Fanny calmly finished packing her diamonds. Followed through the apartment by Rosie, who cursed Nick with every epithet she had heard in several years of managing Newark saloons, Fanny went out to get the money for Nick's defense.

Any doubts that Fanny may have had concerning Nick's absolute love and devotion were dismissed by him in a strong denunciation of his wife and of her refusal to grant him a divorce so that he might marry Fanny.

It was all Fanny needed to hear from Nick. On June 28, 1915, when he was sentenced to two years and ten months to three years in Sing Sing, Fanny knew that she must do everything she could to make his stay in Ossining easier. She sent weekly food packages. She made weekly and semiweekly journeys to the prison in upstate New York. In their short visits together she made him laugh, and she made the guards laugh. She went away from those brief interludes knowing that she was his only love, for hadn't he told her so?

But he didn't tell her that he also enjoyed visits from his wife.

Nick served two years in Sing Sing, and all through her life Fanny remembered nothing of that time. Not of his Sing Sing days, nor of the more than $20,000 which she received for her jewels and gave to Nick; nor of the friends who tried desperately to break her love for Nick; nor of the reputation for loyalty and integrity and utter honesty that she was to enjoy through all her years in the courts at Arnstein's side.

In that time, too, Fanny remembered nothing of Nick's divorce. But his wife finally did agree to give him a divorce. Even her marriage to Nick was difficult for Fanny to recall. Two friends of Nick's accompanied them to Brooklyn. For Fanny, the ceremony was only a legal rider to a relationship she had considered sacred for more than six years. Therefore when the witnesses began to talk of an elaborate wedding dinner at a Manhattan café, Fanny cut them short. "We'll eat at home," she decided. "I bought the most beautiful black bass this morning and I'll broil it for us."

Within three months they had to cross the Hudson River and stand together for another wedding ceremony when Fanny learned that Nick's divorce had not been final.

As a newly married man, Nick felt that their home on West 58th Street was too small. Soon he found a ten-room apartment on Central Park West and 83rd Street, for which Fanny obligingly paid the rent. She had for a long time felt ashamed of her ignorance of furnishings. She had become one of the best-dressed women in New York through a combination of inherent taste and unbounded determination. Now she set about learning the fundamentals of interior decoration by attending every auction on Manhattan Island.

"WHEN I started out," she said once, "I'd buy anything that was carved, because I figured that all the work that had gone into it made it valuable. The biggest thing would come up, all carved, and I'd get it for $50. Then up would come a very wonderful table, say, a plain, simple Pembroke drop leaf, and that would go for maybe $350. I'd look at the person and think, 'They're crazy. Didn't they just see what I got all *carved*, and for only 50 bucks? What kind of jerks come here?' Once a big Moorish bedroom set came up. The biggest bed you ever saw and a chest of drawers as big as a swimming pool. I had an extra guest room and I thought it would be nice to put this set there. I got the whole set for $175. Ten or fifteen pieces. About a week later the auction-room owner calls me up. He wanted to know when I'm taking the set out. I wanted to leave it there while the apartment was being remodeled. He said they needed the space. So I get some storage people to look at it and now they tell me I have to pay $100 a month to store it. Oh, no, that's no good. A hundred bucks a month and I'm not even using it yet. Next I get a mover and he looks it over, looks at my apartment. 'We'll have to take it apart and put it together inside your house,' he tells me. All the time I'm beginning to hate that set. One day I had lunch with a friend of mine, a playwright. I asked him if he ever thought of doing a Moorish play.

I can't tell what is coming to the girls nowadays. I was never allowed to read such books; I have never talked of such things; why, my mother would have fainted if I had even heard of such gossip as the girls discuss nowadays.

A MOTHER'S LETTER, 1885



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'I've got a wonderful set for you,' I told him. He don't want to do a Moorish play. Well, I finally had to pay a guy $40 to take it. It was a gift, but the 40 bucks went for moving it.

"So now it's costing me money. I think, 'If you're going to do it right, then you better learn it right.' So the next thing, I'm going to antique shops. I tell them, 'I don't know a thing about any of this, but I want to learn.' That's all they have to hear. I'm refreshing, they tell me."

Fanny was probably the happiest woman in the Western Hemisphere when she learned that she was to have Nick's child. Nick could not bring himself to share her enthusiasm for the coming blessed event. "He hated to see me big," Fanny said. "I'd get out of bed and he'd go like a shot for my robe to cover me up. He didn't like anything that wasn't nice to look at. And that made me sad, because I had waited so long to have his baby. I wanted him to say, 'Let me feel it,' or 'It's jumping, honey,' or anything to make me feel he wanted the baby too. Every morning I was sick as a dog. It was murder."

Fanny worked until she was seven months pregnant. When she left the show, Ziegfeld sent her the following telegram:

YOU SHOULD HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR YOUR CONTRACT THAN TO ALLOW YOURSELF TO GET IN A POSITION WHERE YOU ARE FORCED TO QUIT ANY TIME YOU SEE FIT.

"My baby was born in Huntington, Long Island," Fanny said. "I had a house down there. That was the one thing Nick ever bought. He made some money gambling and he paid $14,000 for it. And I paid $25,000 to have it remodeled. Nick had to have stables for his horses. So he lines the stables with mahogany. 'If we can't have it good, we won't have it at all,' he tells me. Well, he builds the mahogany stables, and I never saw a horse in them."

Fanny's first child, Frances Brice Arnstein, was born on August 12, 1919. Fanny said the infant was the ugliest baby she ever saw, "all wrinkled up and old, like a rabbi who just lost his synagogue. I was going to name her Hope. All I could do was hope. But at six months, she was beautiful."

Nick seemed embarrassed at being a father. Once Fanny walked into the nursery as Nick was bending over Frances' crib. Fanny saw him talking to the child, and touching its body as though amazed at its perfection. He took his daughter's tiny hand in his and touched it with his lips. Fanny stood behind him, watching this scene for which she had waited and fought and defied Rosie, defied Ziegfeld, turned her back on friends, indeed on all of society. She had wanted children with Nick, and now she had his daughter.

She said, "Nick, darling," putting out her hand to touch him, but he avoided her, springing away from the crib and hastily leaving the room. Fanny remained beside her daughter as the sun slowly left the nursery and the shadows filled the room. Once the baby cried out suddenly and Fanny rocked the crib, humming a song out of her own childhood.

That day, when Nick turned his back on wife and daughter, was an unhappy one for Fanny.

FANNY herself, talking of her children, said, "Before they were born, I made up my mind to one thing: when I had children, they were going to know me as I was. If I wanted to swear, I would swear in front of them. I could always talk to my kids and say the things I wanted to say. I've told them all about the things that happened to me. Everything. I always wanted my kids to like me, not to love me as a mother. You *have* to love your mother. I never wanted that. One time the nurse said, 'Kiss your mother,' and I said to the nurse, 'If you ever say that again, you'll be looking for a job.'

"You know, that has a bad effect on the child, if you tell the child he must love his mother. When that child gets to a certain age, he says, 'Why must I love my mother? I like to be with this person better than I like to be with her. Does that mean I don't love her?' It's bad, that's all."

While Fanny had no intention of forsaking the theater for the joys of motherhood, she turned a deaf ear to Ziegfeld's persistent pleas that she rejoin the Follies. She might have taken a sabbatical leave from the stage during the first year of Frances' life, had it not been necessary that she earn money to maintain her household. She compromised with Ziegfeld by signing contracts to star again in his Midnight Frolic on the Amsterdam Roof. Here, in a digest version of the Follies being presented in the theater below, she appeared once nightly together with Eddie Cantor, Bert Williams, Will Rogers and W. C. Fields.

SHE saw little of Nick during those first months after Frances was born. When she woke in midmorning, Nick would be gone from the apartment, occupied with one deal or another. Sometimes he would return during the late afternoon to change clothes and go out again. Sometimes he would have dinner with Fanny in the apartment. Sometimes he would occupy a table at the Midnight Frolic, playing host to a party of male friends, signing the check for their liquor and food, which was deducted from Fanny's salary. Sometimes he would escort Fanny home after her performance. But more often she would take a cab back to the apartment because Nick had appropriated her big green foreign limousine and her chauffeur. Sometimes Nick would be sleeping when she returned from the night's work, and then one day in February, 1920, he was packing. She had let herself into the apartment quietly, as usual, not to waken Frances. She had taken off her shoes in the foyer, as usual, and walked noiselessly into the nursery to stand beside the baby's crib for a moment. She had leaned over to kiss the child, as usual, before going to her bedroom, where she saw the glow of lights and Nick in shirt sleeves putting clothes in a suitcase, which was not at all usual.

She said, "Where are you going?"

"Were you followed?" Nick asked.

"Followed where?"

"Did anyone follow you?" Nick asked.

"Who?" she said as she came to his side. "Who's supposed to follow me? What are you talking about? Nick, what's the matter? What did you do?"

"I have to get out of town for a few days, Fanny."

"What's a few days? Nick, what do you mean, a few days?" she asked, and sat down on her bed, her coat dragging on the floor, her hands limp in her lap, and her purse opening, the contents spilling and scattering like marbles from a broken bag. Long afterward she remembered that her feet were cold, and that she suddenly saw a run in her stocking and looked at it for a long time, unable to take her eyes from it, as Nick got into his jacket, and his coat, and adjusted a black fedora carefully on his head.

"Where's your mustache?" Fanny asked.

"I was tired of it."

"You're lying," Fanny said. She noticed then that the coat was an old coat which he had not worn for years; that the hat was the chapeau she had bought him in England and which he had never liked. Nick turned from the mirror and reached for the suitcase.

"I'll keep in touch with you, Fanny," he said.

"Yes." She looked up at him. She could not get up. She held one hand in the other hand.

"I didn't do anything, Fanny."

"No," she said.

"You must believe me. I'm innocent of all this, and when the time comes I'll prove it."

"Yes, Nick." She had no idea what he was talking about.

"I'll keep in touch with you, dear," he said.

"All right."

He leaned over to brush her lips with his lips. "Don't worry, old girl," he said.

"Tell me how," Fanny said. She heard his quick steps. "How should I stop worrying, Nick? *How?*" she said, louder still. "*How?*" she asked, but the door had shut behind him then.

For nine days Fanny knew no more about Nick's disappearance than did six-month-old Frances. Then, on February 21, 1920, The

New York Times printed a front-page story which told, as completely as it has ever been told, the details of the bond thefts which were to plague Fanny for so many years.

This three-bank headline topped the story:

NAME MASTER MIND IN GREAT BOND PLOT

Court Petition Calls "Nicky" Arnstein Head of Plot to Steal $5,000,000 in Wall Street

One of The Gondorf Gang

Surety Co. Seeks to Seize Money Gained by Thefts of $1,500,000 From Messengers

Then:

Through the filing of an involuntary petition bankruptcy yesterday the identity of the n the police allege to be the "Master Mind" the recent plot to steal $5,000,000 worth of curities from brokerage houses and banks in financial district was revealed.

According to the petition, which was filed . . . the National Surety Co. at 115 Broadway, man is Nicholas Arnstein, better known . . . "Nicky" Arnstein. . . .

The petition of the surety company also says t Arnstein . . . is the man who received curities valued at 500,000 from crim- ls who robbed mes- gers in the finan- district.

Fanny was still eep that morning, ving seen no news- ers and heard hing from Nick, en the maid woke to announce o gentlemen call- . Two *police* gen- men, the maid ded. Fanny, who her life would not seen when she s not faultlessly omed, threw a ssing gown about and rushed into library barefoot, getting even her les.

One of the cops played a morning per with the story Nick's alleged im- cation in the len-bonds case. nny read the headlines and gave the cop ck his newspaper, refusing even to read e story.

Fanny never believed for a moment that ck was involved in the bond robbery.

"Master Mind," she told the law. "He uldn't 'master mind' an electric bulb into ocket."

The two detectives disagreed. First gra- ously, then politely, then bluntly, then dely, then insultingly, they questioned her out Nick, about the securities. To all their estions she gave the same answer, "I n't know."

Fanny had nothing to tell them. Nine days o she had been certain Nick had done nothing outside the law. Now she was as tain that he hadn't. When they left at t, she played with Frances, took a hot th, tried to eat something and couldn't. e tried to sleep and couldn't. She stayed the apartment, refused to answer the tele- one, giving orders to admit no one. When time came for her to dress for her night's rk, she rang for her maid.

THERE was none of "the show must go on" siness in Fanny with which to dramatize situation. Katharine Hepburn said of , "Fanny had a kind of peasant quality her honesty to her work. The theater was at she did, as the butcher cuts meat, and tailor mends clothes."

Any qualms Fanny had about going to the ater that night were of an entirely differ- nature. She told the stage manager when arrived at the New Amsterdam to spread word: Don't talk to Fanny about Nick. st forget the whole thing. "I was afraid," she said, "that somebody would put an arm around me and say, 'I'm sorry, Fanny.' If anybody had done that, I would have slugged him. I just can't stand anything like that."

"I just hate for anyone to cry in front of anybody," she wrote once. "I don't want anybody to cry in front of me, and I don't cry in front of anybody. You should be alone if you want to cry."

That night at the Midnight Frolic, the cast and the stage hands stayed away from Fanny. She remained in her dressing room, alone with her maid, and she didn't know that W. C. Fields and Will Rogers took turns standing guard before her door.

IN the days that followed, Fanny lost 20 pounds, until, at 110, she was gaunt and drawn. She could keep nothing on her stomach except liquids. She slept now only with the help of pills. She was greeted daily by the morning newspapers, which she read carefully, and by Frances' nurse, who brought the baby to her bedroom. One morning as Fanny held her child the nurse said, "Such a pack of reporters and photographers outside, ma'am, as you wouldn't imagine. I hope you won't think I'm complaining, but going past them every day is getting to be more and more difficult."

"Yeah?" Fanny said.

"When I take the child to the park, they ask me so many questions as to drive me daft."

"You take Frances and get her ready," she told the nurse. "I'm taking her to the park."

"But you can't. You do need your rest, ma'am."

"Don't worry so much about my rest," Fanny told her. "I'll get my rest. How long do you keep Frances out every day?"

"Two hours, ma'am. But you shouldn't ——"

In a moment Rosie hurried into the bedroom.

"Fanny, all those reporters," she began. "Fanny, please, for your own sake don't do it."

"Mom, don't start with me," Fanny warned. "If those bums think I'm ducking them, they're crazy. Now don't tell me what to do."

Within thirty minutes Fanny emerged from the building pushing the baby carriage. The cordon of newsmen followed her into the park where the photographers, walking backward, began to adjust their cameras, preparing to take their pictures on the move.

"Just a minute," Fanny said. She stopped, raised the hood of the buggy so they could see Frances, and stood beside the carriage.

Standing there, she looked at all of them and each of them until they had taken their pictures and dispersed. Then she pushed down the hood of the buggy and resumed her walk.

She would accept no aid. She wanted no arms to help her and no shoulders to weep on. There was an evening when she returned to her bedroom after feeding Frances, and lay down on the chaise longue, hoping to rest for a time before dressing for the Midnight Frolic. Fanny's maid found her there, lying on her side, unable to get up.

Alarmed, the maid telephoned Rosie, who appeared quickly with an osteopath in tow. While Rosie paced the room, first threatening, then pleading to be allowed to call Ziegfeld and cancel Fanny's performance, the osteopath massaged and pounded. After working on Fanny for some time, he told her to get up. She rose, felt her body as though

Next Month

CHLOE was eight years old when Taw first saw her, and already the small, perfectly molded face had learned to hide pain. Taw at twenty had known mountain poverty, but he had been free—always free. In the Heywards' home he saw riches he had never dreamed of—and he saw Chloe a prisoner. Mrs. Heyward's ambition kept friends—and laughter—away from her perfect child. Taw wondered . . . what strange future waited for this small closed face—this child who had already begun her search for warmth and love?

TAW JAMESON

by May Davies Martenet

A new serial, beginning in the January JOURNAL

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counting her limbs to make certain that the osteopath had not removed a leg or an arm, slapped that gentleman on the back and hired him on the spot.

"You're with me, Doc," she said. "You're going to the theater with me, and you'll be here every night at six o'clock, O.K.?"

On the night of February 26, two weeks after Nick had walked out of the bedroom, W. C. Fields came into Fanny's dressing room, trembling as with ague. At a sign from Fields, Fanny told the osteopath to take a walk. As the door closed behind him, Fields locked it, leaned against it, and handed Fanny an envelope. It was from Akron, Ohio, and it was addressed to Fields.

"How are you, old pal?" Nick had written. "Just sitting here thinking about our old friends, the trips we had, and thinking about that little girl. I believe her name was Fanny. If you see her, give her my regards. Tell her I am all right and will get in touch with her."

He did. The following day, as she entered a dressmaking shop where she had an appointment for a fitting, a man who was leaving whispered, "Go to the Opera Café." This establishment, across the street from the Metropolitan Opera House, was a sportingmen's favorite, and that afternoon she talked to Nick. He would not tell her where he was, he could not tell her when he would return, but ordered her to retain William Fallon as his counsel.

Fallon, the subject of Gene Fowler's biography, The Great Mouthpiece, was then New York's most brilliant criminal lawyer, a flamboyant figure with orange-colored hair which he was reputed to cut himself.

Fanny asked Fallon if he would represent Nick. Fallon, who would have defended the Maffia if a woman had asked him, bowed before Fanny and told her gallantly that he was her humble servant.

Before the week was out, Nick had been adjudged an involuntary bankrupt and Fanny ordered to turn over all bankbooks and safety-deposit-box keys. Within twelve hours, $16,000 in the Pacific Bank, as well as Fanny's funds, were held by the court, and Fanny was summoned to appear before a United States Commissioner in the Federal Building downtown. With Fallon at her side she walked the gantlet of Manhattan's newspapermen and photographers.

When Fallon objected to the Government lawyer's repeated insinuations that Fanny was hand in glove with Nick, she paused to tell the commissioner, "Let him ask me anything he wants. I'll answer whatever I can."

"How much money did you give him [Nick]?" she was asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "He'd say, 'Fanny, lend me $500,' and I'd give him the money, and he'd go out and gamble it. Sometimes he'd come back and hand me $20 or $50."

Once, as the attorney paused to marshal his attack, Fanny said, "I'm used to standing up while others sit. Here things are reversed. I'm sitting and the audience is standing."

"Would you rather stand?" asked the attorney in a rare moment of courtesy.

"No," Fanny said, "I'd rather sing a song."

She sang as usual that night and saw Fallon sitting at a table with Arnold Rothstein, a power in the underworld. Fallon sent a note to Fanny's dressing room asking her to join them. When Fanny appeared, Fallon introduced Rothstein, who said he wanted to help her.

"I don't need any help from anybody," Fanny told Rothstein.

"I understand," Rothstein said. "If you ever do, I am ready to post any amount up to $100,000 as bail for a certain fellow."

"Why?" Fanny demanded.

"Because I like guts," Rothstein said, "and you've got guts."

Fanny became worried that the police would tap the telephone at the Opera Café, and arranged to take Nick's calls in the apartment of a woman friend who was enjoying the Florida sun. Then, on the night of May 15, three months and three days after Nick had disappeared, Fallon received a telephone call. He was told to go to Fanny's apartment the following morning, pick up Fanny's car and drive it to 90th Street and Columbus Avenue, where Nick would be waiting on the southwest corner.

The next day, with Fanny in the back seat and Fallon at the wheel, they began to drive down Columbus Avenue toward 90th Street. Fanny sat first in one corner of the car and then in the other. She leaned forward, she lay back, and finally sat on the edge of the seat, her right hand holding the door handle.

"Bill," she said, "I'm nervous. Are you nervous, Bill?"

"Fanny," said that gallant, "I was born nervous."

"He'll be there, won't he, Bill?"

"Of course he will."

As they passed 93rd Street, Fanny said, "Do you see him, Bill?"

"We're quite a distance, Fanny."

"Look for him, Bill. Be careful. You'd better drive close to the curb," Fanny said. "Look at that stupid bum," pointing at a truck for which Fallon had to swing out.

Fallon searched the intersection as they approached 90th Street.

"Bill, where is he? Where is he?" she asked again. Fallon stopped the car and Nick came out of a doorway, smiling confidently at his wife.

He climbed into the car and into Fanny's arms, who held him, pushing him back against the seat. She held him and looked at him, examined him carefully, and she said, "You're thin, darling."

"I'm innocent, Fanny."

"I know you are, darling," Fanny said. "You haven't been eating, Nick."

"I'm O.K., my dear."

"Won't you ever grow your mustache?" she asked. She touched his lip with her forefinger. "I like your mustache," she said.

"Back it goes, Fanny," he promised.

"You're sure you're all right?"

"Don't worry about me," Nick said, while Fallon started the trip downtown.

Arriving at the Criminal Courts Building, Nick alighted first, and turned to help Fanny out of the car. Nick surrendered and was immediately taken before the United States Commissioner. On Fallon's advice, he would not answer any questions, offering the now-standard explanation: "I refuse to answer on the ground that to do so might tend to incriminate me." The Commissioner held Nick in contempt of court, without bail.

A Sunday-morning newspaper account of the proceedings read in part: "Fanny Brice was with her husband from the time he met her and his lawyer at 9 o'clock in the morning until the door of his cell in the Ludlow Street jail was slammed shut for the night."

It neglected to add that Fanny went from the jail to the New Amsterdam Theater for her performance in the Midnight Frolic.

With Nick behind bars, Fanny took on another chore: the daily preparation of Nick's meals. He was held without bail, and Fallon tried desperately to obtain a writ of habeas corpus. No Federal judge in New York would sign it. Fallon took the necessary legal steps to sue for the writ before the United States Supreme Court. So Fanny would not let Nick eat the food served prisoners at the Ludlow Street jail. She would not let Rosie do the cooking. She would not give up her walks in the park with Frances, and a friend remembers that she never appeared in the visitors' room for her daily visit with Nick in the same dress twice. It was as though Nick had just returned from the wars and Fanny wanted him to fall in love all over again.

Fallon finally was ordered to appear before the Supreme Court. The United States Marshal in New York was directed to bring Nick to Washington, where he immediately took a suite at the Willard Hotel. Fanny sent her butler to the capital to wait on her husband. She made the journey two and three times a week, taking the owl train from New York after her performance, and staying with Nick until after dinner. On those nights when she remained in New York, the suite at the Willard was filled with women. While Nick



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as waiting in Washington for the Supreme Court's decision, and staying in the Willard Hotel, and pouring wine for a large number of the District of Columbia's female population, he could not have raised the price of a bottle of celery tonic.

After several weeks the Supreme Court ordered the United States District Court in New York to issue the writ of habeas corpus. Fallon had won, but he was not satisfied. He appealed the contempt conviction before the nine black-robed men, and won again when the tribunal ruled that no man need answer any question which he felt would incriminate him.

A few days later Fallon produced Nick in New York's General Sessions Court where the counselor announced that his client was ready to stand trial and prove his innocence. Fallon asked that bail be set and the judge named $75,000 as the price for Nick's temporary freedom.

A newspaperman who covered the court that day remembers Fanny rushing to Nick as the judge left the bench:

"I'll be back here this afternoon, darling," he promised Nick.

"Don't worry about me, my dear."

"Eat a small lunch, Nick, and we'll have a big dinner tonight."

"All right, my dear."

"What do you want for dinner, Nick?" she asked, while Fallon stood by, and the attendants stood by, and the reporters for once, this one time, waited. "I'll make it myself. Gee, I'll give you a dinner you'll never forget."

"I think we ought to worry about the bail first, Fanny," Nick said.

"I'll get the bail," she said, and turned to Fallon. "Bill, I want to talk with you." And to the court attendants, "All right, kids, you can have him for an hour or two."

When Nick was gone, she said, "Where can I find Arnold Rothstein?"

"I have his telephone number, Fanny, but I warn you, Rothstein is not an easy man to find."

"I'll find him," Fanny said. "Give me that number."

Fallon wrote it on a newspaper he was carrying. They parted and Fanny hurried to a phone booth. When there was no answer, she left the building and directed her chauffeur to take her uptown, naming a gambling house to which Nick had once taken her.

A man looked through a hole in the front door and said they were closed.

"I'm Fanny Brice. Rothstein sent me here. Do you want to let me in, or do you want me to get Rothstein?" she asked.

The door opened and Fanny hurried to the cardroom, where she accosted a man in shirt sleeves. "I'm Fanny Brice," she repeated. "I want Arnold Rothstein. You get him for me, or get someone who will get him for me. Tell him I'm waiting here for him."

The jacketless man disappeared and Fanny leaned back against a card table surveying the empty room. In a moment a door opened, another man stared at her, and the door closed.

WITHIN five minutes the shirt-sleeved man returned. "Broadway and Forty-fifth Street," he said. "Northwest corner. Thirty minutes."

"Thanks, kid," she said, and hurried out.

She told the chauffeur to drop her at the appointed intersection and had just reached the curb when a taxi drew up behind her limousine. "Miss Brice," someone said in the cab, as the door opened.

Fanny got in beside a young, fair-haired man who looked as though he was down from Yale on a holiday. "Mr. Rothstein is waiting, Miss Brice," he said, as the cab left the curb.

Fanny studied him. "What's a nice-looking kid like you doing with these guys?" she asked.

The man flushed.

"You're a sucker, kid," she said, as the cab sped west toward the Hudson River. It stopped behind a huge black car, a block from the water front.

"Mr. Rothstein is in there," the man said, nodding at the car.

He opened the door for her and Fanny walked the few feet to the other vehicle. As she approached, the door opened and in a moment she was sitting beside Rothstein.

"FANNY, this is a distinct honor and a great privilege," Rothstein said, removing his hat.

"Yeah, sure," Fanny said. "Listen, Arnold, you said that you ——"

Rothstein had put an envelope in her hand.

"It's $75,000, I believe," he said.

"Gee, Arnold. Gee, thanks," she said, thinking of dinner, as she reached for the door handle.

"Count it, Fanny," he said quietly.

"I'll never forget you for this, Arnold," she said, pressing down on the handle, but Rothstein pulled the door shut.

"Fanny," he said. "Fanny," he repeated, waiting for her complete attention. "Count it, Fanny. We wouldn't want you to be short."

Fanny opened the envelope. She counted $75,000 in Liberty Bonds, counting slowly, and then Rothstein nodded.

"Give Nick my very, very best," he said.

"I will, Arnold, I will," she said, reaching for the handle again, but Rothstein was already out of the door on his side of the car. He stood beside the car, his hat in his hand, smiling at Fanny, until he turned to the chauffeur. "Take Miss Brice downtown," he ordered, and waited until the limousine had pulled away.

She got Nick home for dinner that night, and for many nights following, while Fallon stalled, waiting for the case to lose its front-page importance. But Joseph Gluck and his brother, Irving, who had also been arrested in the case, turned State's evidence and named Nick as the seller of the bonds in Boston and Washington, D.C. Knowing that Nick faced up to twenty-five years in prison if convicted in New York against a maximum sentence of two years if found guilty in the District of Columbia, Fallon succeeded in having Nick tried there. When Fanny went to Rothstein for another $5000 to be used as bail in Washington, the gambler asked her why she stuck with Nick.

"Because I love him," Fanny replied.

"But how can you love a man like that?" Rothstein asked.

"With my heart," Fanny answered.

The "Master Mind" was in Washington waiting for his second trial when his son was born. Remembering that morning, Fanny said that her doctor had been calling on another patient in the same building, and decided to have a cup of coffee with her. "After breakfast," Fanny said, "the doctor figures he might as well examine me while he's there.

"'Come on,' he says, 'you're going to the hospital.'

"'You're crazy,' I tell him. 'What's the matter with you? I feel wonderful.'

"'I don't care how you feel,' the doctor says. 'You're in labor.'

"'Will you let me get dressed?' I ask him.

"He throws a coat over my robe. 'For what you're going to be doing, you won't need clothes,' he said, and hustles me downstairs to his car and drives me up to the hospital. Now the nurse puts me in bed, and he goes away to make some arrangements, but I feel nothing. Absolutely nothing. Now, Lillian Lorraine [a Follies girl] is in the hospital, so I get out of bed, and take a walk to visit with her. So I'm up in Lill's room with her, eating some of her candy, and the phone rings. The doc says to come right down, I'm going to have a baby. I says to Lill, 'You know that guy is nuts. Do I look like I'm going to have a baby?'

(Continued on Page 76)

There are two ways of being happy: we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest.

—FRANKLIN



Ever think of DIABETES this way?

A NOTED medical authority compares the diabetic person to a charioteer, whose chariot is drawn by three steeds named Diet, Insulin, and Exercise. This authority points out that it takes skill to drive one horse, intelligence to manage a team, and unusual ability to get three to pull together.

Yet, the diabetic person . . . if he is to maintain good health and avoid complications . . . must learn to harness diet, insulin, and exercise and make them pull together in complete harmony. Only in this way can well-established diabetes be kept under good control.

What is insulin . . . why is it used?

Insulin is a secretion of the pancreas gland which enables the body to store and burn sugars and starches (carbohydrates).

When the pancreas fails to produce enough insulin, sugar is not fully utilized and diabetes may result. It then becomes necessary to replace natural insulin with prepared insulin, or to reduce the need for it with a carefully adjusted diet.

Why are diet and exercise so important?

Diet determines the amount of sugar and starch taken into the body.

In all cases, the doctor's advice is needed about the kinds and amounts of foods that will best meet the needs of each patient. Active work or exercise is necessary, too, as it helps the body burn up sugar and starches.

If you are a diabetic, your faithful, intelligent cooperation with your doctor may help you to control the disease through diet, insulin, and exercise. In most cases, you can look forward to living a long life with almost undiminished activity.

Guarding against diabetes.

Medical science has not yet discovered why certain people develop diabetes. Research, however, has revealed who are its most likely victims. They are:

1. Middle-aged, overweight people. Anyone can help guard against diabetes by keeping his weight down. The only effective way to do this is by controlling the amount of food you eat—especially sugars, starches, and fats.

2. People who have diabetes "in the family." If you have diabetic relatives, you should pay particular attention to diet, and be alert to the usual signs of diabetes. These include *excessive thirst and hunger, frequent urination, and loss of weight and strength.*

Since the signs of diabetes may not appear at the onset of the disease, it is always wise to have periodic medical check-ups, including *urinalysis.* This is important because when detected early, the chances for successful control of diabetes are best, often by diet alone.

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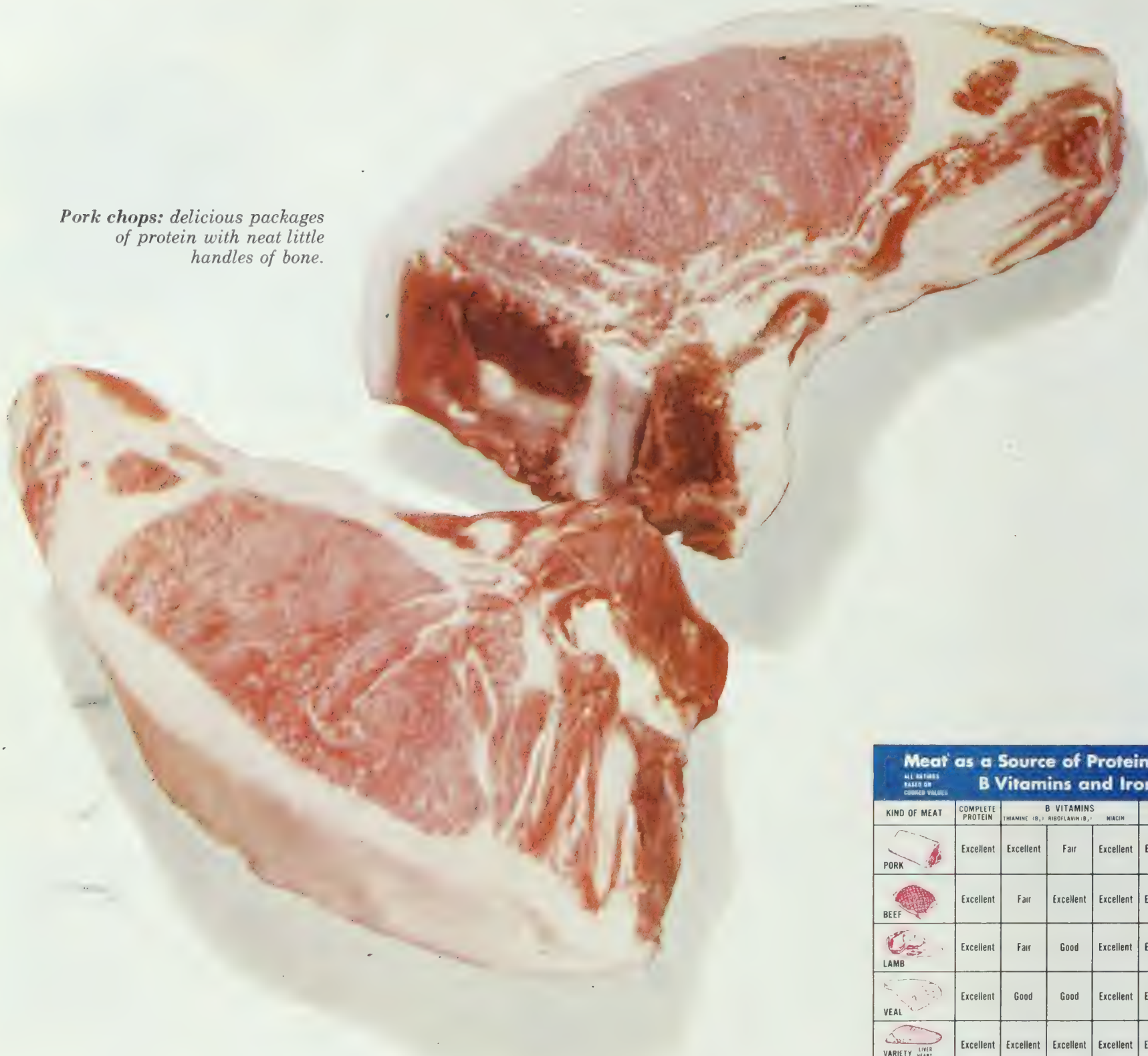


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KIND OF MEAT	COMPLETE PROTEIN	B VITAMINS THIAMINE (B_1)	B VITAMINS RIBOFLAVIN (B_2)	B VITAMINS NIACIN	FOOD IRON
PORK	Excellent	Excellent	Fair	Excellent	Excellent
BEEF	Excellent	Fair	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent
LAMB	Excellent	Fair	Good	Excellent	Excellent
VEAL	Excellent	Good	Good	Excellent	Excellent
VARIETY MEATS (LIVER, HEART, KIDNEY)	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent
SAUSAGE (FRANKFURTERS, BOLOGNA)	Excellent	Good	Good	Good	Excellent

B_{12} Meat is an outstanding source of this recently discovered important vitamin

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

This seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

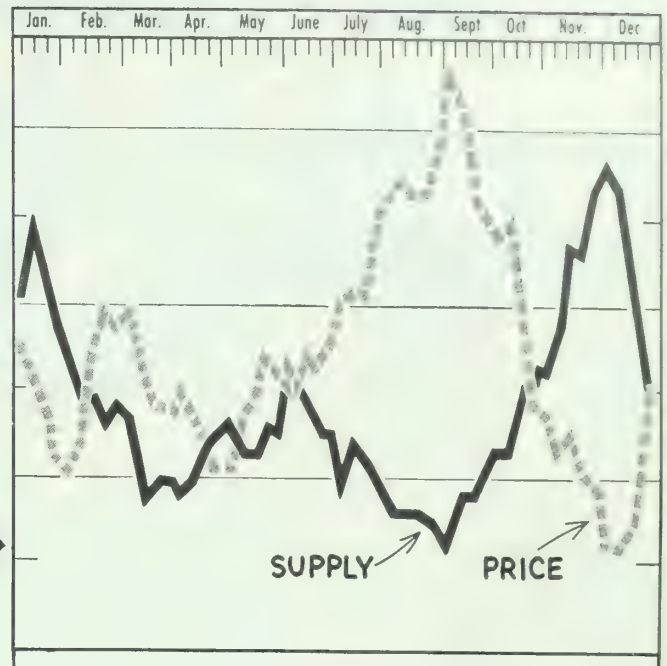
Meat gives you a great deal more than the pleasure of eating it. Pork, for instance, whether it be chops or spareribs or sausage, is one of our richest natural sources of vitamin B_1. And, like all other meats, pork is rich in protein—so essential for building blood and muscle...nourishing nerves and tissues...building and maintaining resistance to infection. Meat (any kind of meat) is universally recognized as "a yardstick of protein foods".

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE • ***Headquarters, Chicago*** • ***Members throughout the U. S.***

Now's the time to

Make the most of PORK

The chart shows you why



These ideas show you how

Planning ahead can help you keep ahead of your budget. Take the three good main dishes below, for example. Each one is deliciously different from the others, yet you get *all three* from one half of a pork loin or one whole Boston butt. When you buy it, just ask your meat-man to slice off a few chops or steaks and you are all set to use these recipes—suggested by the American Meat Institute to help you make the most of meat.

PEAK OF THE SEASON SUPPLY MEANS PEAK OF THE SEASON VALUES

The normal seasonal variation in pork supplies means less pork, higher prices in some months—more pork, lower prices in other months. Since this is the time of year when the most pork comes to market, it's a good idea to watch your meat-man's ads and his display for more good buys in pork.



BARBECUED PORK CHOPS with peaches

4 pork chops or steaks
¼ cup chili sauce
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1½ tablespoons brown sugar
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
⅓ cup water
4 canned cling peach halves
8 whole cloves

Brown chops or steaks in a large (10-inch) skillet or Dutch oven. Combine next eight ingredients and pour over meat. Cover tightly and cook over low heat for one hour; turn once during cooking. Stick each peach with 2 cloves and place around meat. Spoon some of the sauce over peaches. Cover and cook 10 minutes. Spoon off fat and serve meat and peaches topped with sauce.



SAVORY PORK in NOODLE RING

A tasty way to use up leftover pork and that rich brown gravy.

2 cups diced leftover pork
¼ cup chopped onion
1 cup thinly sliced celery
2 cups leftover gravy
⅛ teaspoon each allspice and cloves
Dash of ginger
Salt and pepper

(If you do not have enough leftover gravy, make up the amount with thickened bouillon, white sauce or tomato sauce.) In a little hot fat, cook onion until soft. Add rest of ingredients and cook over low heat for 10 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper; serve in noodle ring or on bed of hot noodles or boiled rice.



ROAST PORK with VARIATIONS

Roast the rest of your popular pork loin or thrifty, easy-to-carve Boston butt.
Good roast pork is almost as easy as putting it in the oven—taking it out when done. Here's how it's done:

1. Season roast with salt and pepper.
2. Place fat side up on rack in roasting pan.
3. Roast, uncovered, in a 325°F. oven. Allow 35 minutes per pound for a pork loin roast, 45 minutes per pound for a shoulder butt.

Variations:

1. Baste roast with barbecue sauce every 30 minutes. Cover roast last hour to allow flavor of sauce to permeate meat.
2. Rub roast with cut clove of garlic or with powdered sage before roasting.
3. Crusty coating: Before roasting, spread over pork a mixture of ½ cup brown sugar, a dash of cloves and a tablespoon of vinegar.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

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EVERY KERNEL POPS
-OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



MONA FREEMAN AND "MONIE" HAVE FUN AT HOME WITH JOLLY TIME

The Poppin'est Pop Corn You Ever Popped!



JOLLY TIME IS A special kind of pop corn . . . specially grown and specially processed for *perfect home popping!* Positively no other pop corn like it! *Every* kernel bursts into fluffy morsels of good eating or your money back! Just follow the easy directions on the can.



POPS SO QUICK···SO TENDER!



Heaping bowls in a jiffy! Every bite is a treat. No hulls. No hard centers. Tender, tasty eating for young and old alike!

ALWAYS GOOD 'N FRESH!



Never a popping failure! Every can filled and sealed air-tite when JOLLY TIME is at the peak of popping perfection. Can't dry out!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

TRY BOTH KINDS!

JOLLY TIME WHITE for extra-tender, snowy-white pop corn . . .
JOLLY TIME GIANT YELLOW for big, fluffy flakes.
Both hulless. Both delicious.
Pop some tonite!

SEE MONA FREEMAN IN "The Greatest Show On Earth"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

(Continued from Page 73)

"'No,' Lill says.

"I sit down and get another piece of candy. All of a sudden the door opens, three nurses come shooting in, they grab me, hustle me out to the hall, and flop me down on one of those tables, you know, with wheels on it. They wheel me into the delivery room and—*zing!*—there's the baby. Now I've been praying nine months for a boy, so the first thing I look to see what I got. It's a boy! I let out a yell and the doctor says, 'Get her out of here, she's making too much noise.'"

She named her son William, after Fallon, and three weeks after his birth she was rehearsing for the new Follies. When she was asked why she returned to work so soon after leaving the hospital she replied, "Somebody has to pay the rent."

ONE day during rehearsal Ziegfeld asked her to listen to a song. It was a French tune, Mon Homme, or My Man, for which an English-language lyric had been written by Channing Pollock. As the pianist pounded out the melody, Ziegfeld handed her a copy of the lyric.

Pollock might have taken the words from the newspaper accounts of Fanny's courtship of Nick. He could have written it only for Fanny. With keyhole clarity, it detailed what went on behind the closed doors of her life. It was a maudlin, weeping, melodramatic lyric, and Fanny could no more have handed it back to Ziegfeld than she could have given up the stage for field work in the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Fanny made Ziegfeld *give* her the song then and there.

Nobody else could have sung it. It was Fanny's own from the day it was written.

Before she would sing it that afternoon at rehearsal, she hurried to her dressing room. Somewhere she borrowed a red wig and a shawl, and she got into a black dress around which she draped a red scarf, tying it in a bow behind her. She came back to the empty stage thinking she looked as French as Colette. Ziegfeld very nearly had a fit.

"Who do you think you are?" he demanded. He leaped up on the stage and reached for the wig. He flung it from him, hurling it far back into the darkened corners of the stage. He tore the red scarf from her dress and threw it into the orchestra pit. He seized the black dress with both hands and ripped it. When it hung in shreds on the frightened Fanny, he knelt and rubbed the palms of his hands on the dusty floor. Then he wiped them on Fanny's dress. Then he rubbed his hands again, and wiped them on the dress again, and when, finally, he stepped back from the trembling Fanny, he nodded with satisfaction. He was about to return to his seat in the theater when he was struck with still another thought. He draped the scarf over her head and around her shoulders so that she looked like the errant daughter returning to her home in a blizzard.

"Now," Ziegfeld said, "now, sing it."

She sang it straight, with no frills and no flounces and no invention and no tricks.

"It's cost me a lot
But there's one thing that I've got—
It's my man.
I—don't know why I should,
He isn't good.
He isn't true,
He beats me too,
What can I do?"

She sang it 10,000 times after that afternoon when only Ziegfeld heard her, but she never sang it without caressing her arm and closing her eyes, so that she was alone with Nick, with no orchestra supporting her and no audience watching her, only the Nick she loved—who was never the Nick she knew.

"What's the difference if I say
I'll go away,
When I know I'll come back on
My knees some day?
For whatever my man is
I am his forever more!"

She left no one dry-eyed the opening night of the 1921 Follies. Not that night, and not any night or any day, on any stage, in any town in which she sang My Man.

"Once," Fanny said, "I remember Frances standing in the wings when I was singing My Man. And when I came off the stage, she was crying. And I wondered why she cried . . . she was so young, and what could the words mean to her?

"I picked her up and I carried her to the dressing room, and I wiped her tears. 'Why are you crying?' I asked her.

"'Because you looked so sad,' Frances said."

Seven years later, in a series of articles he sold to the New York Graphic, Nick claimed that the song had caused the first serious rift between him and his wife.

Under the headline: "'MY MAN' KILLED OUR LOVE! SAYS NICKY OF FANNY'S SONG," there appeared the story:

Just a few years ago when my liberty was at stake, when I had been falsely and unjustly accused of complicity in the $5,000,000 bond plot, Flo Ziegfeld, astute show man, got hold of the song.

"Don't sing it. Please don't sing it," I pleaded with Fanny. "Can't you see that it will hurt me?"

"I must sing it," she replied.

So she sang that song. She was always adamant where her ambition and success were concerned. How often I have wished that Fanny were but a little housewife, taking care of the kids and keeping me company, instead of the brilliant comedienne, the girl who can make 'em cry or laugh as she pleases.

I blame that song for the greatest misfortune of my life.

When Fanny was asked about Nick's story, she replied succinctly, "He's nuts."

During the New York run of the Follies, Nick and Fallon quarreled over Fallon's attentions to Gertrude Vanderbilt, a young actress with whom the lawyer had become infatuated. Nick, who had introduced the two during the appeal to the Supreme Court, now charged Fallon with neglecting his defense while the lawyer pursued Miss Vanderbilt. Nick added a few choice epithets to a rather earthy description of Fallon's beloved, whereupon the other quit the case completely. Fallon's partner, Eugene McGee, represented Nick at the second trial, where he was found guilty and sentenced to two years in a Federal penitentiary. Nick changed lawyers again and immediately appealed the verdict.

WHILE Nick's lawyers appealed his conviction in the bond case, Fanny bought a five-story twenty-room New York town house from the Colgate Soap family, taking three floors for herself and renting the top two floors to theatrical friends. She hired a staff of five servants, including the nurse for her children, a butler, a cook and a chauffeur.

On the day she moved into the new house, she received a visit from Arnold Rothstein. She had not seen the gambler since their meeting near the Hudson River.

"I've been worrying about you, Fanny," he announced.

"I'm O.K., Arnold. You don't have to worry about me."

(Continued on Page 78)



Merry Christmas to all

FROM

The All-Family Drink!

So pure... so good... so wholesome for everyone... including the tiniest tots!





Buy it by the CASE or in the new and handy

7-UP FAMILY PACK →

of 24 bottles!

Easy-lift center handle! Space saving! Family supply!



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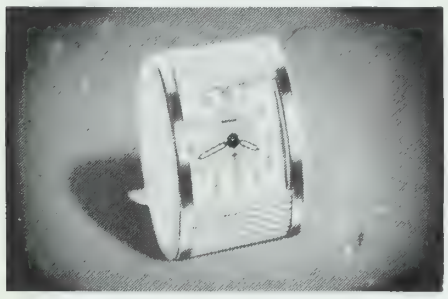


spring-driven or electric

by Westclox



BIG BEN Spring-Driven Alarm. World-famous! A tick you can hear and a deep, intermittent "fire alarm" gong. $5.55. With luminous dial, he's $6.60.



TRAVALARM Spring-Driven. You *can* take it with you. Closes like a clam. Flip it open; it's on duty and on time. Non-breakable crystal. Luminous. $7.60.



MOONBEAM Electric Alarm. Calls you *silently*. First call is blinking light; later joined by audible alarm. $9.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.



MELODY Electric Wall Clock. Fits any room, any color scheme. Mounts flush on wall; surplus cord concealed. Wide color choice. $6.95.

Prices quoted do not include tax and are subject to change

WESTCLOX

Made by the Makers of Big Ben

PRODUCTS OF GT GENERAL TIME CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 76)

He frowned before lighting a cigarette. "No, you've been bothering me. You're moving into this lovely home and you've got to furnish it. So maybe I could save you the trouble of decorating your house, Fanny," Rothstein said.

"That's what you think, eh?"

"Yes, I do, Fanny. As a matter of fact," Rothstein said, "I'll have the furniture in here tomorrow."

"O.K., Arnold," she said, as he looked at her.

"It's all settled then, isn't it, Fanny?" he asked, watching her.

"Yeah, sure."

He rose, held his cigarette carefully, and dumped the ashes in the sink. "I'll just let myself out, Fanny," he said, and left her there in the kitchen.

He sent the furniture the following day and with it an envelope containing a slip of paper on which was written:

"$50,000."

Fanny called in an expert appraiser, who told her Rothstein's stuff was worth $13,000 at the most.

She paid the $50,000. "It took me a while," she wrote later, "but I paid it, and I paid it without saying a word. I knew, and Rothstein knew I knew, that the $37,000 was his price for interest on Nick's bail money. That was the way he worked. Rothstein never said no when you asked a favor, but sooner or later you had to pay for it."

Her home became the scene of nightly parties that began after the Follies' performance and continued until she could no longer keep her guests awake. Fanny seemed intent on laughing more, telling more stories, entertaining more guests, pouring more wine than anybody else in New York, and, from the reports of those people who were her intimates, she evidently succeeded.

She was then the favorite of the social set, and the top of New York's 400 were always represented in her home. The late Tommy Hitchcock was a frequent guest. Averill Harriman was a long-time friend. Once when he and his wife were in Fanny's home, she admired a diamond bracelet set with emeralds which Mrs. Harriman was wearing. Two weeks later she received a package from one of the most expensive jewelry shops in the world, containing an exact duplicate of the bracelet she had admired.

Mrs. Borden Harriman, whom President Roosevelt appointed as his minister to Norway, was as familiar with Fanny's home as she was with the drawing rooms of Newport. Their friendship had begun during World War I when Fanny was still living on West 58th Street. At that time Fanny bought her bras, slips, panties and all her undergarments from a woman named Mrs. Frieda Hammerman, who called on her customers in their homes.

"One day I am in the bathtub," Fanny wrote of her second meeting with Mrs. Borden Harriman, to whom she had been introduced at her first Follies' opening in New York. "My maid comes in and says, 'Miss Brice, Mrs. Harriman is downstairs to see you.'

"So I say, 'Well, send her up and I'll look at the stuff.'

"I really bought from the underwear woman because I liked her so much; a nice little woman and she made me laugh. Well, the maid goes away, and I'm soaping myself, and the door opens and in walks this beautiful woman with the white hair, the most *beautiful* white hair I ever saw.

"I said, 'Oh, I'm sorry. I'm very sorry.'

"Because I didn't know this woman from the Statue of Liberty, but I know she's got class.

"'Pardon me,' I said, 'I thought it was my underwear woman.'

"And Mrs. Harriman said, 'I love it, I love it. Just go on with your bawth.'

"So she sits down and she tells me why she is here. She wants me to sell doughnuts on the steps of the Public Library on Fifth Avenue, for Liberty Bonds. So, of course, I went to sell doughnuts. I would have sold gold bricks if she told me."

Once Sir Charles Mendl came to see her. "Miss Fanny," he said, "you have beautiful bones."

"'Maybe that's why I've been attracting such dogs all my life,' I told him."

If she included Nick in that category, she certainly showed him more than canine concern. By word and deed, she proved her devotion to him while he fought to stay out of prison. To a newspaperman she said, "I think Nick is just perfect and the only man I would have wanted for the father of my children. I think the greatest joy in the world is having children with the man you love."

There seemed to be no limit to her patience with Nick, to her indulgence.

There was a night when he didn't appear at all: not at the theater, not at home, not by dawn, and not by midafternoon of the next day when Fanny left her house to keep an appointment. When she returned in time for dinner, she heard Nick whistling while he shaved. As she changed her clothes, Nick called, "Fanny?"

She didn't answer.

"Is that you, old girl?" Nick called from the bathroom.

Le Chat Noir

By Patricia Martin

Weaving about these nyloned stems
with a purr that would shatter Alcatraz
you call me darrrling darrrling darrrling,
ardent as lover. O arching pet,
O bright black charmer, you please, you please
without deceiving.
You'd leave me flat
for a much, much, very much younger—
cat.

"Who'd you expect?" Fanny answered.

"Why, I've been waiting for you, my dear," Nick said, as he came into their bedroom.

"And I've been waiting for you, my dear," Fanny said, walking away from him.

She took her place at the dinner table and in a moment Nick sat down opposite her. When the maid appeared with the soup, Fanny said, "Where were you last night?"

"I didn't want to wake you, darling," Nick said, as he reached for his spoon. "I would have called, but it was quite late."

He explained that he had been talked into a poker game far out on Long Island. He had been a heavy winner and didn't want to quit while his luck was running so well. He thought of telephoning, but it was too late, he knew Fanny was tired and needed rest.

"Sure, sure," Fanny said. Her soup was untouched. "So how much did you win? Let me see the money."

Nick sipped his soup. "Oddly enough, my dear, my luck changed in the last hour," he replied. "I was fortunate to break even."

"Liar!"

She rose from the chair as Nick dipped the spoon in his soup.

"You're a liar!" Fanny said again, but Nick gave no sign that he heard her.

"You were out with some woman!"

Nick didn't look up.

"*Liar!*" Fanny screamed, reaching for the tablecloth, seizing a corner of it, as furious with Nick's indifference as with his real or imagined philandering. She seized the tablecloth with both hands, pulling it high above her head, so that soup, salad, bread, knives, forks, spoons, candles, cigarettes, glasses, all fell and spilled on Nick: on his face, on his hands, on his clothes.

As Fanny stood glaring at him, still holding the tablecloth, her face white with anger, Nick reached for a napkin, wiped his lips slowly and carefully, and went to their bedroom.

Nick got out of his clothes, arranged the suit carefully for removal to the cleaners, slipped into his shoes, ran himself a tub, and laid out pajamas, dressing gown and cordovan slippers.

The maid stood in the doorway, and knocked on the open door.

"Miss Fanny?" the maid said hesitantly.

In a moment, "Miss Fanny?" once again.

"What do you want?" Fanny asked, listening to the splashing in the tub.

"Would you like some strawberry shortcake, Miss Fanny?" the maid asked, poking her head into the room.

Fanny exploded, but as the maid backed away, Fanny began to think of it. She turned to the maid.

"Two pieces," Fanny ordered. "Big pieces with a pot of coffee. Mr. Arnstein and I will have our dessert here."

In the bathroom Nick began to whistle.

But there were other nights when he felt no song in his heart. Fanny took to clocking his home-coming with the diligence and efficiency of an Olympic Games official.

Nick always refused to appear on the street unless he was dressed to the teeth. To get Nick away from his endless conferences with lawyers, his constant worry over the conviction he faced, the never-withdrawn curtain of newspapermen which covered the sidewalk before their house, Fanny took him one week end to a hotel in Long Beach, on the ocean in Long Island. She left the children with their nurse.

"So we're having a good time," she wrote, "so what happens? The second night there is a fire in the hotel. I wake up, I smell smoke. 'Nick, the joint's burning,' I yell, and I have my robe on by then. 'Hurry, Nick!' I yell at him.

"'Plenty of time, my dear,' he says, and he's sitting on the bed, fixing his garters.

"'Nick, come on!' I say.

"'No hurry, Fanny,' he says. Now he's standing in front of the mirror. He's got his shoes and stockings on, his shirt on, and he's knotting his tie.

"I grab his robe and throw it around him, but he shakes it off. 'We'll make it, old girl,' he tells me. I look at him, getting his tie pin adjusted just right, and I think of my kids at home. What good will the money do them if they're orphans? I look at Nick again. He's pulling his belt through his pants, and I think, 'I got kids who need me,' and I make for the door.

"We're all out on the lawn, everybody in robes and pajamas, and the smoke is pouring out of the windows already. The firemen push us back away from the hotel, and all of a sudden there is Nick.

"He walks out of the door like he's going for his morning walk. He's not only dressed, he's wearing his hat!"

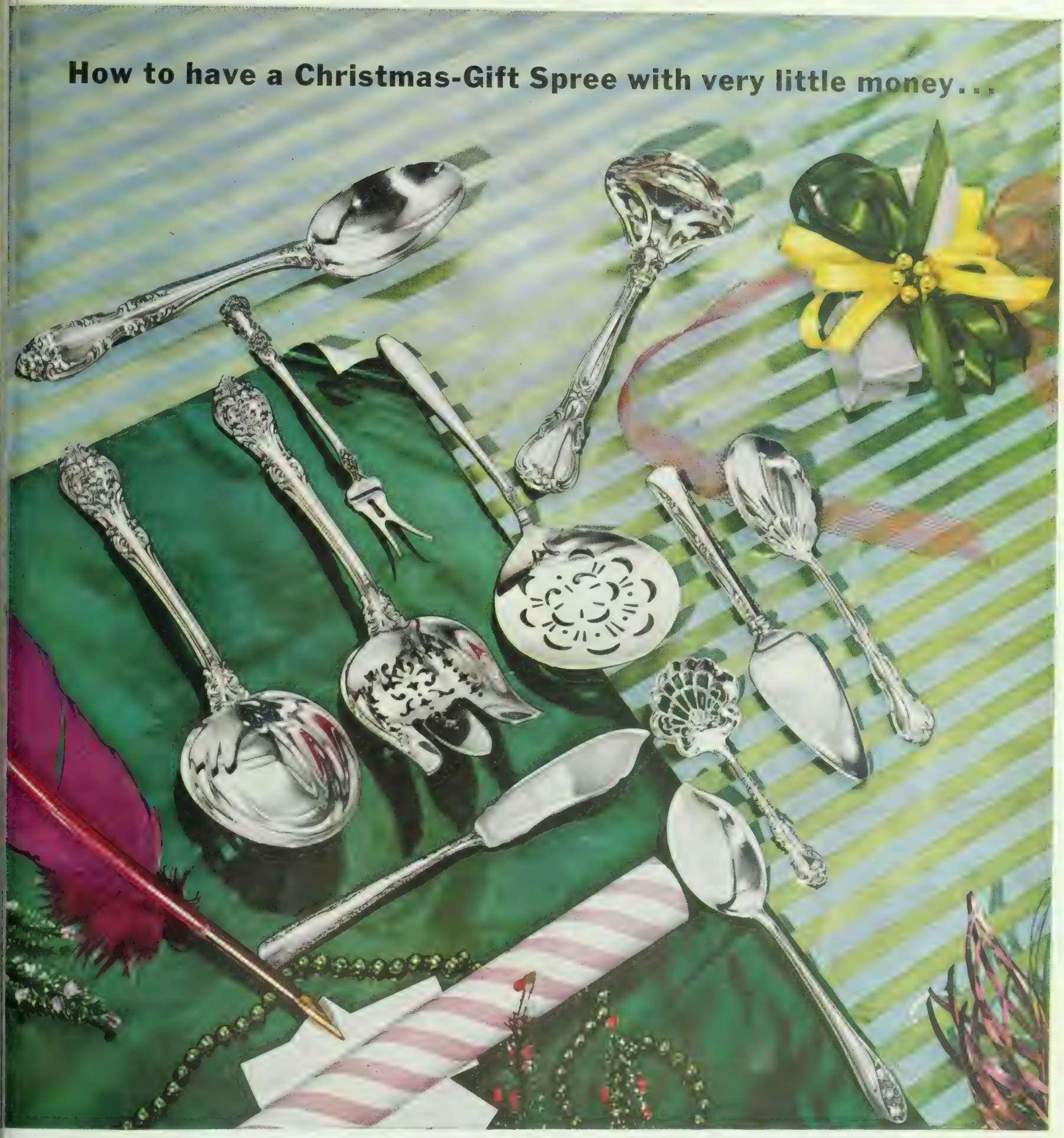
To combat the straying of his eyes, Fanny persuaded Nick to accompany her on the Follies tour that year. When they returned Nick once more began systematic absences from their home. Since their only common meeting time was the dinner hour, the dining room was usually the scene of their scenes, or, strictly speaking, Fanny's scenes, for though Nick may have been the cause, he was never the effect.

Fanny's indignation got a rest, however, when Nick's efforts to keep out of prison came to an end. On May 9, 1924, with Fanny beside him, Nick surrendered to Washington, D. C., authorities and was put in jail to await transfer to a Federal penitentiary.

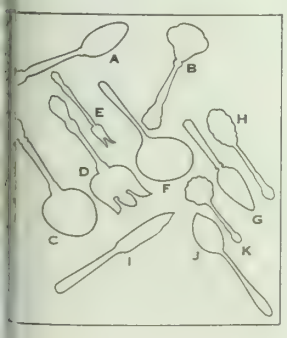
While he remained in the Washington jail, Fanny stayed in the capital. Nick asked her to arrange that he be sent to Atlanta, which he believed to be an "easier" prison, and she scurried around the city, hiring more lawyers, seeing more officials, asking help from those she knew were her friends among the congressmen on Capitol Hill. Had Woodrow Wilson

(Continued on Page 81)

How to have a Christmas-Gift Spree with very little money...



Wonderful gift ideas shown here: Gorham Sterling serving pieces, only $4.75 to $16.75†



Inspired way to give gifts this Christmas with a grand gesture... at prices that are down to earth! Choose serving pieces from Gorham's collection of exclusive designs, to match an already-begun set... to keynote the pattern selection of a future Gorham* Sterling set.

Illustrated: GORHAM'S (A) "Melrose"* tablespoon, $12.50...(B) "Chantilly"* gravy ladle, $11.75...(C, D) "King Edward"* salad serving fork, salad serving spoon, $16.75 each...(E) "Buttercup"* olive fork, $4.75...(F) "Nocturne"* flat server, $14.50... (G) "Greenbrier"* cheese server, $6.00...(H) "Rondo"* sugar spoon, $5.75... (I) "Camellia"* butter knife, $8.00... (J) "Lily of the Valley"* jelly server, $6.25 ...(K) "Strasbourg"* bonbon spoon, $5.25. †All prices include Federal Tax.

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2 oz., $3
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Plus tax

a new fragrance
that speaks for
the secret and
reckless heart.
An exotic counterpoint
to Lavender's world-famous
scent! Wildly different—
created of course by

YARDLEY

(Continued from Page 78)

tl l been the tenant at the White House, anny would have gone to him, for, as she ote once, "I loved that guy."

'He [Wilson] always used to come back- t ge when we played Washington," she ote. "I thought he was just the most won- e ful man. He was interested in the indi- i lual human being. He was the only man sides Frank Murphy [the late Supreme urt Justice] who I really felt liked you as u and not because you were in show busi- ss and a star. The last time I saw Wilson, came backstage, and two men were hold- g him up under the arms, and the whole st gathered around him. I couldn't face n that time. I ran to my dressing room and ed."

Fanny could find no help. Lawyers told her was hopeless. Nick must serve his sen- nce. She could not arrange his removal to lanta. He was marked for Leavenworth in nsas. On the day he was to be taken to the in for the long ride to the Middle West, Fanny appeared at the Washington jail again. She asked for—and was granted—ten minutes with her husband. When she left the building, reporters asked her what she and Nick had said to each other. She disregarded the newsmen. She makes no mention of that visit with Nick in her notes. Neither her children nor her friends, nor anyone in the world, was ever to learn what those two, whose married life was as private as Page 1, talked about during those few moments alone together in the jail.

When she arrived in New York, she was met by a throng of reporters and photographers at Pennsylvania Station.

She answered none of them until, as she waited beside the taxi starter, one said, "What are you going to do now, Fanny?"

She looked at that one, turned and looked at him carefully. She spoke carefully so that he might not misquote her.

"I'm going to wait," Fanny said.

(To be Continued)

CHRISTMAS IN THE VALLEY

(Continued from Page 39)

rn I had to stand by until he'd finished to ep the chickens away. We had to make ir feed count if we were to have milk, but- r, pork, eggs and chicken to eat. I knew w hard it was for Grandma to make a liv- g for us. And by knowing this, and because randma had said I was her man around the use, I worked more than ever. I always id plenty to do. And this was the first time my life I had ever had enough to do.

In the spring Grandma hired Ben Blevins, farmer in The Valley, to plow our garden d patches. Then Grandma and I planted em. I did most of the planting. And in the ring and summer we worked with long- ndled gooseneck hoes. We raised the rden for ourselves and corn for the pig, w and chickens. I planted sunflowers, too, l around the garden, for Grandma told me ey were pretty in summer and they also id plenty of seeds for the chickens. I mixed nflower seeds with shelled corn. Grandma new so many things. After I once planted e sunflowers around the garden palings id saw their beautiful g golden heads turned to e sun, I loved them. And e next year, Grandma dn't tell me to plant the nflowers. I knew to do it. wanted to see their big lden eyes looking up at e sun and I wanted to ar the buzz of wild honey- es in their blossoms.

Man's greatest blunder has been in trying to make peace with the skies instead of making peace with his neighbors.
—ELBERT HUBBARD

The twenty acres of nd Grandma owned was y land, too, besides all the land in The alley was my land. For I brought home a ray pup some hunters had left in the woods o die of mange. Grandma cried and I did o. We got an old hunter and lover of dogs, oliver Tussie, to tell us how to kill this ange. Boliver dug wild roots and boiled em and we put it on Orphan and he soon opped digging his hairless skin with his aw. It healed over and the hair grew back nd he was one of the prettiest hounds mong the hills. Boliver Tussie let me take rphan and hunt at night with him and his mous tree dog, Dixie. I soon had a possum og too. I hunted in the woods and caught ossum and coon and sold pelts and had wild eat for Grandma and me.

And another thing happened. Once I atched the wild bees in the warm sand in he little creek that flowed past our paled-in ard. These bees were drinking water and hen flying in a straight line toward the tim- ered hill that belonged to Grandma. I ran o the house and told her about my discovery nd then she told me how to "course" them. went to a place as far as my eye could fol- w them from the stream. I stood at this lace and, keeping the bees between me and he sun so they would look bigger, just as Grandma told me, I watched them to the ree. I found them in a white oak on Grandma's farm. I ran to the house and told her that I'd found a bee tree and we would have wild honey.

"And we'll have more than that," she said. "I'll get Boliver Tussie, who knows a lot about bees, to help you cut the tree and hive the bees."

Boliver Tussie helped me cut the tree, rob the bees and then put them in a hive. And when they swarmed, I ran for him to come and help me hive them before they got away. This was the only time Boliver Tussie ever had to help me with bees. I learned from him how to hive and rob them and that is the reason now I have twelve stands of bees. And this is the reason The Valley belongs to me and Grandma became the greatest mother in the world. Sunflowers around our garden, morning-glories up our fieldstone chimney and up our porch posts, for Grandma had me to dig them from the garden and set them there. With redbuds, dogwoods, wild plums and wild crab apples blooming on the hills around us, my home and my world was the prettiest place I had ever seen. I often wondered where I might have been if it hadn't been for my grandmother.

On a morning in April I left Cabin Creek, West Virginia, where my father, Blake Mullins, was a coal miner. I don't know whether he was my father or not. Since I've got older, I've thought about a few things that took place there I didn't understand then. Blake always called me a little brat. And my mother let him call me that. What Blake said was law in our coal-mine shack. When Blake went away with another woman, my mother went away with another man. And I left West Virginia. I bummed rides back to the land of my mother's people.

When I got back to Kentucky, I was so hungry I tried to catch a minnow in The Valley stream to eat raw. I couldn't catch it so I came to a house where there wasn't anybody at home. I found a window I could raise. I went in and found food and ate. And I found a boy's pretty cowboy boots and I pulled off my shoes and put these on. They were a fit. I left my old shoes, took some bread and a lantern from the house. And that night, when I was sleeping in a cliff, I was awakened by baying hounds.

"He's in there," a voice shouted. "Come out with your hands up!"

I didn't go out and a man came back with a flashlight in one hand, a pistol in the other. He wore a silver badge on his coat and he had another pistol in a holster on his hip. A man came beside him with two big dogs fastened to a chain. They tried to get to me and I held up my hands and screamed.

"So you broke in a house, didn't you?" said the man, putting his pistol back in the

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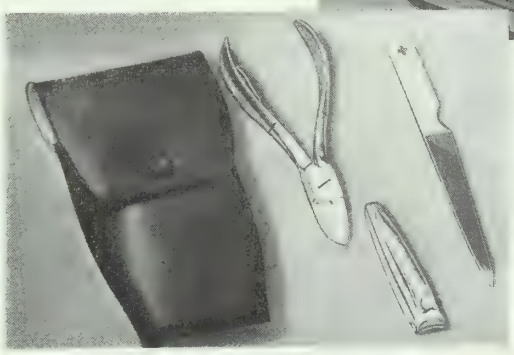
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empty holster on the other hip. "Just a child! What do you know about this!"

The sheriff looked at me while the tall man scolded his dogs to keep quiet.

"What's your name, sonny?" asked the sheriff.

"Hester Mullins," I said.

"Never heard of that name around here, Bill," he said, speaking to the big man with the hounds.

"You got any kinfolks around here?" Bill asked.

"My grandmother," I said. "Cynthia Beverley."

THEN Bill whispered something to the sheriff. Though the bloodhounds were still growling and charging against their chains, he spoke loud enough so the sheriff could hear and I heard him say "that Large boy." I started crying and wanted to go to Grandma's. But the sheriff put a pair of handcuffs on me.

"You're the smallest one I ever handcuffed," he said. "I don't like to do this. But you're not getting away."

They took me to Blakesburg and put me in jail for that night. When Jailer Jeff Jones took me from the jail the next morning he led me by the hand. He took me before Judge Watt Burgess. And there was an old lady in the judge's office, wearing a long black dress with a white lace collar. I didn't know who she was and what she was doing there.

"This is the boy that broke in Bin Tuttle's house," he said. "The cowboy boots he's got on, he stole from Bin's boy."

"He's my grandson," said the old lady, getting up. "He's not a criminal. He never had a chance. He'll have one now if you let me have him. I'll get him new shoes and he can leave the cowboy boots with you. I'll pay for the lantern he took and the food he ate."

Then Sheriff Adams looked at Jailer Jones and Judge Burgess. Then they looked at me as my grandmother came over and put her arms around me. She held me close and kissed me.

"Hester, you're goin' home with me," she said.

"He's too young to send to the reform school," Judge Burgess said.

And the sheriff, jailer and judge agreed to let my grandmother take me home with her. I didn't want to go away with this old lady in the long black dress even if she had kissed me. Not then. But I thought it was better to go with her than go back to jail.

As I walked over the snow carrying two buckets of milk for Mrs. Orville Byrd, I thought about the present for Grandma. I milked two cows night and morning for Mrs. Byrd. I got fifty cents a day for doing this. I gave this money to Grandma. Prices had raised on everything, and with my hound dog, Orphan, to feed, it took more money for Grandma and me. The only extra money I had was from the pelts I sold and I even gave this money to Grandma. Or I bought clothes for myself. I thought, as I walked along and the December snow crunched beneath my feet and the winter wind sang lonesome songs without words in the leafless apple-tree boughs over my head, that I couldn't get a dress for Grandma. I couldn't get a water bucket. We had one. I couldn't get dishes. I didn't know where to get the pretty dishes like I had seen in Mrs. Byrd's dining room. I'd been in her dining room twice. Once she invited me in her house out of a storm. Once she called me in and told me what to do with the milk when she and Mr. Byrd were going away for the week end.

When I took the milk to the cellar on this cold winter evening Mrs. Byrd opened the kitchen door and said, "Come in, Hester, after you've finished with the milk. I want to see you before you leave."

I put the milk in the separator. And I almost raised a sweat in the warm cellar as I turned the separator by hand. Then I poured the cream in one can, the skimmed milk in another, as I had always done. I washed the separator and then I went in to see what Mrs. Byrd wanted.

"Here's a little Christmas present, Hester," she said. "You've been a good worker for us. Best we've ever had to milk our cows and take care of the milk." Mrs. Byrd gave me a two-dollar bill.

"Oh, thank you," I said.

Mrs. Byrd was sitting before her kitchen fireplace. She had a piece of cloth on her lap. It was cloth that looked familiar to me. As she talked to me, she had never stopped raveling threads. She was working on a big cloth, going round and round the square, raveling threads and tying fringes. On a little round table near her there were nine little square pieces of the old wine-bottle design that was in the big square she was working on.

"Mrs. Byrd, I don't want to ask you a silly question," I said. "But I've seen that cloth someplace!"

"You certainly have," she said, laughing. "You saw it down at the barn. It's a feed sack."

"What are you makin'?" I asked.

"A tablecloth and napkins," she replied. "Just two feed sacks of the same color and I'll have a tablecloth and nine napkins."

"Oh, they're beautiful," I said so quickly Mrs. Byrd looked up at me. "I would like to know how to make them."

"Pull up a chair and I'll show you," she said. She was pleased that I was interested.

"See, Hester, the sack is sewed up," she said, picking up a sack at her feet. "First you shake the loose feed from it."

"Wouldn't you wash it first?" I asked.

"If you do it won't fringe as easily," she said. "Turn it wrong side out," she said, turning the sack. "Start unraveling it at this corner." She unraveled the sack and showed me.

"That's simple," I said. "I can do that."

"Sure you can," she smiled.

I watched her closely.

"The sack has two selvage sides, see," she said. "Tear them off so the sack will ravel."

Then she showed me how to ravel the sacks and tie the fringes. She showed me how to take one sack, divide it into three equal parts. Then to take each one of these pieces and divide it into three equal parts.

"Will you sell me two of the empty sacks down at the barn?" I said.

"Go hunt yourself two of the prettiest sacks down there," she answered. "I'll give 'em to you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Byrd," I said.

I knew we didn't have any sacks at our house. I had never seen feed-sack tablecloths and napkins before. But I knew if Mrs. Byrd made them, they were all right. She had the prettiest house in The Valley. She had the house people came to see.

I WENT to the big wooden box in the barn where I had thrown the empty feed sacks. And I found two sacks of the prettiest color I'd ever seen. They were the autumn-oak-leaf design. I knew these were the right sacks, for Grandma always liked the October days when the leaves turned and the lazy autumn winds swirled them down.

That night after Grandma went to bed, I sat up and worked on my tablecloth and napkins. I got the tablecloth finished. On the second night, I sat up after Grandma went to bed and made six of my napkins. I worked until midnight. Grandma was fast asleep and never knew when I went to bed. On the third night, I finished the last three napkins. Talk about something pretty. I took it in the kitchen and spread it over the oilcloth on the table. Talk about something pretty!

The next morning when I went to milk for Mrs. Byrd, I took my tablecloth and napkins. After I'd milked and separated the milk I showed them to Mrs. Byrd.

I have learned silence from the talkative, tolerance from the intolerant, and kindness from the unkind; yet strange, I am ungrateful to these teachers.

—KAHLIL GIBRAN

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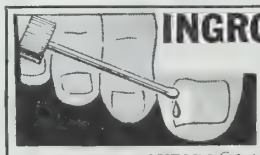


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Plastic PEG 'N POUND

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"Hester, this is the prettiest tablecloth d napkins I've ever seen," she said. "You ve good taste. You selected sacks I have erlooked. How perfectly beautiful!"

When I told her what I was going to do th them, Mrs. Byrd wept.

"You won't have to wash and iron them er she goes to bed," Mrs. Byrd told me. 'll wash and iron them for you. I'll put em in a nice box and wrap them too."

That evening after I milked for Mrs. rd, I knocked on the door. Mrs. Byrd ve me the box, wrapped in Christmas mmings.

I took the box home and slipped up to my om while Grandma was in the kitchen. And vas as happy as I had ever been in my life. knew one of my socks would have an ange, two bananas and striped sticks of ppermint candy. And the other sock would filled with mixed nuts.

Christmas Eve was as cold as we'd ever d in The Valley. The snow was a foot deep. nd the wind had drifted small white ridges snow against the fences.

"Reckon Santa Claus will find us tonight, ester?" Grandma said with a smile on her ce. "This will surely be a cold night for nta!"

"I doubt that he will," I said. "I'll mend e fire so we'll have fire all night."

When Grandma went to bed, I pretended was going to bed too. I went upstairs to y room and waited until I was sure she was leep. Then I slipped into her room, found r shoes under the side of her bed. I put e box on top of her shoes.

The next morning I was up and rekindled fire from the living embers. The blusters of ad winds roared round our house and nged our gates. It moaned through the anches of the leafless sassafras that stood side the well in our back yard. Santa had en to our house all right, for he had left fruit, bananas and striped candy, this time in paper sacks. He didn't bother to fill the socks. He had forgotten the mixed nuts. These were the things he'd brought me the five years I had known there was a Christmas.

After I made a fire in the kitchen stove, I went out to feed the chickens and cow. This was Christmas morning and I was feeding early. I wanted to give Grandma time to be up and dress.

When I came in from feeding, my face numbed by the raw winter wind, Grandma was up and dressed and sitting before the fire. She had the tablecloth and napkins on her lap.

"Hester, look," Grandma said softly, tears coming from her eyes and rolling down her wrinkled face. "First time Santa Claus has come to see me since your grandfather died! I wonder where he got this nice tablecloth and napkins."

"Made them from feed sacks," I said.

"The prettiest things I ever saw in my life," she said. "Who in the world would have ever thought of making a tablecloth and napkins out of feed sacks!"

Grandma fondled the tablecloth and napkins like a little girl fondles her dolls on Christmas morning.

"I'm so proud to have a son like you," she said. "I'm the proudest I've ever been in my life. You have brought me joy and happiness I have never known before."

Then Grandma got up and walked over to me.

"Bend down," she said, "so I can hug and kiss you. You've grown so tall. You're the finest young man that ever grew up in The Valley."

And there was a new light in Grandma's eyes and there must have been in mine, too, as we looked at each other on this white Christmas morning.

SPRING VALLEY CHURCH

(Continued from Page 23)

The Hillards soon discovered they felt like often. They discovered they liked a lot of ings about the church, besides Dan Chur- n, the energetic young minister who sang the choir and taught the young adults' unday school. Friendly and informal—that as it. Children romping in the front yard, eople chatting on the church steps. Why, here were even a couple of ladders left lean- ng against the wall during the service.

That day Dorothy and Bill Hillard found ut what made the church different from ther churches they had attended so casu- lly. They never would have guessed that he handsome Colonial red-brick church had een built by the unskilled but determined esidents of Spring Valley, who wanted a hurch of their own and were willing to work even years to create the church literally iece by piece. And yet today it is valued at ore than $100,000—about twice as much s the congregation put into it in actual oney—and the church debt is less than 5000!

How did all this come about? Like many ther outlying residential districts after the ar, Spring Valley had grown by leaps and ounds. More and more families came there o live, drawn by its pleasant location, well- aid-out residential streets, new school. But here wasn't a church. You had to drive six r eight miles in to the big churches of Hun- ington on Sunday.

A handful of Spring Valley citizens de- ided back in 1945 to change this. They lidn't want to be lost in the city churches vith plenty of members already. They vanted a church where they could meet their eighbors, give their children Christian raining, worship God without too much ormality. For two years they had been neeting in an old mansion used as a commu- nity center—without a pulpit and sitting on traight-backed chairs. Every Sunday morn- ng, the women arrived long before the serv- ce to clean and straighten up the dingy room hat had been used for meetings and social unctions during the week.

Then on V-J Day in August, while bells all over Huntington were ringing out, thirty charter members of the Spring Valley congregation met with Dr. T. Henry Patterson, minister of the Second Presbyterian Church in Huntington, to launch the building program. "We can't put a lot of money into this," a young father told him, "but we can give our spare time, and we're willing to do the work ourselves."

With $900 from the Home Missions Committee as a starter, they purchased a lot. Doctor Patterson proved to be more than just an adviser. He was a worker too. He operated the scraper for a whole week during the ground breaking. Bill Ellis, who drove the mule team, called him "the workingest preacher I ever saw."

There were few professionals in the building crew. The volunteer committee, headed by an engineer, a man in the contracting business and another who called himself "half a carpenter," set up a working schedule three nights a week, week ends and holidays.

The workers ranged from a doctor to a cellulose-tape salesman. They operated bulldozers and winch trucks, set steel girders, drove piles, put on roofs, laid floors, painted, plastered, and helped with wiring and plumbing. They made all the floor and window trim.

Practically every member of the Spring Valley congregation can point today to some particular work of his own in the church building. W. H. Patton, a grandfather and lifelong churchgoer, built unassisted the graceful wrought-iron balcony at the rear of the sanctuary. He is chief of vocational education for the Veterans Administration in this area. Another loyal worker is John Hamilton, who ran the meat department in a local grocery. In addition to superintending the Sunday School, he planted all the shrubs around the church and is proud of his landscaping artistry. The hardwood floor of the chancel was the work of the young minister,

(Continued on Page 85)

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This Year Give Food

WESSON'S DE LUXE FRUIT CAKE

This cherished recipe now varied 3 ways. Bake it dark, medium or light—whichever you prefer!

DARK DELUXE (basic recipe):

Preheat oven to 275° (slow). Mix together...

- **1 cup WESSON OIL**
- **1½ cups brown sugar (packed in cup)**
- ***4 eggs**

Beat vigorously with spoon or electric mixer for 2 minutes.

Sift together

- **2 cups *sifted* all-purpose flour, such as Gold Medal**
- ***1 teaspoon double-action baking powder**
- ***2 teaspoons salt**
- **2 teaspoons cinnamon**
- **2 teaspoons allspice**
- **1 teaspoon cloves**

Stir into oil mixture alternately with

- ****1 cup pineapple, apple or orange juice**

Mix **1 cup more *sifted* flour**

into

- **1 cup thinly sliced citron**
- **1 cup chopped candied pineapple**
- **1½ cups whole candied cherries**
- **1 cup raisins**
- **1 cup chopped figs**
- **3 cups coarsely chopped nuts**

Pour batter over fruit, mixing thoroughly. Line with brown paper 2 greased loaf pans, 8½ x 4½ x 2½-in. Pour batter into the pans. Place a pan of water on lower oven rack. Bake cakes 2½ to 3 hours in slow oven (275°). After baking, let cakes stand 15 minutes before removing from pans. Cool thoroughly on racks without removing paper. When cool, remove paper. Store by wrapping tightly in aluminum foil, then put in covered jar in a cool place to ripen.

*When using Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour: (1) Omit baking powder and salt. (2) Have fruit juice boiling hot when adding. (3) Do not add eggs until the mixture has cooled to lukewarm (about ½ hour).

**Do not use orange juice in Elegant White Cake because of color.

SPICY OLD-FASHIONED: *Follow* basic recipe but, use only 1⅓ cups white sugar instead of brown and add ¼ cup molasses. Instead of allspice and cloves, substitute 1 teaspoon nutmeg. In place of fruits and nuts, use: 2⅔ cups seedless raisins (15-oz. pkg.), 2 cups cut-up dates (1 lb.), 2 cups mixed candied fruit (1 lb.), 1 cup nuts in large pieces.

ELEGANT WHITE: *Follow* basic recipe, but use white sugar instead of brown sugar. Omit spices. In place of fruits and nuts, use: 1 cup thinly sliced citron, ½ cup thinly sliced candied lemon peel, 1 cup candied pineapple (1-in. pieces), 1½ cups whole candied cherries, 3 cups seedless white raisins (1 lb.), 2 cups nuts in large pieces.



AMERICA'S NO. 1 SALAD OIL AND LIQUID SHORTENING

STIR-N-ROLL MINCE PIE

From Betty Crocker's Staff at General Mills

Preheat oven to 425°. Mix together...

- **2 cups sifted Gold Medal Flour**
- ***1½ tsp. salt**

Pour into one measuring cup (but don't stir)

- **½ cup WESSON OIL**
- **¼ cup cold whole milk**

Then pour all at once into flour.

Stir until mixed. Press with hands into smooth ball. Cut in halves; flatten halves slightly.

Place one half between 2 sheets of waxed paper (12 in. square). Roll out gently until circle reaches edges of paper. (Waxed paper will not slip while rolling pastry if table top is slightly damp.) Peel off top paper. If dough tears, mend without moistening by pressing edges together, or press a scrap over tear.

Lift paper and pastry by top corners; they will cling together. Place (paper side up) in 9-in. pie pan. Carefully peel off paper. Gently ease and fit pastry into pan. Add *None Such Mincemeat* Filling; follow package instructions. Trim crust even with rim.

TOP CRUST: Roll as above and place over filling. Trim to rim. Seal by pressing gently with fork or by fluting edge. Snip 3 or 4 small slits near center. Bake about 40 min. in hot oven (425°) until golden brown.

*If you use Gold Medal *Self-Rising* Flour, omit salt. Bake about 50 minutes at 375°.

Wesson Oil is a reg. trademark of the Wesson Oil & Snowdrift Co., Inc. "Gold Medal" is a reg. trademark of General Mills, Inc.

(Continued from Page 83)

Dan Churton, who never before laid a floor in his life.

A key to the side door of the church hangs behind the screen on the porch of the Randall Nelson home next door. Mr. Nelson, a frequent worker at the church in his blue-and-white-striped coveralls, was recruited to keep an unofficial watchful eye on church property. He kept youngsters from trampling flowers and hedges and dashing into and out of the church. His wife Hattie kept *her* eye on the church housekeeping, getting things ready for meetings, making sure the hot-water tank was turned off at night, seeing that coffee makers were put away clean.

"I never figured so many people would be interested," Mr. Patton said, "people who didn't even go to our church." Mr. Patton wasn't one to let an opportunity slip by, and he got busy and made the acquaintance of some of the "sidewalk superintendents" watching the construction work and invited them to help. They did. And they came to church, too: Methodists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Baptists, making it a real community church. There was Charley Saunders, who came over and built a badly needed tool shed. Willis Callon went to work and turned the field in front of the church into a lawn and has kept it mowed ever since. After a church radio broadcast, Mrs. Frank Mann, a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Huntington, called. "That was a nice talk and nice music too. But no service ever sounds right without an organ. I'd love to give you one."

On Christmas, 1946, the first service was held in the bare shell of the building. Only Santa Claus in his heavy red suit stuffed with pillows was warm. The little angels were shivering in their filmy white costumes. The concrete floor was cold under their feet and the wind whipped in under the makeshift doors. The congregation, huddled together in the unheated room, shivered, too, but they were aglow with the excitement of worshiping for the first time in their own church.

THIS year there was a full house for the first Easter service held in the church's new sanctuary. The young people occupied the pulpit and led the prayers at the sunrise service. During the regular service later in the morning, Dan Churton received eight new members into the church. Butterflies drifted in and out of the open windows. The busy men hadn't got around to the matter of screens yet. It was a big day for the Sunday school, too, with 140 attending. The Easter rabbit visited all the classes, and there was an Easter-egg hunt later that afternoon.

THE people of Spring Valley give credit for much of the church's success to their minister, who is a former Army chaplain and a native of Huntington ("Most of the congregation 'knew me when,'" Dan Churton laughs). He firmly believes the church should be active in the community and has helped the congregation map out a lively program to put their faith to work in their everyday lives. There is the Spring Valley Men's Club, open to *all* men in the community, and dedicated to civic betterment. The membership, composed of many businessmen, is working on projects to improve sewage disposal, organize a kindergarten and improve community parks and playgrounds. There are young people's programs, choir practices, Bible-study classes, and the family suppers, when everybody comes and takes potluck. "This is often the only social gathering I get to in the month," one young mother said.

Today the church stands almost finished. Members of the church still give a total of approximately eighty hours' volunteer work each week to the building project, completing interior decoration and the recreation hall. They're still sitting on folding chairs, and will continue to do so until they've raised $3000 for new pews. Meanwhile, the women's "talent money," which totaled $300 last year through sales of cakes, giving home permanents and collecting old magazines, will be stretched through co-operative effort to equip the kitchen and Sunday-school rooms and provide new draperies. The church belfry is yet to be constructed. Each Sunday two old locomotive bells donated by a railroad ring out from a tiny platform set up on a wooded hill behind the church.

But as Dorothy Hillard says, "It's a real church just the same. It's the kind of religion people like us can take part in. By giving something of ourselves we have put more meaning and purpose into our lives and activities. We feel a new and important relationship to our neighbors and our community."

And like the men and women who through the ages have struggled to create a place to worship God with the labor of their hands, Bill and Dorothy have found a new kind of church. But it's really the oldest kind of church in the world. THE END



Geraldine Smith

Men have to learn

"MEN weren't *born* knowing how to govern," says Geraldine Smith, of Carmel, California. "I wish more women would realize that. Men had to learn just like us." Her work as a city-council member she says is simply housekeeping and budget making on a large scale. "And I like it!"

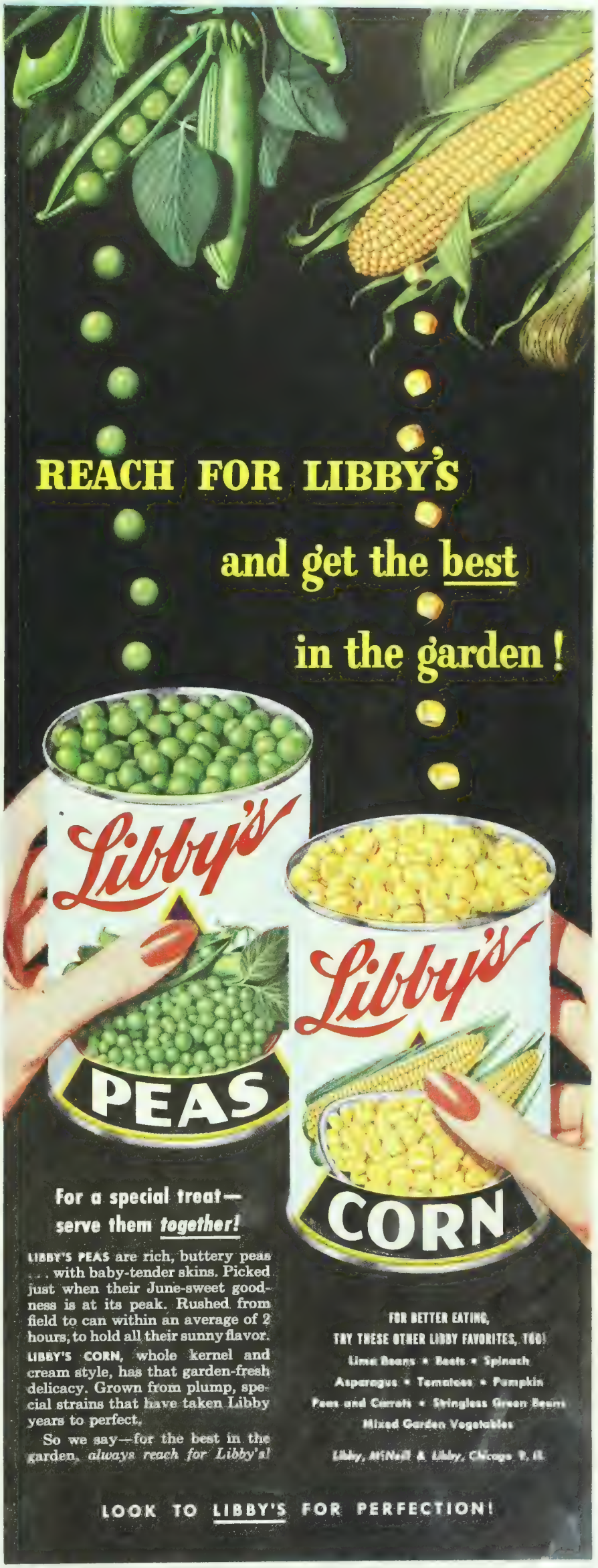
She also likes keeping house for her family, and is able to manage with no help other than the three young Smiths—Sandra, 14, Craig, 11, and Suzi, 9. "Sometimes my schedule *does* get a little complicated, but my husband's store is only four blocks from home. If I am out politicking the children can always get forgotten lunch money from him."

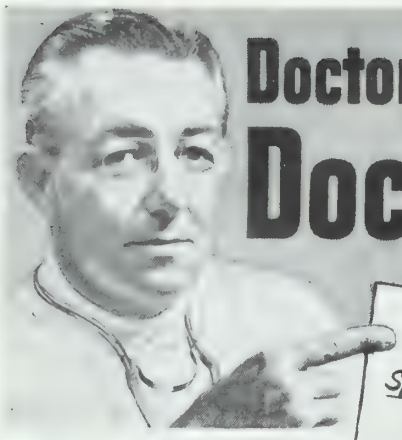
The William Arley Smiths settled in Carmel in 1945, when Mr. Smith emerged from a five-year stint in the Navy. Mrs. Smith was elected to the city council last spring, the first woman member in sixteen years. She had little knowledge of community affairs until she joined the Carmel P. T. A., which she thinks is the ideal introduction for women. Since then, while serving in several P. T. A. offices, she has also worked with the League of Women Voters and the Democratic Woman's Club.

"It doesn't leave much time for hobbies," Geraldine Smith admits, "but then, cooking is my hobby. What JOURNAL reader can resist those luscious-looking pictures?"



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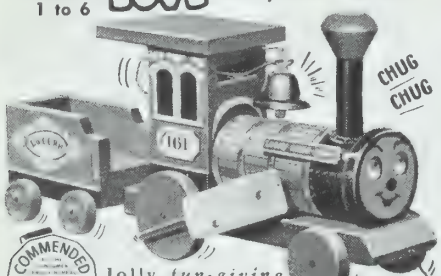
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H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

The mother who is occupied with her baby in a rooming-in arrangement is much less likely to suffer from "third-day blues."

"Third-Day Blues"

By DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

I THINK I am safe in saying that no achievement of medical science is greater than what doctors in this generation have done for the physical welfare of mothers and babies. From a dangerous, dreaded experience, childbirth has become safe and comparatively painless. The number of babies born dead or injured or sick has diminished to a point where mothers no longer have to fear these tragedies, or even think about them.

But I am afraid we have neglected the equally important task of preparing the new mother psychologically. Not just for the act of birth itself, but also for the mental states associated with having a first infant.

I have talked to hundreds of young mothers who seemed bewildered, even resentful, at what they felt was the burden of taking care of a new baby. I have seen some who simply couldn't cope with it. They took refuge in imagined illness or emotional outbursts, sometimes with irreparable harm to family relationships.

A few of these cases, of course, emerge from instability or deep-lying emotional disorders, and require psychiatric treatment. But the great bulk of disturbed new mothers are needlessly upset. They simply have not been prepared adequately to face the changes ahead of them.

For instance, many mothers have an apparently unaccountable fit of depression soon after the baby is born. They may have phantasies of injury to their babies. Or suddenly they find themselves wishing they had never had a baby. How can they possibly be good mothers, they feel, when they have these sensations? Doctors and hospital nurses are well aware of this phenomenon, and even have a name for it—the "third-day blues."

The "third-day blues" in fact are one reason why so many doctors today favor the new "rooming-in plan" in hospitals for mothers and babies. The mother who is kept busy looking after the needs of her new baby herself is less likely to be left with an emotional void which can be filled up with depressed feelings. If depressio does occur, the mother who is occupie with her baby in a "rooming-in" arrange ment will nearly always get over it soone

But the mistake made commonly in th usual circumstances is to treat the di turbed mother as though she were a sulk child and try to "snap her out of it," wit assumed cheerfulness and bright observa tions on how happy she should be with h darling baby. If the mother has any discern ment at all, she will see through these e forts immediately. In addition to annoyin her, they are likely to make her feel sti more depressed.

Pep talks are the last thing a mothe needs when she is undergoing the "third day blues." Instead she should be told th reason for her depression. After long month of anticipation, the great event has come an gone. Her emotions have been tremendousl stirred by the joy and elation of at last hol ing her baby in her arms. Temporary e haustion is an almost inevitable aftermath Like a child on the day after Christmas, th average woman can hardly help being su prised and somehow disappointed to di cover that she is still the same person.

DOCTOR BUNDESEN'S booklets, used by many thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

BEFORE THE BABY COMES (prenatal months), No. 2383, 50c.

OUR BABIES (complete book of information on care of the baby), No. 1345, 50c.

A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER (breast-feeding helps), No. 1346, 10c.

Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Every expectant mother should know that a period of depression following a baby's birth happens right along and is in no way abnormal. It is largely the result of strong emotion at a time of physical weakness. It does not mean at all that a mother is unnatural or will be inadequate. She will regain her good spirits and her joy in her baby along with her physical strength. It is important, too, for the husband to understand the reasons for his wife's depression, so that he will not be unduly worried and communicate his concern, thus adding to the general upset.

When she is safely past the "third-day blues," the new mother's next big psychological hurdle is to adjust herself to a household routine that is dominated by the baby's demands. Modern infant care permits the baby to eat and sleep according to its individual desires, instead of being on a rigid, time-clock schedule, as we required a few years ago. Babies are usually much happier as a result. But unless they are prepared in advance to adjust all their activities to the baby's needs for two or three months, mothers are often upset to find they rarely have time they can call their own.

In these matters, an understanding attitude on the part of the husband is especially important. If he is willing to take over some of the responsibilities of baby care in the evenings and on week ends, for example, a few hours are provided in which the mother can read, rest or visit with friends. This is all that is needed, usually, to restore her to a calm outlook and buoyant spirits. Few women can maintain these if the round of cooking and cleaning and attending to the baby is unremitting.

I have said before, but it should be repeated again and again, that plans made carefully in advance for the care of the baby are also an important way of avoiding psychological hazards. Too often young parents fail to arrange for the baby's belongings properly, to name one item. With all the tasks one must perform for a tiny baby, the unorganized home is soon in a state of chaos that grates on the nerves of everyone in it. For the baby is sensitive to his surroundings, too, and is likely to react violently against confusion. Oftentimes child problems and antagonism between child and parent arise from such avoidable situations as this.

Fitting a baby into its new home should be prepared for in advance just as much as any other kind of job. More so, indeed, for it is tragic if the pleasure one should have in one's baby is turned to annoyance and worry.

Psychological preparation for parenthood includes learning all you can in advance about the techniques of baby care. Think through the operations you will have to perform for the new infant. With the help of your doctor, make a list of all the things you will need. Study the list carefully, and then decide on the most convenient place for everything to be kept. Know what you are going to do when you come home from the hospital—there are innumerable books and pamphlets which give you these details—and figure out in your mind how you are going to do it. You have no idea how much worry, upset and disturbance you will be spared if you follow this course.

Even with the best-laid plans, a certain amount of confusion and disorder is inevitable with a first baby. Moreover, parents are going to be tied down for a time—there is no escaping it. It should be understood that this is part of the price we pay for the deep and lasting satisfactions of parenthood. It is a price worth paying.

But it should be understood, too, that as the mother's strength returns and she gets the hang of her new tasks, the disturbances will smooth out and disappear. No woman can go through such soul-stirring experiences as childbirth and new motherhood without some emotional reverberations. Knowing this in advance, and having the husband as well as the wife prepared to take them in stride, is a big step toward being really good parents.

O RUGGED LAND OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 35)

Oh, we had a lovely time in the mine, with lots of chatter and laughter. I held the canvas to catch the bits of rock Don chipped off with a hammer and moil. We cut twenty-eight channel samples. Don gave each one a number and wrote in his notebook where they all came from. I tied them up and stowed them in the packsack, then we started back to the cabin.

Just as we came out of the canyon onto the hill trail, there stood the big buck, chewing away on some brush.

"Today Wednesday?" whispered Don, slipping out of the packsack.

"It sure is," I whispered back.

The mail boat always leaves on Thursday. Lloyd would have a buck.

Don whistled. The buck raised his head, looked toward us, alert—poised to dash away into the brush—and he had as pretty a set of horns as I have ever seen. Don shot him. Fine head shot, perfect four-point horns, and a big feller, all of which Lloyd would point out to his school pals, implying that *his* father always got the biggest bucks and always made head shots. And I knew just how my boy would strut as he delivered a mess of chops to this friend, a roast to that one, and stew meat to Old Henry, who has no teeth.

I took the packsack of samples and Don packed the buck down the hill. Don left the buck in the skiff—spread it open to let it cool out, then hurried into the pilothouse to look at the tide table.

"Slack tide at seven-forty-two. Maybe we ought to run down tonight; or we could go in the morning, take the outboard, cross Dry Pass and save all that run around Jasper Reef. What do you say, Ladybug?"

"I say I don't like the outboard, it's too cranky. You go alone and I'll go finish at the upper cabin and get my eiderdown and the few things to come from there."

"Why, Martha, that motor has run fine since we got the new coil," Don chided me, then added, "But a long trip in an open boat wouldn't be so good for you; besides, the skiff will go faster with only me in it."

So we decided that I would finish the cabin chores while Don went to meet the mail boat.

"And don't forget to put the tin can over the smokestack," he reminded me.

The barometer was falling. Don scanned the sky for weather signs. Filmy "mare's-tails" stretched across the heavens.

"I don't like the look of it," he said. "We'll run behind the island, then if she happens to blow while I'm gone you'll not worry about drifting."

He stowed the samples away in a locker, then brought out the box of ore specimens, and together we looked (for perhaps the hundredth time) at the chunks of rock spattered with free gold. We used the mineral glass, not because we needed it, but we liked to make the gold specks look bigger, liked to exclaim over the look of the yellow metal.

"Where's the specimen we found today?" he asked.

"Oh, Don, I left it in the tunnel. I'll get it tomorrow."

We talked of the mine we would develop and the town that would be built here; even named it—Donsam, it should be called. We felt rich and glad and oh, so happy.

All evening we talked: of our son gone to town in time for the start of school, of the little one under my heart, the nice home we would have, how we would travel to far places, and how the best part of every trip would be coming back to our home and to the mine which would make all those splendid things possible.

Before we went to bed I hurriedly wrote letters to Lloyd and my mother—told them all was well with us and that we would be home for Thanksgiving.

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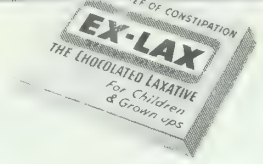
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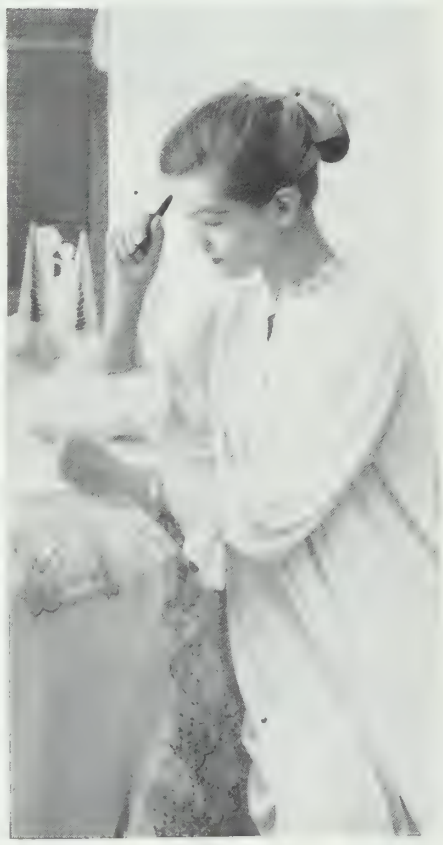
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At daybreak we had fine weather, but the barometer was still falling.

"I think she'll hold for today," Don said.

I packed a grub box and tied up the bedroll (we don't go across the bay in a skiff at this time of the year without some provision) while Don fixed the outboard motor and filled the gas tank. He said for me not to fret if a blow should come up, for he would stay where he could get ashore in mighty short order.

"'By, mother," and he kissed me.

The motor started easy, made a nice purr. I waved to him just before he went around the island and out of sight. He smiled and raised his hand.

I never saw him again. I heard his voice, but I did not see him. I do know I heard his voice. Oh, Don, don't be dead. Come back to me.

Whatever am I to do? Maybe I'll die, too, but I don't want to die. I want to live and have my baby. Maybe Don isn't dead after all, for I know he called to me. But why doesn't he come? I hurt all over. I can hardly see. My head hurts most of all.

I stood on the boat deck listening to the sound of the motor until I could hear it no more, then I washed dishes, pumped the bilge, did all the boat chores and made ready to climb the hill.

I was in the dinghy when I thought about a gun, so I went back and got Don's. It hangs nearest to the pilothouse door and was easy to reach. Because the sling is too long for me I had to carry it cater-cornered across my shoulders. We always carry a gun in the woods, for there are lots of big brown bears.

There were cat's-paws on the water when I went across the flat, and by the time I was halfway up the hill it started to blow hard. And it rained—really poured down. My clothes are supposed to be water-repellent, but in a few minutes I was sopping wet. I hurried, for it isn't safe to be in heavy timber when a strong wind is blowing, and I fretted for fear it wasn't good for me to hurry while climbing the steep hill trail. In open spaces the wind almost blew me over.

I was thankful to reach the shelter of the cabin and soon had a roaring fire. I stripped off my wet clothes and put on Don's woolen underwear. It was heavy and itchy, but none of my things had been left in the cabin and I had to have something to wear until my clothes dried.

There is a fatality about good resolutions. They are always made too late.
—OSCAR WILDE

THE storm increased in violence. The cabin creaked in all its joints. I thought of Don on the water, shivered and felt ill with fear for him. I wondered where he was and figured out from the lapse of time pretty near to where he had to be. Don should have met the mail boat, put the deer aboard, handed up the letters, exchanged a few quick words of gossip, and been heading back toward home. At the first wild snort of the storm he would have gone ashore and pulled the skiff up after him. Oh, Don was safe—he was always careful, never took chances.

I got on with my job, picked up and righted things in the cabin, put food that would freeze into the cache down under the floor and dry stuff on the swing shelf. I hung clothing and bedding on the wire line to keep the mice from chewing them up for nests. I left one bunk made, and my eiderdown unrolled, for if the storm kept on I might have to stay overnight.

There were dishes to wash up and I needed water. The porch eave was in the lee of the cabin, and I put the tub out to catch some of the deluge. I fixed myself a bite to eat, but wasn't hungry—only nibbled. By midafternoon the rain stopped and the wind had eased up. I went on the porch and sniffed of the air. The storm was over, and I decided to go to the tunnel for my specimen.

My clothes were nice and warm and dry enough. I put them on over Don's underwear, got into my shoepacks and coat, fixed a carbide miner's lamp, swung the gun across my shoulders, and started for the mine.

The canyon trail was fairly littered with branches. In half a dozen places muck had washed down off the wall. I lit my lamp and went into the tunnel, found my specimen and came out quickly. It began to rain again just as I started along the trail.

At the forge the keg we use for tempering steel had not been emptied. It would freeze and burst the hoops and have to be replaced next summer. I dumped the water and turned the keg upside down. I picked up the lamp and specimen and went on. No more than a minute in time had been lost. Just one little minute.

Oh, God. Don is gone. Now I can't ever see him again. Not ever or ever. I am alone. All alone and so badly hurt. Oh, this terrible wilderness.

I MUST explain everything and put it all down. I had passed the forge ten or twelve steps. No more than that. Suddenly I heard a sharp cracking sound—the sound of breaking and tearing, and almost at the very same instant, the terrified voice of my husband shouted a warning to me.

Don's voice is the most confusing and distressing of all my troubles. I know Don was not there. I could not have heard his voice. Still I do know that I did hear him.

At the cry from Don, I instinctively jumped ahead.

The cracking instantly became a roar, a great blast of cannon, all the claps of thunder rolled together to make one great solid sound, magnified and re-echoed by the canyon walls. It was a noise with body, solid like a wall. A sound filling all the earth and all the space between heaven and earth, a monstrous convulsion of the universe, chaos.

The vicious beast that was the noise jerked me off my feet, scourged and lashed me, lifted me high into the air, whirled me about in a caldron filled with violent hurtling parts of disintegrated earth. I can't remember anything hitting me, I can't remember stopping. Maybe I was too frightened to have any feelings. Soon I just stopped knowing anything.

It was the gun that caught and let me live. I want so much to stay alive. My head aches terribly. I am so tired.

If Don were alive he would come to me. He is dead. I don't believe that. Deep in my soul I know Don is alive. Maybe he is bad hurt and needing me. Please, dear God, let me get strong enough to go find Don.

I awoke to a still night with stars overhead. Battered and sore, I was held fast in the limbs of the scrawny alder which grew in rock crevices near the top of the canyon wall. The gun across my shoulders had wedged among the alder branches and held my body suspended over a sheer drop to the bottom of the canyon.

When I finally grasped where I was and how dangerous it was, I clamped my left hand tight onto a branch and shouted and screamed for help until I could call no more. There was the taste of blood in my mouth. I slept for a while. When I awoke again the stars were still overhead. I had no idea whether it was the same night or the next. There was no sound of wind and no roar from the swollen canyon creek.

The gun sling held me tight and I kept quiet, not daring to move, unable to think. I turned my head a little and looked at more stars. I moved a little and began to have feeling in my body. My right arm was of no use at all and it hurt with every movement. I tried to put my hand inside my shirt to keep it warm, but I was fuddled and couldn't seem to get anything done. From the knee down my right leg was numb. It felt asleep. I was afraid of suddenly coming loose and falling into the canyon. My head was cut and blood was sticky on my face and in my ear.

I called to Don for help. I cried and screamed and begged him to come. Then, out

(Continued on Page 90)

"My husband and I trade roles at Christmas!"

"All the rest of the year," Rosalind Russell explains, "he's Frederick Brisson, the well-known producer. But come the holidays, *he's* the star and I'm in charge of production. On Christmas it's I who actually 'deck the halls with holly.'



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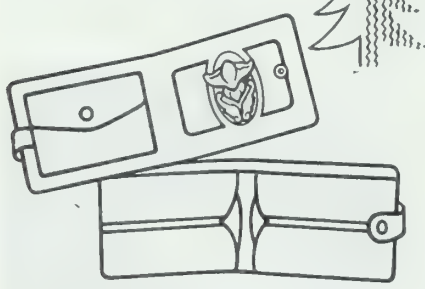
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(Continued from Page 88)

of the silent night, from above the canyon, I heard Don's voice, far away, yet clear and distinct.

I know he wasn't there, yet I did hear his voice. I believed he was calling me, and I did not feel hurt or helpless any more.

I began to struggle and grasp, to pull and hold on, never looking below, for below me was utter destruction, while above me was life and the solid earth. When I stopped for breath, I could hear Don calling, then I would try again. Somehow I freed myself from the gun sling, clawing, clinging, holding to twigs with my teeth—with only one good arm and one good foot to help me.

I struggled and strained in the darkness, felt about for another alder limb, gripped it and stretched a little farther. Slowly, slowly I moved upward and onto the trail. I lay and slept and Don's voice awakened me. He urged me on, begged me to crawl along the rock shelf, and I followed the call. I inched my way like a worm, kept moving until I was out of the canyon and onto the hill. I had to have water. It seemed I would die of thirst. I found a little puddle in the hill trail and drank. Then I knew I must go to the cabin. I did not try to walk. I crawled. Not the way a baby crawls, but as a worm crawls. When I came to puddles, I would drink from them, for I was terribly thirsty all the time.

Crawling and resting, sliding and pulling myself along the trail mud, around trees and across grassy spots, down the steep hillside to the cabin, I made my way and at last was within the cabin door.

It was day and the sun was shining.

I looked at my arm. It looked awful. I thought it was broken in two places, but now I think it was broken in one place only and just dislocated at the wrist. I couldn't think about anything but my arm. I had to make my arm straight and whole again. I did not even think of my other hurts.

I lay on the cabin floor and held my broken arm to my breast. Then I saw a coil of fuse on a low shelf. Nearby was kindling wood. I needed no more. Reaching the fuse, I pulled a lot of it free and passed it around the post which holds one end of the shelves. I made a slip loop from the double strand and gathered some kindling wood to me. I unfastened my belt and put it over my hurt arm at the elbow, then I fastened it again and made it as tight as I could. I was so tired I had to lean against the wall and rest.

After a while I inched forward and placed my hurt hand in the slip loop, pulled with all my strength and braced my good foot against the shelf post. With my sound hand, I held the broken place, twisted and worked it until I could feel the bones fit together straight and right. Then I poked kindling wood up my sleeve and along my arm. I bound it there with the free end of the fuse, and when I took off the slip loop, my arm stayed straight. I put lots more kindling wood up my coat sleeve, all around my arm, and wrapped more and more fuse around it.

My head hurt and my nose was bleeding again. I was so very tired I just leaned against the cabin wall and went to sleep.

Sometime in the night I awoke; my arm was hurting bad. I fumbled in the darkness, unwrapped the fuse and took away the sticks. My arm was swollen enormously, my hand felt puffed, and I could feel dents in the flesh where the kindling had been. But my arm was straight. I was so glad. I opened my shirt, unbuttoned my underwear and very gently lifted my arm and placed it under my clothes, my bloated right hand on my left shoulder. I held it there, tenderly stroking it as I leaned against the wall. Then I went to sleep again.

I am thankful I had the gun across my back. It kept me from falling to the very bottom of the canyon and being buried alive under tons of muck and rock. I guess I wouldn't have known anything about it. I don't know too much about it as it is.

The gun is still there. It's Don's new gun. He was so proud of it. Lloyd and I gave it to him for his birthday. Don said it was the best shooting gun he ever had. I wish I could get Don's gun and clean it and oil it and take care of it. It was such a good gun and Don liked it so much.

Oh, Don, I can't even take care of your gun. How, then, am I to take care of your children—our son and this tiny one?

I am improving. Oh, I'm thankful to see my hand fitting onto my arm as a hand should fit. I'll take very good care of my arm and keep it straight. My nose has not run bloody water for several days, but my head still aches. I do feel much better. My brain seems to be working better too. I pray God to let me stay alive until Sam comes. Maybe He will let me live for the sake of my baby. She can keep on living only if I live, and I must take care of myself for her sake. I think awhile and pray awhile, consider what I can do for myself, then get busy and try to do something.

The second day in the cabin I made a fire, which was no trouble, since we always leave shavings at hand. I put water on to heat and found a thin board, the side of an old powder box, and split it to make splints for my arm.

I got my coat off and that was an awful task. I thought I never would get that coat off. I didn't try to take off any more of my clothes; it was too much trouble. I rolled up my shirt sleeve and was going to wash my hurt arm in hot water, but I was getting too tired, so I only tied it up with the board splints and the towel and the dishrag. I drank lots of water and went to sleep again. I didn't try to get in the bunk, just sat against the cabin wall and slept.

In the night I was thirsty. I got a drink, then slept again. Soon it was day and I knew I was much better. I was hungry. I made another fire and fixed tea with lots of sugar in it. I ate raw oatmeal and raisins and drank my hot tea. And I felt good enough to see how dirty I was. I wanted to be clean. A shirt of Sam's big underwear was hanging on the line just above my head. I pulled it down and planned to wear it. I put water in the basin on the floor and got a washrag. I took my hair down and lots of it came off in my hand. One of the big hairpins was broken in two. I think the rock that hit my head must have cut my hair and broken that hairpin. My hair was matted with dried blood. I washed my face and neck. Then I reached into the can where we keep bacon grease, got out a good lot and rubbed it all over my head and on my chin.

My right hand hurt too much for a real wash, so I only washed it a little bit, and that very gently. With the butcher knife I slit the sleeve of Don's union suit, and got out of the top part—stripped down to the waist. Then I did manage to get Sam's clean undershirt on, but only barely managed. My head began to hurt much worse and I got dizzy, so I stopped trying to do anything. I sat on the floor and slept.

I was there an awfully long time. Sometimes I knew things and sometimes I didn't know much. All my body had a strange, prickly feeling and the cabin seemed to be swaying like treetops in a breeze. Sometimes I opened my eyes and it was day, then it would be night again. I thought I should try to keep track of the days and fretted a bit because I couldn't remember.

I woke up. Wide-awake. It was dark. I knew where I was, but I didn't know what had awakened me. Then suddenly I realized the mice were eating me. Not me, but the dried blood and bacon grease in my hair. I

(Continued on Page 92)

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(Continued from Page 90)

shooed them away. They came again and licked grease off my chin. A mouse's tongue is rough. I was afraid of their sharp white teeth and I kept trying to shoo them away, but every time I did it they would come right back.

Then it was day and the mice went back to their home.

I moved about and found food and drink. I felt much better. I was not dizzy any more, and after a little I found I could move easier. I felt pretty good, good enough to know how filthy I was. I couldn't stand to live in that condition. I needed lots more water and the pail was nearly empty. I was upset until I remembered the tub out under the eave—plenty of water there.

The men's working clothes had all been left in the cabin but none of my things were there. I decided to wear Sam's. He is the biggest and he gets things about four sizes too large for him. He wears suspenders, and the tops of his pants are so wide that chips and bark and muck and all sorts of things get into his pants. He just shakes a little and things come falling out the bottom like going through a funnel. He looks funny and we laugh at him.

Getting the clothes down off the line was an enormous lot of work, but I got all that I would need, and found soap and towels and clean dishcloths to make a better bandage for my arm. I rested lots of times. I could go on my right knee, but could not stand on my right foot. I was worried about that leg; it hurt a lot.

I made another fire and brought in a little water. My right shoepack had a hard knot and I couldn't get it undone. I knew my leg was badly swollen to make the shoepack so tight. I took the butcher knife and cut my pants leg and the underwear, and pulled them off over the shoepack. The other shoepack I got off without trouble.

I took a pretty fair sponge bath, and put on clean clothes. I put a fresh bandage on my arm and was happy to find the swelling going down and the arm still straight.

I ate raw dried apples and peanut butter, made more tea, drank it scalding hot and very sweet. I shook some kerosene out of the lamp and rubbed it in my hair, to discourage the mice. I got to the bunk and my good eiderdown. By that time I was all worn out and it was getting on toward night. I went to bed for the first time since I had been hurt, and I slept well.

Sometime during the night I woke up and I still felt good. My hurts were itching. I scratched them gently and they hurt nicely, not like pain. I wished the shoepack was off so I could scratch my leg. I lay there a long time rubbing my hurts and being thankful that the pain was gone. As I lay there just being lazy, a faint fluttering came in my abdomen. It came again and again and each time it seemed to be stronger. It was my baby stirring within my womb, the first time since I was hurt that I had felt the child move. And it was the first time that I had thought of the little one; always I had been thinking of myself. What an utterly selfish creature I was! Suddenly I was frightened. Then I was joyful. All my hurts might have killed the child. But the child lived and was strong. How glad I was!

WE have waited fifteen years for a second child. I must let nothing harm this little one. I must take gentle care of myself, rest and do no more work than is necessary to keep the fire and cook a little food. Every day I will write and that will make the days go fast. I thought of Don and wished that he could know that our child lived.

I think lots and lots about Don and remember many things. I have a wealth of good memories. Oh, but I am rich in memories. I remember the first time I ever saw Don. It was at a Christmas party in Baltimore, at my uncle's house. Uncle Ben was a professor of Latin at Johns Hopkins University. Don wasn't in his classes—he was studying math and science—but Uncle Ben had met him and thought he was a fine young man, and he invited him to the Christmas party to meet his daughters and nieces.

Don and I always loved each other. We didn't know it at first, but we came to know it. We were quite impressed with each other at uncle's Christmas party, and I danced more with him than with anyone else. Next day we went horseback riding together. I can remember the ride as if I were taking it right now. We went down to the old Shot Tower and we were late getting home. Aunt Nancy gave me a cross look, but Uncle Ben was sweet and he gave Don a drink of brandy. Uncle didn't give his brandy to everybody, not even at Christmastime. Two years and four months later we were married.

I REMEMBER how proud we were of this prospect. It is sure to make a mine and a dandy one. Both Don and Sam said so. That means lots of money for all of us. It means more than just that—it means that all the years of prospecting and trudging over rugged hills, all the leg aches and the backaches, all the hard climbs, the wind and rain and cold, the hunger of soul and body, discouragement and disappointment, all that and more have not been wasted effort. The men did find a mine, the kind they wanted—low cost for development and lots of high-grade free-milling gold ore. Now, Don and Sam are rewarded for their perseverance and determination, and I for my waiting. We are lucky, or we were until the storm.

A community is like a ship; everyone ought to be prepared to take the helm.

—HENRIK IBSEN

I hate this mine. I want Don. Something terrible has happened to him. I have thought of many things but I still don't know. At first I wouldn't let myself believe that he is dead. Even now I refuse to believe it. Maybe the motor balked before Don got halfway there, and he turned back and was at the boat by the beginning of the storm. He would have waited on the boat, then hurried up the hill; not finding me in the cabin, he would have gone on to the mine. He might have been nearby when the slide came, he would know the meaning of the first sounds and call a warning to me. That could be true, very true. Then where is Don? On the hill trail? And I haven't gone to look for him. Oh, I couldn't go.

Is this sane reasoning? Surely I am not out of my mind.

If only Sam would come. Sam is good, but I never liked him much. He's a restless, impatient man and every so often he just has to get drunk. He's not at all like Don.

Sam should have stayed here until the work was done. This mine is as much his as it is ours. It's all Mat Logan's fault. That bewhiskered old plug with his jug of moonshine coaxed Sam to go with him. Of course Sam doesn't require much coaxing; still, if it hadn't been for Mat, Sam would have stayed.

Sam is a good man, his heart is kind even when he is drunk. I'm sorry I didn't like him. I like him now and want him here. Sam would go find Don and bring him to the cabin—and when he comes he'll take care of us both. I must wait until Sam comes.

This was such a good summer and we all had a happy time. We worked hard and for long hours, all of us, even Lloyd and I. Don said we helped lots, said we were as good as two more hands. All our days were busy and filled with achievement and gladness. Now comes this sorrow and disaster.

I am alive, but hurt and alone. If Sam never comes, I will die a worse death than being buried at the bottom of the canyon. No. I will not die. I will live and have my baby. It is going to be the girl child we have wanted so long. I will help myself all I can, and please, dear God, help me some too.

I think so often of Don. I want to find his body and bury it before the bears or the ravens find it. If Don is in the canyon, I must find him; I must. I feel very much better. I am plenty strong enough now to go and find where he is. I'll go tomorrow.

(Continued on Page 94)



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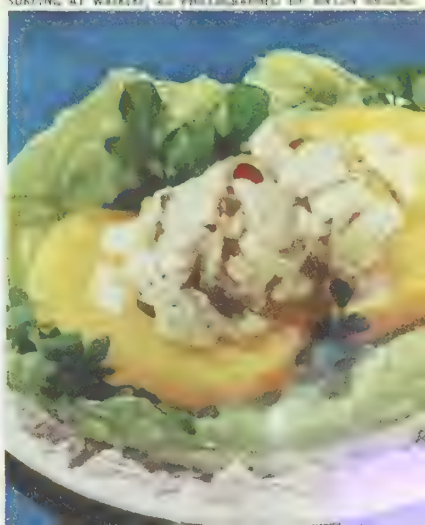


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(Continued from Page 92)

I am weary and bone-tired. I did go up the hill yesterday, but first I fixed my sore leg. It had been bothering me and I just had to get that shoepack off. I knew my leg was not broken for it was perfectly straight, but I thought maybe it had been cracked, and I was afraid that by pulling at the shoepack to get it off, it would be completely broken, so I cut the bottom from my shoepack, cut the bottom off my sock too. I rubbed my foot and worked my toes and my leg felt better.

I rested, then started up the hill. It was a hard climb. I had to rest most of the time. My foot was bare, sticking out from what was left of my shoepack, and when I rested I rubbed it and worked my toes. It felt good. I kept my hurt arm inside my shirt, but I used that elbow often. It was very helpful. I don't think I could have made it without the use of my elbow. After a long time I reached the slide.

A GREAT chunk of the mountain has broken away and gone tumbling down into the canyon. The rimrock is now several feet behind where the hill trail used to be. All sorts of debris, even whole trees, have gone down, nearly filling the canyon. The slide is quite long. It makes a dam across the canyon creek; the water has backed up and made a lake. No wonder I did not hear the roar of the creek the night I hung in the alder brush—there was no creek. I could see no sign of where the forge was or the tree that stood beside it—everything is covered with rock and muck. The portal of our tunnel is buried so deep that no one will ever dig it out. Our good mine is gone.

I was too tired to move and I forgot why I had come. For a long time I just sat there and looked. Afterwhile I did begin to think about Don and to wonder where he could be. I didn't think of hunting for him, not physically, but I hunted in my mind, looking at this place and that and saying, "He is not there." Then I saw a great stone right in the middle of the slide, and I said, "Don is there."

The stone has the look of a monument and is square with the canyon. I wanted to believe Don was buried beneath that stone. I thought it a worthy resting place for a good and honorable man.

Then something happened to me. I wanted to be dead and under that stone with Don. I wanted to throw myself into the canyon and stay forever beside my husband. I needed to crawl only the length of my body, no farther, to go over the rimrock, and I know I would have done so if I had had the strength. I was too weary to move, too exhausted to make any little effort, too helpless even to end my helplessness.

After a while my hand picked up things. I hardly knew what my hand was doing. I watched it as if it didn't belong to me, and I became interested in what was there to be picked up and dropped. I forgot all about wanting to be dead.

Then I found Don's glove. It was an old, old glove and had lain there on the ground for months. I know it was Don's, because only one pair of red-top gloves came on this place and he had them.

Was the glove a token to me that Don lived? A pledge that he would come back? My heart said, "Yes, yes." My brain couldn't think. I couldn't answer questions. I could only know I had Don's glove. I held it tight to my breast. Then I cried. It seemed I would go on crying forever. I had not cried before, I had shed no tears; now a flood came.

After the crying was over, I lay for a time resting, maybe sleeping. I no longer wanted to be dead, and when I remembered that I had thought of such a thing I felt hot with shame and I vowed, "I will not again think of suicide, no matter how hard my life may become. I will use my intelligence to the uttermost and I will work with all my strength to help my condition, to give birth to our child, and to keep my husband's home in readiness for his return. God be my witness."

I've cut my hair. The hurts on my head had been neglected and they bothered me a bit. I thought it would help to have short hair. The scissors up here were never very good—they've been used to cut tin and everything—and left-hand cutting isn't satisfactory, but I cut it as short as I could.

It still rains and my tub overflows, which, with the spring at a distance, is a blessing. I brought in water and heated a big potful. I sat on the floor and washed my head, soaped and soaked it thoroughly. It took a long time and made me tired, but I did get my head well washed and rinsed.

And I examined my cuts in the shaving mirror. The big one is over two inches long and it looked awful. A very sharp rock must have made it. I don't see how it missed knocking my brains out. No wonder I had such bad headaches. There are two more big enough to count and some others too small to be mentioned. I'll have a bad scar from the biggest one. A doctor could sew it up so it wouldn't look so big. I'm alive. Why should I mind a few scars?

I have been here alone for more than two weeks, probably three, and well past the time we were to have picked Sam up and gone home. Both Sam and Lloyd will wonder what has become of us, and soon Sam will do something about it. Surely in only a few more days he will be here.

He will go along the beach and see the boat. He will find the dinghy ashore and think that we went up to the mine, then he will start up the hill. Sam will be here soon—maybe tomorrow. He'll help me down the hill and onto a boat and we will go fast to find Don.

I think today is December first. I mark the days with a cross and the nights with a circle. That way I should be able to keep track of time, but I did not start at the beginning and I have to guess how many days passed before I invented my system. Two places I have circles together and I have three crosses in line. I don't know why I have them down like that. Anyway, I'm calling today December first.

I am getting better all the time. I am very pleased with my leg. The discolored flesh still looks ghastly, and there is some swelling but not much—more after I have been hobbling around for a while than when I first get up in the morning. My hurt arm is much better. I can do things with my right hand now and I keep rubbing it, working the fingers and making a fist. It is not nearly so stiff as it was and I can pick up things, lift a light weight.

I have been checking over supplies. The men had planned to start working early next spring, before the snow was gone, and so we laid in extra things last summer. Don made a cache under the floor; it's frostproof and chock-full of canned goods.

THE swing shelf is loaded with flour and cereals. There are four twenty-five-pound boxes, each better than half full of dried fruit—raisins, apples, prunes and peaches. Plenty of milk and sugar, coffee, tea, beans, rice, vinegar and shortening. There are cans of butter and bacon, dried eggs and cocoa. I could stay here all winter and never want for food. We also got wood up ahead, but not nearly enough for a whole winter. The corner behind the stove, under the grub shelves, is filled with split cedar kindling. It has been a splendid thing for me to have; made getting a fire easy. Stovewood is handy, too, and stacked high on the porch. There is a cord of wood blocks in the yard, so I need not worry about fuel.

There aren't many matches, less than a quarter of a box. Plenty of carbide and two lamps—the best lamp was lost, for it was the one I took to the mine. The flints seem to be all right, but I didn't try them; it takes two hands to light a carbide lamp. A miner's lamp is a wonderful thing to carry in the wilderness. If you have no matches, you can get a fire going quickly with a carbide lamp.

Lloyd and the Smiths will be getting anxious. It takes a lot to worry Lloyd, but when he does start to worry he really works at it. Poor child, his schoolwork will suffer and he wasn't exactly an A-1 student to begin with. I do hope I can get to town before worry about us interrupts his studies.

Lloyd is a big boy now, almost a man in his country; he doesn't need a mother to tag along and look after him. The Tom Smiths are old friends, a splendid family. Mary disciplines her own children, and Lloyd will surely be properly bossed. Lloyd and Joe are in the same grade, and have many common interests. Lloyd may worry, but he will have kind friends. He shouldn't be too worried yet.

Lloyd must have had a premonition of evil, he begged so hard for me to go with him. With all my heart I wish I had listened to my son. We would all be together now and safe if I had gone with Lloyd. Sam would have stayed with Don and postponed his drunk until he got to town.

Sam would have waited anyway if it hadn't been for old Mat Logan and his jug of whisky.

I am always mad at Sam when he gets drunk. I can't help being mad, but I do manage to keep my mouth shut. Don doesn't like it, either, but he thinks so well of Sam, otherwise, he tolerates his failing. Don said Sam was the best partner any man could ever have, and they've been partners twenty years. He is fifteen years older than Don and looks old enough to be Don's father.

Sam never did have much use for women, considers them a nuisance and a needless expense. He didn't want Don to get married, told him all women ever do is spend a man's money. He wanted Don to keep me in Washington and told him that he would see more than enough of a wife during the winter months when they couldn't be prospecting.

It took a long time for Lloyd and me to learn the ways of the wilderness. Often we grieved and distressed Don, I know, and we exasperated and vexed Sam. Yet we finally did learn some things. Don was a patient teacher, slow to censure and quick to praise. I know that we have rewarded him by conducting ourselves so as to make him proud of us. Sam still pretends to dislike our being here. He has been kind, especially to Lloyd, whom he truly adores, but he wouldn't give me a word of praise to save his life.

He will say things like this: "Sure, the bread is good—good enough. A man can eat it. I've ate better. Burned half a cord of wood baking it. Man can't do a thing round this place but cut firewood."

This can hardly be called high praise, but I'm onto Sam. I know he thinks well of me, because Mrs. Linton, in Big Sleeve, told me one of her boys asked him what I was like.

"Don Martin's got a fine woman," was Sam's answer.

Sam likes Lloyd a lot; he likes me some and respects me a great deal; but he loves Don. Sam would die for Don. Soon, Sam will come searching for Don and me.

Perhaps he will come today.

MORE rain here, snow on the tops of the hills, no wind. It would be good weather for a boat trip. I have cleaned up the cabin a bit, and I have a feeling company may come. I feel fine, and my arm is nearly well. I am writing with my right hand, doing fine too. I will keep the splints on my arm, however, until my leg becomes so strong I need have no fear of its giving way and making me fall. I can't take any chances of hurting myself all over again.

The child seems to be all right too. I feel quite a bit of movement, especially after I go to bed. Apparently she waits to take her exercise until I have finished mine.

I haven't made a thing for the baby. I had planned to do sewing and knitting as soon as I got home. There is still nearly two months and plenty of time to get together a layette. My people will send gifts. Mother is probably sewing right now. I wrote her and my youngest sister about the baby.

THE rain is gone and this is one fine day. I woke at dawn, made a fire and didn't go back to bed as I usually do. I stayed by the window and watched the first pink of morning grow to bright flame and touch the snowy peaks with color, reflected in the waters of the bay. I love the view from this cabin. I like the tides which never forget to come and go. They are so dependable that often we have told the time from them.

Best of all, I like our wild creatures, especially our nice little deer. This morning a doe and her fawn browsed across the open spot below the cabin. The young fellow looked nearly as big as his mother. Fawns have such long legs and their funny little faces are black and round. Two ravens flew over to see how I am doing and said, "Caw—clok," by way of making polite conversation, turning themselves half over in the air as they said "caw."

Next Month

Mary Farren went into the gun room one morning about half past eleven, and took her husband's revolver and loaded it, then shot herself.

SO begins the strange, compelling story of Lady Farren's suicide—and of all that lay behind it. For what makes a woman want to die? Why, when she is happy, when she is expecting the child of the man she loves, should she deliberately end her life?
Somewhere in the past was the answer. Someway it must be found.

NO MOTIVE
by Daphne du Maurier

Novel complete
in the January JOURNAL

It is more than a month since the storm and the slide and still no one comes to look for us. Something is very wrong. It is now well into December and long past time for winter to set in. Some years, there is little or no snow before Christmas. This good weather might keep up for another month; it might snow two feet deep tomorrow too. I can't afford to be caught here by snow and I've decided to go to the beach.

Yes, definitely I am going to the beach. I will go tomorrow.

I am in the beach cabin now. . . .

I am weary—weary. My hope is gone. The skiff is not here. Don never came back to camp.

But Sam has been here. Sam has gone. He will not come again.

I must have help. There is none. No one will come to this wilderness place in the wintertime. I am all alone and it is raining—cold rain, half snow.

If Don was shipwrecked, he might beachcomb materials to repair his skiff, and then he would come. Don will come as soon as he can. His troubles are surely greater than mine. He, too, must wait for rescue or death, and he doesn't even have a cabin in which to wait.

The Indians might come, but not for a while, not until toward spring. They begin to trap near home and move their camp from cove to cove, catching all the mink and otter in one place before going on to the next.

My child will be born in February. I need help now. I cannot wait until February. No one will come to me in time to save my child.

God in heaven, let me know what I should do, and I will work to do it; so long as I have an ounce of strength, I will work.

But what? What shall I do?

I have poked the can off the smokestack and built a fire and made tea. I have my hurt leg close beside the fire, and the warmth is good. I am feeling much better, yet I'm afraid my mind is confused. If I think through yesterday, then perhaps I can go on to make some workable plans.

The night before my trip I cleaned the upper cabin, made shavings and stowed things away. I slept well and got up at daybreak. I didn't make fire because I had enough

DOMENIC SCHIARIZZI, *Executive Chef....*
of Boston's world-famous Sheraton Plaza Hotel
and its.... Merry-go-Round Restaurant



says "MEXENE gives the perfect touch to *Shrimp Saute*"

and here's his recipe preferred by gourmets the world over

SHRIMP SAUTE MEXICAN
(Serves 6 to 8)

1½ lbs. cooked and cleaned shrimp	1 No. 2 can tomatoes
3 pcs. medium sized green peppers	1 No. 2 can tomato puree
12 pcs. medium sized mushrooms	2 cups water
2 pcs. medium sized onions	1 pc. bay leaf
	1½ tsp. Mexene seasoning
	2 tsp. salt

Cut in Julienne the green peppers, mushrooms and onions above. Saute the onions for a few minutes in a little butter. Add the mushrooms and green peppers. Continue cooking for an additional five minutes. Add the tomatoes, the tomato puree and the water. Season with Mexene, bay leaf, and salt, and cook for an additional thirty minutes.

Saute the shrimps in a little butter in a separate pan for five minutes. Mix with the sauce and cook all together for an additional ten minutes.

Shrimp Saute Mexican may be served with rice if desired.

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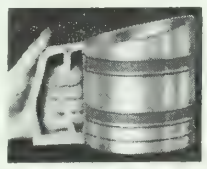
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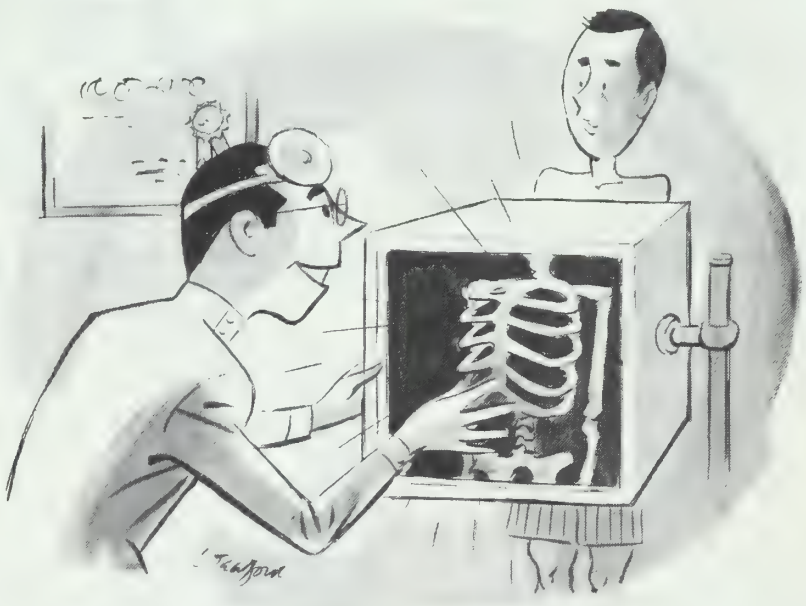
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No wonder WINDEX SPRAY outsells all other glass cleaners combined!

cooked food for breakfast and a lunch. After breakfast I washed the cook pot and dressed warm. I'd ruined my right shoepack cutting it off my foot, so I had to wear one of Don's minepacks. It's much too big for me, but it just had to do. The sky was clouded over and a misty drizzle was falling. The world was enveloped in a soft grayness. I felt fine, excited maybe, but filled with purpose and hope.

THE trip was hard, and it took longer than I expected. There are five windfalls across the trail, two of them very difficult to get around. I slid as much as I could, but once, a little better than halfway down, I slid too fast, lost control and banged into a tree and bumped my sore leg. It hurt so much that the tears came and I felt sick at my stomach. The injury is right in the same place as the first one. I could hardly bear to touch it. I didn't walk or slide an inch more. All the rest of the way I crawled.

As soon as I came out of the timber I looked along the beach for Don's skiff. Nothing was on the beach. Then I looked at the cabin and I saw a can over the smokestack. I knew Sam had put it there. Don never would have fooled with any old smokestack, he would have rushed up the hill to me. No one but Sam would have bothered to put a can on our smokestack and lean a forked pole against the cabin roof to take it off again easily. It had to be Sam.

I thought I would die. I could hardly breathe.

Shaking and fumbling, I pushed the door open. Cigarette butts were all over the place—Sam smokes Prince Albert tobacco and rolls his cigarettes in wheat-straw papers and he is messy. When he is worried he smokes lots and throws butts every which way. There were fifty-eight brown paper butts and three white paper butts. Someone was here with Sam. Don doesn't smoke. The other man couldn't be Don.

Now that I am certain Don never came back and that Sam has been here, I must keep writing or I will lose my mind entirely. I must do something and not just sit here staring. Let me see what I learned in school.

"Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres." Maybe I am, too, but I am divided into life before Don, with Don and after Don.

Jamestown was settled in 1607 and it was the first permanent English settlement in America.

Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

"In a little old cabin down by the sea someone is waiting." And it's me!

"Honor thy father and thy mother" is the Fifth Commandment.

My brain is working all right, but my body is lazy. I do nothing. I'll go stark raving mad unless I do something.

What can I do? Where can I go?

I can go back to the upper cabin, but God deliver me from the climb up that hill with this aching leg. Still, I can go up the hill on my hands and knees. No, the hill is out—it's too hard.

There comes heavy rain, pounding on this shake roof. Don't I have troubles enough without more rain?

I can stay in this beach cabin. It is a good, well-built cabin. There's no bedding, only a few old canvas squares we used to cover cargo. Very little wood, but there is an ax. Only enough grub to keep a stranded traveler from starving for a couple of weeks or so, and then he'd have to dig clams.

And I could go on the boat. There is plenty of everything on the boat. I would soon use up the fresh water, but it rains lots. The coal and wood would not last too long, yet if I made small fires only for cooking, the fuel would last much longer. Of course there is plenty of wood on shore and I might be able to gather some.

I could live on the boat, but how would I manage if my child were born there? How will I manage anywhere if I am alone? I must not be alone when the child is born. Absolutely I must not be alone then.

Oh, Don, I need you.

Don said the wilderness was good, said God had put here all things necessary to men, that the hills and forests and sea would provide shelter and food and clothing for all who have the understanding to make use of the bountiful supply. He taught Lloyd and me how to build campfires even in the rain, taught us to hunt and to fish, to find roots and leaves and berries for food.

And he taught us the ways of the sea—how to steer the boat, to quarter with the wind and waves, to read the chart and be guided by the compass.

I can run that boat. I can! I can! That is what I'll do. My prayer has been answered. Now I know what to do.

I'll go at once and make ready to run our boat home.

I came aboard late yesterday, just at twilight, and I have had a fire going ever since. The boat was so damp and all the bedding and everything so clammy, that I had to keep a fire all night to drive the chill away.

I wrote on the cabin door with a piece of charcoal that I was going home in the boat. I left the writing I've done in the cabin, so if Don should come he will know what has happened. Oh, I didn't put the can back on the smokestack. How could I forget to do that? The stove will be ruined and we just got it last summer. I won't go back. I'm on the boat and I will stay here until I get home.

The dinghy was full of rain water. I pulled the plug and all the water ran out. The dinghy was well up on the beach and I had considerable trouble getting it into the water. Lucky it was so little and light. I never, in all the world, could have got our skiff into the water.

Education is only a ladder to gather fruit from the tree of knowledge, not the fruit itself. —ANON.

I pumped the bilge—one hundred and eight strokes. That's right much water, but then it hasn't been pumped for more than a month. The water was up to the floor boards.

I just had a good meal of eggs and potatoes.

I opened the engine valves to take the compression off and I turned the engine over. I'll turn it many more times and keep a good fire and get the boat well dried out and the engine warm. I will do everything right and proper, then I'll start the engine and go home by myself.

I never did start this engine. I have watched Don start it, and Lloyd too. I know how to start it all right. I may have to try several times before I get it going. I know ahead of time that it will be difficult, so I'll expect nothing else. I will keep on trying and not ask the Lord to make it easy to start, although of course I would be most thankful if it did start easily for just this one time.

I do ask the Lord to give me the strength to keep turning over that big flywheel until the engine makes up its mind to turn the heavy thing itself. Once I get it going, never let it stop until I get home.

First off, I am going to make a cast for my arm. Don always kept a covered can of cement on board, said we might hit a rock sometime and knock a hole in the hull. I'll make a cast out of Don's cement.

I have no sand to mix with the cement but I have figured out how to use something else. I have six samples made up and I will use the one which turns out to be the best. In two samples I have flour; corn meal in two; and oatmeal in the other two. I have twice as much cement in one lot as in the other, and I measured carefully with a teaspoon and marked down the proportions.

THE cement cast is on now and I am just sitting here waiting for the concrete to harden. I used the corn-meal mixture; the flour didn't get hard and the oatmeal was crumbly. Corn meal was just right. While I'm waiting, I can rest and do my writing.

Well, Sam has been at the beach cabin and he has gone away. He didn't find us and now

(Continued on Page 99)

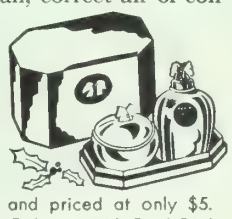
BUY-LINES • • by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE



A group of us recently organized The Orange Garden Club in the lovely town of Orange, Virginia. We are brand-new at gardening . . . but our program for December, "My Christmas Doorway," requires only a warm heart, imagination and foraging trips into the countryside. With pine, spruce, trailing cedar, mistletoe, holly, crimson berries and wondrous conifers . . . how can we miss? Why not investigate your own woods . . . the decorative yield, plus your imagination, writes Merry Christmas happily . . . yet inexpensively.

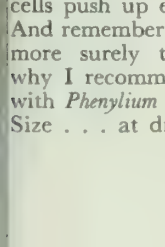
HERE'S HOW I'M MAKING CHRISTMAS MERRY for the men on my list! I'm giving COURTLEY Toiletries . . . a magnificent gift I'm sure they'll like, for they're the world's finest! COURTLEY gives that clean, correct air of confidence that makes a man feel and look his best . . . and those matchless COURTLEY containers are so handsome, they'll make a hit the minute he sees them. All COURTLEY gifts are so wonderful, it's hard to choose . . . but I go especially for these three:



1. COURTLEY *2-piece De Luxe Set* . . . with Shave Bowl and After Shave Lotion. Comes in red, green, white, black and brown containers topped with smart golden horse-head closures . . . yet costs only $4, plus tax.
2. COURTLEY *Gold Shave Bowl* . . . in a 23-carat gold-fired container and priced at only $5.
3. COURTLEY *Red Letter Day* . . . containing After Shave Lotion and Men's Cologne with Dual Dial date indicator . . . just $1, plus tax.

Other individual COURTLEY items and sets from $1 to $20 (all prices plus tax) . . . at better Drug and Dept. Stores. See them all . . . they're all the World's Finest!

HUSBANDS ARE HUMAN . . . they're bound to get cross and grumpy if they're nervous, tense or tired. So be really nice to yours . . . by giving him a wonderful new NIAGARA Pulsator Home-Set for Christmas. It's the best way I know to make your warm-hearted wishes for health and happiness come true . . . for NIAGARA will help him rest and relax . . . in "no time" he'll feel better (and so will you!). That's because it's scientifically designed to help relieve nervous tension and fatigue, stimulate poor circulation and "tune-up" the body . . . as well as soothe sore muscles and aching joints. And NIAGARA Home-Sets are so easy to use . . . you just sit on the units, rest your feet on them, lie on them . . . or pop them behind your back as you work or read. You'll quickly relax to a s-o-o-o-thing massage action . . . begin to enjoy life again. But let me send you this:



FREE BOOKLET . . . which is beautifully illustrated and explains in detail why you and your Mr. Who will appreciate a NIAGARA. It's a GIFT . . . just see OFFER #1 in box.

MIRACLES STILL HAPPEN . . . and one of the most wonderful ones I've experienced is NYLAST! It's a miraculous new "foam-wash" that *doubles the life* of your nylons as it washes them . . . cuts your hosiery bill in half! And you know without my telling you . . . no other product, soap or detergent, gives you this protection. In fact, the vital ingredients in NYLAST were perfected by Du Pont . . . especially for this purpose. It's so easy and economical to use, too . . . in less than a minute, for less than a penny, NYLAST protects against snags and runs while it washes. That's right . . . with just a few swishes of your hand, NYLAST gently washes your sheerest nylons flower-fresh . . . adding extra strength and beauty at the same time. Furthermore, each washing with gentle NYLAST prevents fading . . . as well as lends a luxurious softness and smart dull finish that's so popular now. So if you really want your precious nylons to last and l-a-s-t, get NYLAST . . . at your Favorite Store or Supermarket. And tell your friends about it . . . they'll think it's wonderful, too.



THE JOYOUS CHRISTMAS SEASON IS HERE . . . and I can hardly wait to send out my greetings this year! You see, I've discovered an exciting new way to express my warmest, merriest holiday wishes . . . I'm sending my friends and relations a WESTERN UNION Telegram . . . my own *personal* message delivered on beautiful color-illustrated blanks in attractive greeting envelopes! Sounds wonderful? It is . . , and it's as easy to send 10 or 100 Christmas Telegrams as just *one*. You simply call WESTERN UNION, give your message (with names and addresses) and they'll do all the rest . . . and charge it on your phone bill. And this year, I'll send some Telegraphic Gift Money Orders . . . the perfect present for people who'll want to "pick their own." And what a thrill I'm going to give all my small friends with Santagrams . . . "honest-to-goodness" greetings straight from Santa at the North Pole! Now, a GIFT for *you:*



FREE BOOKLET . . . *"The Western Union Telegrammar."* Contains a monthly reminder calendar with spaces for names and addresses . . . plus suggested sentiments for all occasions. You *must* have a copy . . . so be sure to see OFFER #2 in box.

IF I WERE SANTA CLAUS I'd send each of you who suffer from painful corns or calluses a very wonderful present . . . a package of new BLUE-JAY Corn and Callus Plasters. It's something I know you'd like to get, too . . . for they bring wonderfully fast, comforting relief. Why? Because new BLUE-JAY Plasters (and *only* BLUE-JAY!) contain the new Wonder Drug, *Phenylium*, which helps push out corns from *underneath!* Without being too technical, let me just say that *Phenylium* travels down through your corn right to its base. Quickly! Gently! There it helps new live tissue cells to grow. And in a short time, these new cells push up even a stubborn corn . . . you simply lift it out! And remember . . . *Phenylium* went to work ⅓ faster and worked more surely than old-style remedies in actual tests. That's why I recommend new BLUE-JAY Corn (and Callus) Plasters with *Phenylium* so highly. Get some today. They come in both Regular and Ladies Size . . . at drug counters everywhere.



New BLUE-JAY Helps Push Out Corns From Underneath

LOOK WHAT I HAVE FOR *YOU* . . . a wonderful **FREE BOOKLET** called *"Sheets and Blankets . . . a housekeeping guide,"* by PEPPERELL! And I do mean wonderful . . . for besides having some of the cleverest illustrations I've ever seen, its 25 pages are packed with helpful hints galore. For instance, it tells you:

How to tell good sheets . . . how many and what size you need . . . personality colors . . . what makes sheets wear out and what you can do about it . . . how to wash and iron sheets to make them last longer . . . how to mend sheets . . . taking out stains . . . how to buy blankets . . . how to care for blankets to make them last longer . . . how to make beds . . . and more.



Think you already know *how?* I did, too . . . but PEPPERELL has some suggestions and tips I never dreamed of before. Truly, this is one Booklet that I consider absolutely invaluable . . . and I salute PEPPERELL for offering it to you FREE! You'll be just as enthusiastic as I am . . . so be sure you get a copy. It's a GIFT . . . see OFFER #3 in box. And don't delay . . . write today!

MY TIP FOR ONE OF THE NICEST GIFTS you could give *or* get is the PRESTO Trio . . . for 'twill make Christmas brighter and each day's work lighter for years and years to come. And here's why:



The PRESTO Cooker has taken the "gadget-work" out of speed cooking . . . you do almost nothing but lift the lid and enjoy the food . . . ready 3 to 4 times faster than old-fashioned cooking. Saves flavor, vitamins, time and money, too . . . you'll use it every day for every kind of food (I do!). The PRESTO Steam-or-Dry Iron makes ironing 4 ways faster . . . for it presses without press cloths, irons without fatigue, uses plain tap water and Vapor-Steam irons without sprinkling. Its Soleplate heat indicator also makes it safe . . . in every way. The PRESTO Deep Fryer is like having a French chef in the kitchen . . . for its automatic temperature control assures perfect results without guess-work . . . on every deep-fried delight from doughnuts to fritters and fish.

So drop a holiday hint that you'd like to *get* this PRESTO Trio for Christmas . . . and *give* it to those you love the best!

GIVING IS HALF THE FUN AT CHRISTMAS . . . and I give just as much as my budget allows. Of course, I serve the traditional turkey—and with it, the good brown gravy I make with KITCHEN BOUQUET. But when holidays are over and I start economizing again, I've found I can turn inexpensive dishes and even leftovers into taste-enticing, appetizing delights with a good, rich gravy. It's easy with KITCHEN BOUQUET . . . for unlike risky pan-browning alone, KITCHEN BOUQUET serves *extra-rich, extra-brown, extra-delicious* gravy *every time!* Another reason I like KITCHEN BOUQUET is this . . . it never adds any flavor of its own or smothers natural flavors. That's because it's a rare blend of 14 choice vegetables, herbs and spices . . . which simply brings out the natural taste of meat or fowl. Most good cooks think so, too . . . in fact, it's been their favorite gravy secret for over 75 years. So besides dressing up holiday turkey and roasts with KITCHEN BOUQUET gravy, remember . . . it's also the secret of delicious, thrifty meals. P. S. Costs oh-so little . . . and a little at a time is all you need.



WHAT'S MY FORMULA for a perfect party? Well, I really don't have one . . . but I do know that even the nicest parties become nicer when you serve TRISCUIT Shredded Whole Wheat Wafers! And most people I know agree with me . . . for there's really nothing else under the sun quite like these distinctive biscuits.



They're truly unique . . . so delicious, so zesty, so a-tang with luscious whole wheat goodness, they're like a dream come true. And TRISCUIT Wafers are salted to a "turn" . . . then golden-toasted to crisp, crunchy perfection. How to serve them? Oh, dozens of ways . . . for canapes, with sliced meats, spreads, cheese and drinks of all kinds. They belong on your mealtime menus, too . . . a wonderful way to liven up salads, soups and beverages. Only tasting is believing how utterly different and delicious TRISCUIT Wafers are, though . . . so try them and see why I say there's *nothing* else "just as good!" P.S. Be sure to look for the famous red NABISCO seal on the corner of the package . . . *before* you buy.

START PLANNING AND SHOPPING *NOW* for your big holiday meals. I suggest you head your shopping list with S.O.S., as I do . . . because I enjoy family dinners so much more, knowing S.O.S. is in the kitchen to help clean up afterward. Take the turkey roaster, for example, covered with cooked-on grease. *There's* a time-consuming job . . . *unless* you use S.O.S. You see, an S.O.S. pad combines soap with tough, interwoven fibres, so it cleans off crust while it puts on a beautiful polish . . . in a jiffy! Nothing does this job on *all* your pots and pans so well, or so easily, as S.O.S. And better yet, S.O.S. cleans your stove, too . . . takes spatters off reflector bowls or drip pans, cleans greasy grills, gets into the oven and wipes crust and grease from racks and linings. (Did you know that stove manufacturers and home economists *recommend* S.O.S. for this job?) So come on . . . enjoy the party. Put S.O.S. on your shopping list . . . let S.O.S. clean up after holiday meals!



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(Continued from Page 96)

they will say we were lost in the storm. They'll go down to the open ocean and cruise along the shore looking for wreckage from our skiff. They might find Don!

Don is sure to be stranded on one of the islands. If he had been on the mainland he would have walked here before this time. Maybe Sam has already found him and taken him to a hospital, because he must have been badly hurt.

Perhaps I should go to Big Sleeve and tell them there to go help search for Don. No, I could never manage to get through Devil's Tail Pass. I could never make it when the rapids were running, which is almost all the time. They run one way when the tide is coming in and the other way when the tide is going out. If you don't swing the wheel hard over quick, you will pile up on the rocks and if you swing too quickly you will pile up on some other rocks.

I won't try to make Big Sleeve. I had better keep going toward home. There are no very narrow passes between here and home and I need plenty of room for my kind of navigation.

IT is another day and the weather is a bit colder, but the rain continues. There is snow up near the timber line. I can see it creeping down the mountainside. I hope I do not have to travel through snow.

I have oiled the engine and drained the gas trap, polished up the ignition points, and gone over every part just as I have seen Don do. I have turned the flywheel dozens of times and it turns easily enough with the decompression off. I haven't tried to turn it against compression yet. Time enough to do that when I'm set to leave.

I am resting all I can today, trying to "sleep up ahead," as the fishermen say. I will have no time to cook, either, while I'm running the boat, so I am also cooking things ahead. The weather seems to be clearing and it is getting colder, but not freezing. If all goes well, I'll be on my way soon after daylight.

This is tomorrow, gray dawn of tomorrow. There is a faint offshore breeze, fine weather for traveling this coast. I have my charts at hand and Don's logbook with his running time from point to point all marked down for every trip he has ever taken in this boat. The compass bearings are also written down.

It is getting lighter. I'll start the engine now and by the time it has warmed up half an hour, I will be able to see clearly enough to get out of this little bight. I have the can of priming gas in a pot of hot water.

It didn't take so long, really, not even an hour, but it seemed like a year. I slowed it down and it's idling now. I have to go out of this bight slowly, with just enough speed for steerageway. It's still early. The tide will be going out for more than an hour yet. I am eager to be going, but I'll wait until the engine has had plenty of time to warm up.

The anchor is a bother to me. I do wish I dared leave it, but I might need it badly. I must take it with me.

The sound of my engine is my favorite music right now. I'll keep it going until I get home.

My hope is gone. I can't go home now. I can't tell anyone to go find Don, either. My child will be born and I'll be all alone with no one to help me. It is too hard to bear.

That anchor was too much for me. I had it up and my hand on the cross rod, then I slipped, and both the anchor and I went into the bay. Why I didn't let go of the cross rod is more than I will ever understand. I went under the boat, came up on the other side and saw land. I didn't see the boat until after I had reached the shore. I didn't think what I was doing. Instinctively, I swam toward land.

Back East I used to swim a lot every summer and I swim fairly well, but I have never tried to swim in Alaskan waters. Nobody can stand this cold water for very long. I was so cold I could hardly move and the boat wasn't over a hundred feet from shore. I'm glad the tide was out. High tide would have made my swim nearly twice as far. I think I would never have made it. I was not afraid while I was in the water, but on the beach I was terrified. Maybe terror kept me from flopping on the beach and just staying there until I was too cold and stiff to ever move again.

Now I am back in the beach cabin, warm and partly rested. I am so thankful for this cabin. It saved my life today. Not today—yesterday. It was cold last night and there was ice. I couldn't have lived through the night without shelter and fire. I would have died from exposure and my baby would have died within me. I am distressed about the child. While I was in the icy water I felt her move strong and jerky. She moved again when I was lying on the beach, but she hasn't moved since. I hope she is only resting as I have been.

The boat engine is still running. It ran all night and will keep on until all the gas is burned up. All the time I can hear it.

I stayed beside the fire all the rest of yesterday and drank lots of good hot sweet tea. I kept poking wood into the stove to get my clothes dry. Warm, dry, woolen underwear is most wonderful. There are no proper clothes here—an old overall jacket and a dirty pair of pants. I put them on when I got out of my wet clothes. The crawl over the rocky beach to the cabin was an ordeal and I got so tired. I was afraid to stop and rest too often, or for nearly long enough, afraid to stop moving, I might become too cold to move.

This bunk is not much good. The boughs are old and the needles are dropping off. There's no bedding, but there's a lot of canvas. Canvas in lieu of blankets is no good at all. It's as cold as sheet iron.

I will have to go back to the upper cabin. Give me strength, O God, to make the climb.

A GREAT flock of swans went over this morning. This is very late for them to be going south.

I am getting ready to go back up the hill; I think I shall go tomorrow. Right now I feel pretty good after a lot of exercise and work.

I made myself a crutch out of the broom. It was old and not much good, but it made a fine crutch. I had to burn the handle off a little to get it short enough. I am surprised to find it such a help in getting about.

This morning I went over to the garden and harvested that part of the crop which we left in the field—a lot of small carrots, some soft cabbages and maybe half a bushel of marble-sized potatoes. My treasures nearly filled a gunny sack and I was pleased to drag home so much food. I had thought to take a part of it with me to the upper cabin, but now I think I'll do well if I get myself there. So I am eating my garden truck as fast as I can. It's a pleasant addition to a diet of cereal, prunes and tea.

The baby has moved again. Poor little one, she has had a bad time and I have often been afraid for her. Babies must be less delicate than most folks say they are. According to all my information, I've had enough bumps and straining to lose this child a dozen times over—still she lives and seems well.

It will be a hard trip tomorrow and I must make most of it on my knees. The hill trail will not be so painful as the rocks of the beach. Another day or so more for healing and storing up extra energy might be a good idea, yet I hate to waste this good weather. Snow would make my way impossible.

I have burned a hole in the handle of the prospecting pick and put a string through it. I will tie the pick to me, for my life may depend on it. I cannot take the chance of dropping it and have it go tumbling two or three hundred feet down the hill.

I made a very satisfactory splint for my leg out of yellow-cedar twigs. The twigs are pliable, yet they do give support and some protection. My leg troubles me. I dare not have anything else happen to it. My broom crutch is especially good on the beach when the tide is out; I can get over the hard



By Munro Leaf

THIS selfish thing that is sitting here thinking so hard is a Gift-Gimme. Busy trying to think up more and more things to ask for for Christmas. Do you think it has thought up even one single thing to give to somebody else? Oh, no! Not a Gift-Gimme. It thinks Christmas is just for it. It never makes or gives a thing. *Sickening*, isn't it?

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gravel really fast. But it isn't much good in soft muck; it sinks in too far; still it helps even there. I couldn't get around without it, not unless I crawled or hopped.

I found five empty bottles and sent them forth on high tide with a call for help. I went nearly to the point and threw them into the water soon after the tide had turned, waiting a few minutes between tosses so they wouldn't all be in a bunch. Maybe one bottle will float to Don. Oh, I wish one would! It would make him so happy to have a note from me.

I pulled up puncheon and buried my potatoes and carrots under the floor. They are such scrawny things, yet they are food and there is no sense in leaving them to freeze. Besides, I thought maybe Don might come and be hungry. I wrote a note telling him where they are buried.

The engine has stopped! I can't hear it any more. There was enough gas to keep it going much longer—at least a week. No matter. It can't make any difference to me now; there is no possible way for me to get back on the boat unless I swim and I've had enough of swimming, yet I do wonder about it.

Tomorrow I will go up the hill.

I am here! Safe. Good, good friendly cabin.

I have been here two days and it took me two days to get here, so this is the fourth day since I left the beach. It's a good thing I didn't fool around any longer, because it started to snow before I got here and has been snowing ever since.

The way up was pretty bad. Still, I might have made it in one day if it hadn't been for the mallard. Soon after I left the beach cabin, and just before I got to the point where the trail turns into the woods, I saw a lone mallard, on the beach, trying to fly and making an awful fuss about it. A big cockle clam was fast to his foot. It was a beautiful drake with a pretty green neck and a little curl in his tail.

I couldn't leave him to such a miserable fate, but perhaps I might have if I had known what an effort it would be to rescue him. Mr. Drake had no more liking for me than he had for the clam. He managed to keep out of my reach and kept on doing it until I was disgusted with him. He flopped back and forth across the creek until both my feet were wet to the knees.

I did catch him but I couldn't get the clam open. I just couldn't hold the duck and, at the same time, hit the clam with the prospecting pick hard enough to break the shell. I sat on the beach and rested, holding the duck between my thighs while I thought up what to do.

The drake did some complaining all right. I told him to stop his quacking and hold still; that he would drown when the tide came in (if an eagle didn't eat him first); that I would eat him if I had time to get his feathers off; told him he wasn't the only thing in the world with hurts, I had a few myself.

AFTER a try or two, I got my left knee firmly on the cockle. I gave the drake's foot a good quick yank. I'm sure it will heal, and the drake will hardly miss that little bit of two toes. Before I let him go I pulled out one of his green neck feathers to pay me for all the bother he had been. The mallard looked so happy flying away that it made my heart glad. I didn't grudge either the time or the energy it took to save his life. I am pleased even now to know that somewhere he is with his fellows living a nice quacking life.

My progress was painfully slow. Parts of the hill trail were glaciered over; I picked the ice in some places to make it rough, went around it in other places. I rested often and tried to conserve my strength, but I gradually got tireder until at the steepest place I gave out altogether. I tried—hands and knees, crawling—to find a way around on one side, then on the other. It was no use, but I didn't give up until day was done.

In the twilight I crawled to the foot of a fair-sized spruce tree, scratched around it, gathered the moss and debris, and made myself a nest in a good spot with a big root on the lower side. I snugged much of the litter close to me, drew the canvas up over and around it, and settled into my nest.

Dark came down and all the forest was pitch black. Through the spruce boughs I watched the stars. The Three Wise Men marched across the sky, dim and misty as they faded away. They can be seen from every part of the earth, an old sea captain told me.

I DOZED a bit, maybe slept a little. I thought about lots of things, I recited poetry to myself, out loud, and said some of the nicest psalms. Sometimes I sang. Often I was cold and I wiggled about to get warm.

An old bear came and sniffed me. He really did. It was in the first gray of dawn. I had dozed and the sound of him coming roused me. I kept perfectly still, hardly breathing. My heart pounded in my throat and I could feel my flesh creep. I made myself little and tight, kept still as death.

The bear walked completely around my tree, a little bit away. Then he came straight at me and there he was—a great big black thing right by my side. I covered my child with my hands and waited breathlessly for what he would do next. He stood there for what seemed a long, long time, then he sniffed loud, and growled low in his throat. He raised his hair the way a dog does. He made another growl, lower this time, went backward two or three steps, then turned and departed.

The dance is architecture come alive.
—AUGUSTE RODIN

I was exhausted, weak limp as an old sock, and without enough awareness to feel glad or thankful, or afraid, or anything else. My mind was blank. I lay curled up there until long after full daylight.

It began to drizzle; then I started to climb. I had no serious trouble, but I did have to rest often. Every time I rested, I wrapped the canvas around me Indian fashion, to keep some of my warmth in and keep out some of the cold drizzle.

Sometime during the night the snow turned to rain and it's still raining. My tub overflows. I needed the water and I'll make good use of it.

I have made a new crutch from the board side of Lloyd's bunk. I burned one end in the center and scraped away the char to make it fit. I padded it under the arm and now I have a dandy, comfortable crutch.

Two deer visited me today—a big four point buck and a little spike. If I had a gun I certainly would be having deer liver for dinner tonight. The weather is going to turn cold or be stormy. Deer are wonderful weather prophets. They always get down into the shelter of timber when blizzards come. I'm sure those bucks smell bad weather coming. I will look to my outside chores and bring in lots more wood.

My child is doing well. Mostly she sleeps peacefully all through the day and takes her exercise at night, soon after I lie down. I do believe she is a strong child, but certainly not very big.

I must eat more often. At mealtime, I eat all I can hold, but my stomach seems unable to hold enough, as I am starved before the next meal. Habit can be ridiculous. Here I am, often hungry and with plenty of food on hand, yet I only eat three meals a day because I never had the habit of eating between meals when I am in the house. From now on I am going to eat as often as a chicken does. I am determined to put some fat on my bones. My face looks haggard and my arms are like match stems.

I went to the spring today and brought a little pot of water to drink. We have a dandy spring; the water tastes so much better than the rain I catch in the tub, and I do like to drink spring water.

I probably won't go to the spring many times more, for the snow is now about a foot

(Continued on Page 102)

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Smooth on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. This sheer *greaseless* base never looks cakey or obvious . . . gives a fine-textured, smooth make-up.

(Continued from Page 100)

deep, and may soon be much deeper. Besides, I shouldn't use strength and energy for unneeded chores at this time. The Lord has sent great plenty of water down from the skies. I have all the pots and pans and every possible receptacle filled against future needs. When this storage supply is gone, there will be snow to melt.

There isn't much here to make clothing for my child. I made a list of things needed for a baby, and looked about for materials. There's plenty of fine thread and enough needles; several flour and sugar sacks, some of which have been used for dish towels and bread cloths, lots of woolen underwear, two wool shirts, and several hickory shirts. How much I would like to have nainsook, sheer batiste, fine flannel, bird's-eye, Saxony wool, lace, and embroidery thread. Still, our Saviour was wrapped in swaddling clothes, and who is my child that she should need more? The materials here are sufficient. I will make them do.

I have plenty of time; at least two months. It might be a week either way because my time is not exact. The child will be born near the end of February.

Quite a patch of sea can be seen from here. But not the beach on this side, only about half the arm and most of the beach on the far side of the bay. I keep looking at it, thinking my bottles have had time to float a long way. Surely one of them will be picked up.

I should have heard Sam when he came. I wonder why I didn't hear the boat that brought him. I had such an awful headache and such a roaring in my head, those first days after the slide, I wouldn't have known if it was a boat I was hearing or not. Perhaps Sam came right after the storm, much sooner than I figured he would. I wonder what I would have done if I had heard his boat.

I am having grouse for dinner. Yesterday afternoon I needed fresh air, so I went to the spring again for drinking water. An owl flew up, lit on the limb of a tree and didn't go away as he should have done. I wondered why he was hanging around and went to investigate. I found a grouse with its head off. The rest of it hadn't been touched. It was still warm; I could see the marks in the snow where the owl had swooped down and caught it.

"Thank you, Mr. Owl," I said. "I need this more than you do, and besides, you can catch yourself another one."

I picked up the grouse and came back to the cabin, forgetting all about drinking water and even forgetting the pot. I left it beside the trail and now it is covered with snow. I won't find it until next summer. It started to snow about daylight—fine, sugary flakes from the northeast. Now it is coming thick and fast and getting colder by the hour. This is the beginning of a real blizzard.

I plucked the grouse yesterday, and now it is boiling, giving off the best smells. It's an old hen grouse and nicely fat. It had been living off blueberries, and the lining of its gizzard was stained purple. There's some blueberry jam here, on the high shelf way up

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Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 56 & 57

Vogue Design No. 7840. Train with cummerbund. 24 to 30 waist measurement. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 679. Bridal or evening dress and jacket; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. $2.50.

Vogue Design No. 7874. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

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Vogue Design No. 719. One-piece dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. $2.00.

Vogue Design No. 7467. "Easy-to-Make" skirt; 24 to 36 waist measurement. 40c.

Vogue Design No. 7831. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 60c.



nearly to the cabin peak. I made quite a lot of jam last summer. We didn't eat it all up; what was left, Don put on the top shelf. I'll have some jam for my dinner, if I can figure a way to get it without breaking my neck.

I got the jam!

I unloaded the table, worked it to the wall, put two powder boxes on it, climbed up and stood on the boxes, balanced there with the help of my crutch. While I was up there I moved all the jam down to a lower shelf.

I had such a good meal. The grouse was cooked until the meat came off the bones. I drank a cup of hot broth an hour before dinner, and cooked dried peaches for my dessert. I liked my dinner very much and I hope the owl didn't have to go hungry.

This really is a blizzard—the grandfather of all blizzards. When I look out the window, I get the feeling of being suspended in space with clouds flying past me. Some of my water supply froze last night. I was smart to save that water and I'm going to keep on saving it. No more baths for a while. It's too cold anyway. I'll just wash the front of my face until the weather moderates.

I HAVE started sewing and made a little shirt from Don's old underwear. The material is all wool and it will be warm. It has been washed many times and is nice and soft. The shirt looks pretty small, but then my baby will be small.

My baby seems to be doing well and for that I am thankful. I, too, am doing fine. Don't have an ache or pain worth mentioning, except for my leg, which does hurt when it gets cold. I keep warm wrappings lashed around it and sit with it next to the fire.

One should take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life as laughter. —ADDISON

The northern lights were out last night. They stretched across the sky in a never-ending line, twinkling and dancing, forever changing their places and shapes, and blending their colors. I wrapped myself in an old sugan and sat by the window, watching the heavens declare the glory of God.

I was raised in a religious home, but I had to live in the wilderness to experience the meaning of faith. In the States, I accepted what my people believed, conformed to what was prescribed, and bothered my head no further. Here, the slate is wiped clean of all creeds and doctrines; all religion is stripped down to the fundamentals; and it becomes clear that religion is no more and no less than the human soul reaching out to the Creator; that the individual, alone, of his own free will and accord, must do the reaching. For me, contact with God comes through His creation: the forests and the hills, the winds and the tides, the birds of the air, the creeping things upon the earth and the fishes in the sea, the starry heavens, the loyalty of a friend, love and devotion, faith and work.

These last few weeks I have prayed more than in all my life before. My prayers will be answered only if I pray with all my heart and humbly accept the answers. To receive help I must do my part, no matter how hard. I must work and pray as I work. Then all will be well with me and my child.

I carry the child quite high and I hardly look pregnant. My abdomen should be much bigger. It seems that my stomach has drawn up and got smaller, or perhaps the child is crowding it, but I feel quite well and she does seem to be all right.

The days go so fast. Time does not drag. It is nearly Christmas and if I were home I would be very busy making gifts, sending off packages to my people, baking fruitcake and cookies, and all the silver would be out ready to shine up. Lloyd likes to polish silver and he would do most of that chore. He is as much help at Christmastime as a daughter would be. He loves preparing feasts.

I think I'll make a Christmas feast for baby and me. It will be something to plan for and I'll like doing it. I can make a fine Christmas dinner from the supplies on hand and have everything but the turkey. It would be nice if the owl would supply me with another fowl. Anyway, I will have something and name it turkey. I'll be naming the day too, because I'm not at all sure about the exact date. That won't make any difference, though, with a Christmas feast, the songs, the tree and a Christmas spirit.

The weather is changing. It's warmer and the sky is clouding over; the days are so short that I don't have enough daylight to do my work, and the nights are so long I cannot sleep them through. With clear weather I seldom light a lamp, because I like the twilight, but in cloudy weather I have to make a light.

I am always awake before dawn and I get up with the first gray light, make my fire, put the kettle on, crawl back into the bunk, and watch the flickering firelight come and go. All my wood is yellow cedar. It pops and crackles as it burns and gives off the nicest spicy, perfumelike smells, and it leaves white ashes.

When the kettle sings I get up, put more wood on the fire, stand close by the stove (barefooted on a deerskin) and put on my clothes. I try to stay up until darkness comes, then I go to bed and try to stay there until it is day again.

I've made a snowshoe for my crutch and I am so proud of my inventive ability. I put an enamel saucer in a gallon tin can, mashed the top flat, poked my crutch inside and all the way down to the saucer on the bottom. Then I nailed the can tight. The nails didn't split the wood and I can get them out if I want to. The saucer evens the pressure and keeps the end of the crutch from making a hole in the can. It is a very satisfactory arrangement. I tried it out by going to the spring.

The snow is deep and the drifts are deeper, but knowing I really didn't have to get anywhere and could always turn back and follow the broken trail to the cabin, I kept going easy-like, a step and a push through the snow. I enjoyed the trip, but didn't get any water. I forgot to take along a pot. But now that a trail is broken, and since my crutch snowshoe is so serviceable, I will go often to the spring.

Five little ptarmigan have come. Now I have friends. They are darling birds and about the size of a banty hen I had when I was a child. This is the first time I ever had the opportunity of seeing them close and watching them for hours on end. They are eating the buds from the brush, very busy. There is no better-tasting food than fried young ptarmigan. We have eaten them lots of times, but we never killed any in camp. We would have to be in great need to kill any game in camp. If a wild creature trusts us enough to stay nearby, we want to be worthy of the trust. We have had pet deer, squirrels and families of grouse.

I split a block of wood. Didn't need to because there is still lots stove size, but I thought I would see if I could manage. I did very well. From now on I shall split one block every day, then I will always have stovewood ahead. I use wood sparingly.

I MADE bread and ate some of it hot from the oven, doused in butter and well spread with blueberry jam. My hands feel nice and soft from working the dough.

I have another friend. Rather, I am friend to another creature, but one that isn't a friend to anything within my knowledge. A weasel has come into the cabin and is catching the mice. Bless him. He's welcome to all he can catch. The end of his nose is pink and his eyes are jet black. The tip of his tail is black and all the rest of him is snowy white. He humps up his back as he walks. He swore at me when I moved toward him, then went home through a hole in the floor. I hope the weasel doesn't develop a ptarmigan appetite.

There has been a quick change in the weather. Snow is falling and the wind drives from the southeast. I think it is getting



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warmer and soon the snow will turn to rain. I have put the tub out. I need to replenish my water supply. I also hope for a bath and water to do some laundry. I would like to be clean at Christmastime and the day is almost here.

I have been giving my leg some extra attention. Since I went down the hill it has been my most troublesome ailment. I believe it was originally hurt more than I realized. I could see how crooked my arm was and could look at the cuts on my head in the shaving mirror. My head ached so very much I scarcely noticed anything else. Now I've decided the bone of my leg was cracked, first by the slide, then again when I bumped against the tree going down the hill.

I never did take as good care of my leg as I did of my arm, but from now on I am going to pamper it plenty.

I'm cleaning up for Christmas—washed windows and unloaded the window sill. My window sill is log wide and everything gets dumped onto it. I have never lived in a cabin which did not have a window sill loaded with rock, so I ended up by putting most of the rock back. Some are very nice specimens, some have nothing in them, but all are friendly and seem to proclaim a prospector is about and will be in soon to look over his rocks. I also cleaned the lower shelves and scrubbed the table and benches.

I'll rest a little, then go get my tree before it becomes buried with snow. I have some little spruce spotted near the spring. I think I can get a nice one. One more day, then Christmas Eve. I still have lots to do before all is in readiness for my festivities.

Christmas Eve!

My tree is a small one, about two feet high, but perfect in shape. It grew in the open and is symmetrical. I got it just in time, for the snow is really piling up. I also brought in cedar and hemlock boughs, and went to the spring for Christmas drinking water. I loved being out in the falling snow. I was out three times, tramping around with my snowshoe crutch. I would have gone out again if I could have found the slightest excuse.

Dried apples, prunes and dried peaches cut up fine with the scissors, also lots of raisins, went into my fruitcake. I made a pie, cookies and candy—three kinds of candy. I was all worn out from stirring. My hurt hand rebelled and refused to stir more. The fruitcake is peaked up in the middle, baked perfectly—smells good.

I did myself proud at trimming my tree. Strips made from the red tops of socks look lovely in the green branches. Blue paper curls made from the lining of the macaroni box, colored pictures from magazines folded and pasted into odd shapes, all made nice trimmings. And I hung my diamond ring in the tiptop where it sparkles like a Christmas star.

I have cedar and hemlock branches up here and there about the cabin. There is a festive look to the place and a festive feeling in my heart. A saddle of salt deer meat is soaking and by a hocus-pocus process it will become a Christmas turkey. I need Don to carve and Lloyd to pass around the plates.

I HOPE this will not be a sad Christmas for Lloyd. I hope he will do as I am doing and make the most of what he has, enter into the spirit of Christmas and try to be happy. I think he will. By this time he is in the East. As soon as my people learned that Don and I are lost, they must have insisted on the lad's coming to them. This will be his first Christmas without his parents. I hope he won't miss us much, not too much anyway. I don't want him to be sad on Christmas Day.

I want Don to be happy too. I pray God may put within his reach a fish or a bird for his Christmas feast. We cannot be together, yet we need not flaunt our grief and sorrow. Don has the intelligence to accept the impossible and to make the most of the possible. I, too, will try.

Tradition is being kept up here in the wilderness. Christmas Eve supper is now spread. I have made little stockings for my baby to hang up. I'll fill them with bits of candy and raisins and pretend she is already here. All my lamps are lighted. I will sing the Christmas carols and remember past years. I am nearly well. My child moves actively and is growing. I have food and shelter, light and warmth, luxuries and a tree. With all my heart I am thankful for what I have this Christmas Eve, for the material things, for my memory and my hope.

My Christmas Eve was good. So was Christmas Day. I fussed over dinner all morning and the results pleased me. I had fried dried apples with the salt venison.

After dinner I went for a little outing, then I played myself a game of chess; left hand against the right, with me going from side to side of the table at every move. Right hand won—perhaps I favored it. The chessmen were some Lloyd whittled out.

After the game was over, I sat at the table with my head in my arms and remembered Christmas Days from my earliest childhood. The precious things of a little girl—my yellow-headed doll. Happy things—the Christmas plays my mother wrote about the doings of us children. What fun it was to act them out, each child impersonating himself. I remembered visits and company, feasts and dancing; music and songs and sleigh rides with the tinkling bells.

I do like the sound of sleigh bells.

"Jingle bells, jingle bells. Jingle all the way."

Jingle for the little one under my heart.

Another Christmas and I hope to see the faces of my family—Don and our children. God will grant me this—to hold my baby and look into the face of my dear son; and to see my beloved Don.

Six days of continuous heavy snowfall. This morning I went out and made snowballs and threw them in the air. I enjoyed doing such a foolish thing. Then I went all the way to the spring, but I didn't get any water because I couldn't see where it was. The walking was fun; some places were packed hard and in others it was soft and squishy.

The snow is all of ten feet deep—maybe twelve, but it is packing. It's the kind of snow that makes good snowballs. I didn't sink beyond my waist, and most places not much above my knees. At times I lost my balance and toppled over, but I didn't mind. Of course, if I *had* to go through that much snow, I would feel sorry for myself, but in that case I would keep going and not loiter around throwing snowballs.

I am still eating Christmas dinner. Counting Christmas, this is the fourth day I have eaten it. I do believe it will last a week longer. I don't mind; I'd a lot rather play in the snow than cook. I had Christmas pie for breakfast—good pie too.

It has turned much colder tonight. The wind has shifted to east and it is driving the snow before it, piling up huge drifts. I have been sewing and watching the snow whirl. I won't be able to look out my window much longer; already it is being buried in snow. This window is on the downhill side of the cabin, and the hill drops off fast. My upper window has been a wall of white for a long time.

I never saw such queer weather. The snow stopped suddenly just before noon. The sun was out for about half an hour, then thick fog rolled in and sleet has formed over everything. The sleet is freezing as hard as dornicks and is the slickest stuff in all creation. I know, for I went on the porch to examine it. Almost got a fall doing so.

I AM going to the beach. I am. I am. I am! The Lord has offered me free transportation and I'm going to take it.

I am going the first thing in the morning. I have a tremendous urge to go—a compulsion is upon me. I don't know why I must go, and I'm too busy getting ready to stop and reason about anything. I don't know what I'll find at the beach, but I know what I won't find there. No food, very little wood, no bedding, a very poor bunk, precious few pots and pans, no tub, and none of many other things I have up here to use and enjoy. Still I must go. I will take everything I can with me.

I am making up bundles to slide down the hill over the slick snow; then I'll slide myself down. I have filled every gunny sack here and I am wrapping things in canvas and tying them up tight with fuse. I am taking a little of everything and all of most things, all that I possibly can.

I found the ice creepers the men used last year to go along the canyon trail when it was icy. One is lashed to my crutch, the other to my good foot. I have made three trips to the head of the draw near the spring, and I slid bundles of supplies after me. I tied them to a bush. They're all set for the trip, and tomorrow I'll have that much less to do. I must hurry and get everything ready so I can be on my way before the weather changes; before anything happens to this slick sleet.

For once in this world some good has resulted from my being just a tomfool; the trail I made to the spring when I was out playing in the snow is now a well-glazed trough, along which my cargo slides beautifully.

Out of Sam's tent fly, I made a long roll and stuffed it with dozens of things and lashed the crosscut saw on top. I will let it lead my pack train. I have used more than three coils of fuse tying up my bundles and packs. Soon I'll be out of fuse. I must save enough to tie them all together and then tie myself to the lot.

I wish I could picture the draw more clearly. I am sure it is steep—forty-five degrees or more—and I know it is a series of cataracts from top to bottom, but I don't know about falls and windfalls. No matter what is there, I intend to go!

I'm in the beach cabin, well and safe.

No one ever came down a mountainside any faster than I did, and lived to tell the story. Not one single scratch or bump!

My cargo was waiting, all lashed together, pointed into the draw, and tied to a little bush. I had just tied the fuse to my belt and was trying to work my crutch under the lashings of the last bundle when my movements made me slide into it. The bush snapped off and the cargo started downhill—me with it. I grabbed for brush, a jerk

(Continued on Page 106)

What Can My Present Be?

By Aileen Fisher

Bring Him a gift, the little King.
What shall it be? What shall it be?
I have a shell from the sea to bring,
But He is too little to hear the sea—
It roars in the shell, but He could not tell.
Oh, what can my present be?

Bring Him a gift, the little Child.
What shall it be? What shall it be?
Here is a flower that was growing wild,
But now it is withered and old to see—
The petals would fall in a hand so small.
Oh, what can my present be?

Bring Him a gift, the little King.
What shall it be? What shall it be?
I have a song in my heart to bring,
Oh, I have a song in the heart of me,
Of glory and light on a winter night
And that will my present be.

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(Continued from Page 104)

broke my hold, then came speed and more speed. I wouldn't have stopped until I hit the bay except for huge snowdrifts the east wind had piled obliquely across my way. Up and down, roller-coaster style, I went over a few of them, gradually losing momentum until I came to a stop not more than three hundred feet away from the beach-cabin door.

When I finally stopped, I just sat there and laughed like an idiot, and I'm still laughing. There I was, all the way down and out into the flat before I was even ready to start. I think it the funniest thing ever to happen to me. Lloyd would have loved it.

Goodness, there's an awful lot of stuff. I didn't realize there was so much. This cabin is much smaller than the upper cabin, and the floor space is so taken up that I hardly have room to get around.

The cabin is just as I left it. Snow is above the eaves on the upper side, but wind has left the front fairly clear; not more than two feet of snow before the door. The big, old, leaning cedar has been blown down. It split off about twenty feet up and left a ragged snag. Lots of wood there, but it is mired in the snow.

I must get wood, very little is here in the cabin. I must get some today—as soon as I've rested a little.

Mercy, but I'm tired! And my bed not fixed! I've got to get horizontal before I drop.

An Oregon robin came and paid me a call, welcomed me here. He stood upon my window sill and fluffed his feathers, turned about this way and that, showing off his fine black collar and bright orange breast. I found the cookies, crumbed one for him and I hope he finds it. I do hope I'll see him again—he's so modest and as pretty as can be.

While I was out gathering wood I found a wonderful treasure. The old cedar is full of moss—great lots of fluffy, soft moss. I quickly gathered two canvas loads and dragged them into the cabin. Right now it's a mass of sleet and snow, but when it has dried out I will have a bed fit for a queen.

I did some of my wood gathering in a direction toward the boat so I could take a look at it without making an extra trip. The pilothouse door is open, which is the way I left it. The boat seems low in the water; it needs pumping. I wish I had some way to take care of it. That boat cost a lot of money and we were all so proud of it—even Sam bragged. The dinghy is swamped. I suppose it's full of rain water which has frozen, snow on top of the ice, then this sleet. It is made of Port Orchard cedar and it's a dandy—light and well balanced. If I could only get it, it would be so useful to me.

On the way home I found a right good-sized log. It looks as if it had been a skid log; much of the bark is battered off. It's hemlock and not very good firewood until it is dry, but it is a gift of God and not to be wasted. I tied it up.

In the stove ashes I found a big crooked spike. It must have come from some old plank we used for firewood. I've improved my crutch with that spike. I took off the snowshoe which wasn't very satisfactory on the beach, carved a notch for the spike to fit, and fastened it home with nails I took from a milk case. The spike sticks down about a quarter of an inch and will keep my crutch from ever slipping on the ice.

I am proud of that job.

I WAS outside most of today and brought in a big supply of wood. I plan to gather all I possibly can while the good weather lasts.

I also found three more skid logs and have made them secure.

I thought of the way I looked and I had to laugh at myself. There I was, hobbling along with my crutch, going under the trees, looking up for dead branches which I might be able to pull down, searching along the beach for anything the tide may have brought in, dressed in Sam's big old work pants and his minepacks, Don's old canvas coat, and a miner's cap with my short hair sticking out every which way. My own mother would never recognize her child. If anyone mistook me for an old Indian squaw I would not hav been offended; I look worse than a squaw. will be very proud if I am able to match th abilities of an Indian woman. Any peopl who can wrestle the necessities of life fro the raw hills and the savage ocean deserv profound respect.

I left my ring on the Christmas tree—m beautiful diamond ring that Don gave m my engagement ring. I feel so bad about i I never did wear it in the hills, but kept it o a silver chain around my neck along with m wedding ring. Last night in bed, I happene to touch the chain and felt only the weddin ring there. I'm just sick about it. How coul I ever have done such a thing? What in a creation made me put it on the Christma tree in the first place? It was Don's mother' ring, and his father's mother's before that and someday it was to have been Lloyd's t give to the girl he will love. I can't under stand how I treated a lovely ring so shabbily

IN less than two months I will have m child in my arms. I feel fine; get a little shor of breath now and then, but otherwise I an quite well. A little pain in my side when overwork, a bit of an ache in my leg when i gets cold, and a lazy arm that wants to b pampered do not mean ill health. I am hun gry all the time and eat enormous amounts I eat five or six times every day.

My baby is doing well and has grown unti now she has a human shape I can feel wit my hands. I can feel the roundness of he little head, and feel the arms and legs whe she takes her exercise. I am sure she is a per fectly healthy baby for she takes quite a lo of exercise.

My Oregon robin came twice today—earl morning and again just before dark. H picked at the crumbs I had put out for him fluffed his feathers and hopped about on th window sill. He wasn't afraid when I move near to the window to see him better, an cocked his head to inspect me. Approva seemed to have been mutual, for neither of u went away until all the crumbs were eaten

I have been figuring out a way to get t the boat and now I know what I am going t do. I'll build a raft from the skid logs, and have already collected five. A dandy on came in today. It's spruce and almost twenty five feet long, two inches through at the to end and about seven inches at the butt end That log told me a lot. It's a topping log; th top end the loggers saw off their timber afte they get it out of the woods and down to th water. Somebody is either logging in this arm right now, or was logging here not long ago I know they aren't far away because thes toppings haven't been in the water long haven't banged around on the rocks. The all came from the same place and drifte here in the same tide currents, which mean that the loggers are working on this side o the arm—the current sets in on this side, o the other side the current sets out.

I got a lot done today, I really worke hard and I am very tired. All five logs are cu down to raft length and I have six crosspiece and a jill poke. I plan to lash the logs togethe with fuse, for I have no spikes. It's slo work, but the raft will be plenty sturdy fo my purpose.

The weather remains fine, and for that am thankful. I have worked outside almos all day long. I have brought great quantitie of wood and more moss. I burn very littl fuel, have fire only at morning and night. eat cold food between times, go in the bun to rest and cover up to get warm.

Perhaps I can finish my raft tomorrow.

It is a wonderful raft. I tried it out whe the water was deep enough. It holds me u just fine, but I got wet to the knees wadin around in the water. I had to do it; the tid came in faster than I expected and it's sti coming in. I didn't like getting wet, but m job was so nearly done that it seemed wise t finish it and launch my craft on this tide. Do ing so has saved me a whole day.

I have built a big fire and have the bottor parts of my clothes off and drying over th stove. I don't think any harm will come fro the wetting. I wasn't in the water for ver long, but it is still as cold as ever—mayb

older. Baby is quiet now but she sure wiggled when I was dabbling around in the water. I guess the little lady doesn't like her mother to get wet. I wish my clothes would hurry up and dry. I want to lead my raft around to the boat and get aboard today.

I should clean up this cabin. It looks awful—everything right where I dumped it, wood and moss piled on top of the lot. It will just have to stay that way, though, while the weather is good.

I got to the boat all right, but again I got wet to my knees. For the second time today I am drying out my pants and drawers, socks and shoepacks. I have another hot fire going. I've been extravagant with wood, burned more than in any day all winter. A hot fire is a luxury I surely do enjoy when I can.

This is a beautiful night—the half-moon up above the hills. There isn't a cloud in the sky. The mountain peaks stand tall and sharp and the water glimmers with flecks of gold as a scant breeze tickles the surface.

This afternoon, I poked and led the raft along the shore to the bar. Then I climbed aboard it, being careful to stay in the center. I balanced on my knees and poled until the water got too deep, then a bit of urging with my crutch for a paddle and I was alongside the boat. I tied the raft at both ends and climbed on board.

There is lots of water in the boat, way up over the floor boards, above the engine pan, and the pump was stuck fast in ice. I pounded and pounded the pump before the plunger came free. I pumped until I was so tired I had to take a rest, then pumped some more, and it still looked as if there was just as much water as when I started.

I hung the binoculars around my neck, took the guns off their pegs and wrapped them in my coat which I had left in the pilothouse, and got back onto my raft. I tied the long dinghy rope to the crosspiece and was about ready to shove off when I spied the pike pole hanging in the rigging. I needed it badly, so I climbed back aboard and got it.

A push against the boat with the pole to start me on my way, and, in what seemed no time at all, I was back on shore again. I tied up the raft, untied the dinghy, took the guns and pike pole and started along the beach for home. My arms were so full I had a bad time managing everything, but it was already night and I didn't want to make a second trip. As I walked along I wished I had left the guns on board.

I am waiting for the night tide to come in enough for me to pull the dinghy up to where it will be high and dry tomorrow. Getting all that ice out is going to be a chore, but once it is out I'll have a good rowboat to use. That's a most comforting thought. I have no love for a raft, a dinghy will be a world better.

THE boat is unloaded. I have brought every blessed thing that might be useful to me here. The raft is tied up high and dry. It will become stovewood when I get around to sawing it up. The dinghy is still full and down at low-tide line.

I will sleep a little, and when I wake will go pull it up and unload it.

I brought off all the food, most of it in good shape. Half a sack of spuds, about ten pounds of onions and nearly as many carrots. They were in a locker below the water line and they stink of bilge. I churned the bags up and down in sea water, and now they're buried in the dirt down under my floor. Maybe the earth will absorb whatever bilge smell is left on them.

I brought all the bedding, towels, clothing, the guns and gun shells. Brought charts, writing paper, sewing kit, compass, barometer, tools, soap, and Don's shaving outfit. I'm so happy to have more paper to write on, for I could see the end to what I had.

Brought the handsaw, hammer, hacksaw, blow torch, a can of nails, bottle of copper tacks, carbide lamp, and a ten-pound can of carbide. I already had the two lamps and a lot of carbide from off the hill. I'll never be without light now. Also, I got the lantern—which is useless since I didn't find any kerosene—the brace and bits, and a case of fine drills and other special tools. I got most of the specimens, but I left all the samples aboard. I brought the sour-dough pot and the hot-cake griddle, the iron frying pan and the washbasin, deck pail, dishes and cook pots. Oh, I must mention the cargo-shore boards—I took them to make shelves for this cabin. And the mattresses, I got two of them. I dried them out behind the stove; now I have a wonderful bed. I will rest well and I need to, for never before in all my life have I worked so hard and for such long hours, and I've a hurting in my side.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed. —SOCRATES

GRADUALLY order is coming out of chaos. As I brought loads from the boat I quickly dumped them on the floor and hurried back for other loads, and what I brought from the hill was already in the middle of the floor, plus my wood, plus lots of moss. What a looking place!

Now that all my wealth is under the roof, I work in the cabin all day, and go outside only long enough to tend my needs and bring a pan of snow to melt. I haven't even got a stick of wood for days, which is breaking my own law. I have been so busy. But actually, the work wasn't very hard—not all of it. I did a lot of pottering and gloating over my loot. I am rich beyond words. I now have plenty of everything I need and luxuries besides.

My nice little Oregon robin, who has been coming every day and sometimes twice a day, was here late this afternoon to get his grub. A mean old jay came and drove him away. The jay pecked the robin hard—pecked a feather out. I am so mad at that jay! I'll not feed him. Let him starve.

Bad weather came today—rain and hail and plenty of wind. It was a real stormy day. I was outside for a little while during a lull and I actually sawed one block of wood from off a raft log. That's the first block of wood I ever sawed all by myself. It looks too much like the work of beavers for me to brag about it, but now I know I can saw and I feel sure my skill will improve with practice.

I have no salt. Didn't think to bring some from the hill and the salt on the boat was dropped and spattered all over. I'll have to dip up ocean water and cook my food in it. It's a good scheme in more ways than one; it saves melting snow.

The topping logs keep coming in. Now I have fourteen tied up and three more are floating around out front. I should row out and bring them in, but the dinghy leaks like a basket. Also, it's still windy and squally.

I have been using the brace and bit to bore holes in the logs for pegs to put my shelves on. It takes more skill than I have to get the holes straight and in line.

A bitter disappointment came to me this day. I can hardly bear to think about it. Looking up from my work and out the window, I saw a man in a skiff coming around the point.

Don!

I got so excited and confused. I ran out of the cabin and yelled, not realizing he could never hear me in this wind and that far away.

It was Don; I could tell by the way he sat in the skiff. He would hear gunshots. Back I rushed to get the gun. Hurry. Hurry. Fire shots to tell Don I was still alive and well, tell him to hurry to me.

How wondrously good it was to see him, even a mile off and through misty snow flurries.

The binoculars. Find the binoculars.

I hurried and trembled and fumbled. Had no more sense than a chicken. I couldn't find the binoculars. I upset everything. Scrambled things about in my haste.

Once more I look. Through the snow I see him. He's still there. Wonderful! Saved!

(Continued on Page 109)



Beatrice Cooke's Mealtime Adventures



FOR DECEMBER: New Year's Casserole, Shrimp Butter, Meadow Gold Holiday Eggnog



Let's plan a party!

This is certainly the party season, isn't it? And though we're always glad to entertain festively, it's even nicer to combine that festivity with an easy simplicity. So this month I've collected some food suggestions to help make your holiday entertaining more fun with less effort. Here's an example:

New Year's Crabmeat Casserole

3 tbsp. Meadow Gold Butter
¼ cup chopped green pepper
2 tbsp. flour
1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
1 cup Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk
Dash of pepper
1¾ cups grated Meadow Gold Natural Cheddar Cheese
1 cup canned or frozen cooked crabmeat
Buttered bread crumbs
¼ cup grated Meadow Gold Natural Cheddar Cheese
Paprika

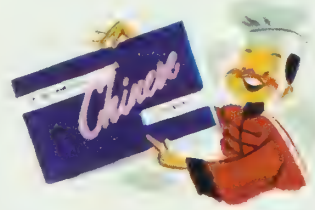
Cook green pepper in butter until tender; stir in flour. Combine soup, milk and pepper and gradually stir into flour mixture. Cook until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Add cheese and crabmeat; blend. Pour into a buttered 1 quart casserole. Top with bread crumbs and remaining ¼ cup cheese. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a moderate oven (375°) 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Is there anything that peps up a casserole dish like a good nippy *natural* cheddar? And when I say good, I have in mind MEADOW GOLD NATURAL CHEDDAR! For the makers of MEADOW GOLD know many old-country cheese-making secrets . . . their Natural Cheddar Cheese, for instance, has a wonderful old-English cheese flavor. And that other important characteristic of fine cheese, a *smooth-blending* quality. I hope you'll try my casserole—and with MEADOW GOLD NATURAL CHEDDAR. You'll be glad you did!

From can to hand...



That's what's so wonderful about using LACHOY CHOW MEIN NOODLES for delectable party snacks. All the hostess has to do is open the can and pour these deliciously nutty-flavored, crunchy tidbits into a dish. Before she can turn back to the kitchen, guests are enjoying the easiest can-to-hand snack I've seen! Made from a blend of selected flours and other wholesome ingredients, LACHOY CHOW MEIN NOODLES are cooked in vegetable shortening until they are golden brown and crunchy, with a tantalizing flavor. Serve them right from the can or heat them briefly in the oven. Party time or any time, I'm sure you'll want to keep several cans of these little hostess-savers on hand!



FREE CHINESE RECIPES TO MAKE YOU FAMOUS!

Here is a booklet of exotic recipes you can make easily and quickly in your own kitchen. 27 pages. Color illustrations. And such exciting recipes as Mandarin Salad, Chinatown War Mein and Sub Gum Chop Suey or Chow Mein. For your free copy write *today* to LaChoy Food Products Division, Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. J-29, Archbold, Ohio.

KEEP 'EM GUESSING!

Your guests are bound to be intrigued by the subtle blending of flavors in the canape spread I have here for you. But keep them guessing. Don't let them know how really simple the recipe is!

Shrimp Butter

¼ cup Meadow Gold Butter, whipped
1 cup ground cooked shrimp — 2 tsp. lemon juice
⅛ tsp. grated onion — Dash of salt
½ tsp. finely minced parsley (optional)

Combine all ingredients and spread on assorted crackers, melba toast or toasted bread rounds. Garnish with paprika, or serve in glass bowl on platter of crackers.

Every single flavor represented in this recipe is important to the spread as a whole. And that includes MEADOW GOLD BUTTER . . . for MEADOW GOLD is the perfect, delicately flavored, cream-rich butter for such a subtle blend. Probably there's a creamery near *you* where MEADOW GOLD BUTTER is churned fresh daily. And, in most places, every quarter pound comes wrapped in aluminum foil which brings it delicately fresh right to your table. I really think it's important to any good recipe to use MEADOW GOLD!



FREE! My Favorite Recipes For Party Spreads and Appetizers!

They're all easy to mix, made from ingredients most of us have on hand, and they make the prettiest, tastiest canapes and party sandwiches I've ever seen! Such treats as Cheese Chips, Seafood Dip and Golden Nuggets. Just write me in care of Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. BC-13, 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Illinois.



Don't forget to send for my **FREE** appetizer recipes to serve with your Eggnog!

And what could be more appropriate for the cheery holiday season than this beautiful and spicy rich eggnog! It's as traditional as the Christmas tree and the baby New Year. And I think it's ever so much fun when you've made it yourself from ingredients specially chosen for their rich good flavor.

Meadow Gold Holiday Eggnog

6 Meadow Gold Egg Whites — ¼ tsp. salt
½ cup sugar — 6 Meadow Gold Egg Yolks
2½ cups Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk — 2½ tbsp. vanilla
2 cups Meadow Gold Whipping Cream, whipped — Nutmeg

Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff but not dry; gradually add sugar, beating continuously. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored; fold in egg whites. Gradually add milk. Fold in whipped cream and vanilla. Serve the eggnog sprinkled generously with nutmeg.

Note: This can be made several hours before serving. Carefully stir the eggnog before pouring into chilled punch bowl. Makes 16 servings.

Now here, you see, is a recipe where the very careful choice of cream, eggs and milk is absolutely necessary. They just *must* be fresh, rich and delicately flavored. That's why I make my eggnog only with MEADOW GOLD CREAM, MILK and EGGS! I know, from having visited MEADOW GOLD plants all over the country what care and skill and cleanliness is employed in bringing these products to you. Yes, MEADOW GOLD is definitely my choice for anything that uses dairy products! I think it will be yours, too.



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(Continued from Page 107)

Urge the fire; poke at it. Pick up some of the litter. There they are—the glasses. Grab them. Now I would see Don, confirm what I already knew.

All I saw was snow—a great white curtain of snow. I looked and looked, unable to find the man in the skiff. My hands shook as I held the glasses, and I mumbled as I watched the snow clear.

I would not believe my eyes. The man in the skiff was only a snag with a limb sticking up.

Don was not coming to me. Maybe he will never come.

Maybe no one will ever come.

I KNOW beyond the shadow of a doubt that somebody is logging in this arm. Every tide brings chips, toppings or cut branches to this beach. These haven't come very far. I must think about this very carefully. I must plan.

There is a big stand of timber in Grand Fall Cove, which is the next cove down from here. It's only three miles away. Don could row to it in an hour, and I could row there in two hours even in my present condition.

But with this wind and my leaky rowboat how can I row there in a whole lifetime? I must fix the dinghy. It seems to be leaking more and more. In clearing the ice from it with the ax I must have loosened up some of the seams.

I should try to go to that cove, though. With help so close I should not risk being alone when the baby comes. I know the loggers are there and I know they are rafting their logs. They'll be leaving as soon as the rafts are ready and the weather permits them to cross open ocean.

Alas, she married another; they frequently do; I hope she is happy—because I am. —ARTEMUS WARD

I have repaired the dinghy and it is leaking much less. If I could turn it over I could fix it quite well, but that is far beyond my strength. I put in several nails and did some calking. It still leaks, but not an alarming amount. It is in good enough shape to carry me to Grand Fall Cove. I will go as soon as the weather will permit.

The mice have got news of my whereabouts and have moved in on me, bringing their families along. They are welcome to what they can find on the floor; I have no broom anyway, but they better let my supplies alone.

My cabin has such a nice lived-in look. Things hang neatly from the crossbeams and on the walls. My shelves are well arranged. The place is cheerful and clean. I have scrubbed things—even washed my window inside and out. I found the shovel and cleared away the snow from my door.

I scrubbed clothes today. I have three fuse lines across the cabin and there my laundry is drying. I used a lot of wood heating the wash water and I am a little worried. It wouldn't take many such days to deplete my fuel supply.

Thank heavens, the weather has let up a little. I sawed seven blocks today and brought them in. I am getting the knack of sawing and the saw sings to me. Today it sang to me as Don sometimes sang when we climbed the high hills together.

The thought of Don did not make my heart sad and I wondered about that. Since the bitter disappointment caused by the floating snag, I haven't thought of him often, and I haven't been sad very much either. I didn't want to make myself sick—be unable to do my work—and I just had to put the thought of him out of my mind, but I didn't mean to forget him.

Am I forgetting Don? No, I don't think so. I know I do love him with all my heart and soul, all my mind and body. I love his memory and it will always be precious to me, yet many hours—whole days—go by and I don't think of him at all. When I do think of him I am not sad; in fact, I am often glad. I know Don would be proud of the things I am doing. Sometimes I am happy with the feeling that he will come and say I have done well. Always, my soul expects him to come, but my reason would offer many proofs why he can't come—ever.

The wind shifted and the rain turned to snow and all night long great quantities of snow fell, then early this morning the storm blew itself away. When the wind had gone and the waves stopped pounding on the beach, the whole earth seemed so silent.

I have decided to row to the loggers at first daylight tomorrow. The dinghy is free of snow and washed down with salt water. I will take my sleeping bag, the ax, a carbide lamp, lunch and nothing more. If the weather remains good I can easily make it in three hours—probably less.

The men will be surprised to see me. Suddenly I feel terribly lonesome just thinking someone is near and I will see them soon. When I knew for certain I was all alone and it was impossible for me to get to any other person, I didn't feel so lonesome. I didn't feel lonesome in the bad weather, either, because I couldn't possibly go anywhere. I just accepted it—there was nothing else a sane person could do, but accept it.

I shot my gun twelve times today. I hope the sound carried in this still air. Maybe somebody will come tonight, but I don't expect it, only hope for it. It's so dark it would be foolish. If the weather holds I'll go tomorrow morning early.

As I write my child is wiggling all over the place. She must be a chip off the old block—like the Martin family, overjoyed to be going someplace. Lie still, you babe! You will get your trip. What a lucky thing for me that I can carry you inside. I shouldn't like starting out in a rowboat in the middle of winter with a tiny baby in my arms.

Home again. Weary unto death. Safe. Thanks be to God!

Two days and three nights I have lain in my bunk; today I have made fire and cooked and eaten hot food. This is the sixth day since I left to go to Grand Fall Cove.

It was about quarter incoming tide when I left and I had to buck the current getting around the point. From there on the going was easy enough for a while. Then the dinghy began leaking more than I thought it should, and soon my side began to bother, my leg was cold and aching, but I was determined not to give in. I refused to recognize my pains and resolved to keep going. Time after time I bailed, righted my dinghy, then rowed a little farther. I rowed until I could row no more.

I was nearly to the mouth of Grand Fall Cove. Only one more point to round and I could have looked into the cove. I wanted desperately to make that point and I struggled until the tears came and I was breathless. I got fumbly from the cold numbing my hands. All my efforts were wasted. I just had to rest and get warm.

THERE was nothing to do but go ashore. I needed my crutch. With stiff hands I picked a few dead branches from the alders, pushed away the snow, and carefully laid a little fire. As I rested and warmed myself, I wondered how I could help the aching in my leg. If I could keep it warmer it would be less troublesome. I decided to take the sock from my good foot and put it on the complaining one.

I had my shoepacks off and one sock off; was holding it over the fire, when I heard a boat engine. I was frantic. The boat would go away and leave me! I started to the dinghy without my shoes, turned back and put them on, but my feet were snowy and it was hard to get my pacs on in a hurry. I didn't bother with the laces, just left them dangling, and tripped over them as I rushed to untie the dinghy. My gloves! Beside the fire. Oh, leave them there. No! Get the gloves. Trip on shoelaces. See the carbide lamp. Leave it.

All the while I could hear the engine. I rowed and rowed. I prayed to God to have



In the farmhouse kitchen, pancakes and syrup are one of the favorite treats.

In the maple sugar country Vermont Maid is a favorite !

Table Tips...



For French toast that's very French indeed—use half-inch slices of French bread. Dip *quickly* into beaten egg and milk, brown in butter. For real perfection, serve it with plenty of golden-rich Vermont Maid!



Here's an easily made cake topping you can whip up in seconds! Mix lightly —with a fork—3 tablespoons of Vermont Maid Syrup in 1½ cups of shredded cocoanut. Sprinkle mixture over cake batter before baking. Different—and delicious.

Good, old-fashioned maple sugar flavor—that's a taste treat that delights young and old alike. And real maple sugar flavor is what you get in every jug of Vermont Maid Syrup.

Skilled blenders choose only the finest maple sugar . . . then blend it with cane sugar to bring you, at moderate cost, a full-bodied syrup that's uniformly rich and delicious. Vermont Maid is perfect poured over pancakes and waffles . . . delicious on cereal and French toast, too!

Look for the attractive 2-handled glass jug on your grocer's shelf. In the 12-ounce or generous 24-ounce family size.

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Corned Beef Patties—Put through meat grinder: 2 c. corned beef, 1 med. onion, 1 small seeded green pepper. Add 1 slightly-beaten egg and ½ c. bread crumbs. Dissolve 2 Herb-Ox Bouillon Cubes in ½ c. heated tomato juice, and mix all ingredients. Form into cakes, dip in flour; fry until brown. (Serves from 4-6.)

Send now for the Money-Saver! It's packed with recipes and menus to give you more flavor for less money—shows you how to zip up main dishes, soups and gravies. The Pure Food Co., Inc., Dept. LH-12, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

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mercy and let me go fast. I wondered if it would take to the end of time for me to get to the point. The sound came nearer; the engine was laboring. They were towing the raft, that's why it labored. I prayed that the raft would be heavy or would swing ashore and hang up. I wanted every log in it to be a sinker. The sound of the boat came on.

I strained at the oars and shut my teeth on my lip until there was the taste of blood in my mouth. I rounded the point. There was the boat coming out of the cove, dragging a raft of logs on a short towline. Two men were on deck and one of them was Sam. Good Sam. Blessed Sam. Oh, how I loved Sam that minute. I saw him go to the stern of the boat, lean over and do something to the tow cable. Then he stood there watching the raft swing around and ease into line.

I screamed but my voice was a squeak. I floundered to my feet, stood and waved my arms, gulped for breath and shouted. The dinghy had a dangerous amount of water in it and rolled, threatening to swamp. I staggered drunkenly, knowing the risk, yet disregarding it because of the greater risk—Sam might not see me. I stood and waved my arms, shouted and screamed until I was out of breath and exhausted.

The boat slowed—the engine idled. I was sure they had seen me.

Frantically, I waved the bailing can, stood up on the thwart and screamed.

Nothing happened. The skipper threw in the clutch, eased the boat forward. Sam and his helper did things to the cable. Again the engine idled. I stood and waved and shouted some more. The men kept right on tinkering with that cable, then the clutch went in and the boat moved ahead.

They had not seen me.

They moved slowly away from me. I thought I could catch up with them. I prayed they might still see me. Again I rowed—for my life and the life of my child. Again I stood up and screamed and waved. It was no use.

The boat kept right on going with Sam still standing there at the stern, watching his old logs. I was furious. If I had had a gun, I would have shot them dead. Those lazy, stupid men kept right on going and left me alone. Not once had they looked in my direction. I stood up and shook my fist at the disappearing boat.

When it had gone from my sight I dropped down and shed tears of helpless rage and utter defeat. The leaky dinghy soon reminded me that I was alive and still wanted to stay that way. I worked back to shore, paddling slowly and painfully to my campsite. The fire had not gone out; smoke was still rising in tall white plumes. Why hadn't those men seen the smoke?

I pushed the fire together and unrolled my eiderdown. I didn't open it, just lay down on top and covered myself with the canvas. I was too numb to think. I felt so Godforsaken, so terribly alone; a heavy burdensome aloneness. It seemed to me that some demon must be after me and bent on my destruction. I had done my best. I had tried to accept my fate and not complain very much. Why should so much tragedy and sorrow and pain come to me? Why must this evil fall upon my innocent baby? Again I became rebellious. I cussed some more, shouting into the lonesome sea and at the mountain wall.

THE words echoed back to me and suddenly I realized it was my own voice saying those awful things. I was shocked and ashamed. I thought of Don and how humiliated he would be. Don has never heard me say one bad word, not one. I felt unworthy, undeserving of my husband. And I was afraid. I was afraid of the unseen, the unknown, afraid for myself and for my child.

The tide was going out and the stern of the dinghy was barely in the water. I pulled the plug, then carefully did some calking, and with the axhead I tapped some of the nails tighter. It was an improvement, one step further toward home and comfort, and I was ready to start. As day wore on to late afternoon, it became much colder and scum ice was all over, leaving no open lanes. But the ice wasn't hard yet. It broke to the oars with tinkling sounds.

I got awfully tired but I didn't go ashore. I rested by leaning my head on my knees and pressing my hands to my side. My repairs did help a lot and I didn't have to bail nearly so often.

The ice got thicker and thicker. I had to hurry, but I didn't dare exert myself to the point of exhaustion. Gradually, I developed a slow easy stroke, which made progress, yet still gave me a breathing space between strokes. I'd lean far over as I lifted the oars, lay my aching side against my thigh for a few heartbeats, dip the oars with a thud to break the ice, then pull a long stroke as I raised my body. It was a good system and worked fine until the ice got so thick that it wouldn't break to the oars. Then I had to stand up, reach ahead to break the ice, and pole or paddle along.

Something, perhaps my moving about, started the leaks again and they were worse than ever. I had to bail and bail. Still I moved along. I was almost to my home point; thirty yards more and I would be where I could walk the beach to the cabin. There was a dangerous amount of water in the dinghy and I was fumbly with tiredness. I knew I had to rest, bail, then make the final effort. As I rested I ate raisins. Night was near. I dared not rest too long.

I reached for the bailing can on the thwart. It had become coated with ice; it slipped from my hand over the side, sliding far out of reach. I knew fear then—stark, naked fear. The dinghy was filling. An alarming lot of water was in it. Could I keep it balanced while I broke the few feet of ice which separated me from the shore?

Well, I did! It was a miracle. I thanked God with all the breath I had, and asked no more than to be able to thank Him. How good was the firm shore, the ice-coated rocks. I had come ashore at the very edge of the cliff.

I pulled the nose of my boat as far ashore as I could get it, then looked about for a place to camp and found a perfect nook. I made my fire, using driftwood. Wrapping the canvas about me, I sat toasting myself; first one side, then the other. I nibbled sparingly from my lunch. As I ate and warmed, I thought over my present dilemma. My unhappy day was the result of an attitude not unlike that of the five foolish virgins. Looking back, I saw how I might have avoided some of the tragedy. Even another pair of socks, put on before leaving the cabin, might have made the difference. A little more calking certainly would have helped. And why hadn't I taken my gun? A gunshot would have attracted Sam's attention.

I SELECTED the spot for my bed, leveled it off, cut boughs and placed them over the snow (didn't need many). I made my bed as close to the fire as I dared, spread the canvas so that half would be under me and the other half could be pulled over the top of the eiderdown. Then I fixed the sleeping bag and crawled into my bed just as the last glimmer of day faded into night.

I lay thinking of how I would get home to my cabin. I held no faith in the rowboat; I must somehow climb up the cliff and get down the other side. The ridge was heavily covered with brush and timber, and it should not be too difficult, but before I could reach to the handholds in the timber I would first have to negotiate fifteen or twenty feet of sheer rock wall. I had to go either up it or around it.

My baby moved quite a lot and took her exercise. If she had moved during the day, I hadn't noticed, being much too occupied with other things. I held my belly, felt her move against my hands, and was filled with gladness. Then I slept soundly.

(Continued on Page 112)

Ask any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

"HURRY is the slowest worker in the world," states my efficient neighbor. "Most of the usual housekeeping problems have never happened to me because of one rule from grandmom which I've faithfully followed: 'Always be an hour in advance of your work.'"

Parenthood: an extension course in marriage. Grandparenthood: a refresher course.

Parents should do the same as artists—wait and look at the finished product, then name it.

"Have you ever," asked the mother of several very young children, "made a cake in the morning and had it 'defrosted' before you could get it on the dinner table?"

From an old book of etiquette for women: "Don't publicly kiss every time you come together and part. Consider the exasperation to men, and the waste."

Overheard at a friend's house: Wife to husband, "Dear, will you get Bobby ready for bed?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just that!"

"Oh."

When a mother of several growing children apologizes because everything in the house is worn, she should then apologize for having apologized.

A young mother, asked the question "Where does your time go?", answered, "How do I know, when I never can find it?"

"Why is it," asks a subscriber, "that fathers read all the magazine articles on How to Get the Most From Your Car, Habits of Tropical Fish, Bringing Up Your Dog, Roses and Their Care, but never Your Child and His Needs?"

One of the nicest things about an old house is the number of places to hide Christmas presents.

For the systematic housekeeper, an ounce of morning is worth a pound of afternoon.

Optimism: planting a tree at eighty with the expectation of sitting in its shade with a great-grandchild.

Unhappy bride: "Every visit with my mother-in-law seems to result in a sort of seminar for my education into the finer points of my husband's likes and dislikes—as she has observed them in twenty-five years of devotion to an only son."

Young boy, with clenched fist: "I'm trying to make my temper fit my judgment."

"Every wife knows there are times when she must be the whipping boy or the tin can that is kicked around if things haven't gone right for her husband at the office," writes a reader. "The wonder of it is that after he feels better he will forgive her for every unkind thing he has said to her."

She ladled out praise as carefully as butter in a restaurant.

Don't save the sunshine just for Sunday

Really, it's an *everyday* help, not just company fare.

Look at everything DEL MONTE Brand Pineapple can do—make simple salads shine, quick desserts sparkle—brighten plain meals like nothing else will. And for this big reason:

DEL MONTE Brand Pineapple has a wonderful flavor, neither too tart nor too sweet—a perfect complement to so many foods.

You see, DEL MONTE Pineapple is grown from exclusive strains and picked plump and juicy-ripe—just when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect balance.

That makes DEL MONTE the name you ought to count on for pineapple, too. If you think it's expensive, take another look. You'll want to plan on DEL MONTE Brand Pineapple *often*.

Sure tonic for touchy salad appetites is tender, sunny DEL MONTE Sliced Pineapple—here shown making a good thing of shredded cabbage (either red or green) and carrots, served right in the hollowed-out cabbage. For dressing: Mix **½ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing** with **¼ cup syrup from pineapple, 1 tablesp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. sugar, dash salt, ¼ tsp. celery seed.**

The brand millions prefer for pineapple, too

Del Monte Pineapple



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PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 110)

It was day when I awoke and I was not nearly rested enough. I dressed quickly, ate a few bites of my much diminished lunch, rolled my bed, slipped my arms through the pack straps, tied the ax to my belt, and left camp without making a fire.

I found a way up—steep, but no sheer climb, and very brushy. I traveled obliquely up along the hillside. Not once did I trust myself to a brush until I tested it, and not once did I let go one hold before I found another. The frozen snow was not strong enough to hold me, but too strong to push through. I had to use the ax to break my way.

I became very tired. There was not a level place where I could sit down. I had to rest leaning into the snow, always holding on. Sometimes it was a good place where I could crook my knee or elbow round a small tree; sometimes I had little more than a finger hold. I rested often, trying to save my strength, but I had so little, and aches and pains tormented me.

I looked at the sun when I came to an opening where I could see the peaks on the peninsula, find markers, know directions. The sun was past south and going into the west. I was nowhere near back to the point. I wasn't half to the point. It would be insane to try to struggle on. I turned back.

It was getting dark when I staggered to my campsite. I dropped on the boughs and just lay there. I didn't care if I got cold; I didn't care about anything in all creation. After a while I began to care a little bit, but not very much. I unrolled my sleeping bag and crawled into it, didn't take off my hat or untie the ax from my belt, didn't even take off my pacs. I don't think I slept and I know I was not awake.

When it was broad day and the sun was shining, I sat up and looked toward the water and saw a crack open between the ice and the cliff. I watched it grow wider, saw small pieces of ice floating; I remembered the current of the incoming tide sets against this shore. It comes strong against the cliff. I could get around the cliff in the dinghy. Praise be to God!

I made fire and waited until the tide came to the dinghy; I hadn't the strength to get it down to the water, and yesterday's tide had left it stranded quite high. It was coated inside and out with ice. Ice should stop leaks for a while, at least until it melted, I convinced myself.

I was feeble, and my body felt heavy beyond my strength to raise it. Food! That was what was wrong with me. I was starving and didn't even feel hungry. I ate the last of my lunch, all except a handful of raisins, my hand bringing each bite to my mouth as if it were a heavy weight.

It was time to go. I got a good push off in the right direction and the current took me on. I was half past the cliff before I had the oars into the oarlocks. On the other side, the current had cut a lane in the ice for a thousand feet or more. It led toward my cabin, but the end of the lane was quite far from shore. I debated about using the open water. It would close when the tide turned; if I couldn't break a path to my home beach, I would be left locked in the ice over deep water, and the dinghy would soon be leaking like a basket. I remembered yesterday's trudge in the snow and decided if I was to save my life, again I must risk it.

QUICKLY I came to the end of open water. The ice I had dreaded so much was not thick at first, and I made good progress. The last half of the way was harder; the dinghy was beginning to leak, the ice seemed thicker and stronger, and my strength was ebbing away. But the shore was nearer; unlike the men and the boat, it would not move away from me.

What joy I knew when I reached the shore and could see my good cabin. I had wandered in the wilderness and been led back safely. I tied up my rowboat, ate the last of the raisins, and went slowly home.

My child has suffered no harm from all my weary journey; she moves, takes her exercise, and seems to have grown in these few days. Something has happened to her position; she is lower and my abdomen protrudes enormously. Now I look very much pregnant. The pain is gone from my side and I am less short of breath.

The bay is frozen across from shore to shore. I am truly alone now, and I will remain alone. No one can possibly get to me and I cannot get to anyone.

The crust on the snow is strong enough to bear my weight, so I put on the ice creepers (I didn't really need them, for this snow is not slick) and went moseying through the timber. It was a nice outing and so easy to get around. I found quite a lot of dead branches and a big spruce windfall literally full of moss—just as the big old cedar was. Fresh moss smells so good. I found an eagle feather lodged in it; it must have hung there for months, this isn't the time of year for birds to shed their feathers. It is still glossy and undamaged by the weather. I brought it home and stuck it up on the wall.

I also brought a few cedar boughs to put about the cabin to take the place of house plants. I dropped them outside the door until I could find time to fix them. When I opened my door and looked out there stood a deer eating them. He didn't seem afraid of me, just stood there and looked. I got some old hot cakes and threw them to him. He moved away a little, then came forward, smelling around, found a hot cake, liked it and looked for more. He ate every scrap I had thrown him. I have named him Sammy, and I think Sam would feel honored if he knew. Hereafter I'm going to make lots of hot cakes so I will always have something handy for any deer who offers me his friendship.

The man who says he has never told a lie has made a very good beginning.
—MARK ALLERTON
The London Way

I hurried with my chores, then got at my sewing. I am making a bed pad for when baby is born, using two hundred-pound sugar sacks, padding them with moss, and quilting with string. I like to work with this nice moss and feel so fortunate to have such lots of it.

I killed a sea otter today. I actually did kill a sea otter with the ax! I took his liver out and ate part of it; I'm going to eat the rest and his heart too. His liver was quite large, bigger than a deer's, and it had more lobes to it. It was very good.

Most all of today was devoted to the sea otter; getting the hide off was a real task. It's a lovely skin, the softest, silkiest, thickest fur I have ever seen. I am going to make a robe for my baby out of that beautiful fur. My darling child may be born in a lowly cabin, but she shall be wrapped in one of the earth's most costly furs.

It was such a splendid piece of luck, in more ways than one. That otter might have killed me. This morning I went to the woods to gather limbs. Coming home I saw the tide was nearly out and thought I'd walk over to the bar and take a look at the boat. There's lots of scattered ice on the beach, but broken up so as to leave space for walking. I was swinging the ax in my left hand, managing the crutch with the right, more or less watching where I placed my feet, not thinking of anything in particular, when right beside me I heard a bark. It was like a dog bark; not a bowwow, more of a yip. I looked around and saw a huge creature reared up on its haunches. I saw its white teeth.

Without thinking, I swung the ax at the side of its head, turned and tried to run. I was so terrified the thing would nab me from behind that I could hardly move. I glanced over my shoulder to see how close it was. It hadn't budged from where it dropped.

I went back very gingerly. Picking up a rock, I threw it and hit the brute. It never moved. I got real brave and walked right up to it. I heard it breathe, saw a twitch. I didn't lose much time pounding his head very thoroughly with the ax. Soon it was quite dead. I got down on my knees and examined it from one end to the other. First off, I noticed the lovely fur. I decided right then I would have the skin. I saw it as a baby blanket.

It is against the law to kill a sea otter. Right now I don't care a rap for law. I'd like to have a picture of a game warden who could arrest me now.

I dragged my kill home and I'll bet the creature weighed a hundred pounds. I decided to skin it exactly the way the men do a deer. I have watched them but never helped or paid much attention. I didn't know very much about skinning a furbearing animal. How I wished I had an Indian squaw to instruct me.

WELL, I laid it flat on its back and fixed it as straight as I could, sharpened the smallest-bladed knife, then went to work. I had plenty of trouble. No place would the skin pull off like a deer hide. Every inch had to be cut off. My hands got cold, smelly too. I had let the fire go down and there wasn't enough hot water to scrub properly. I made up the fire, washed a little, sat down to rest and gloat over my wonderful fur.

Suddenly, I had done enough for one day. I doubled up the hide, skin side in, wrapped it all in canvas and put it out on the snow. I cleaned up, and cooked the liver. By then it was dark. I had had a full day.

I woke up in the night, and felt rested, so I lit the carbide lamp, and sat here writing all about my sea otter.

I had planned to work on my otter skin today, but this morning Old Nick was flaunting a plume, warning that the cold Taku is going to blow. I put all my energy into gathering wood and left the skin alone.

Before I got back with my last load of wood, the wind was howling and it seemed much colder. On the way home I considered how I might keep more cold out of the cabin and thereby save fuel. I thought of a storm door and after I had eaten and rested, I got busy and nailed a double canvas across the top of the door on the outside and all down one side. I tacked a heavy stick to the bottom, and fixed a bent spike to catch the end and hold it snug. My storm door is a dandy and will keep out lots of cold.

I made a decking of the big tent fly, nailed a sugan to the wall at the side of my bunk, and a blanket at the head. I calked up around the window. Already I can feel the difference in the warmth, and it looks better too. I'm snug and cozy. Let the Taku howl!

Poor Don. How he will suffer in this savage weather. Don is handy. He can make so many things. He will have shelter. O Lord, have mercy on Don.

I've begun scraping off the fat from my otter skin and it's about half done. When a skin looks scraped, it still has lots of fat on it. I know I'll have to go over the whole hide at least twice.

I've made another discovery—sea-water ice is not salty. I have been bringing ice instead of water because it's so much easier just to pick up a chunk. My food wasn't tasting salty enough and I thought I might be getting scurvy. Today I got my cook water at high tide. It happened to be handier to dip up water instead of picking up a chunk of ice. That's how I learned that sea-water ice is not very salty.

I have finished scraping the otter skin. It is all very nicely done and not one single hole did I cut in it. I am going to scrub it well in lots of warm soapy water. Right now it's greasy; I could never wrap my darling in such a thing. The tail isn't scraped yet; it's still lying out in the snow.

Goodness me, I have more chores than a farmer.

Hurrah! My otter skin is nailed to the door. It's the biggest thing, much bigger than I thought. It nearly covers the whole door. The animal was probably a little less than four feet long and I threw away at least six

(Continued on Page 115)

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(wīz), *adj.*

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(Continued from Page 112)

ches of head skin, but now the skin has retched until it is almost six feet long and arly as wide as the door.

The wind still swirls and rages. It is y cold, maybe ten below. I brought in some e wood today, but didn't stay out long. And I saw a very interesting thing. What, want of a better name, I'll call a rainbow id. The sun was up, not high, not yet over hill. A snow cloud, thin and more like t, went sailing off this mountain and out oss the arm. It caught the rays of the low and took on rainbow hues. The colors nged and sort of twinkled as the snow bled through the air, disintegrated, then w itself away.

While I was out in the cold my breasts ed. They drew up and the nipples stuck firm. When I came in I examined them I found they were swelling and have ter in them. Soon my child will be here I am not ready to receive her. So much do and so little time.

MADE a table stove from the three car- e lamps and a five-pound coffee can. I ached three holes near the bottom, at the ht height to take the lamp flame, big ones there'd be room for the entrance of air, n small ones all around the top. I can set ook pot on the can, light my lamps, place flames in the holes, and boil water in ort order. When baby comes I'll need hot ter, or maybe a cup of tea, and I might t be able to make fire in the stove.

This windy weather is hard on wood; wind cks the heat right out through the smoke- ack. I have an awful horror of running ort of fuel. Today I chopped and sawed up the limbs I had poked under my bunk. ow they are nicely stacked along my wood ill. I also split three blocks and have them ndy. My wood reaches from the shelves in e end to the far corner, nearly the whole ngth of the cabin. I have it sorted—kin- ng, second wood, quick-fire wood, larger eces to hold fire, then blocks and the soggy uff.

The otter skin is as hard as a board. I am st sick about it. I might make it into a obinson Crusoe umbrella, but never an fant's robe in this present stiff state. The skimos chew skins to make them soft. It ould take a lot of chewing to make this big in soft. I just can't chew it and I won't en try.

The fur is lovely and smells clean. I put y face in it and it's the softest thing I have er touched. I do wish the skin wasn't so iff. There must be some way I can fix it. aby must have one gift. If we were home e would have many gifts—a ring, a silver p with her name on it, a necklace and a ver spoon, a baby book, dresses with lace d ribbons, fine soft knitted things. Even this northland she would have gifts if any- e knew we were here.

Don might walk home over the ice. I am re it is plenty strong enough. He could sily come over the ice if he could get onto It would be difficult because the edges are ragged. The everlasting surge will make it en worse and the currents will cut it from eneath—leave some ice paper thin—he uldn't know which was which. The marine art says the water in this arm is four hun- ed fathoms deep. I do hope Don doesn't y to come home over the ice. Please, God, t that.

I believe I have found a way to soften the ter skin. I doubled over a corner of it and it idn't break as I thought it might. I kept on lding and creasing it and it is no longer oardlike, but it's still a very long way from eing soft.

I washed a few clothes today. I want clean hings for the coming of my child. Surely she ill be here soon. I am getting ready and ave done a lot of sewing. Tomorrow I will athe and make myself presentable for a ewborn child. I will have to keep right on earing Sam's old work pants, or else go round in my shirttail, but this weather is a it chilly for that costume. There isn't an- ther garment in this place which will fit ver my belly now.

I still cannot understand how Sam failed to see me in the dinghy. It seems impossible for him to have missed me. And I don't understand how he failed to hear the gunshots. How come he didn't see one of the bottle messages floating or stranded on the beach? Maybe he did see me and thought I was a ghost. Or, more likely he saw me and thought the dinghy was a floating snag with a limb sticking up. I was fooled into believing a snag was Don in his skiff, and Sam could just as well have believed the other way round.

My time grows short. A few more days, at most a week.

My child doesn't seem to move as strongly as she did. It may be that since she dropped to the lower part of my abdomen she has more room to move around in and, there being less pressure, I don't feel the movements as much as I did before. She moves just as often and takes as much exercise, perhaps more. I am sure she is well and thriving. I feel fine. My side hasn't hurt since the weary journey; it is grand to be rid of that pain.

I made a birth cloth today from one of Don's union suits. It is all wool and should serve nicely to wrap a newborn child in. It seems fitting for her first garment to be made from her father's clothes.

I plan to use string raveled from a flour sack to tie the cord. I boiled a piece to make sure it is clean. I'll use butter for baby oil, and it is all renovated now with the salt out. I boiled about a quarter of a pound in a pot of fresh water, strained it, set it outside to cool, lifted off the butter, and cooked it again. The result has a sweet taste and is clear and oily. It will serve better than anything else I have. I cut long spiral strips from the sleeves of underwear for belly binders. I'll wrap them round and round her and tuck the ends in. I have only a few pins.

I have worked again on the fur and am pleased with the result. I used a different system—pulled it back and forth around the bunk pole. I admire that fur more and more and I want so much to get it soft enough to use for my baby.

I keep most of my baby things in the empty milk case. I have lined the box well so no splinters can get into the clothing and prick my little one. I made four pockets along the sides of the lining to keep small things in. I sewed it with black patching thread. There is only a little of the fine white thread left and I am saving it for one nice dress to be made from my good pettiskirt.

I dropped another needle and am most unhappy about it. Only two needles are left. Anything as small as a needle dropped on this floor is hopelessly lost. Hereafter I will sit in the middle of my bed to sew.

The milk case is pretty well filled. Don's shaving soap is in one of the pockets. Shaving soap should be good for baby.

I tore up a sheet blanket for diapers and made twelve good-sized ones. Things are placed in the box in the order I expect to use them, with the birth cloth folded on top. The box is beside my bed where I can reach it easily.

I baked bread, far more than I need for myself. The deer are fond of bread and I thought I'd have an extra amount on hand. Five of them came today to bum a handout. I think all of them have been here several times before, but can be sure of only one—Sammy. He is the tamest of the lot and knows me. He even eats out of my hand.

I'm having ptarmigan for dinner tonight. Now, as I write, I'm sipping hot broth. The whole flock was just above the water hole this morning. I heard them and had to look and look before I saw them on the snow. I went back for the .22 and killed two. Only two shots—I didn't miss. I could have got a dozen.

It snowed nearly all last night, let up for a while early this morning but now it is snowing again. This snow settles my wood gathering for the time being. I am not going out and flounder around in soft snow. Anyway, I still have a nice supply of fuel and the weather is warmer. I can cook a little on my carbide stove and I have lots and lots of carbide. Then I can burn all this floor if I need it, saw out the sills and burn them too.

This is a good little cabin, so friendly and helpful to me. I didn't like it at first because it seemed so empty and bare. The upper cabin seemed much better. But I love this place now and always will. In after years when I am far away, I will remember the treasures here, the warmth and comfort, the shelter from wind and cold, my wild friends, and the otter fur. I have never been anyplace which brought me to a nearer kinship with God.

There is a wind today, gentle but deceptive, which reminds me of the time Lloyd and I were blown out into the open ocean. I guess the Lord was watching over me even back in those days, for a fishing boat, coming into the harbor, saw us a long way off and the fisherman knew very well no skiff had any business being there, going in that direction. He came and picked us up and brought us straight back to camp, where we found the men in a terrific stew.

Don was terribly distressed. It shocked me to see him so worried. Sam sputtered and grunted as usual, then he lit in on Lloyd.

"Who do you think you are? A man been round this country as long as you have, taking his mother out and trying to drown her!"

Eventually, Lloyd and I learned a lot—mostly, it seemed, what not to do—and right now I am making use of many things I learned out prospecting with the men. Poor Don, I know I distressed him a great deal before I learned enough to be trusted out of his sight. I am sorry for all the worry I caused him. Yet, in the end he was proud of both Lloyd and me.

SNOW again today and lots of it. The bay looks like a level field.

I think it is time my baby came. I am all ready to receive her except the robe. Maybe she refuses to come until she can have costly furs. I will keep twisting and pulling at the otter skin until it becomes soft enough to please a most fastidious little lady.

I always think of the child as a girl. What if it is a boy? Oh, it couldn't be. We have one boy. Lloyd wanted a little sister; I wanted a daughter; Don wanted a daughter. I know it will be a girl.

I do believe the ravens are playing a game. They chase each other and do a lot of talking about who is the best flier. I watched them for a long time. One of them had a stick in his claws and he flew around and around, the other raven chasing after him. Then he dropped the stick and the other raven dived for it, caught it in mid-air. I never thought of a raven as having a sense of fun. Poe's raven didn't.

We Heard the Trumpets

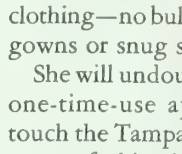
By Rhina P. Espaillat

We heard the trumpets at the wall,
The bird-high turrets loud with cries:
This is the warning unto all
That all that lives grows sick and dies.

And will this touch upon your cheek
Be sweet when lips and cheek are still?
And words we were so proud to speak
Sound longer than the silence will?

Then grieve that palaces of bone
Must fly so soon the flags of death,
For kingly love will yield his throne
As lightly as our humble breath.

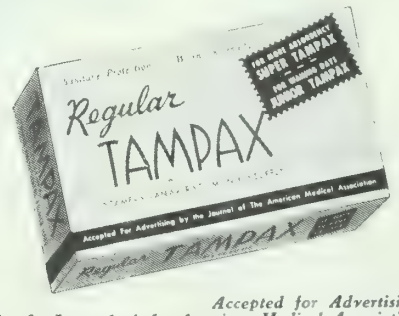
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I'll bet the snow is fifteen or twenty feet deep at the upper cabin. It must be seven or eight feet right here at the beach. This deep snow and hard cold are going to kill off much of our wildlife. Poor creatures, what a pity they can't all be like bears and sleep the winter through.

The otter skin is getting to be as soft as I want it to be. I made a small mallet and gently pound the folded fur over a block of wood, on which I first tacked a bit of padding. The pounding goes fast and produces the desired softness. With all the rough treatment this fur has taken, you'd think it would have a mangy appearance, but it has hardly lost a hair and seems almost indestructible.

The flock of ptarmigan were here again, just in back of the cabin. Since they were so handy I decided to lay in a supply of fresh meat. I killed eight and missed three shots. It was troublesome to find all of them in the deep snow and I got worn out hunting. Never again will I shoot so many at one time. I knew I had shot eight, so I had to keep on looking until I found eight. The rest of the day was spent in dressing the birds. I have seven out in the snowbank, and one in the pot right now, bubbling away fragrantly. I have dipped out a cup of broth and as soon as it cools a little I'll drink it.

Don always poured my coffee into the Tom and Jerry cup. I brought it down off the hill and I drink broth and everything out of it. It's lovely china, such a nice cup.

The fur is finished and I am very proud of it. So soft and warm—such a lovely thing. I shall wrap my baby in it when she goes for her outings and we will walk pridefully along the beach. Not only will the fur keep her warm, but it will also serve as a fair warning to things who dare to bark at us.

The weather is bad again and I had to dig my window out of the snow, which makes the third time. This cabin has only one window, two sashes side by side, and they are on the lower side and quite high. I have to stand up to look out. Digging the snow helps for light and does give me a chance to look at the mountains over across the arm, and to see what weather the sky promises or threatens, but I can't see much else from it. It's like looking out a tunnel.

I do hope it stops snowing. Clearing a little snow from in front of my door and digging the window out was more of a task than I liked. As I come into my cabin, it seems like going downstairs into a basement. Snow seals every crack, so I only burn a little wood when there is no wind, and open the door for air.

I have bathed and washed my head. My hair has grown about three inches and is curly as can be; it's so easy to wash and dry. I may keep it short and never again be bothered with hairpins. I think Don will like it after he gets used to the idea and sees how little trouble it is. Don did like my hair. He said I had the nicest hair of anyone he had ever known.

I brought in cook water and fresh water—lots of it. All the receptacles are full. I resolved that today was the last time I would go to the water hole. I have to stretch too far down to dip up water and I might slide in there on my head. Then I would be in a mess. My body is heavy and my movements are slow and not too definite. I am becoming clumsy and awkward. I don't like it. Maybe I should sit down and just twiddle my thumbs until baby comes. I hope she comes before I use up all this water and burn all my wood. Darling child, do come soon.

I did rest yesterday after bringing in the water, but today I got busy again. I made fruitcake and put the last of my dried apples in it. I still have prunes and dried peaches and nearly half a box of raisins.

I believe my hands are swelling, not much, but just a little. I thought it proper to wear my wedding ring at the birth of my child, so I took it from the chain and put in on my finger. It fits too snugly; it always has been loose. I never wore it without the engagement ring, but now I must do so. How could I have been so foolish as to leave my beautiful diamond tied to a little old spruce tree! But then, it was my Christmas tree and the ring did glisten and sparkle there at the It looked like a faraway star. I know ir heart that I will have my ring again.

Sunshine! And I aired out the c spread a canvas over the snow and things on it to sun. I made a brush b from cedar twigs, tied it in a tight bu and used a sizable stick for a handle. It very satisfactory; cedar twigs are too and pliable. It will do for now, until I find other brush to make a better broo

I brought a few branches and put a quet of cedar and hemlock boughs on window sill and placed the finest of Don' specimens on either side of it. The win has a nice look, as though a man ar woman lived here.

The new snow sparkles in the sunlight sends out myriads of iridescent rays. world has a clean look and a fresh s smell. There is no wind tonight, no so save the everlasting crunching and tink of the sea ice as the tides come and go.

There was a little show of blood and w I saw it I remembered my mother sayir was a sure sign that the child would be b within forty-eight hours. I wish I coul member more things about the birth of son. I only seem to remember all the pe running around and making a fuss over n a doctor, a nurse, my mother and my gr mother, one of my sisters, and the col cook. Poor Don was worried to death. T told me I had a rather hard time Lloyd, but the doctor fed me so much d I didn't know much about it.

I have never seen a child born. Alwa felt inadequate to help and was too mo to want to be a spectator. I have never anything born—not even a cat. I do bel birth as one of the processes of nature ca be a very fearful thing, yet I have b very afraid at times. I have prayed Go remove my fear. I am no longer afraid, y do wish someone were with me to help take care of the child. I pray my mind be clear, that I may keep my wits; and t my travail will not exhaust my strengt make me neglect my baby.

This is a lovely evening. The shiny moon has slipped behind the shadowy mo tains. A calm and peaceful night; a g omen—a promise that all will be well.

Everything is in readiness. The best of wood is at hand with fine shavings nea should the fire go out. My carbide lamps filled and the flints are in order; they serve for both light and heat.

I have food prepared and am fixing m I am cooking ptarmigan. Good hot ptar gan broth will strengthen me if the hour my travail should be long. Strong tea made, sweetened well, and put where I easily reach it and heat it over the carb lamps.

All that I can think of is done. I pray Lord to watch over me, and to guide hands. I feel at ease and at peace. The c sleeps.

I am eating lightly because I don't w myself to be stuffed. I sliced and toasted my bread. Toast will keep better and I toast.

My own clothes are arranged near at ha top clothes only. I shall still wear woo underwear—it'll save so much wood, from now on it will be Don's union suit. first thing I'll do will be to burn these pants of Sam's. They were dirty and mu when I first put them on and now they positively filthy. When I do cooking or s ing I have to cover myself with a hundr pound sugar sack to keep from contamin ing my work.

The hurt in my side has come back. I do like it. I am waiting and hoping for la pains. I must put my rocks on the stove a heat them.

Another day and still I wait.

I went to bed last night with hot ro held to my side. After a time the pain ea and I slept well, awakened only once saw the northern lights flashing in my w dow. I got up and stood for a few minute the open door, watching the heave

beauty. Today is colder, but not windy, and there is a bright sun. The pain came again before dawn. It comes and goes.

I have taken a halfway bath and am reasonably clean. I have eaten only a little solid food, but drank broth and lots of tea. Eight deer were here, smelling around, begging for food. I fed them little bits of bread and promised I would go in the woods and cut brush for them just as soon as I am able. The poor creatures, I wish I could give them much more to eat. As it is, I may be giving them more than I should. I may need the food myself.

That side pain is bad. When it comes there is no way to ease it. I have had no labor pains yet. I am restless. I must make myself be quiet, think of something and write about it.

This snow is just right for skiing. It would be such fun to be out on skis again with Don and Lloyd. The first winter we stayed in Alaska, Don taught Lloyd and me to ski. He had some help from a little black dog named Nellie. Skiing was fun for everybody, but I do think the dog had the most fun of all. She would positively laugh. Sounds silly to say a dog laughs, but I know this dog laughed and wiggled all over when she was given the chance to pull Lloyd on his skis.

The pain in my side comes more often, but it does go; then for a little while I have blessed relief. At times it is incredibly severe. I hold hot rocks to my side, change positions, but nothing seems to ease the pain. My child has taken really violent exercise. I went to the bed and lay down. I relaxed all I could to make her movements easier for her. She turned clear around. I held my hands on her head and she did turn a somersault, a complete flip-flop. My side hurt much worse with her movements and it was difficult to relax and give my little one a chance to play about.

The only sure way to impress your wife is to do something for her that you can't afford. —ANON.

When the pain is bad the muscles constrict and make my abdomen feel hard and tight. Maybe I'm not doing right. I don't know what I can do. Oh, God, teach me what to do.

A day of suffering has passed and gone. A night of anguish and travail is before me. I'm awfully restless. I no longer want to write, but I will make a record.

I walk about. Keep my fire going. The cabin is hot. I opened the door for air, stood on my snowy steps and saw a two-day-old moon far over in the western sky. The tide is nearly low.

It is night now. A carbide lamp burns. Labor is upon me.

The child moves violently.

My side has eased. I walk about.

All my abdomen is pain now—great waves of pain.

The water has broken. That pain has eased.

More and more pain.

The cabin is hot. I stood in the open door. The Three Wise Men are overhead. Northern lights blaze across the sky.

I keep my fire and don't grudge the fuel. The cabin is hot. The second carbide lamp has burned down to a blue eye. I lit the third lamp and refilled the other two.

The pain! O God!

I am wet with sweat. I am nearly exhausted. Oh, Lord, how long?

Northern lights flash.

Help me, Lord. I am weak.

The fifth carbide lamp burns. The Three Wise Men are low in the sky.

Oh, Don. Oh, Don. Oh, Don!

Don, your child!

The child is born.

Glory to God in the highest.

Don, oh, Don, my beloved husband, this day a child is born unto you, in a lowly log cabin on the rugged coast of Alaska. A girl child, perfect and beautiful, favored of God, born with the coming of a new day. She shall be called Donnas and she shall bring honor and rightness to your name, laughter to her brother, and be an everlasting joy to her mother. I give thanks unto the Lord Who has heard my cry in the wilderness.

My travail is over. My child is born. She is well and strong. I am well. Humbly and heartily I am thankful.

Baby cried before she was born. She put her little head out and cried, she really howled. She kicked and wiggled and yelled until she was worn out and exhausted. I held her head in my hand and helped her with my hands and my body, but it took a long time to free all of her. After the shoulders, the rest was not so hard and I could help her more. I pulled the cord out as long as it would come, wrapped her in the birth cloth, and by that time she was asleep and all my strength was gone.

I was so tired I had not thought to learn the sex of my child. I did not even remember to cut the cord. I just lay back and went to sleep. When I woke up, I found her still fastened to me.

She awakened, made wee noises and moved. I gathered her to me, found her little mouth and urged her to nurse. She did, just a very little from both breasts. Then she was asleep again.

I reached into the box for my string and scissors, tied the cord quite well and cut it off long. Then I looked at my baby and saw she was a girl child. I was so glad.

I've made fire. I'm going back to bed. I'm tired.

I rested in bed a long time, trying to think of the things to be done, wishing for the strength to do all the needful things. Baby woke up again. I had let the fire burn almost out, so I hurried to make it up before giving her attention.

While the cabin was warming up, I lay beside baby and urged her to nurse. She did, more this time, and she made wee small noises and wiggled a bit. When she finished her breakfast, I fixed her up. I greased her all over with butter, tied the cord again, quite short this time, and cut it close. I wrapped a binder around her, made it snug and tucked in the end. I wrapped her in the birth cloth again and put her under the eiderdown. She kept making little grunts and wiggling around. Then she went to sleep.

I'm dressed in my old clothes, put them on until I can have time to bathe and be fit for clean things. I was awfully hungry and I ate a good meal. I am still somewhat shaky and don't feel too good.

Oh, a bad pain is coming.

Those pains kept coming all afternoon and lasted far into the night. I soon knew they were contractions to expel the afterbirth. I should have known that. I don't see how I could have failed to know it, but somehow I thought all my suffering was over, and I made no preparations for more—didn't even have a carbide lamp ready. The pain in my side was completely gone and that was a mercy. The others weren't nearly so bad as the birth pains, yet they were bad enough and I was so weak and tired. I resented this second labor that was upon me.

Baby was good. She woke once and cried. I snuggled her to me and tried to nurse her. I talked to her and after a while she slept again. I didn't sleep until long after daylight. I was too exhausted—drained of all strength and energy—to sleep. I just lay there.

When the afterbirth came, I took it away and dropped it on the floor. I didn't even get up to wash my hands. I neglected my baby scandalously, and I suppose I would have neglected her more if she hadn't protested. When I came to my senses I found her wet and dirty. She had had a bowel movement and I hadn't even put a diaper on her. Even then she had to wait for attention until I made fire and warmed water. My movements are still slow and fumbly.

I'm going back to bed.

Today I feel pretty good and almost rested. The birth mess is all cleaned up. I am bathed and wear my own clothing. I have

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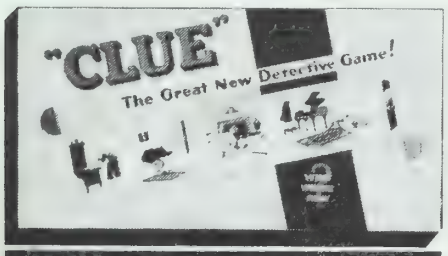
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washed my baby well, dusted her with Don's shaving powder, and dressed her.

My little one is a beautiful baby. Her hair is nearly an inch long and dark like Don's hair. She is small—not much more than six pounds, I guess—but she is well formed, plump and round, and her skin is only a little bit too big for her. Her fingers are long and she holds on tight. There is a tiny spot, not so big as a pinhead, on the inside of her left arm just below the elbow. I think it is a mole. She is a good child; all she wants to do is eat and sleep, mostly sleep. She nurses strong.

Donnas is such a pleasing child. I do wish Don could see her, and Lloyd too. She will have the best care any child ever had. She has a good color, not red like some babies, not bluish or yellowish, but pink all over—a nice healthy pink.

My darling little girl child, after such a long and troublesome waiting, I now have you in my arms. I am alone no more. I have my baby.

I went outside for a short walk on the beach today, the first time I've been out since baby came. The tide was nearly low and there were dozens of deer, maybe forty or fifty, smelling about among the ice chunks for bits of seaweed. Poor things, they are starving. I wish I dared go cut brush for them. Soon I will, perhaps in a few days. I just can't let all the deer starve.

The weather is good, still cold and bright. Donnas and I are well. Thanks be to God that I had the time and strength, the will and the materials to put my house in order before my child came. Wood and water at hand, clean clothing and cooked food, all things for my needs were ready and waiting right where I could pick them up and use them. It's so nice now to do nothing but love my baby, my precious Donnas child. I hold her in my arms all night and most of the day. I talk to her, sing to her, tend her needs, pet and love her.

I have great quantities of milk. I have to wear moss padding to protect my clothes.

I solved the diaper problem with moss too. The water hole is deep and the way to it perilous; I am still weary and tired; diapers have taxed my strength. I prayed to be shown a wilderness way to keep my baby clean. My prayer was answered; I use the fine moss I saved from the old windfall. It is gentle to the child's little bottom and so absorbent that scarcely ever does any moisture come through onto the diaper.

Donnas thrives and grows. She keeps moving all the time she's awake—stretching, turning, grasping with those dainty hands, kicking, her little feet. I've made tracings of her hands and feet. She didn't understand how important it is for me to have a true measure of her daintiness. She wouldn't hold still but kept right on moving. It took several tries, but now I have the tracings. Don cannot see her while she is tiny, but he can see how tiny she was. I know how glad he will be to see them; how he will look at them, smile, then hug me tight. I also clipped a lock of her hair—lovely dark hair softer than the otter fur. My baby smells good, a good baby smell.

I AM busy sewing, making the christening dress from my pettiskirt, and it is going to be lovely. I have raveled the red top from a sock and I'll embroider it just a little—cross-stitches. It simply has to have some trimmings.

Lloyd's christening dress was of fine batiste with many tucks, two rows of spider-web insertion, and wide spider-web lace on the bottom. It was so long it came to Don's knees when he carried him high. Lloyd was christened in Epiphany Church; Donnas will be christened by the side of the sea. All our friends and relatives came to see Lloyd baptized. Many friends will come to see Donnas baptized, but no relatives will be here, no godparents. Many deer will come, perhaps the ravens will fly over, the jays will be on hand, and a great eagle might look on from a far-off high perch.

I am busy cooking too. I have baked two batches of bread. It is good, well baked, soft, and it has a light brown crust. I always make good sourdough bread and have much better luck with it than I ever did with yeast.

The dress for Donnas is nearly finished and it is nicer than I thought it would be. I made a pettislip too. My child will be properly dressed for her christening. One more day of sewing and preparation and all will be ready. I also made two more batches of bread for the guests. Tomorrow will be christening day.

I have opened cans of fruit and vegetables and the one can of olives. I dug under the puncheon and got the last of the carrots from our garden and all the marble-size potatoes, which I'll feed the deer. I got bigger spuds from off the boat for myself, scrubbed them thoroughly and greased them ready to bake. Also, I peeled an onion. Only seven onions are left.

THE dishpan is full of cut-up bread, just the size to throw to the deer. All the tiny potatoes and about half the carrots are in pails, ready for me to carry to the beach. I cooked another ptarmigan; didn't eat any of it yet, but I did have my cup of hot broth. The feast is ready and waiting here and the guests know they are to come, because I've been giving them samples for a week; they hang around all the time, and they'd not think of missing the christening feast.

At high tide tomorrow we will have the ceremony. The sea shall be my little one's baptismal font. With her father's shaving brush, I will sign her with the cross as I give her her name. Her dress is made from her mother's garments and her robe is of sea-otter fur. The deer from the hills and the forests will stand as her sponsors.

All day I have been working my memory, trying to gather from it the words of the christening service. I have been godmother three times and have attended many christenings, so I think I can remember most of the service; enough for our needs, I feel sure. It will be a beautiful christening.

Yesterday was lovely. A beautiful late-winter day with a bright sun and a warm southerly breeze.

Our guests delayed the ceremony somewhat. They said they would rather not come at high tide since the moon is full and the tide extra high, so we put it off until midafternoon and half tide. When the deer saw me go for a little walk and heard me call to them, they came and all went well. I kept the shaving brush under my arm, next to the bare skin, hoping to make it warm enough to take away the coldness from the few drops of baptismal water.

Donnas was dressed in her finery and wrapped in the otter robe, only her little face showing deep down in the fur. She was so good, wiggling just a little, making small grunts, her little eyes open part of the time, peeping out now and then to see the vastness of the world. I carried her proudly to the water's edge, scattered food about, and waited for the deer to come.

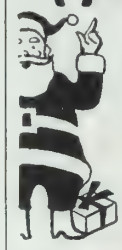
"Dearly beloved," I told my baby and the assembled crowd, "we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to baptize this child, that she may be baptized with water and the Holy Spirit and be received into the spiritual fellowship of the kingdom of God and become a member of the same. Almighty and everlasting God, heavenly Father, Lord God of Hosts, we give Thee thanks for all Thy many blessings, the greatest and best of which is the placing of this child in our care. O God, grant that this child may be endowed with heavenly virtues and blessed through Thy mercy. This I ask through Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom be all honor and glory, now and forever. Amen."

Then I knelt down at the edge of the sea and said:

"Donnas Martin, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

I dipped the tip of Don's shaving brush in the water and signed my child with the sign of the cross. Then I threw more bread morsels to our guests whose attention had begun to wander. They ate my offerings and stood respectfully about waiting for more.

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Donnas did not cry at the cold water, didn't even whimper. She is a well-mannered little lady. I continued with the christening service.

"Defend, O Lord, this my child," I said, still kneeling, "with Thy heavenly grace. Keep her in paths of righteousness for Thy name's sake, and at last bring her into Thy everlasting kingdom."

Then I said the Lord's Prayer and baby and I went back to the cabin.

Right quick, I looked to see if she had wet her diaper. She had not. She did not pollute her baptismal font and that was a sure sign, so the old folks say, that all the days of her life she will be upright and worthy, a person of honor and integrity, loved and respected by all who know her.

Since it was baby's party, she got her feast first, and she went to sleep taking it. I let her sleep for a little while, then again I wrapped her in the fur robe, took more food, and we went out to our guests who were patiently waiting. Earlier, I had spread a canvas, a gunny sack and a blanket on the snow. Baby and I sat down and served the feast. The jays were there with all their relatives. I told my little one there would always be a rabble in the world, but the rabble, too, must be fed. I threw bread to the jays and did not grudge it.

I tolled the deer nearer and nearer by letting the bites of food fall closer and closer. They came right to me—that is, some of them did. Some even ate from my hand. I held Donnas out and two of them reached their noses close and smelled the furry robe. I told baby not to be afraid. She wasn't, either. Her little eyes were open. She looked about and made little grunts and wiggles.

I held my baby close, wrapped well in her fur robe, loved her and talked to her.

"I am the queen," I told her, "and you are the little princess. The cabin is our palace. None are here to dare dispute our word."

I told her the deer are our helpers and our friends, our subjects and our comfort, and they will give us food and clothing according to our needs. I told her of the birds: the little ptarmigan, the geese, ducks, grouse and the kindly owl; the prankish ravens and the lordly eagle. Told her of the fishes, the clams and the mussels. Told her of the forest and of the things it will give us: of roots, stems, leaves and berries and the fun of gathering them; of the majestic mountain uprising behind us with a vein of gold-bearing ore coming straight from its heart. Told her that all these things were ours to have and to rule over and care for.

And I told her how soon now we would go far away from here, back East to all our relatives, to her fine big brother who would make her days happy with his gentle, merry play, her grandmother, her aunts and uncles and cousins, and even of Jule, the colored cook, and how all of them would make much of my little Donnas, our golden nugget from out the northland.

And I told her of her father: how a savage storm, a wicked wind had come up out of the wild ocean and wrecked his skiff, left him far



By Margaret Davidson

● Have you tried candle-drip catchers of aluminum foil? Silvery circles fitted around candle bases suit holiday décor, save unpleasant cleanups.

● Next to old-time fireworks, Christmas decorations rank as hazards. . . . Keep trees outdoors till trimming time. Select tree stands with water reservoirs—trees that drink are less apt to flame. . . . Use no flammable decorations, like cotton, on or under branches. And never let tinsel or foil icicles (electrical conductors, you know) touch light sockets. . . . Before stringing lights, repair or replace frayed cords. "Out the lights" when leaving the house. . . . Discard trees when needles begin to drop—a sure sign trees are dry and good tinder.

● If buying new Christmas-tree lights, ask about the fused kind—available in indoor and outdoor sets. In case of trouble, a fuse blows—to spare the electric system and avoid a fire. One new set protects a whole string of old ones.

● During nocturnal wanderings, plug-in night lights furnish a welcomed glow to guide holiday house guests—family, too—through the dark halls. The gadgets are inexpensive, fit any electric outlet. Their demands are modest; electric bills won't soar, even when lights are left connected all night.

● Use tweezers or strawberry hullers to pluck pinfeathers from fowls, and stub ends of candles for singeing birds.

● If Santa sends more nuts than will be eaten during the holidays, freeze the extras. Shelled or unshelled, they will keep fresh until the time when the Christmas surplus will be appreciated.

● *Tricks of our trade.* To give fruitcakes smooth shiny tops, put two cups of water in a shallow pan placed in the bottom of the oven during baking. . . . When stamping and sealing Christmas cards, set an ice cube in a saucer and use to moisten the glue. It stays moist as long as it lasts. . . . When family tastes differ in turkey stuffing, make two kinds. Tuck one fore, one aft—everyone will be happy. . . . To use up peppermint-candy canes, crush in an electric blender, or use the rolling pin. Serve as topping for ice cream.

And now, happy holiday to you and yours.

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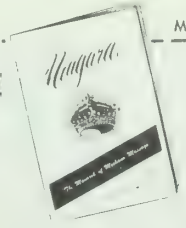
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away on an island; that he could not be here now, but soon he will come, when the ice is gone he will surely come—come to his babe in the nest. And I told her much, much more.

The deer stayed close by, some of them not too well mannered: some greedy, stamping their feet at one another, making grunts, laying back their ears; all of them licking their chops. I kept throwing them food until there was no more. Then I sang:

"Come, Thou fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing Thy praise," and "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me. Bless Thy little lamb."

The christening ceremony was ended and we went back into the cabin. I ate my feast and gave Donnas her gift. It's the nicest specimen Don had, a beautiful piece of rock nearly as big as my fist, bright with shining gold on every face. It was part of a longish piece which fractured into three. Don gave one end to Sam, kept the middle part for himself, and gave the other end, the smallest piece, to Lloyd. It is white quartz blending into gray; ribbon quartz, Don calls our ore. Donnas can treasure it all the days of her life.

The weather has turned raw and dampish and the sun is no more than a faraway white spot in a gray hazy sky. I was outside only long enough to empty my slops and collect snow to melt for a little wash water. I washed just a few baby things; other clothing can wait until it rains.

Donnas was so good. She made no demands on my time, lay on the bunk folded in her furry robe with just her head and hands out; kicked and grunted, spat and gurgled, and waved her fists about. She is such a good baby, hardly ever cries, only tells me of her needs. My baby is thriving.

She didn't take water very well from a spoon, and I wished for a nipple so I could give her a bottle. While I was wishing, I happened to see the eagle feather stuck up on the wall. The quill was very like a long slender nipple. I cut it off, pulled out the spongy fiber, fixed the hole and tried it out myself. It was a dandy nipple. I fitted it into a bottle stopper. Now Donnas makes no objections to taking a drink of water.

The weather is trying to be stormy. Big wet scattered snowflakes are falling; it's half rain. The wind is swinging toward the southeast. Bad storms come from that direction.

I split some blocks today and sawed a few puncheon for kindling. Having a baby took lots of wood, and keeping a baby warm and safe is going to take a lot more. I have to make the cabin quite warm before I can bathe her. I hate to see my fuel going, but this is the middle of March and winter can't last forever.

WITH spring Don will come and he will get us a world of fine firewood. I know he has struggled through this miserable winter knowing I would be here waiting for him. He has kept himself alive when perhaps it would have been so much easier not to, merely that he might live to come back to me. I do believe he will come to his child and his wife.

A most terrible thing almost happened. I'm still all excited. I must be calm or my milk will sour and make baby sick.

I ate some corn today and threw the can on the beach without first washing it. Poor hungry Sammy came along, smelled the good corn smell, stuck his nose in the can and couldn't get it out. I saw him beating his nose up and down on the beach and went to see what was the matter. He kept pounding it, but instead of getting it off, he just forced it on tighter. He ran round and round in small circles. I knew he would never get that can off; he would die a terrible death, so I decided to shoot him and get him out of his misery.

I got my gun and was ready to shoot a dozen times, but he wouldn't hold still, just kept jumping around. I wouldn't pull the trigger unless I thought I could kill him. Don could have—he always shoots quick. Then Sammy started to jump all over the place. Suddenly the can went flying twenty feet away. He must have hit it with his hoof.

Sammy lay down. I ran to the cabin and got the last of my fruitcake and fed it to him. He didn't get up, just ate the cake out of my hand. But he is up now. From the window I saw him go staggering toward the woods. I'm going out and gather up all the cans, dig a hole in the snow and bury them deep. I resolve never, never to throw a can on the beach again.

THIS afternoon I cut brush for the deer. I left baby alone in the cabin, explaining that famine was now on our land and I must go cut brush. I asked her to be a good girl and said I would bring her a surprise. Donnas just batted her eyes, yawned, and made no objections.

When I came home Donnas was asleep; she had never missed me. For her surprise I brought some blueberry brush and a piece of cedar to make a bouquet. The red blueberry stems with the green cedar are pretty now, but they will be lovely in a few days when the buds open and the twigs are covered with pearly white, bell-shaped blossoms.

Don often brought me wild flowers—flags, monkshood, columbine, alpine roses, lupine and wild hyacinths. I love the fragrance of wild hyacinths. Sometimes he would bring a single flower and put it in my hair. Oh, Don, how good is my memory of you.

I made Donnas a warm hood from a woolen sock and lined it with the pettiskirt scraps left over from her christening dress. Then I put the hood on her, wrapped her in the fur robe and we walked over to have a look at the boat. Ice is all around it and it hasn't moved. That bight is a snug little anchorage and I think the boat will not be damaged when the ice goes out. It's a good boat and well built. It looked low enough to have a lot of water in it, which no doubt it has; but it can't be pumped now.

I made Donnas a bib, and to initiate it I fed her a taste of mush. She didn't like mush; spat it out. From now on I shall give her a little solid food every day, just a taste. There is no shortage of mother's milk, but I think she should begin to have a variety of food. A little fruit juice will be good for her and she should like the taste of it. I will open a can of fruit tomorrow and give her some of the juice through the eagle-quill nipple.

We went again to cut brush for our deer, early in the morning because the sky threatens bad weather soon. On our way back we had the nicest experience. A whole flock of little titmice were all over the brush and the lower tree branches, chirping and twitting. I stopped to watch them; stood perfectly still, all the while talking to baby and telling her of our nice friends. They came close all around and lit on us! I could feel them on my head, and out of the corner of my eye I could see one on my shoulder; two were on my arm and four perched on the baby, hopping around on her fur robe. They were friendly and happy, twit-twitted all the time and seemed to know we would never harm them.

I never thought a flock of birds would come to me. Perhaps they came to Donnas and not to me. I think these little titmice are a good omen. Our troubles are all over and done with. I think Don will come soon.

Strong puffs of wind came in the night, and soon after daybreak a full gale was blowing from the northwest, coming straight in all the way from the Aleutian Islands.

I have good reason now to be thankful for the point which once caused me so much misery. Right now that point is the best friend I have, for the ice will go any minute and the point will shear the drift away from my door. Solid rock will stand between me and great piles of tumbling, crunching, crushing ice. Good rock rib of old Mother Earth.

The whole bay is crawling like a snake. The sound of breaking ice is terrific. I can already see open water. I can see the ice heave up, twist and turn, pile on top of ice. I like to watch a violent storm from a safe shelter.

This is the last piece of usable paper. But that doesn't matter for I no longer have such need to write. I am not lonely any more; I have my baby to give me comfort and joy.

The Indians have come. Good, good Indians. Shy, fat, smelly, friendly kindhearted Indians.

Early this morning Donnas and I were out on the beach, she getting the benefit of the warm spring sun, and I putting the finishing touches on the bottom of my overturned dinghy. I looked up from my work and saw two Indian canoes near the far side of the arm.

I rushed to the cabin, grabbed my gun and fired call shots. I shouted and waved. The canoes turned this way and started toward my shore.

Hurriedly I made up the fire and set coffee water to boil. I brought out my baby's best clothes and got her into them in a jiffy. I ran outside and waved, saw I had time, rushed back and prettied myself up. The cabin was already clean and there were fresh wild flowers on the window sill and table. I shook out the otter skin, wrapped baby in it and carried her to the water's edge. There we awaited our guests.

Both canoes grounded at about the same time, right in front of me. For a little while we just looked at each other. I was all trembly and it was hard to behave with dignity. After what seemed a long time, I did manage to say:

"Good morning."

"Hello." A breathing space, then another "Hello."

"I am glad to see you." That came a little easier.

"You bet," was the reply, and following a pause, "By golly."

There was a consultation in Siwash. "Not dead?"

"No. Not dead."

So the conversation went on until I had told my story. No one made a move to get out of the canoes and it occurred to me they might be waiting politely for an invitation. I hastened to extend one, ending with, "And come see my baby." I held her out toward them.

They piled out, nineteen of them. They didn't seem to see the baby, or me either. All eyes were on the otter skin. There was much Siwash talk, then the spokesman fingered the fur. "Against law. You go jail."

They all laughed.

"Where you get otter?"

I pointed to the spot on the beach where I had killed the animal, then I acted out the part. That seemed to loosen my tongue, and I talked a streak. The Indians laughed and laughed. They came and fingered the fur, stroked it, looked at the underside of it. Then an old squaw said, "Pret-ty good." Splendid words of praise.

I led the way to the cabin and mentioned coffee.

"Me Deckennaw," said the old spokesman, by way of introduction. "She Tukuee." He pointed to the oldest squaw, his wife.

Deckennaw and Tukuee came into the cabin with me, but the others, under his direction, came and went in relays. I made lots of coffee and brought out everything to eat I could lay my hands on. The Indians were hungry, yet they all ate slowly and with gentle manners. The children looked at me with round, bright eyes; shy, nice children.

THEY had had a bad winter, Deckennaw told me. There was too much snow and ice for trapping, and spring found them without money or supplies. I knew these poor people needed all the fish they could catch and I hated to ask them to take time out to do anything for me, yet I thought I had been here long enough, so I asked to be taken to Big Sleeve.

"You bet," was the quick answer. But the west wind was blowing and it would increase until sundown; it would be better to go in the morning, Deckennaw explained, to leave with the first light of dawn. A west wind was favorable for going to the fish camp, however, so he sent one canoeload on its way.

I was glad for a little more time in my cabin. I almost didn't want to leave at all, I was so mixed up. I thought of my ring and asked if someone could get it, and right away an Indian boy started for the upper cabin.

Then old Tukuee came up, took hold of my foot, raised it gently and looked at it, saying a number of things I couldn't understand. She waddled off to the canoe. Soon she was back with a small package, Deckennaw right behind her. With a broad, snaggletooth smile and some Siwash words she took out a pair of moccasins and held them out to me.

"She say," Deckennaw translated, "she not see you Christmas. She say Merry Christmas."

Why couldn't I have hugged her? Why couldn't I have laid my head on her bosom and wept? Blessed Tukuee.

I PICKED up the Tom and Jerry mug and handed it to her. I gave her the dishpan and the cook pots, and filled them with all the little things off my shelves. I gave things away too quickly, almost throwing them at the Indians, but they kept their dignity, slowed me down. Gently they took the gifts, slowly they examined them.

Then the boy came back from the hill wearing my diamond ring on his little finger. He had a shock of unkempt straight black hair hanging to his bright eyes and a big, big broad smile. I could have kissed him. Instead I handed him my gun, and told him that it was his.

To keep my guests from seeing the tears I could not hide, I turned to Donnas, lying on the bunk. I showed her the ring and she reached out for it. With a string I tied it to her wrist and it is there yet. She is dangling it, trying to get it into her mouth, my beautiful diamond ring, my darling baby's first toy!

I gave the Indians more things. Gave Deckennaw the compass and the barometer. Gave the others food and clothing, the saws and the carbide lamps. Called them all and filled their arms with what had once been my great treasures and would now be theirs. Told them to come take everything when I was gone. I gave with great joy and gladness and only wished I could give them a piece of my very heart; I loved them so.

Then the Indians climbed into the other canoe and paddled out of my cove. In the arm they raised a square sail, for it was a fair wind to the fishing camp. Soon they were beyond the island, out of sight.

Now I have cleaned up the cabin, packed my luggage and carried it down to the beach and stowed it in the dinghy. There will be no wait, not one minute lost when the Indians come.

By the time I have eaten, they will be back.

Good-by, little cabin. Good-by, good-by. In my need you sheltered me. Good-by, little cabin by the sea.

Epilogue

Don did come back. . . .

He had caught the mail boat and put Lloyd's deer aboard, as planned, but on the return trip the cranky outboard motor failed. Old Cal Darnell, loaded up with supplies and bound for a winter's trapping, came along in his boat with a gasoline engine and gave him a tow. The storm broke as they ran for harbor, and they were wrecked on the rocky shore of an island.

They made a beach camp and salvaged most of the supplies; built a skiff of driftwood and repaired the hull of the boat, and, taking advantage of favorable weather and tides, they moved the boat through the rocky labyrinth, gradually threading their way from bight to bight until they reached a protected anchorage.

There winter caught them. Old Cal burned Don's boots to keep him from trying to cross the treacherous ice to the mainland. In the spring, when the ice went out, the two men escaped with an improvised sail and a fair wind.

THE END

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

—THOMAS CARLYLE



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OPERATION KID-LIFT

(Continued from Page 49)

Somebody added, "Sure, and after we get them to the orphanage, we can take turns helping look after them. It would be kind of nice to have something to do in your spare time."

That got a laugh, for the marines already had a full-time job. The business of war goes on twenty-four hours a day; daily fighter missions must be flown without interruption, planes must be serviced and repaired, runways must be swept clear of snow, and the routine activities necessary to maintain a base for a thousand men must go on. Yet Harry Ball's idea spread quickly among the whole Air Group, and everybody wanted to help.

If they had made an estimate of the situation as they do for combat problems, it might have looked like this:

MISSION: To help Korean war orphans.

BUILDINGS ON HAND TO HOUSE THEM: One house with no floors or windows.

FUNDS ON HAND TO SUPPORT THEM: None.

TRAINED PERSONNEL AVAILABLE TO TAKE CARE OF CHILDREN: None.

The chaplains were as eager as the others, but they felt that there might be still another difficulty—red tape. "The brass will think we're crazy, asking permission to send planes into no man's land where there isn't even a landing strip, to pick up orphans."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Colonel Moore, reaching for a message blank. "We can't lose anything by asking."

Within an hour and a half the reply was back. And that's how the men of Marine Air Group 12 became foster fathers to some two hundred homeless children.

Never ones to be content with halfway measures, the optimistic marines decided that they could handle all the children UNCACK could round up. (It certainly didn't occur to the marines, but it is an interesting note that this was strictly an interdenominational deal; Protestants, Jews, Catholics, and even a couple of Buddhists, were all working together.) They made hurried repairs in the orphanage, collected some blankets and oversize clothing from among themselves, and wangled extra food from the commissary. But they felt that the children should have Christmas presents—even though Christmas was past—so they took care of that too. Back at base after a day of fighting, men worked at night making small overcoats from old blankets. One of the leathernecks whose childhood was not long past made slingshots, and others carved wooden horses. For the girls cleaning rags from the planes were laboriously stitched and stuffed to become Raggedy Ann dolls. They took empty tomato cans and bent them into molds, and the cook baked little cakes shaped like animals and fat little men. The cooky men even had slant eyes.

AT last the UNCACK team, which had gone ahead by truck, sent word that it had a group of children rounded up. Before the sun rose next morning, two Navy nurses and a Navy doctor were flown by helicopter to the wreckage of a town north of the 38th Parallel. Temperature was 18°, wind from the north 35 knots, but by full daylight they had their equipment set up and were busy delousing the children. Soon a big marine transport plane appeared. It circled and slid into a rough landing less than ten yards from the frozen river.

From a lean-to Doctor Hunter, of UNCACK, led fifty half-clad, emaciated and unwilling children. They looked the plane over with wary eyes and stubbornly refused to go aboard. From the plane Chaplain Weidler coaxed them with candy and toys, but still they held back. Finally Doctor Hunter lifted a boy in by force; then the others, evidently deciding that they had no choice, filed silently aboard, eight- and nine-year-olds carrying the babies. The still-fearful youngsters were so thin that it was impossible to strap safety belts tightly enough; the crew members took up the slack by stuffing pillows around them.

The plane took off, barely clearing the edge of the field with the aid of the strong wind. Aloft, the wind ceased to be a blessing, for the children were violently airsick. Nothing came up, however. They hadn't eaten for days.

At last they landed at MAG 12, the door swung open, and Chaplain Weidler stuck his head out, grinning widely at the waiting marines. As the ramp moved against the plane he lifted out a Korean boy about five years old and stood him on the landing.

"You should have seen the kid," Sgt. Bobby Hodge, of Enka, North Carolina, told me. "He had on a ragged sort of loincloth and an old shirt. And nothing else, with that icy wind blowing. He looked like a little old man who hadn't ever washed; the only clean parts of him were the streaks on his cheeks where he'd been crying.

"HE stood there a second, with everybody watching him and not quite knowing what to do. Then Big Sam jerked off his flight jacket and rushed up the ramp. He wrapped the jacket around the boy and picked him up like he was a billion dollars' worth of diamonds or something. The kid didn't do a thing, even with Big Sam hugging him. He didn't smile or cry or move; just let himself get picked up like he was half dead.

"The chaplain had another one out by then—a little girl about three. She was barefoot and shivering, and no wonder! The poor little thing didn't have a stitch on her except a dirty old scrap of a towel, and a little ribbon in her hair. 'This one's for me,' I yelled, but a couple of other guys beat me to her. The chaplain said we'd scare the children to death, and they were already scared enough, so we got some sense and lined up by the ramp. Soon as a kid came out the next man in line would wrap him in his coat and carry him over to the mess hall."

Sgt. Rulon Arrigona, of Inglewood, California, took up the story. "Boy, those skinny little frozen kids hit me hard. I was trying to take pictures of them leaving the plane, but my eyes got awfully wet. I didn't want the other guys to see me bawling, so I turned away, and bumped into Colonel Moore and Colonel Aggerback, standing there sniffling too; so I went back to taking pictures, even if I couldn't see to point the camera."

The mess hall is a big Quonset hut with a potbellied oilstove in the middle and scrubbed wooden benches along the sides. Here fifty marines brought fifty apathetic children; unsmiling and passive, they accepted the candy and toys without a spark of interest. The marines started getting them into makeshift clothing to protect them against the bitter cold, but the children didn't lift arms or legs to help. Even the babies lay still—no crying, no fussing.

The starving youngsters were seated at the long tables before bowls of hot rice; they looked at the food as if they didn't see it. Not one lifted a spoon. The puzzled marines fed them, but the children opened their mouths, took the rice and chewed mechanically, staring blankly into space.

Finally one of the older boys bravely shouted something in Korean.

"What does he want?" Chaplain Weidler asked the interpreter.

"He says the North Korean soldiers told them how it would be. The Americans are fattening them before they eat them."

"Tell them we love them. Tell them we are their new parents."

The interpreter climbed on a table and talked.

A hesitant smile broke out here and there. A giggle came from the far corner. Some remnant of the faith of childhood triumphed over the cold and hunger and distrust, and they believed him. A tiny girl snuggled up to her marine and began gulping rice, and soon all the children were eating and laughing. When they had eaten every grain—not too much at first, for their shrunken stomachs—the chaplain sang a song, with elaborate ges-

ures. The children didn't know a word, of course, but they mimicked the words and notions. They were still singing when the marines piled them into trucks and drove off to the orphanage.

"It made me think hard," Chief McMillan, a Seabee from Oxnard, California, said, "to see how a little warmth, food and loving had breathed life back into those kids."

Marine Air Group 12 thus took on fifty new responsibilities, in addition to their major one of fighting the Reds. They had to create assets out of nothing in hours left over from fighting.

To start the ball rolling, all hands wrote home to their families, churches and friends. For two days the mail clerk had the biggest outgoing mail ever. The response was immediate. In Danville, California, the superintendent of schools sent a copy of the letter he received to each parent, and soon seventy-three big packages were on their way to Korea. Mrs. W. A. Pearson, of Denton, Texas, answered her son's letter with an enormous bundle of clothes by air mail—postage $24. A church telegraphed that 800 pounds of clothing were on the way.

Meantime the marines were busy as mother hens too. Ordnancemen took crates which had contained thousand-pound bombs and turned them into bunks, tables and chairs—junior size. Marine carpenters laid floors in the orphanage and installed windows and doors against the bitter cold. Sgt. Francis Parent, of Watertown, Massachusetts, scrounged around and found an oil drum, a discarded kitchen stove, some canvas and some scrap lumber, from which he constructed what was proudly billed as "Only steam bath in front area of Korea. Bath and massage, $.60. All profits to Kangnung orphans."

A private whose major joy thus far had been his handle-bar mustache—thirteen inches from tip to tip—sent a picture of it to his Kiwanis Club at home. They auctioned it off, and sent him $100 for the orphanage. A 20-per-cent levy went on all poker winnings, and the fund kept growing. It had to; two weeks later they brought in another planeload of children.

EVEN more indicative of the marines' attitude toward the children is this fact: from the very first they have taken turns "standing watch" at the orphanage. And this doesn't mean guard duty. The ham-fisted marines change pants, supervise baths, play with the children, sing with them, and teach them English.

Sunday is Children's Day at MAG 12. The marines are hosts, but the children contribute in their own way. One Sunday they put on a play depicting the life of Christ. They managed it with no props except a large wooden cross, but their costumes were really special, and they had used charcoal and some kind of dye for make-up. At first it was funny to watch them, but they put so much emotion into it that it got close to you in a serious sort of way. I used my handkerchief a couple of times, and I wasn't the only one. I suppose feelings are near the surface in a place like that, but those kids were good. After the five-year-old who represented Jesus left the stage, carrying the cross, the other children walked slowly to the altar, holding lighted candles and chanting Adeste Fidelis.

When the play was over, each marine tucked a child under his parka and carried him through the snow to the mess hall. The kids dug into chicken, spuds and canned asparagus as if they hadn't eaten for a week.

Later in the afternoon I took a Jeep to Kangnung to photograph the children. Along with me came an interpreter and a couple of marines who had the "diaper duty." When the Jeep drew up alongside the building, every child in the place tried to push out onto the balcony to welcome their "American fathers." They laughed and waved and whooped "Hoo-lo" and "Glad you come."

A Korean who was standing in front of the building walked over to our Jeep and tugged at my sleeve. He pointed excitedly toward the children and shouted, "If the communist soldiers could see this orphanage, they'd throw away their guns and go back to their farms and factories."

HE paused impressively. "I know what I say. I used to be a soldier in a communist labor battalion. I carried Russian ammunition to the front and helped repair railroad lines. I worked for the communists because they told us that Americans were evil people.

"Last month I came back to Kangnung on furlough to see my family. I saw the American marines who are fathers and mothers to these poor children. At first I did not believe it, but I watched and then I did believe, and I deserted the communist army. They had told me lies."

As I looked over the orphanage—windows now tight against the weather, happy children playing energetically under foot—Maj. William Hunter, an Army man attached to UNCACK, said, "American troops all over Korea are helping Korean children. But here, everything these kids have or hope to have is coming from the marines. And by everything, I mean just that—*everything*."

I asked, "What do the children need most?"

"Clothes," said the major promptly, "in ages mostly through nine. Three hundred pairs of boys' pants. Girls' dresses; sweaters, blue jeans. Always warm underwear. Serviceable clothing of any kind. Socks. And toys—balls, jacks, building blocks, slates, chalk, crayons, paper. But nix on American shoes and mechanical toys. Korean children just don't go for them."

There is never enough, for the need keeps growing. Marine Air Group 12 now sponsors four orphanages, giving a chance for life to hundreds of children who already would have died without them. [MAG 12 has lately been transferred to another Korean base, but they still continue their aid to the orphans. *Ed.*]

Before leaving MAG 12, I had another talk with Colonel Moore. Thanking him for all his help, I said, "I'm not a commentator, but I want to make a prophecy. Long after the war is over, Koreans—both North and South—will still talk of the marine 'American fathers' and what they did for the children. They will remember it after the graves are green and forgotten, and it will be retold from father to son. 'Did I ever tell you, son,' the old man will say, 'how the good marines from America took care of your grandfather when he was three years old?'"

The colonel looked slightly embarrassed, but he laughed. "I doubt if you realize, even now, how much the men are doing. Those kids *belong* to the marines. We take care of them as we would our own families. But don't think it's all one-sided. We are getting a big return on our efforts. The children give back warmth and gratitude and affection that mean a lot to men living a bleak life in the midst of a bloody war. It brings our own homes closer."

THE END

WITH THE CHILDREN

A mother walking in as her son was tubbing noticingly remarked, "You haven't washed your back." "Why should I?" he remonstrated. "I never use it!"

"Love makes you very warm. A house is where you live and a home is where there is love."

From our daughter: "It bothers me dreadfully when I see a mother being practically cruel to a crying little child. Little ones usually have a good reason for crying and it's just too bad that they can't have enough breath to cry and explain too."

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON

Sew all these without attachments

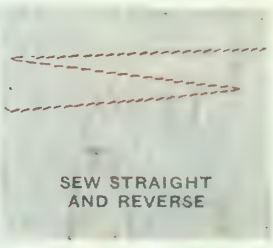












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WALKS...SLEEPS...
TURNS HER HEAD—



AND SHE HAS

SARAN HAIR

I can SHAMPOO it...WAVE it...
and COMB it...Just Like Mine!

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During the holiday season, the Iveses work 16-hour days. Asked an awed "How do you stand it?" pretty Betty Ives replies. "We thrive on it!"

Christmas in the Parsonage

Meet a minister's family – the Charles Libby Iveses, of Middlebury, Connecticut.

By HARTZELL SPENCE

Around Christmastime, callers at the Middlebury, Connecticut, home of Charles and Betty Ives know better than to ring the doorbell. They just walk in and turn toward the nearest commotion.

The center of activity probably will be the kitchen, where petite, brown-haired Betty readies a hundred cookies for the oven, keeps an eye on a churning washer and discusses with two fellow committee members the yuletide decoration of the church next door, interrupting these tasks occasionally to roll marbles to her youngest son. In the library, meanwhile, Charles talks on the telephone while rapping on the window to a trucker who wants to know where to unload a shipment of spruce trees and cedar boughs. Simultaneously Charles may glance at a Bible propped open to the text of Sunday's sermon.

During December, the Ives telephone rings ten times an hour. Twenty automobiles a day stop before the Iveses' door. The day's appointments and duties spill over the margins of a datebook onto a green blotter on Charles' desk. Through this hubbub Charles and Betty move serenely and smilingly, doing several things at once. An out-of-town friend who observed their routine for a few bewildered moments last Christmastide exclaimed, while scampering away from

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR JORGENSEN





A carol sing on the green . . . coffee and doughnuts in the church assembly room afterward . . . come early!



Family prayers—a daily ritual. Buss, little Jo-Jo, Pete and Chuck give polite attention.



Plan a dozen special talks . . . chaperon carolers . . . lend Santa a hand at Sunday-school parties.

"We'll teach our sons to plan for the future—to face today's problems and tomorrow's uncertainties with true confidence."

a vacuum cleaner, "Betty, how can you stand it!" And Betty, veering her appliance toward the ringing telephone, responded merrily, "We thrive on it."

Charles, in more formal moments, is the Rev. Mr. Charles Libby Ives, pastor of the Congregational Church of Middlebury. He and his wife, at age thirty-six, could be any successful couple who are fifteen years out of college. Their ten-room, pre-Revolutionary parsonage which once was the village tavern is furnished comfortably with Oriental rugs and antiques. Charles, a lean six-footer with a warm smile and an intellectual but not ascetic countenance, smokes a pipe and, to the delight of young people, pounds out a mean boogiewoogie on the piano. Betty's impish black eyes and



While Betty wraps gifts (close to 300) for church affairs, Charles helps with chores. "And as dishwasher—I shine!"

'Twas the night before . . . As on every night, the boys are read to, their day reviewed. "Then if we're busy next day and brush them off, they don't mind—they know their turn will come!"





"... the hope of the world is the church." The Iveses give $247 a year to the church.



Though church schedule is always busy, Charles finds time for work with Community Chest, Y.M.C.A.

openhearted grin camouflage a dynamic mechanism which has planned a parent-teacher association party for five hundred persons while preserving twenty quarts of applesauce. In spite of four strenuous sons, Charles and Betty manage to dine once a day in dignified semiformality.

This takes planning, for Betty and Charles are as busy as two people could be, especially at the Christmas season. The church Charles serves is a prim, white frame replica of a Puritan edifice founded in 1691. It dominates the village green, a symbol of the central place the parish has occupied in the community for 250 years. The only Protestant denomination in a swank, station-wagon town of 3000 residents, the church is so integrated with town affairs that until recently its bell tolled, on town orders, at all funerals. School busses tour their routes on Sunday to collect children for the Sunday school. This oneness with the community



Pastor of Middlebury Congregational Church for three years, Charles was ordained in 1939. Betty schedules engagements, sees that he balances study with action—"and he's taught *me* to channel my energy!"

"Being Den Mother for the Cub Scouts is fun," Betty says, "but someday I'd like a group of Girl Scouts—just to see, for a change, what makes little girls *tick!"*





Holiday gift for all: snow! The Iveses keep a family date for a gay end-of-festivities. (Jo-Jo? He's up ahead, shouting "Hurry!")

"Happiness is really a by-product of doing the job as God gives you the wisdom and grace to see and do it."

crystallizes in a Christmas celebration which lasts for three weeks, and Charles and Betty Ives are the sparks which ignite all the activity.

Last Christmas, Betty helped to decorate the church and parsonage for four Sunday-school parties, and to illuminate the village green for carol singing. She wrapped some of the 300 presents which Santa distributed. While directing an elaborate pageant she had to make some of the costumes, including those of her sons. She trained a junior choir for three special appearances. She kept a tactful eye on arrangements for a community dinner in the assembly hall. With other church women she fashioned wreaths to be *(Continued on Page 132)*

Give a Merry Christmas—Give

Du Pont NYLON



Put stars in her eyes with the glamour gift of nylon pajamas and a quilted nylon lounge jacket. She'll never look lovelier—or happier.



So soft to the touch— and a nylon sweater is a cinch to wash—holds its shape, needs no blocking. Pretty, too!

Froufrou or tailored—every girl wishes for a smooth-as-satin nylon slip at Christmas time!





Easy living gifts for the whole family!

Never before have there been so many beautiful things of nylon . . . to give or to receive. Never before have so many gifts folks really want been so practical, so useful, so enduring. These gift suggestions are only the wonderful beginning of a long and exciting list of nylon pretties and practicals. Once you start Christmas shopping for nylon, you won't want to stop.

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Give nylon socks to the men in your life—and you give *yourself* a vacation from mending. They just don't wear out!



The wonderful story of nylon started with a stocking—still the Christmas gift most women want—especially in this year's new designs and colors.



The Blouse Beautiful this Christmas is also the Blouse Practical. It's nylon and it says, "Forget about ironing!"

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It's like giving 4 wonderful appliances at the cost of ONE!



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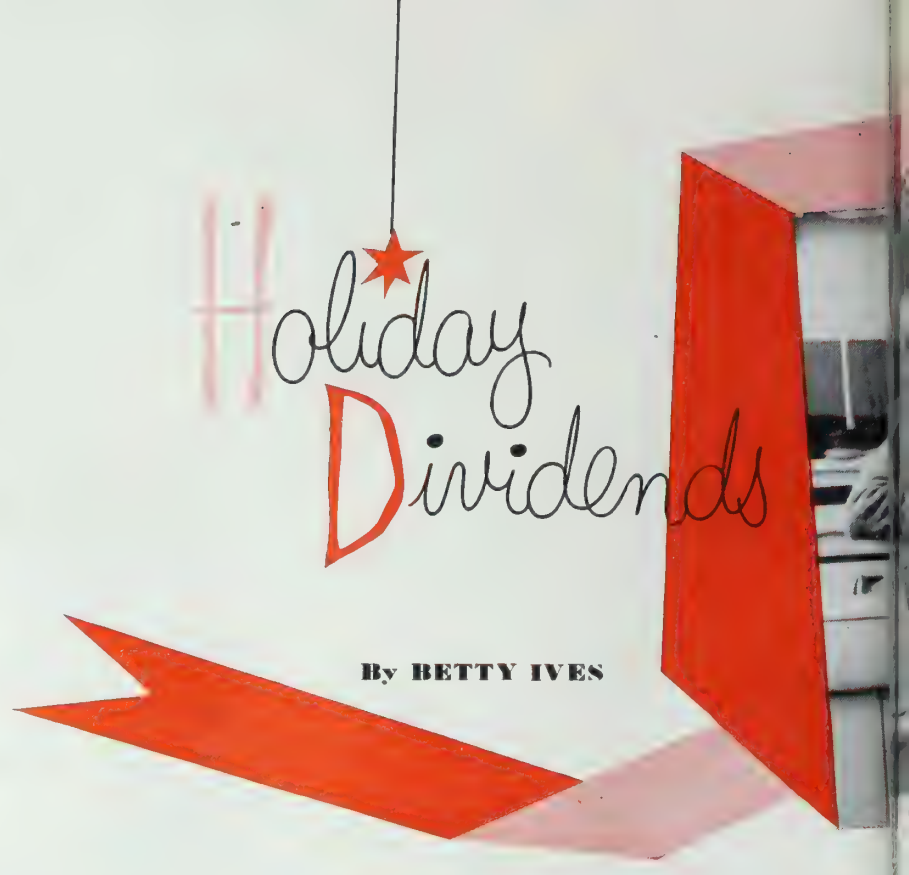
Arvin Lectric Cook has brought new zest to mealtime in hundreds of thousands of homes! Cooking right at the table, for a crowd or a twosome, is a thrill—morning, noon, or midnight!

Crunchy toasted sandwiches, juicy steaks grilled on both sides at once, quantities of griddle cakes or bacon and eggs, king-size waffles done to a queen's taste; there's almost no limit to the usefulness of the beautiful new Custom Model Arvin Lectric Cook!

Styled in gleaming chrome to adorn the most festive table, Arvin Lectric Cook converts to a fully automatic waffler in a jiffy, just by clipping in the pre-seasoned grids. Signal light and automatic heat control insure just the right brownness every time. Insulated handle and base.

Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana.

ARVIN ELECTRIC HOUSEWARES...FIRST CHOICE FOR EVERY GIFT OCCASION!



Holiday Dividends

By BETTY IVES

EACH Christmas a farmer friend gives us a whopping big turkey. What a joy it is to have! Christmas morning I'm up at five o'clock to start the turkey roasting before the boys come bouncing downstairs and the bustle of Christmas begins.

We always have at least six guests for Christmas dinner, but there is always plenty of turkey left for a couple of meals besides sandwiches. It's a big asset for those busy days between Christmas and New Year's.

TURKEY-SPAGHETTI casserole is my own invention. My boys like anything in the spaghetti and noodle family. When one or the other is combined with turkey and gravy, it makes a very substantial dish. There never seems to be enough turkey gravy to go with leftover turkey, but I have found canned chicken broth and cream soups to be great stretchers.

TURKEY-SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE

Sauté 1 cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped onion and 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 1½ cups turkey gravy, 1 cup canned chicken broth—or more chicken broth if you're short on gravy, but you'll have to thicken it slightly—½ cup cream, 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and 1½ cups diced cooked turkey. Cook 1 eight-ounce package medium noodles or spaghetti until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and rinse. Combine noodles or spaghetti and sauce; pour into a 2-quart baking dish. Sprinkle with ½ cup buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

I WAS one of those gals that knew nothing about cooking until I married. Pastry was my biggest bugaboo. But once I learned to handle the dough quickly and lightly, my troubles were over. Turkey turnovers with the help of a flaky pastry make a little leftover turkey go a long way.

TURKEY TURNOVERS

Cut enough cold turkey (sliced thick) into strips about 2″ long, ¼″ wide. You will need about 1 cup turkey strips. Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine in a small saucepan, blend in 1 tablespoon flour. Add 1 can condensed mushroom soup, ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard and ¼ teaspoon salt; heat and stir until the sauce bubbles. Make pastry sufficient for a two-crust pie; roll out and cut into twelve 4½″ squares. Place several strips of turkey on one half of each square and place a heaping tablespoonful of soup mixture on the turkey. Moisten the edges of the pastry lightly with water. Fold pastry in half; seal edges and press edges with the tines of a fork. Fry in deep fat, about 365° F., until golden brown, turning once. It takes about 5 minutes. If you wish, the turnovers can be baked in a hot oven, 425° F., for 15 to 20 minutes until brown.

TURKEY often turns up in a salad at our house. I combine it with pineapple chunks and add toasted almonds if I have them on hand. If the Tokay grapes from our Christmas fruit bowl are beginning to look a bit tired, I use the halved seeded grapes instead of pineapple.

HAWAIIAN SALAD

Mix together 2 cups diced cooked turkey, ½ cup diced celery, 1 cup pineapple chunks, ½ teaspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper and ½ cup mayonnaise. Chill to give the flavors a chance to blend. Pile lightly in lettuce cups. Serves 6.

IF I am having company—and we usually do have company practically every day during the holidays—I save some turkey for curried-turkey ring. It can be made in the morning for an evening supper. I serve a tart cranberry relish and hot biscuits with it and reheat our Christmas plum pudding for dessert.

CURRIED-TURKEY RING

Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Heat 1 can condensed cream of chicken soup; dissolve gelatin in the hot soup. Blend in ⅓ cup lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt

DI PIETRO



Chuck, Pete and Bobby like to make their own turkey sandwiches.

and 1 teaspoon curry powder. Chill until thick but not set. Fold in ¾ cup sliced, pitted, ripe olives, 1½ cups finely diced cooked turkey, 1 cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon minced green onions or scallions, and ½ cup mayonnaise. Whip ½ cup heavy cream and fold into mixture. Turn into a 1½-quart ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with lettuce or water cress. No dressing is needed. It's built in. Serves 8–10.

A DOUBLE-DECKER club sandwich is a little hard for small boys to manage—so we have what we call little club sandwiches.

LITTLE CLUB SANDWICHES

Toast 12 slices bread and spread with softened butter and mayonnaise. Lay slices of turkey, a leaf of lettuce, 2 strips crisp cooked bacon and a thin slice of tomato on each of 6 slices of toast. Top each with another slice of toast—and fasten with toothpicks. Cut sandwiches diagonally both ways to make 4 little triangles. Serves 6.

I STICK strictly to my food budget of $30 a week, excluding milk. That means no food can be wasted. When we get down to the turkey carcass, I cut off all the last bits of turkey and boil up the bones for a chowder. We like it better than the usual turkey soup. It is good reheated the second day if your family doesn't finish it off on its first appearance.

TURKEY CHOWDER

Cut rind from ⅛-pound piece of salt pork. Dice the salt pork; fry in the bottom of a soup pot or Dutch oven. Remove the bits of browned salt pork, save. Sauté ½ cup chopped onion in the salt-pork fat. Add 3 cups turkey broth which has been made by simmering the turkey carcass with water, salt, an onion and some celery leaves. Then add 3 cups diced raw potatoes, 1 cup diced celery, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning and ½ teaspoon paprika; simmer until potatoes are tender, about ½ hour. Add 1 twelve-ounce can whole-kernel corn, the browned salt pork, 1 quart milk and 1½ cups turkey pieces. Heat thoroughly. Taste and add additional salt if necessary. Sprinkle with chopped parsley just before serving. Serves 6. Makes 10 cups.

WHEN several cups of leftover vegetables stare at me from the refrigerator, I know the time has come for vegetable pie. It's the kind of dish on which you can improvise, using any leftover vegetables you happen to have. I've often added bits of turkey or ham or diced canned pork luncheon meat to make it a more hearty dish. Sometimes I bake it in individual casseroles so each of the youngsters will have his own little pie.

VEGETABLE PIE WITH CHEESE BISCUITS

Sauté ½ cup chopped onions in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until golden. Blend in 3 tablespoons flour. Gradually add 1 can condensed consommé and ⅔ water or vegetable-cooking water; heat and stir until thickened. Combine with 1 cup cooked sliced carrots, 1 cup cooked diced potatoes, 1 cup cooked celery, 1 cup cooked cut green beans, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Pour into a 2-quart casserole. Top with spoonfuls of drop-biscuit dough made with 1 cup biscuit mix according to the directions on the package. Sprinkle ⅓ cup grated Cheddar cheese over the top. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., for 20 minutes until the biscuits are brown. Serves 6.

NEXT best to blueberry pie (made from the blueberries we gather and can in the summer), we like ice cream for dessert. After Christmas we find we have a collection of broken peppermint-stick candy canes which gives us a good reason for making peppermint-stick ice cream.

PEPPERMINT-STICK ICE CREAM

Dissolve ¼ pound or 1 cup crushed peppermint-stick candy in 1½ cups hot milk over medium heat, stirring constantly until candy is dissolved. Add a pinch of salt and 1½ cups light cream. Pour into freezing tray. Set indicator at coldest position. Freeze until firm 1" in from edge of tray. Remove to a bowl; beat smooth. Refreeze. Makes 1 quart.

DON'T BE SHORT-SIGHTED ABOUT BREAKFAST WHEN IT'S

HONEST FOOD KIDS NEED!

AND HERE IT IS!



NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT with MILK... America's great body-building breakfast! 100% whole wheat... bran and wheat germ included. Delicious... hearty... nutritious! The original Niagara Falls product.



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Don't just say "Shredded Wheat"... say "NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT"

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TRUST YOUR DAINTIEST GARMENTS to the gentle touch of Whirlpool's *Satin-Smooth Drum* . . . to breeze-blown *Tempered Heat,* best for all the modern fabrics. Dry as you please with *Selective Temperature Control. Germicidal Lamp* provides freshening, fade-free sunshine. Efficient *Force-Flo Venting* frees you of lint and moisture worries. *Automatic Ignition* on Gas Dryers. *Your choice of Gas or Electric Models.

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Modernize your laundry room with
Wonderful Whirlpool
Your dealer will tell you how easily you can own the Dryer, the matching Washer, or *both!*



CHRISTMAS IN THE PARSONAGE

(Continued from Page 128)

sold to townspeople. Somewhere she also found time to gift-wrap presents to sixty family relatives and plan refreshments for a P.T.A. yuletide celebration. No wonder, then, that she spent the Wednesday before Christmas in bed from exhaustion.

Charles was equally busy. He built a crèche to adorn the church altar while planning talks for a dozen special functions. He was Santa's helper at all the Sunday-school parties and at a tea for grandmothers. He led teen-age carolers to the homes of forty shut-ins on a below-zero night. The day before Christmas Sunday he drove a hundred miles to Westfield, Massachusetts, to officiate at a wedding. On his return, entering his church to arrange the altar for a midnight Communion, he discovered that the debris of the previous evening's pageant had not been cleared away. With vacuum cleaner and muscle, he and two volunteers housecleaned the church. Doing so, he caught laryngitis and for a moment during the Communion was unable to speak.

The children, too, were at work. They are Peter, ten years old, called Pete; Charles, Jr., eight, known as Chuck; Robert, six, dubbed Buss; and Jonathan, four, familiarly Jo-Jo. They had anthems to learn for the choir, parts to memorize for the pageant, presents to wrap for twenty first cousins, and finally they surrendered their rooms, over the Christmas week end, to Betty's brother's family. At the junior-choir appearance before the adult church service, Pete led three moppet friends up the wrong aisle and scuttled the anthem by playing boisterous hide-and-seek among the crimson-robed high-school girls. And Chuck, in the pageant one of the Magi, who in draped muslin and turban bore a crown upon a pillow, lost his pants and had no free hand with which to retrieve them.

Today's Pioneers

"TWO years ago we moved into a bare, new little house with no personality and a yawning stretch of the most unimaginative-looking dirt we'd ever seen. Every other family in our tract was in exactly the same situation.

"Together we've soaked up ideas, taken hammer, saw and shovel in hand and toiled our way on what we call our twenty-year building plan. Now for a short while we feel as if we can come up for air. Our carport is built; our garage has become our living room. Our hearts are still full of dreams and projects to come."

Read the endearing, inspiring story of this generation of young marrieds in the story of

BOB AND GINA SHORT
of Concord, California

by Hildegarde Dolson

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES
in the January JOURNAL

FAR from feverish under their pressurized schedules, both Charles and Betty are composed and sure. After thirteen years in parsonages, three of them in Middlebury, they have evolved an inner tranquillity much like the calm at the core of a hurricane, and a spiritual security on a financial budget so limited they have no bank account, no savings and no life insurance. The gross family income is $3900. Of this Betty gets $1820, or $35 a week, out of which she spends $17.50 for food, and a like sum on all other household items, including the dental bills and the $5 weekly allowance of Gloria Battle, a sixteen-year-old Negro girl who is being reared by the family and who acts as "mother's helper" after school hours. Charles' allocation of $2080 provides $490 a year for light, heat and telephone, and the rest is professional expense: $1240 on car maintenance, $247 for church contribution, $100 for charities, leaving just $3 a year for pipe tobacco. To save $50 a year on their sons' haircuts, Betty and Charles are giving each other this Christmas an electric hair clipper.

Obviously, on such a budget the Ives family dare buy nothing on the installment plan. They have seen one commercial movie in three years. Often Betty and the boys do not attend church suppers for lack of the $5 to pay their way. There is no budgetary provision for furniture—their household is entirely furnished from gifts. Betty and Charles have bought one new suit each in ten years. Their recreation and amusement the Lord must provide, as He provides their Christmas giving: for presents the Iveses distribute cans of wild berries which they have picked in the woods and preserved.

LACK of cash does not inhibit their lives, however. Like all ministers, Charles receives many complementary courtesies: free subscriptions to concert series, the privileges of golf, tennis and beach clubs and ski tows, tickets to baseball games and, at the moment, piano lessons for young Pete. Charles pays no rent, a sizable item in most families, and the Iveses live in a house which would rent for $150 a month. Since Betty's father is an obstetrician, the children's nativities cost nothing except an automobile trip to Mount Vernon, New York. And since all seven of Betty's and Charles' brothers and sisters are well-to-do with growing families, all six of the Iveses—and Gloria, too—have been lavishly outfitted with hand-me-down clothes. Both families have summer cottages, so vacations are no problem.

Betty and Charles accept these perquisites as casually as, during their youth, they absorbed the advantages of social and economic position. Charles was the son of a socially secure Portland, Maine, lawyer. His mother, Hilda Libby Ives, is an internationally renowned Congregational minister and specialist in rural-church work. Betty's father is a prominent obstetrical surgeon in Mount Vernon, New York, and Betty was reared in considerable luxury. Both are the products of better-than-average schools. Betty is Swarthmore '36, with graduate work in primary education at the Co-operative School for Teachers, better known as the Bank Street School, in New York. Charles is Deerfield Academy '32, Williams '36, Union Theological Seminary '39, with graduate work at Yale Divinity School. Both have traveled in Europe. Charles' background includes white-tie-and-tails dances, long yacht cruises an ancestral home on the Maine coast. He had a car all through college. Betty, gregarious and witty, was one of Mount Vernon's most popular girls, spent summers at her family's lodge on a New York lake, played a sharp game of bridge, and never lacked for fur coats. She is an outdoor girl, a mountain climber, skater, skier and tennis player, and today holds her own in these sports with her all-male household.

Their zest for the Christian ministry and social welfare developed in youth. Charles was bedridden for eighteen months at age fourteen from rheumatic fever, at that time usually fatal. His mother's prayers, he believes today, worked the miracle that medicine could not accomplish. From that beginning, Charles' religious curiosity stretched out, to climax in his ordination in 1939. Theologically he is a liberal, more like a Unitarian than like a Congregationalist. Politically he is left of center, a New Dealer

and a Democrat an active political partisan, an aggressive social thinker.

This was just the sort of personality to attract Betty. Reared strictly as a Presbyterian and conservative Republican, she had in college thrown off her heritage. She was practically a Socialist, and almost an atheist. She had worked a year in a Tennessee mountain nursery school and had emerged a reformer. But her quick intellectuality argued that there must be something in her family's beliefs, since she adored both her parents.

At this critical moment in walked Charles. He had a head start over her in their romance, because his theological-school roommate had been borrowing Charles' car to date Betty, and had been so disturbed by some of her opinions that he had asked his roommate's advice. Charles concluded that he ought to meet this perplexing beauty. A double date was arranged in the summer of 1939. Betty spent the evening getting answers to her questions from Charles. His liberalism soothed her belligerent anxieties, and made her realize that there was more than one answer to religious and sociological problems. She wanted to talk to him again and again. Charles obliged her. When they had discovered mutual enthusiasms for mountain climbing, baseball, planned parenthood, formal dances, music (Betty also plays the piano), and a deep mutual passion to help the underprivileged, particularly children, a merger seemed indicated.

Betty was spectacularly attended in matrimony. She had wanted a small wedding. The families, however, were too prominent. So 2000 guests assembled in the First Presbyterian Church of Mount Vernon to see Betty walk down the aisle in silk marquisette and Chantilly lace, her triple-sheer crepe train carried by two nephews, a three-year-old niece scattering rose petals before her. And seven ministers participated: three, including Charles' mother, officiating; Charles as bridegroom, three as ushers.

Betty had never learned to cook, sew, mend or do any household chore. Her first culinary experiment was an apple pie with a cinnamon filling. Charles, a down-East devotee of the nutmeg school of cookery, spurned it. Betty never gets volubly angry; she does slow burns. For six months she put apple pies before her husband, each bisected by a line separating the nutmeg from the cinnamon, flags riding toothpicks in the center of each half, one marked "Yours," the other "Mine."

THEIR only other direct clash was over ventilation. Charles, from Maine, had slept at night with windows closed. The doctor's daughter, on the other hand, was a fresh-air devotee. Charles solved their impasse by bringing home a physiology textbook which proved that only the humidity content, not the freshness, of air is normally affected by open windows. So they compromised; now the bedroom window is open in summer, closed in winter.

So successfully have Charles and Betty integrated their talents that today some of their individual traits are no longer distinguishable except in the team. Betty, the oldest of four children, is naturally a pioneer and organizer, with aggressive initiative. Charles, the youngest of four, is easygoing, introspective and secure. He has taught her how to economize her strength by creating large committees so that no individual is overworked. In the junior choir, which she directs, he discouraged ambitious choral effects in favor of simple hymns which children sing naturally. She resigned a strenuous role in the farmers' Grange on Charles' reminder that, since she was no farmer, her talents were better employed nearer home with the Cub Scouts, to whom she is now a den mother. When Betty founded an ambitious public child-guidance clinic in 1949, Charles persuaded her to let others conduct the daily clinics while she concentrated on supervision.

SHE in turn pulls him from his books by accepting speaking engagements for him, by promising parishioners he will call at their homes, and by nominating him for committee work in the Y.M.C.A., the Community Chest and the county Democratic Party. She abets strenuous church projects, such as the present $40,000 religious-education-building program, knowing that he prefers study and philosophy to action. She also curbs his occasionally undiplomatic impetuosity. When in 1950 he publicly endorsed the re-election campaign of liberal Sen. Brien McMahon, she discouraged further indignation among his Republican church members by keeping him so busy with parish work that he could do no campaigning. When they lived in Somers, Connecticut, her diplomacy stilled community criticism of his aggressive championship of workers in a strike-bound mill. And she sends the children to their father with their problems, not to side-step her own responsibility but to compel her husband's attention.

The entire family go skating, skiing and hiking together. Both parents have pitched baseballs to Pete to sharpen his batting eye, for he is a switch hitter and the best batsman on his Little League team. When Betty is busy by day, Charles baby-sits; he often takes a child with him on pastoral calls.

Charles also takes a hand with the housework. For the first five years of the marriage, Betty had a skin rash and could not wash dishes. Charles performed this chore—and still does. To stretch the budget, Charles and the boys join Betty in filling a freezer with garden produce each summer. Last year, on hikes in the woods, they picked eighty quarts of blueberries, and huckleberries, which Betty canned. They gleaned an apple orchard for a hundred quarts of applesauce. Except for meat and dairy products, they live most of the year out of the freezer and off the shelf, and all have had a hand in this food conservation.

The table Betty sets is simple, emphasizing macaroni and cheese, waffles and other economical dishes, garnished with home-canned delicacies. Betty never can slip over

Offshore from Cape Elizabeth, Maine, where I grew up, there is a lightship. As children we used to watch the tenders go out of the harbor to take supplies to that lightship. And as we grew older we used to sail out to it ourselves. In spite of the winds and the waves, that lightship ever keeps its correct position because of its secure anchorage. In the darkness its light shines out to guard ships from the danger of the rocks and reefs. Not even the blinding storms nor the thick fogs can now conceal its position, for it has a radio beacon that sends out signals. To those ships which are on their course, it is a confirmation. To those which are off their course, it is a warning.

No image is perfect, but I find this one helpful in thinking of the Light which we celebrate at Christmas. Anchored as it is in the Father of lights, it shines in the darkness of our world to give the light of life to men.

It is a warning to those who are off the course, a warning that they are headed for the rocks. But how much more it is a saving and guiding beacon to those who would follow the course that leads to life and life more abundantly.

"In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness could not overwhelm it."

—CHARLES L. IVES



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THAT GIVES YOU RICH, LONG-LASTING

Soap-like Suds

..EVEN IN HARDEST WATER

It's FELSO, the sensational new, quick-sudser that gives you the cleanest, whitest, brightest clothes that ever came out of your wash.

You'll love these rich, soap-like FELSO suds for dishwashing, too. They're soft . . so fragrant . . so wonderfully kind to your hands. Glasses and dishes really *shine* with FELSO.

So, why put up with detergents that give you thin, wishy-washy suds that vanish in minutes? Buy a box of FELSO. *See* the difference . . *feel* the difference . . in the suds.



NEW WHITE

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WE GUARANTEE *that FELSO is more pleasant to use than any other white washday product ever made.*

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If you wash windows... bake... scrub... or polish silver

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MADE FOR BUSY HANDS!

If housework is part or all of your day, better be choose-y about hand lotion. The "glamour" kind is fun while you're sweet and single—but gather up a husband and a household and see what happens! Then, your hands need Italian Balm—*made* for busy hands.

This lotion, with medically-proved ingredients, soothes and softens rough, chapped hands overnight—and used daily, *keeps* them smooth no matter what! Like an "invisible glove," it holds in softness, keeps *out* dryness.

Women who *know* about housework, insist on Italian Balm, for no other lotion is like it. 25¢, 50¢, 1.00.



Italian Balm ...BY CAMPANA

Gebhardt's chili powder.. the *Original* chili flavor!

- The original blend of Ancho Chili pods, sun-cured in Old Mexico.
- No salt or filler added! It's all active flavor!
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MADE IN Sunny San Antonio

Gebhardt CHILI POWDER CO. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

an economy meal on her family by tossing the leftovers into a hash or soup; that would inevitably be the day Charles invited two colleagues home for potluck. She avoids catastrophe by cooking a large roast for Sunday noon, when the most important visitors are apt to be present, then skillfully compounding its remnants through Thursday. She always has a huckleberry pie or some other titbit in the freezer, to nourish the surprise guest. And she bakes 300 oatmeal cookies a week to feed her sons and their friends between meals, and to serve to tea-time callers and postdinner committees.

BETTY has refused to become chained to her house by her children and her chores. When she founded the child-guidance clinic, she was confident of her college training in welfare work, but soon discovered that her thinking and methods were obsolete. She undertook a refresher course of reading, which proved to her that world developments in many fields of interest had passed her by. Resolutely she determined not to go to seed; but she could not study at the end of a long day. Now, three mornings a week, she goes to a nearby library for an hour while Charles stays at home.

Betty has persuaded Charles to return home often at "the critical hour" of 5 P.M., and play with the boys outdoors until dinner is on the table. Betty believes that the most important single service a husband can perform for his wife is to romp with the children when the wife's nerves are on edge at the close of day.

Since money has always been scarce, Charles and Betty do not recommend that a couple wait until they can afford children before having them. Both being products of large families, they agree that even numbers are best. Children pair off; the odd-numbered child is left out. Therefore, they say, never have one baby unless you can have two; or three without planning on a fourth. As for the economics, they think it a mistake to calculate the hazards too cautiously. Life has risks, they assert, which must be accepted. They cite Charles' mother as proof of this. When her husband died she was left with five children, the oldest only ten. From despair and acute melancholia Mrs. Ives rallied, became a minister and went on to the most rewarding years of her life. In 1936 she represented her denomination at a conference in Madras, India, and in 1946–47 she spent fourteen months administering Quaker relief in postwar Germany.

Charles and Betty are both concerned over the modern war-born tendency toward unplanned living and fatalism. "We beg young people," Charles likes to say, "to go ahead and plan, lest they contribute to uncertainty and anarchy. The surest defense against defeatism is to plan for the future. The vision inspires hope, hope breeds desire, desire induces work, and work achieves the plan. The plan must be subject to change; but all roads lead home, even though many are marked with detours."

The Iveses encourage independent planning and thinking by their own children, who are permitted unlimited freedom within a brief set of rules. Buss, at age four, accepted an invitation to an overnight party, packed his bag, advised his parents of his plans, and departed. He had a fine time.

The word "don't" is rarely directed at the children. The boys are not required to attend Sunday school. If they go to church, they may walk out on a sermon which fails to interest them. But the few family rules are enforced consistently. Every violation results in a period of isolation or, if necessary, a spanking. Each boy must keep his room neat, his clothes picked up, his toys repaired. Each must attend fifteen minutes of daily family prayers, a chore none of them likes. Each must clean up his plate at meals. Each must share his toys generously, and get along amicably with other people of all ages. When Pete was four, the Iveses lived in Bridgewater, Connecticut, on a main highway. They discussed fencing the yard, but decided this was too easy for the boy. So they taught him self-discipline by forbidding him to trespass on the road. Charles and Betty insist that discipline must be taught to children lovingly at home, rather than by a coldhearted society later, without love.

The children have reacted well to this regimen. Peter likes to rise at 6 A.M., and square away his methodical mind for the day. A sensitive, perceptive child, he works precisely at everything he undertakes. He studies his homework, practices the piano and belabors his hobbies diligently. Chuck is completely different. He loves everybody, even appending postscripts to his school compositions informing his teacher, "I love you." He brings six to ten boys home from school with him, or for Saturday lunch. He is mischievous, slap-happy, light-hearted.

Buss has Peter's seriousness, plus intellectuality. Learning to read opened a wide world to him. He absorbs ideas and challenges facts. When he became disillusioned about Santa Claus, he quickly realized that the fairy who put a dime under his pillow in exchange for a tooth was also his father. Next day, his supernatural world aturvy, he walked solemnly into his father's study and said, "O.K. So there's no fairies. There's no Santa Claus. What about this God business? Is that a fake too?" With such vibrant playmates, little Jo-Jo, the only preschooler left in the house, manfully tries to keep up, and his brothers, aware of his striving, include him in all their projects without being asked to do so by the parents.

Every night, regardless of the pressure of busy schedules, either Betty or Charles reads to the children for a half hour after they are ready for bed. The reading is not so important, Betty thinks, as a physical presence at the bedside, so that the children retire confident of their parents' devotion. "It works wonders," Betty says. "We discuss their problems, review their day, read a little, and make them feel that they are more important than anything else in the world. None of our boys has ever gone to bed crying or unhappy. That carries over to the next day. If Charles and I are busy and brush them off, they know their turn never fails to come."

WHEN Charles and Betty get away from their responsibilities—which is not often—they make up for the lost time. Recently they were invited to participate in a big wedding, which included a dinner and dance at a New York hotel. This gave them their first opportunity in years to dress up for the

COULD YOU SAY IT WITTIER?

EDITED BY JOHN M. HENRY

An old-timer is one who remembers way back when it cost more to operate a car than to park one.
NAT CAMPBELL
in Coronet Magazine

A pessimist is a person who is seasick during the entire voyage of life.
DUANE DEWEL
in Algona, Iowa, Advance

Junior's idea of a balanced meal is the same size ice-cream cone in each hand.
H. G. HUTCHESON
in Augusta, Kans., Gazette

One of the best daylight-saving plans is to get up earlier.
CHARLES GEBHARD
in Waverly, Iowa, Newspapers

A clerk in a toy store explained why a toy was so complicated: "It's an educational toy, designed to adjust a child to live in the world today. Anyway he puts it together, it is wrong."
CHARLES KNOUSE
in Lindsborg, Kans., News-Record

kind of gala both had loved in youth. Joyfully Betty dug out a trousseau dinner dress and a college formal, while Charles retrieved from moth balls both his dinner jacket and his tail coat. Then they couldn't decide which of the two outfits to wear. As usual, they compromised. They wore the semi-formals to dinner, then did a quick change in their hotel room and descended to the dance anew, Charles in white tie and tails, Betty in décolletage. They had a doubly good time too.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE EDITORS

(Continued from Page 61)

I can do as I please, can't I? How I love Thanksgiving. And it's a real struggle for me to hold out till Christmas for my next turkey feast! Famished as I am, I'll be here to deck the halls with holly and fall to in the same old youthful way. Just watch me!

Having spoken right out. Having started speaking about Mary Bass, I may say that she has a very attractive figure and a lovely smile, a strong lawyer husband and an adorable "young Bass." She sent me her menu and the recipes for a holiday buffet during Christmas week. When she has her family and old friends oriented (twelve of them in all), and everybody's happy and the conversation is quicker than an old firebox whooping round the bend—lo and behold, the first item on her menu is a red-hot steaming

CORN CHOWDER

Dice 6 slices bacon. Sauté them in a deep saucepan until crisp. Drain the bacon on paper toweling. Add ½ cup chopped onion to 3 tablespoons of the bacon drippings. Sauté until the onions are tender. Add 2 (1-pound) cans cream-style corn, 1 twelve-ounce can whole-kernel corn, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 quart milk and 2 cups top milk or light cream. Heat real hot, but when you suspect it is fixing to boil, stop it. Simmer 15 minutes. Crumble the bacon. Add it to the soup. Serve hot. Garnish with popcorn.

Good old times. Mary's buffet includes a lobster salad. Yes, lobsters. I can remember when not only was that a pretty luxurious edible, but at a Christmas buffet you'd have to go to Maine by dog sled to find them.

LOBSTER SALAD

Cut the meat from 8 medium cooked lobsters or 8 medium frozen lobster tails, cooked, into small pieces—or you can use 8 six-ounce cans lobster. You'll need 10 cups, or about 3 pounds, of the cooked lobster meat. Add 1½ cups minced celery, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, the juice of 1 lemon, 1⅓ cups mayonnaise, and salt and pepper to taste. Chill well and serve in a lettuce-lined bowl.

French? Are you asking me? It *is*, French bread, neatly toasted, touched with garlic butter or not, as you prefer. And the smell of it enough to whisper to your appetite, "Latch on to me." And you do—latch on, I mean.

Pretty is as pretty does. Pretty to look at and excellent eating—that's Mary's tomato-and-avocado aspic, and this is how she does it. It's a good safe bet to make it the day before, cover it with wax paper, and keep it well chilled.

TOMATO-AND-AVOCADO ASPIC

Sprinkle 4 envelopes unflavored gelatin over ¾ cup cold water. Let it stand 5 minutes. Meanwhile, heat 7 cups tomato juice, adding a few celery leaves, 1 bay leaf and 3 tablespoons grated onion, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Add softened gelatin to hot juice and stir until dissolved. Chill until it is thick and pours like heavy cream. Cut a large peeled avocado into thin slices. (Save the stone and plant it. Presently you'll be popeyed at what you see. It's magic.) Pour lemon juice over the slices to keep them from darkening. Arrange the slices into a pattern in the bottom of a 10" ring mold. Pour in a little of the tomato mixture and chill until firm. Add any leftover avocado slices. Pour in the rest of the tomato mixture and chill until firm.

The last's the best. Mary saves the best till last, she says. Orange-marmalade pudding. You've seen it here before, but its encore is a command performance since all claim it's the best steamed pudding ever.

STEAMED ORANGE-MARMALADE PUDDING

Trim the crust from 1 loaf unsliced day-old white bread. Grate it on the coarse side of the grater, or pull it apart with a fork. Measure 5 cups fine soft bread crumbs. Mix with 2 cups finely ground suet. Put aside. Cook together 2 tablespoons grated orange rind, ⅔ cup orange juice, ½ cup sugar and 2 cups orange marmalade. Simmer over medium heat for 15 minutes. Pour over bread crumbs and suet, and mix well. Add 1 teaspoon baking soda to 3 slightly beaten eggs. Mix into pudding mixture and pour into a well-greased 2-quart melon mold. Cover, but tight. If your mold has no cover, use heavy aluminum foil for a cover. Put the mold on a rack in the steamer and steam for 3½ hours. Loosen around the edges with a spatula. Unmold on a platter and serve hot with cold Golden Sauce. If you make your pudding the day before, put it to steam ½ hour before serving, to get it thoroughly hot.

GOLDEN SAUCE

Gradually add ½ cup sugar to 2 well-beaten egg yolks. Beat the 2 egg whites until they stand up in peaks and gradually beat in ½ cup sugar. Fold into the egg-yolk mixture. Whip 1 cup heavy cream and flavor with 2 teaspoons vanilla. Fold in the egg mixture and don't stir more than you have to. Chill it. And this means to get it really cold. So—chill it, chill it.

Barbara Benson's Christmas Dinner

At Barbara Benson's, Christmas dinner doings are a family affair. She has three children, and all hands have a share.

On Christmas Eve, Barbara takes the children in to town to see the Christmas lights. Then back home in time for the youngest to catch the boat for bed. It leaves on time. No delays. The eldest child stays up and goes to the midnight Episcopal service, so tradition is upheld. Friends drop in during the evening. Presents are swapped.

Barbara believes in the old ways, the good ways. And I'm all for that. Her Christmas dinner is traditionally sacred. Roast turkey and all the trimmings you know all about. But you may not know her way with scalloped oysters, and her special receipt for steamed pudding. There are never less than 10 or 12 at her Christmas table.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Drain 1 quart oysters. Reserve the liquor. Stir 1 cup melted butter or margarine into 3 cups coarse cracker crumbs. Put a thin layer in the bottoms of two greased 9" glass pie dishes. Divide half the oysters between the two dishes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon oyster liquor and 1 tablespoon cream over each dish. Repeat with the cracker crumbs and oysters. Sprinkle the top of each with cracker crumbs and dot with butter or margarine. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., for 30 minutes.

BARBARA BENSON'S STEAMED PUDDING

Stir 1 teaspoon baking soda into 1 cup molasses until it froths. Add ⅔ cup finely chopped suet. Sift ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ¼

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THE SECRET'S IN THE METAL ITSELF!
In making this new fry pan, we have used the same extra-hard, extra-thick aluminum alloy that had already proved itself to be dependably warp-proof, in millions of MIRRO-MATIC Pressure Pans.

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You'll like this new MIRRO warp-proof fry pan. You'll like the way it looks and the way it cooks. You'll like the comfortable "fit" of its cool, plastic handle, and the convenience of its new hanging-ring. In fact, you'll find it a perfect utensil to own *or* to give, singly or in sets.



MIRRO *warp-proof* ALUMINUM FRY PAN
7-inch, 1.75
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BRILLO
soap pads—
TWICE the SHINE
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Scientific tests *prove* Brillo gives aluminums *twice the shine in half the time!* Outshines all leading cleansers tested! A square metal-fiber Brillo pad-with-soap *lifts* off crust! No soaking. No scraping.

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RED BOX—*soap-filled pads*
GREEN BOX—*pads plus cake soap*

THRIFTIER! 5 AND 12 PAD BOXES

New improved
Brillo lasts longer!



—MORE
SHINES
IN EVERY PAD!

teaspoon salt with 2¼ cups flour. Add the flour to the molasses mixture alternately with ½ cup milk. Pour into a well-greased 1½-quart pudding mold. Cover and steam on a rack 2 hours. Unmold and serve hot with hard sauce.

Gladys Taber's Christmas-Eve Supper

Your friend, and mine, Gladys Taber, is about as good an example of the woman who writes herself into her work as any woman I know. Her integrity is intact, her product is uncracked and unchipped. And she proves it by every word she writes, simple, direct, a word you wouldn't change, for no better word exists. She's as modern as yesterday's new moon. If it *is* new. Gladys has one modern streak that stands out like a sore thumb. She has such delicacies for Christmas Eve as sea food. And she named her dish after her home—"Sea Food Stillmeadow."

She goes in for cottage-cheese ring. I'm glad. I love cottage cheese. Fancy fruit compote and cookies, the old-time *Lebkuchen*. (What can you do with a girl like that?) Well, it's supper, not dinner. That's the modernity I spoke of. If there's a turkey around, it's being saved for Christmas dinner. But I've picked out a receipt or two for you from Gladys' menu for Christmas supper. (Planned for 6 or 8.) My blessings be upon you.

SEA FOOD STILLMEADOW

Remove any pieces of bone from a 6½-ounce can crab meat. Take 2 cans shrimp, drained, or 1½ pounds shelled, cooked and cleaned fresh shrimp. Pour 2 cans mushroom soup into a saucepan, add the crab meat, the shrimp, one 10½-ounce can minced clams and one 4-ounce can sliced mushrooms. Add ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. The liquid in the mushrooms and the clams will dilute the soup, but, if it is still too thick, add a little cream. Have it a little thicker—only a little—than heavy cream. The kind we used to skim off the old tin milk pans. Do you remember such? Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Simmer until well heated and smooth. Serve hot on curry rice.

CURRY RICE

Have ready a big bowl of rice with a drift of curry and chunks of butter on top.

LIME COTTAGE-CHEESE RING

Dissolve 2 packages lime-flavored gelatin in 3¾ cups boiling water. Add ¼ cup lemon juice or vinegar as soon as gelatin dissolves. Cool to sirupy consistency. Add 2 cups cottage cheese and ½ cup slivered blanched almonds. Pour into a ring mold. Chill until set. This fills a 1½-quart ring mold. When turned out, arrange a lettuce cup in the center and fill with mayonnaise. Cut slices of sweet canned pimiento into petal shape. Make a poinsettia on top of mayonnaise with the pimiento.

FRUIT COMPOTE

Provide your handsomest glass bowl (china one would do). The one Great-aunt Mehitabel gave you, with sighs of regret, the time you took off and got married. Remember? Arrange a variety of fruits to fill the bowl—say, 2 grapefruit, peeled and sectioned; 2 pears, peeled, cored and sliced; 3 oranges, peeled and sectioned; a package of frozen pineapple chunks and a can of apricot halves, juice and all; and ½ pound red grapes, seeded. Let the fruits marinate in the fruit sirups several hours in the refrigerator. Serve with Christmas cookies.

Nora O'Leary Smith's Christmas Brunch or Breakfast

Down the stairs troop Stevie and his happy mother and dad. Sister Wendy's not trooping. At seven months, she's still on all fours grabbing at the shiny balls on the tree. It's a great day and one visitor has come and gone—did you hear who it was? Well, it's all over town. It was old man Santa Claus and no one saw him, the sly old thing. Nora noticed his footsteps earlier and *she* knew.

Rites are four square. Nora Smith doesn't believe in switching things around. She has stated and treasured traditions and year by year they are hewn to the line, let the clothespins blow in the neighbors' cabbage patch if the wind says so. This young and pretty member of our staff holds with no funny business at Christmas. Stockings come first, then stockings on the legs accompanied by much jumping up and down. Dressing is done—one, two, three. Then breakfast or brunch, for on Christmas Day it's later than you think, so much to do, so much to see, and breakfast breaks into lunch, hence it's brunch. So let's look into the Smith ménage, I mean this particular Smith household, and see what's cooking, in more ways than one. Nora makes sure there's enough for eight on such a morning, as old friends drop in to watch the fun.

They gather round. First come the beautiful golden grapefruit, bursting with juices, not too sour, not too sweet, to set the tempo of the appetite, to play the first note of the day. Everyone is set up in the high chair of the mind by this lovely fruit, and eager mouths wait for the next favorite and heartier dish, which turns out to be . . . something you wouldn't guess for ages. It is a dish you all can achieve, and never let the word "mushroom" scare you off. To Nora, a mushroom is one of the delicacies of the earth, and a chicken's liver merits attention, and to it you'd better pay some attention, or else. And this is what she does with both in juxtaposition, coming up with delicious ——

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH MUSHROOMS

Thaw three ½-pound packages frozen chicken livers, or 1½ pounds fresh ones, if you can get them. Slice ¾ pound mushrooms. Sauté chicken livers and mushrooms in ⅓ cup butter or margarine. Add 1 onion, chopped, and sauté with the livers and mushrooms. When chicken livers are just done, season with ¾ teaspoon paprika, ¾ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Add 2 cans prepared brown gravy (about 2½ cups). If the mixture seems too thin, add a little *roux* of butter and flour to thicken.

Christmas is a hungry time. One gets just as hungry at this holiday season as at any other time, and the gobs of candy and popcorn one consumes don't diminish the appetite, so far as I've been able to observe. It's no time to lose those twenty-or-more odd pounds and the inches one has promised to drop off, not on your life it isn't.

Now I shall give you the receipt for Nora Smith's Dutch loaf. It won't get you down, but it *will* stand by you, and as for tasting, you can't go wrong. It's different, it's *not* the regular loaf, but a holiday loaf, a Dutch loaf, and you can see the eager faces as, after the Christmas treats of gay shopwindows, looked at in the beginning of the day, the toys and breakfast, with more toys to come, one of the nicest parts of breakfast-brunch is here. I don't know how good your husband is at baking bread—but at the Smiths', Nora's husband does the bread baking. Now there's a man after my own heart.

DUTCH LOAF
(Makes 3 round loaves)

Chapter 1: Wash 4 cups seedless raisins. Drain well. Boil 2 medium-size peeled potatoes. Reserve 1 cup potato water. Mash the potatoes. Heat 2 cups milk until a film forms on top, but do not let the milk boil. Soften 2 packages yeast, compressed or dry, in 1 cup lukewarm potato water. Stir until dissolved. Add the scalded milk which has been cooled to lukewarm. Stir in 3 cups flour and 1 cup mashed potatoes. Beat hard for 3 minutes. Cover with a dish towel and put in a warm place until the dough has doubled in bulk (about 1½ hours).

Chapter 2: Cream ⅔ cup shortening. Gradually add 2 cups sugar and beat until very light. Add 2 eggs and 3 teaspoons salt. Beat well. Stir creamed mixture into the risen dough. Stir in 6½ cups flour (the dough will be very soft, but be sure to really *mix*). Mix in the raisins and ½ pound citron cut into small pieces. Cover again. Let rise until double in bulk (about 1½ hours) in a greased bowl.

Chapter 3: Punch down the dough. Shape into 3 round loaves on a lightly floured board or pastry cloth. Place each loaf in a greased 9" layer-cake pan. Brush tops generously with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle tops with mixture of ¼ cup sugar and 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, dividing this amount among the 3 loaves. Cover them again and let them rise double in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 50 minutes. Cool before cutting.

This bread keeps well for several days if wrapped well after cooling. If serving for Christmas breakfast, make it a couple of days ahead to save time on this day. But it isn't quite the same as bread right out of the oven. Maybe it's better for you. I guess that's what "they" say. But I—I love fresh bread and cinnamon buns and "raised doughnuts." And I've survived.

Now I'll say au revoir. One more Christmas wish goes to all of you from all of us who think of you at Christmastime. May your trains run on time and your dolls hang on to their sawdust, may all your dreams come true and enough emeralds bedeck you to put your Christmas tree to shame.

And a very special Merry-you-know-what to you from your ANNIE.



"You'll love mom and dad. They're quaint."



Who'd guess they're made from "leftovers," when *Diamond* Walnuts give such flavor to—

WALNUT COWBOY CROQUETTES

Make 1 cup very thick white sauce. Beat in 1 egg. Then stir in:

1½ cups ground or finely chopped turkey or chicken
½ cup chopped *Diamond* Walnuts
1 cup seasoned mashed potatoes, or ⅓ cup dry bread crumbs
2 tbsps. each, minced onion and parsley
Dash of savory and pepper

Chill several hours, till firm enough to handle. Have ready 2 cups dry bread crumbs, 1 egg beaten with 2 tbsps. water, and ¼ cup melted butter. Shape rounded tbsp. of turkey mixture into flat patty for "brim." Dip in crumbs, then in egg, then again in crumbs. Shape rounded tbsp. turkey mixture into cone for "crown." Coat with crumbs and egg as above; make "crease" in crown with finger; place on "brim." Trim with pimiento strip and *Diamond* Walnut half. Brush with butter. Bake at 375° (moderate) 20 to 25 min. Makes 8 "hats."

HOW TO *be a better cook on a budget* —*you need* DIAMOND WALNUTS

No other ingredient does so much for your meals!
Is it new flavor you're after? Add *Diamond* Walnuts! Festive good looks? Add *Diamond* Walnuts! Crisp, crunchy texture for "soft" foods? Add *Diamond* Walnuts! Almost any recipe—no matter how simple or thrifty—gets a glorious new start in life with *Diamond* Walnuts. Try it today!

CINNAMON WALNUT BREAD

1 cup chopped *Diamond* Walnuts
3 tbsps. soft shortening
2 tbsps. sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
¾ cup milk
3 cups biscuit mix
3 tbsps. sugar and 1 tbsp. cinnamon for filling

See how crisp, crunchy *Diamond* Walnuts turn an old favorite into a new treat! Mix walnuts with shortening and sugar, till shortening is finely divided; blend in egg. Stir in milk and biscuit mix. Turn onto floured board; knead 10 strokes. Roll out ¼" thick. Sprinkle with sugar mixed with cinnamon. Roll as for jelly roll. Place in ungreased bread pan, seam side down. Bake 40–45 min. at 375° (moderate). Glaze with thin mixture of powdered sugar and water. Just try it toasted!

WALNUT CRANBERRY QUICKIE

Dissolve 1 pkg. lemon gelatin in 1¾ cups boiling water; cool till syrupy. Put a *Diamond* Walnut half in each of 6 individual molds (so much more than a tempting garnish—walnuts add the crispness so many salads need!) Arrange the banana slices over walnuts. Spoon 2 tbsps. gelatin into each mold. Mix remaining gelatin with 1 cup whole cranberry sauce and ⅓ cup chopped *Diamond* Walnuts. Fill molds with this mixture; chill. Serve with balls of seasoned cream cheese rolled in chopped *Diamond* Walnuts.

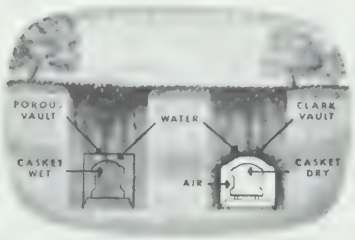


Buying Guide: Buy *Diamond* Walnuts in bulk or in 1 lb. cellophane bags (red for large size, blue for medium). Or get *Diamond* shelled Walnuts, in 8 or 4 oz. cans, vacuum-packed for lasting freshness.

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MIRACLE FOR TWO

(Continued from Page 51)

There was nothing from the bed but sulks. Meg sighed and opened the book, deciding if she could live through it, Susan could too.

"Once upon a time," she began in her clear, sweet voice.

She had been reading only a few moments when she felt someone watching her. She turned her head and found herself looking into enormous eyes which belonged to one of the most unattractive little boys she had ever seen, a small, solemn boy sitting in a wheel chair, dressed in white cotton pajamas with a blue cotton blanket draped across his knees. He had large, projecting ears that turned slightly down at the top and his nose, which was small and tilted, was generously sprinkled with freckles. The eyes, like blue velvet and truly beautiful, only accented the pathetic scrawniness of the rest of him.

After a few seconds the intent, probing gaze began to annoy Meg. Then an extraordinary thing happened. The boy smiled, and she completely forgot everything else.

She had never seen such a smile. It was a thing of pure joy that rippled across his mouth and lit his cheeks and sent blinding little sparks of happiness dancing from his eyes.

Meg found herself grinning back.

"Why, hello, there," she heard herself saying. "Are your visitors late?"

"Oh, he hasn't got any visitors," Susan piped up in a high, carrying little voice. "I heard Miss Jensen tell the doctor. He hasn't got any visitors—not ever—at all."

The faintest trace of color stained the boy's cheeks, but otherwise he gave no sign he was even aware of Susan. "Would you like to see my operation?" he demanded of Meg, and before she could answer he had pulled down his pajama pants, exposing a six-inch square of white bandage covering his stomach. "There," he said grandly, as if he were bestowing a very special privilege. "I'll pull the tape out so you can see the stitches. Take a look."

Meg took a look. "Well," she said helplessly, wondering just what was expected of her. "Well, that's some scar you've got there. That's some scar, I must say."

"Yeah." He fondly patted the bandage and pulled his pants back up. "They just cut me open yesterday morning and I'm already up."

"Just imagine!" Meg said. "So that is why you're riding around in that wheel chair? Because you've just had an operation?"

Something like fear jumped in the child's eyes; his mouth twitched. Then he laughed. "Yes," he said, sounding inordinately pleased. "That's why I'm supposed to be riding around in this old wheel chair, see? Because I'm not supposed to be walking around yet, see?"

"Yes, I see." Meg smiled. "What's your name?" she asked.

"Sam."

It seemed like such an inappropriate name for such a small and fragile child that Meg laughed. Instantly the small face became belligerent.

"What's wrong with Sam?"

"Wrong with it? Why—why, nothing's wrong with it," Meg stammered, wondering how she could have been so rude. "Sam's a very solid-sounding name. I like it."

"Do you?" He flashed his brilliant smile again, and inched closer. "What's yours?"

"Mine? Why, it's Mrs.—it's Meg," she told him.

"Meg?" He rolled the word over on his tongue, tasting the sound, meanwhile looking her over from head to toe. It was exactly the kind of scrutiny, Meg thought, that a stag line bestowed on a new girl at a dance. "I think," he said finally, "I think you're real elegant-looking, Meg."

"Why—why, thanks, Sam." She was absurdly flattered. "You're quite a handsome specimen yourself." They beamed at each other. Then Sam pushed the wheel chair close to her and said, "You know, Meg, I don't much care for those dumb girl stories. Don't you know any others?"

"I want to hear about the Sleeping Beauty," Susan cried. "You go away, Sam, you dumb old thing. I want to hear about the Sleeping Beauty, Aunt Meg."

"But I bet you know lots of others," Sam said, ignoring Susan.

His eyes were limpid, soft, hypnotic. Meg glanced at Susan. The rosebud mouth was puckering up ominously for a howl. *I can't,* Meg thought. *She'll have a fit—but why not let her have one? It might do her good.*

"Well, let me see now," she said, closing the book. "Did you ever hear the story of Treasure Island, Sam? There was a boy in it named Tom something or other. No, I think his name was Jim or ——"

"I tell you what," Sam said, "let's make his name Sam."

"And how was Susan?" Dudley asked her at dinner. "I saw Jim downtown and I gathered that Ellen had roped you in again."

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"Susan?" For a second she had trouble remembering who Susan was. "Oh, she's all right. They're taking her home tomorrow."

"Well, thank the Lord for that. At least you won't have to go to the hospital again."

"No, but"—Meg suddenly felt shy and almost guilty—"well, as a matter of fact, Dud, it seems I am going to the hospital again. You see, I met someone this afternoon when I was visiting Susan and he—well, he *invited* me to call again, and the way he asked me, well, I was so—so darn honored I didn't know how to refuse."

Dudley put down his fork. "What are you talking about?" he said. "I don't get it."

"I don't either." Meg sighed. "All I know is I met this character, really the most unusual person I've seen in years. His name's Sam and he thinks—he thinks I'm real elegant-looking. And, Dud"—it started out as a giggle and ended more like a sob—"oh, Dud, he's all of eight years old."

Sam was waiting for her, his wheel chair almost blocking the door, when she entered the pediatrics ward the next day. When he saw her a smile rippled up and down and across his homely little face.

Then the smile vanished and he said accusingly, "You're late. I've been waiting and waiting and I thought you'd never get here."

"Oh, Sam, I'm so sorry, but I really couldn't help it. You see, I ——" *What's the matter with me?* she thought in astonishment. *What am I apologizing for?* "Listen," she said, "I got stuck in a traffic jam and I couldn't get here one second sooner."

"Well, you'd better start a little earlier tomorrow, then."

Why you bossy little brat, Meg thought. *God help the girl you marry! And God bless her,* she quickly added. *The lucky little thing!*

As she was leaving, something made her stop at the nurse's desk in the alcove. "That little boy, Sam. Doesn't he have any family, Miss Jensen?"

"No, Mrs. Carpenter. He lives in the Winthrop Home."

"Oh!" Meg remembered Susan's voice: *He hasn't got any visitors—not ever—at all.* "But doesn't anyone ever come to see him? I mean the housemother or somebody?"

"Well, you see, they've eighty-seven children in that home, Mrs. Carpenter, and the directress really doesn't have time to visit just one. He hasn't been here long—he only had his appendix out—and he's leaving next week."

"He is?" Meg felt almost disappointed. "Is he well enough? I mean—well, frankly, Miss Jensen, it seems to me that he's hardly strong enough even to be riding around in that wheel chair."

"Oh, yes, he's strong enough for that," Miss Jensen said. "He's really recovering very nicely"—there was a slight pause—"from the operation."

"Oh." Meg felt rather silly. "Well, that's good, I'm glad to hear it."

"Oh, Mrs. Carpenter." The nurse stopped her as she was turning away. "Shall we be seeing you again tomorrow?"

"I'm afraid you won't, Miss Jensen. I have a previous engagement." Meg hesitated. "I wish you'd explain it to Sam. I couldn't seem to make him understand."

"Well, I'll try, but ——" Miss Jensen left the sentence dangling. "All the other children have company every afternoon, and I'm afraid he's going to be terribly disappointed if you don't come."

"Well, that's certainly not my fault," Meg said. "I'm very sorry, but after all, he's not my responsibility."

"No." Meg saw in amazement that there were actually tears in the young woman's eyes. "No, he's not your responsibility, Mrs. Carpenter. It seems as if he isn't anyone's responsibility."

The next day Meg attended a luncheon at Emily Rader's house. It was a pleasant luncheon; afterward she held wonderful cards. She was enjoying herself, having a perfectly delightful time—until two-forty-five.

Then as she glanced down at her watch she suddenly found herself on her feet. "I'm so sorry, Emmy, but I've got to dash. I just remembered that I have an appointment I simply can't break."

She left in the middle of Emily's protest. *I must be going nuts,* she thought, stepping off the elevator. *What if he is lonesome? What possible difference does it make to me?* She started slowly up the corridor, and then, suddenly, she was hurrying, almost running. He was sitting quietly in the wheel chair. Then he saw her and it was as though a light had been turned on behind his face.

"Hi, Meg," he said. But the smile cried out, for all the world to hear, *Oh, I'm so glad you came!*

In the days that followed she couldn't seem to get him out of her head. Every morning she vowed she wouldn't go to the hospital that day. But every afternoon as three o'clock approached she'd feel a queer, insistent tug inside her, and the next thing she knew she would be on her way, hurrying, afraid she might be late.

(Continued on Page 141)

Now Learn The Truth About Vacuum Cleaners

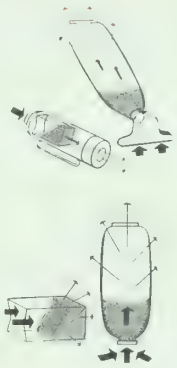
FACT 1... There is *no* vacuum in a vacuum cleaner... in *any* vacuum cleaner. "Vacuum" cleaner is an incorrect term left over from the days when folks weren't too careful about claims they made for their product.



FACT 2... In a modern electric cleaner, air *suction* and air suction alone is the principal "force" that removes dirt. The more *suction* your cleaner has, the better and faster it will clean... regardless of brand. However, even this simple and direct statement is subject to the reservations in fact 3.

FACT 3... *No Cleaner* (regardless of brand, size of motor or suction power) can continue to clean at peak efficiency when the air taken in at the nozzle *passes through* a paper or cloth bag full of dirt before returning to the room. The dirt in the bag (cloth or paper) blocks the air taken in at the nozzle. As dirt in the bag *builds up*, suction power at the nozzle *goes down*.

FACT 4... Here's the way about 9 out of 10 of today's "vacuum" cleaners work.



Fan *draws* dirt-filled air in at the nozzle.

Dirt builds up in bag. Air escapes through pores of paper or cloth bag. Note how air must pass through dirt before it can escape. "Back pressure," low suction power, and reduced cleaning efficiency result when the air flow is choked by dirt.

Dust particles are usually returned to the room with the air stream as it escapes through the pores of a cloth or paper bag. This is the dust you smell when you clean with a "vacuum" that leaks dust.

FACT 5... The "secret" of *sustained*, high suction, *even when the cleaner is almost full*, is to *avoid* the "slow down" caused by having the air stream pass through a bag of dirt before it can be released back into the room.

Filter Queen Saves Hours of Housework... Cleans Faster, Easier

FACT 6... The FILTER QUEEN system of *sustained* high cleaning efficiency avoids suction "slow down" because there *is no bag* to fill with dirt and block suction. In FILTER QUEEN, the dirt is collected in a spacious metal container in a manner that does not interfere with air flow.

FACT 7... The medical profession recognizes that "breathed-in" dust particles can be dangerous to children and adults because they are sometimes carriers of harmful bacteria. Independent scientific tests show that the patented FILTER QUEEN cellulose filter cone, plus additional safety filters, effectively removes more than 99.5% of the dirt from the returning air stream, no matter how full the FILTER QUEEN becomes.

FACT 8... The advantages of the FILTER QUEEN system of dirt removal are easily seen. *With no bag full of dirt to hinder suction, cleaning is deeper, faster, easier, and more thorough.* This can mean cleaning less often and a saving of hours of housework.

FACT 9... No "vacuum" cleaner duplicates or can duplicate the patented structure of FILTER QUEEN. Repeat... *No "vacuum" cleaner duplicates or can duplicate the patented structure of* FILTER QUEEN. This sentence is deliberately repeated because nowadays more and more "vacuum" cleaners are trying to look like FILTER QUEEN in appearance.

FACT 10... FILTER QUEEN has no bag (cloth or paper) inside or out. A dirt-filled bag or sack *cannot* cause FILTER QUEEN to choke and lose suction. FILTER QUEEN effectively prevents dust "leakage" back into the home. FILTER QUEEN is the *only* home cleaning system of its kind in the world.

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THE FINEST ALL-PLASTIC MATERIAL FOR FURNITURE COVERING, AUTO SEAT COVERS, INFLATABLE TOYS, AND BY-THE-YARD FOR HOME REDECORATION.



(Continued from Page 138)

She didn't realize how often Sam was creeping into her conversation until Friday night, when Dudley surprised her by saying, "You know, Meg, for someone who's told me over and over that all children bore her stiff, you certainly seem awfully interested in that kid."

"Interested?" Meg was startled. "Why, I'm not interested. It's just—just ——"

"Just what?" Dudley was watching her closely. "You feel sorry for him?"

"No. Not exactly." She laughed. "I get a kick out of him, that's all. For instance, the sun porch, where we always sit, is right next to the elevator, but every day when it's time to leave, instead of just letting me turn the corner Sam always parades me back down the corridor and through the entire length of the ward. At first I didn't see why, but today when he started heading me back toward the ward I said, 'Sam, I'll just go out this other way and save time.' And he looked up at me— honestly, he's got the most beautiful eyes I ever saw in my life—and he said, 'Well, you *can* go that way, Meg, but I sort of like the others to see you.'" She blinked back tears. "And he's only eight years old, Dudley. Only eight and he wants to show me off!"

"I SEE." Dudley's amiable face was suddenly very gentle. "He sounds like quite a guy," he said, putting his arm around her.

"Oh, he is," she said. "He really is."

By Saturday Meg thought she knew Sam so well that nothing he did could surprise her. Then she discovered his temper. She was listening to a description of Sam's winning run in the last game of the Little League baseball series—she had learned that Sam was always the hero of anything he participated in—when another small patient, Jimmy Jackson, stuck his head around the door and snickered. Instantly Sam was raging.

"Get out of here," he screamed, whirling his wheel chair toward the door. "We don't want you around, see? Go on—get out!"

Jimmy, who was even smaller and thinner than Sam, turned and took off up the corridor. "Boy," Sam said, "I guess I scared him plenty, didn't I, Meg?"

Meg wanted to shake him. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself picking on poor little Jimmy. Maybe he's lonesome, or ——"

"He isn't!" Sam said. "He's got lots of company, honest he has. But I don't have nobody but you and I don't see why I have to share you. I don't see why I do."

Share me! There was a quick painful lump in her throat and a queer mist before her eyes. "I know how you feel, Sam," she said, "but it's selfish to feel that way, and I don't like selfish people.

He swiftly pushed the wheel chair over beside her and reached up his hand. "Listen," he coaxed. "Listen, Meg, I'm not selfish. You ought to be glad I sent that old Jimmy away. You ought to be good and glad."

"Why should I be glad?"

"Because"—the small nose wrinkled—"because he's such a little kid, see? He's such a little kid—he'd bore you."

"Bore me!" *Where does he get it?* she thought in amazement. *Where does it come from?* "And I suppose you never bore me?" she said. "I suppose you're the most interesting talker I ever met?"

He looked as if she'd slapped him. His mouth quivered. "I don't mean to bore you," turning his head away. "I try not to. I try just as hard as I can."

How can I be so cruel? she thought, resisting an urge to pick him up in her arms and kiss him. "I was just fooling, honey," she said gently. "You know I was just fooling. I love it when you tell me things. Go on, tell me some more. Please."

When she left the hospital, instead of going home she found herself heading the car downtown. She was standing in the crowded toy department at Browning's when she heard a voice at her elbow.

"Why, Meg, what are you doing here?"

Meg turned her head, coming face to face with the very person she least wanted to see. "Oh, hello, Ellen," she said. "I just happened to be on this floor and ——"

"—— and you just happened to buy a baseball bat, I suppose?"

"Yes," she snapped. "I just happened to buy a baseball bat. If it's any of your business, I'm buying it for a little boy I met in the hospital when I went to see Susan. He hasn't any family and ——"

"You mean that ugly little brat that scoots around in the wheel chair?"

"Ugly?" Meg stiffened. "There's nothing ugly about Sam."

"Well, darling, if he's not I don't know what you'd call him. Honestly, I never saw such a homely child. Really, Meg"—Ellen laughed—"if you're beginning to have a spark of maternal feeling after all these years, I should think you'd pick someone attractive."

Something fiercely protective swept through Meg; it brought tears stinging to her eyes.

"Listen to me, Ellen Tidwell. Maybe Sam *isn't* soft and cuddly. Maybe he *doesn't* have baby eyes and a headful of yellow ringlets," she said hotly. "Sam's got something better. Sam's got *character*. And he doesn't need anything else!"

And Meg strode away, leaving Ellen staring after her, open-mouthed.

"Dudley," she said, at dinner that night.

"Yes?" He looked up. When Meg called him "Dudley," something was coming.

"I just want you to know that I don't like your sister Ellen very well. I've tried to like her. I've been trying to like her for years, but I've come to the conclusion that

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

—LORD BALFOUR

I simply"—Meg burst into tears—"I simply can't stand her!"

"Why, Meg!" He got up quickly and took her in his arms. "Why, honey, you don't have to feel so bad about that. As a matter of fact, I never could stand her myself."

And then suddenly it was Christmas Eve. Meg had explained to Sam that she could not come to see him that day. She and Dudley were having an eggnog party and she had made Sam understand that she couldn't possibly leave her guests. But at five o'clock she was standing in the living room, feeling strangely apart from the yuletide gladness all around her, when Dudley crossed the room and motioned her out to the hall.

"Here," he said, pressing the car keys in her hand. "Everyone's having such a good time they won't miss you if you leave for a while. You'll find the stuff in the back seat of the car."

"What stuff?"

"Oh, the ball and the bat"—his face began to crinkle with amusement—"and a few other little things I got for Sam myself. You don't mind, do you?"

"Mind? Why, Dud!" She kissed him and ran down the hall.

It was long past the visiting hour when Meg stepped off the elevator. The corridor was deserted, strangely unlike the usual bustling activity of three o'clock. Meg pushed open the door leading to the ward. A beautiful little tree, gleaming with lights, twinkled at her from the opposite wall. She was thinking how pretty it was when there was a queer gasping sound that drew her glance to one of the beds. Sam was sitting on the edge of it and Miss Jensen was pulling a shoe on his foot, *a high, black, ugly shoe with its sole built up six inches.* He raised his head as Meg came toward him. His eyes held the cornered look of a trapped animal.

"Go away," he said savagely. "Go on away!"

Meg kept her eyes away from the crippled foot. "Of course, Sam," she said, turning away.

She was waiting in the corridor when Miss Jensen came out of the ward a few minutes later and touched her shoulder.

"Please, Mrs. Carpenter. I'm so sorry you had to find it out that way. We didn't know Sam was leaving tonight, but Miss Murray got special permission because it's Christmas ——"

"Why didn't you tell me about his foot?"

"It was Sam's idea. He didn't want you to know. He made all the children promise to keep it a secret."

"All the children? You mean they've all known, all this time?"

"Of course." Miss Jensen's voice was very gentle. "He can't stay in the wheel chair all the time."

"But why did he want to hide it from me?" Meg cried. "If everyone else knew ——"

"I think perhaps it was because you were the only person he's ever been able to hide it from. I think that perhaps as long as he could hide it from you"—Miss Jensen's voice trembled—"he could manage to believe all the things he told you about himself."

Sometimes on hikes I've walked ten whole miles without stopping.

"Where is he?" Meg said. "I have to see him."

"He's on the sun porch waiting for Miss Murray. But don't be hurt if he doesn't want to see you."

He didn't want to see her. She found him sitting on the couch, looking strange and pathetically vulnerable in a too large, too grown-up blue suit with long trousers. He kept his right leg behind his left one, trying to hide it, but nothing could hide that shoe. It was there and it would always be there. *It's the acceptance,* Meg thought. *It's the acceptance that's so terribly hard to learn.*

She drew up a chair and sat down. "Hello, Sam."

There was no answer, and looking at him, looking at the pinched remote little face, she knew he had built a tight barrier around himself. And suddenly it was the most important thing in the world to break that barrier.

She wasn't really conscious of the words, but they ran through her heart like this: *Dear God, help me. I can't do it alone. Please, God, just one small miracle! Just one!*

"LISTEN, Sam," she said, "you're not the only person who's ever been"—she accented the word—"ever been crippled. And you're not the only person who's ever lied about it either. I know, Sam. I know because I'm crippled too. Ever so much worse than you are. And I lie about it to keep people from finding out, just the way you tried to keep me from finding out about you." She leaned toward him, her fingers tight on the arms of the chair. "Listen to me, Sam. For a long time I've been pretending that I don't like children, to keep people from finding out that—that I'm crippled, inside of me. So that I can't ever have any. The very worst way a woman can be crippled, Sam, ever and ever so much worse than having a lame foot. And I've pretended so long that I almost managed to believe it. Almost managed to believe that I just couldn't stand little boys. Like you, Sam. Like you!"

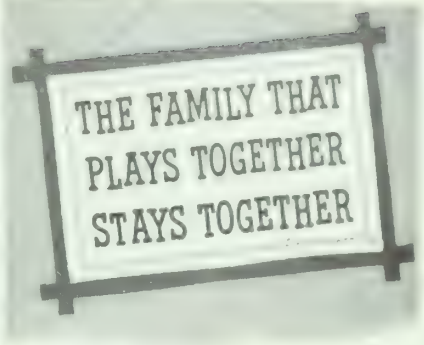
She couldn't see him through the tears, but it didn't matter. Her arms reached for him blindly, found and held him, felt him yield to their tightening.

Maybe this is the way You meant it, she thought. *Maybe this is the way You meant it all the time.* "Sam," she whispered, "do you think we could pretend that I'm your mother? It's what I'd rather be than anything else in the world."

"My mother?" He stared up at her, his eyes wide and shining with wonder. "You mean for now, Meg? You mean for just tonight, don't you, or maybe tomorrow too?"

Oh, my darling, she thought. *My brave, beautiful little boy!* She clutched him to her. "I mean for always, Sam. Forever."

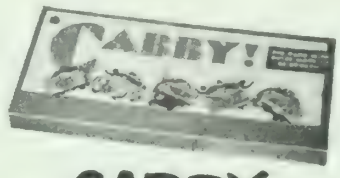
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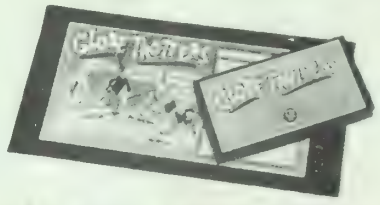
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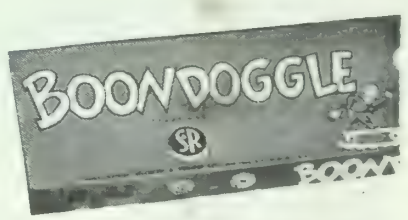
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STUART

A festive way to
"Happy holiday!" your friends:
savory ham-and-lentil
casserole, with cold asparagus
mousseline, cabbage-apple-
pineapple salad. For dessert,
gladden hearts with
a tangy Christmas soufflé.



Conversation piece

The punch bowl glistens,
conversation sparkles,
and your buffet party succeeds!
Serve crisp cheese wafers,
potato chips
and peanut-butter dip.

By Ruth Mills Teague

If you have youngsters in college, they'll be home for the Christmas holidays, and that's bound to mean at least one party, engineered by you or by them—and probably you'll be *It*. So let's plan one that won't mean too much work for you and that is sure to be a success.

I think there should be a good punch to start proceedings—the Christmas season and the punch bowl go together—and with the punch there will be crisp cheese wafers and a dip with potato chips. The dip is made of peanut butter, chopped pickle, bacon crumbles, sour cream and chili sauce, and is it good! For the main dish a delicious hearty casserole is indicated. Ours will be made of ham and lentils and lots of other things including white raisins, which add a delightful taste to the *Continued on Page 144*



for Yule: this Beauty for Life...

. . . TO COMPLETE HER PRECIOUS COLLECTION, or start it. Each piece you give bears a wordless message: *This beauty is yours, forever.*

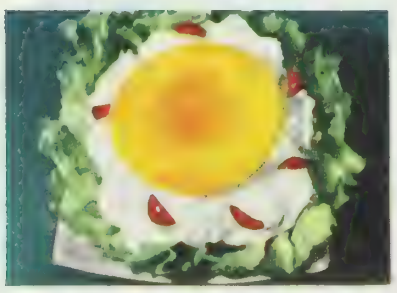
There are three good reasons for this endurance: TOWLE designs patterns in lasting good taste; creates them in solid silver that never wears out; crafts them in the splendid traditions of its centuries-old past. Yet gifts of live-forever TOWLE Sterling can cost as little as $3.70 for a teaspoon or $4.00 for a serving piece. Six-piece place settings from $29.75.



Canned Cling Peaches from California so quick and thrifty so many luscious ways!

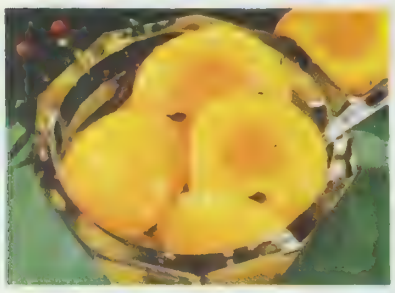


Gay dessert, and delicious—sunny cling peaches, simply spooned from the can



Jiffy Christmas Salad

Blend 1 (3-ounce) package cream cheese with ¼ cup mayonnaise. Whip until fluffy. Season with salt. Fold in ¾ cup finely cut celery. On each of 4 lettuce-garnished plates arrange a rough ring of cheese mixture and center with a drained canned cling peach half. Garnish with cherry strips.



Quick Pickled Peaches

Drain 1 No. 2½ can cling peach halves. And see what plump, tender peaches they are! To syrup add ¾ cup brown sugar (packed), ½ cup vinegar, 2 3-inch sticks cinnamon, 1 teaspoon whole cloves, 1 teaspoon whole allspice. Boil 5 minutes. Add peaches, simmer 5 minutes. Allow fruit to stand in syrup overnight. Serve chilled.



Golden Shortcake

Bake extra-rich biscuits (from your own recipe or packaged mix), sweetening dough with 1 or 2 tablespoons sugar. Drain 1 No. 2½ can cling peach slices. Split hot biscuits. Fill and top with whipped cream and peaches. Serves 4 or 5. Clings are the peaches with summer-sweet flavor. America's favorite canned fruit. *Clings are your best fruit buy. Keep several cans handy!*

Cling Peach Advisory Board

(Continued from Page 142)

dish. With the casserole we'll have cold asparagus mousseline and a salad. Asparagus hollandaise is a universally popular dish, but it's too last-minutey for this occasion. However, if the asparagus is cold it will be cooked in advance and so will the mousseline sauce, which is hollandaise and whipped cream—and there we are. The salad will be a combination of cabbage, apple, pineapple and minted melon balls with water-cress-and-pimiento French dressing; and for bread, three-decker bread-and-butter sandwiches made of white and whole-wheat bread. Our food will have quite a Christmasy look and so will the dessert, Christmas soufflé. This is a fluffy lemon pudding full of candied fruit and nuts. I've used a lot of lemon juice in the recipe, so the pudding itself is quite tart in contrast to the sweet fruit, and I do think the result is something special.

These recipes will serve ten or twelve.

PUNCH

Steep 3 tablespoons tea in 2 cups boiling water. Strain, add 1 cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Add 1 pint orange juice, 1 pint cranberry juice, pineapple juice drained from canned pineapple for salad, and 3 pints ginger ale. Serve in a punch bowl with a big piece of ice, or ice well and serve in a pitcher. If you like, you can add some rum to the punch, but it is delicious plain.

CHEESE WAFERS

Get two 3-ounce packages of very snappy-tasting cheese that will cream easily. With a fork blend cheese with ¼ pound butter or margarine until smooth. Add 1 cup and 2 tablespoons flour and ½ cup finely chopped pecans and work until thoroughly blended. I start with a fork and finish with my hands. When the blending is done the mixture will be soft, so put it in refrigerator until firm enough to handle. Make balls of the mixture about the size of hickory nuts, and flatten on cooky sheet with your fingers. Make them as evenly round as possible and quite thin. Sprinkle tops with paprika and bake in a moderate oven—350° F.—about 18 minutes, or until thoroughly dried. Make in advance and reheat in low oven before serving.

PEANUT-BUTTER DIP

Blend together ¾ cup peanut butter, ¾ cup thick dairy sour cream, 5 tablespoons finely chopped sweet pickle, 2 tablespoons vinegar and 3 tablespoons chili sauce. Fry or broil 5 thin strips bacon, drain on paper, and crumble into the peanut-butter mixture. Taste for salt and add as needed. This can be done the day before, but let it stand at room temperature awhile before serving so that it won't be too stiff. Serve with potato chips. These can be used as a scoop, but have a couple of small knives for those who want to spread the dip more evenly. (This peanut-butter stuff makes a fine sandwich spread too.)

HAM-AND-LENTIL CASSEROLE

This recipe will fill a 4-quart casserole. Soak 1 pound lentils overnight in cold water. The next morning drain, cover with cold water, bring to a boil, lower heat, simmer about 25 minutes and drain.

Get 2⅓ pounds smoked ham, weighed after bone has been removed. Cut off fat and cut it into very small pieces. Cut the lean meat into bite-size cubes. Put fat in skillet and cook very slowly, stirring often, until most of the fat has been rendered out, leaving crisp little crumbles. Drain off some of the liquid fat and add 1 or 2 cloves garlic, finely minced, 1 cup each of onion, carrot and green pepper, finely chopped, and ½ cup chopped celery. Sauté vegetables 5 minutes, stirring often, and add 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes, 1 cup seedless white raisins, ½ cup catchup, 1 tablespoon sugar, and salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste. Go easy on salt at this stage because ham varies in saltiness. You can add more during baking, but you can't take it out.

In a casserole put a layer of lentils, a layer of ham cubes and a layer of tomato-and-vegetable mixture. Continue with these layers until casserole is filled, reserving some of the tomato stuff for the top. About 2½ hours before serving, put covered casserole in a moderate oven—350° F.—and bake until lentils are tender. When almost finished, taste for salt and if more is needed sprinkle it on top, insert spoon here and there and work it back and forth to distribute salt evenly—don't stir. When finished the consistency should be moist but not at all runny. If it seems too moist, remove lid for final minutes of cooking. The casserole should be prepared for baking a day in advance and it can be finished ahead of time and reheated before serving. It takes so little watching it could easily be finished just in time for dinner.

COLD ASPARAGUS MOUSSELINE

The asparagus can be frozen or canned. Allow at least 6 spears for each serving. Cook frozen asparagus in boiling salted water until barely tender and drain. When cold, store in refrigerator. If you are using canned asparagus, keep cans in refrigerator or other cold place until you are ready to arrange platter.

Mousseline Sauce for Asparagus. In top of double boiler melt ½ pound butter or margarine. Bring ½ cup water and 2½ tablespoons lemon juice to a boil, cover and lower heat to simmer. With rotary or electric beater, beat 6 egg yolks with 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper 1½ minutes. Add hot butter and lemon juice and water alternately, a little at a time, beating constantly. Put mixture in top of

"Forget When the Leaves Go"

By Marion Lineaweaver

But even as you told me so
Your look was lyrical,
Your voice like a deep viol.
All the strong, ardent sun
Burned in your smile,
Sweetening our stolen day;
And in the sweeter,
Ivy-sheltered night
I dared to say,
"This, this is love,
Just for this little while."

It's winter now.
Leaves litter the ground.
But how shall I forget,
Hearing the hard winds blow
On the stripped vine,
Its meager, dangling skeleton?
They howl and whine.
"The summer died," they moan,
"Long, long ago."

Did young love smother
In your arms that night?
Was her death one of many?
Speak the last word
Before I break my heart—
Before I let myself
Suppose that any
Two lives like ours
Could lend each other solace,
Bleak, and such poles apart.

able boiler and set it into bottom of able boiler that contains 1" of boiling ter. Lower heat to medium so that water tinues to boil, but not too briskly. Beat stantly with wire whisk or rotary beater il sauce is consistency of mayonnaise—out 6 or 7 minutes. Remove from heat and t a little longer. Cooking time varies htly because of size of egg yolks. Watch efully and don't overcook. This is a plified recipe for hollandaise which I've er known to fail. You can't make it with r hands tied behind your back, but it uldn't give you any trouble. For mousse- sauce, let the hollandaise cool and add cup heavy cream beaten until stiff. Store efrigerator, but let sauce stand at room perature a couple of hours before serving ause the butter or margarine hardens when l. The sauce may be served on the aspara- platter or in a separate bowl.

CABBAGE, APPLE AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

ere are so few last-minute jobs with this al that I suggest you make the salad in afternoon of the party day. In the bottom bowl put 4 or 5 tart apples peeled, cored cut into cubes. Over the apples put o. 2 can sliced pineapple drained and cut cubes, or use pineapple chunks. Now add nall head cabbage, finely shredded. This be stored in refrigerator until near serv- time. The apples won't discolor because pineapple and cabbage will be over them.

WATER-CRESS-AND-PIMIENTO FRENCH DRESSING

1 cup salad oil with ⅓ cup vinegar; 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, aspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon dried mustard ed to a paste with a little of the vinegar, several dashes Tabasco. Beat with ro- beater. Just before mixing with salad, t again and add 3 canned pimientos, ly chopped, and ½ cup chopped water s. Toss salad with dressing, transfer to d bowl and make a generous border of uce leaves and sprigs of cress. If you can minted melon balls—they are available most fancy-food stores or food depart- nts—mix some of them through the salad and garnish the top with the melon balls. They taste delightful and look so pretty.

CHRISTMAS SOUFFLÉ

This dessert is not only easy to make, but it *has* to be made the day before, which is just fine and dandy. With rotary beater beat 7 egg yolks until light in color. Add ¾ cup sugar, ¾ cup lemon juice and the grated rind of 2 lemons. (In grating lemon and orange rind use a very light hand.) Beat this mixture several minutes and transfer to top of double boiler over 1" of boiling water. Lower heat and cook, beating constantly with wire whisk or rotary beater, until mixture is thick and fluffy—about 10 minutes—but watch closely as in making hollandaise and don't overcook. Remove from heat and beat in 1 envelope unflavored gelatin that has been softened 5 minutes in ¼ cup cold water. When cold add 1 cup broken walnut meats, 1 cup chopped candied fruit and 1½ cups heavy cream that has been beaten until stiff. Put in refrigerator, and when gelatin begins to set heap the soufflé into the bowl in which it is to be served and sprinkle top with pieces of cherries and green citron and pineapple. (Any combination of candied fruit may be used. I like best the candied apricots, citron, pineapple and cherries.)

(As a by-product of this cooking we'll have 13 egg whites—or 11 if you make the tinseled fruit described below—on hand—fine for an angel-food cake for another day.)

Service. This is a beforehand cooking deal if ever there was one, and with buffet service and no sitting at tables it should be easy to swing. You may be interested in hearing about the brain storm I had for the table decoration. Silver and gold granular tinsel on fruit. I dipped the fruit in beaten egg whites (2 egg whites with 3 tablespoons of water to thin slightly). Some larger fruits must be painted with a pastry brush. Sprinkle with granular tinsel, set on paper-covered cooky sheet to dry and there's an eyeful of glamour. I will do this only at Christmas, since not eating good fresh fruit offends my thrifty soul. You *can't* eat the fruit.

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and the best of everything in 1953.

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 24)

simmers and baking smells, it is busy. I e myself a small piece of quiet now and n by lying right down and reading the t chapter in the fascinating, astute stair Cooke's One Man's America. Or I into If You Like Hazel and forget that knee aches a bit. Before long Don is etched out explaining to me just what ploration of Space has to offer, and Cicely ngs in a specially nice poem she has dis- ered, and the chowder kettle is sending warning odors, it is done. The three other ldren emerge from secret wrappings-up, blows in, all snowy from working on the nel heaters, and we eat again!

Then we all try to settle where to move my ican-violet garden, which cannot stay on main table in the front room while we wrap on Christmas morning. I do not derstand African violets. Everyone has a ferent recipe for their health and care. I ve tried all. One minute the little dears fall , the next they rise and bloom like angels. ave up Red King and Sailor Girl, and now y are simply lush. So far as we know, the y thing they want is a developing tank ored with damp pebbles. The tank is not *objet d'art.* It is a white enamel tank. In it, y thrive; out of it, they give up. I do love m, the dark furry leaves, the tender rich oms the pure color. The white is especially ely, but so is the rich blue-purple.

Christmas is a time of neighborliness, ich is a wonderful thing. My definition of ghborliness is doing things for friends ich aren't particularly easy and conven- t to do and being pleased to be able to do em. It's running the extra errand, or bak- the extra cake for a party, or taking neone to a train ten miles away, or helping dig out a stuck car. In other words, it is friendship that works on giving, not just on receiving. People with these qualities are rare, but one finds them everywhere and they are a perennial Christmas present, as far as I am concerned.

Christmas is the time we celebrate the good in man, we remember our purpose in life is to build and not destroy. It is a gay time, with holly and mistletoe, the yule log burning, the spicy smells, but it is a holy time. And in the midst of the anxieties of the world, I like to think of Smiley Burnette's words, "Well, I ain't mad at nobody!" If we could all adopt those homely simple words to live by, what a world we should have!

Christmas night the house quiets down, with its own soft noises, the heritage of all the years since 1690. The smell of popcorn lingers, the embers glow. The presents are scattered around, the best are those that mean thinking-about-the-receiver. The candles still smoke from being snuffed energetically by one of the children. The tree stands lovely and glittering. Jill is cutting small bits of turkey for the Irish.

Little Sister and I brush the snow from the lintel and look out on a star-strewn sky. I think of my Honey, and feel she is thinking of me, wagging by the golden gates, and I wonder if Sister thinks of her too. The fourteen Christmases Honey spent listening to Christmas carols, which she loved, are gone. But Honey herself still moves in the golden shadow of the last embers as Sister makes small hops toward bed.

I send my thoughts and hopes to the farthest world as I close the door. And say my old say, "God rest you merry, gentlemen!"

THE END

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BALLAD FOR A FISH FRY

(Continued from Page 37)

appealed to him as a commodity. He had no time to give it any personal consideration. And as I looked at his hard, dark face I thought, *What became of you, Mike? I knew you when you played a saxophone and went mad about every new record star. Now it's all a question of will the girl make money, and if so how much.* I wished he would listen, really listen to the voice and quit wondering how to merchandise it.

The song came to an end and Mike leaned back in his chair. "Pretty good," he said. "We've got her. A talent scout found her in a two-bit radio station somewhere down south."

He pawed through a stack of junk on his desk and came up with a picture which he passed to me. It had been taken in a small town and the photographer had not known how to work his light values properly, but I knew I was looking at a picture of the most beautiful girl I was ever likely to see.

"She looks all right, doesn't she?" Mike said.

"She looks sensational."

He smiled thinly. "Probably can't read a line."

I said, "Oh, for heaven's sake, Mike, live a little."

He looked up from the mass of papers. "What does that mean?"

"Only that you're numb. Why do you have to underplay everything? The girl's voice is 'pretty good,' her looks are 'all right.' She's a wonderful bet and you know it. Is it a sin to be enthusiastic, Mike?"

He shook his head. "No, but it's dangerous. You fall flat on your face in this business if you go all out for something that doesn't click."

"That's a hazard of living, Mike."

"Well, I'm not living right now. I'm working for this studio. You can't do both. In three more years I'll be able to live."

I stared at him. Didn't he know that three years is a very long time? That anything could happen in three years?

"O.K., Mike. Forget it. I guess you want me to see that girl." I gestured toward the record.

"Yes. I hear she's lonely. I don't want her to get off on the wrong foot, hating everything and everybody. You see what you can do."

"What's her name?"

"River Ashburne."

I didn't believe it, so I moved closer to him and glanced down at the record. Sure enough, her name was River.

Mike's hand brushed against mine as he took the record off the phonograph. It was an accident. I knew that.

Her hotel was cheap and noisy, but that couldn't be helped. She wasn't earning enough on her first deal with the studio to warrant a better place.

SHE was wearing a faded cotton housecoat and she was lying on the bed looking at pictures in a fashion magazine. Her black hair was wild and uncombed, but it gleamed as no hair I had ever seen before did. I stood silent in front of her, staring at the bright, red mouth and the clear, creamy skin. She was just gorgeous.

"You from the studio?" she asked.

"Yes. Virginia Kingman. I came to see what I can do for you."

This was puzzling. "How do you mean?"

"Well, I have several services to offer. I can be a guide or a secretary or a social contact, or I can be a friend if you feel you need one."

She did not return my smile. She looked long and steadily at me and then her eyes went back to the magazine.

"I want some clothes," she said finally.

"We'll get some."

"I don't have no money."

"That doesn't matter. We'll get clothes.

She said, "I paid them here for a week an then I sent nineteen dollars to my ma. No I want some clothes and I don't have n money."

"Get dressed. We'll go shopping."

The theory I have about dressing thes kids is strictly my own, and maybe it' wacky, but I believe in it. It's fine to loo like a lady if you want to look like a lady but—let's be honest—looking like a lad isn't every female's goal. River Ashburn didn't want a durable tweed suit and a good conservative hat that would just last an last. She wanted lace and she wanted rhine s ones and she wanted a velvet skirt to wea with a scarlet blouse. I kept quiet while sh made her selections. You'll never convinc me that a black leopard would look bette wearing a neat all-wool cardigan.

I HAD taken her to one of the departmen stores and we were attended by the head o the department, who turned the place up side down getting River the things sh wanted. In these parts the studio is respecte and I can work magic by using its name River's eyes were filled with awe as w marched out loaded down with bundles.

"I didn't have no money," she said, "bu you made them give me shoes and dresse and underthings and stockings and ——"

"Don't worry. You'll pay."

We drove back to he hotel and she unpacke the mountain of purchase and after they were pu away I asked, "Now wha else do you want?"

She still had not smiled but she was beginning t trust me and she answere my question without hesi tation. "I want to eat m supper with somebody."

That was a cinch. The publicity depart ment could shoot me over a handsome, un important contract boy within a half hour "A blond somebody or a dark somebody?"

She bit her lip and looked doubtfully a me out of those terrific eyes of hers. "Lool here, honey," she said, "could I eat my sup per with you?"

"Why, bless your heart, of course. And I'l tell you all about the studio and about wha you can expect when they start preparing yo for your career."

"Do you gotta talk about that?" sh asked. "Yeah, I suppose maybe you gotta huh?" She was the first newcomer I'd eve seen who wasn't interested in the studio an her career.

"What do you want to talk about, River?"

"Oh, well, it don't much matter but —— Say now, honey, you ever know a place called Black Bend?"

"What's it near?"

"Near Cottonmouth Crossing," she said just as if the whole world knew that.

I let her talk about Black Bend and after a while I slipped away and called Jim Nugent He's the studio's getter of impossible things I told Jim about Black Bend and Cotton mouth Crossing. "Listen, somebody in town must have filmed that country. Maybe it's an educational reel or hunting and fishing stuff or a documentary on boll weevils o catfish, but you run it down and rush it over to my house."

It was there by the time we'd finished dinner.

"Where do you want to see it?" I asked River. "In a private projection room at someone's house? Or at the studio or in a theater?"

She considered that for a long while and then came up with an answer. "I think it would be downright selfish to look at these pictures all by ourselves. Let's take 'em to a real big theater and let everybody see."

So River and the film and I drove down Wilshire Boulevard to a real big theater.

(Continued on Page 148)

Love is like a vaccination—when it takes you don't have to be told.
—MYRTLE REED
Old Rose and Silver (Putnam)

For gifts that say "Merry Christmas" all year long—give COSCO







4-D Step Stool: Seat, 24″ high. Rubber-treaded, "swing-away" steps; chromium finish and Duran upholstery, six colors.



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(Continued from Page 146)

got the manager and handed him the can of Deep South.

"Run it as soon as possible," I said.

"Yes, Miss Kingman, when the feature comes off. What is it?"

"Oh, it's socko entertainment. Your audience will just go mad about it."

Well, it turned out to be miles of Technicolor swamps and piny woods and Spanish moss. River Ashburne sat beside me weeping quietly from the first swamp to the last.

"To think you did all this for me," she kept saying over and over.

The film ran fourteen minutes and I, for one, was definitely caught up on Cottonmouth Crossing and surrounding territory.

OUTSIDE in the brightly lighted lobby River swallowed one last sob and dried her eyes. She looked at me with that expression of awe that had come with the shopping spree.

"You can do just anything, can't you?"

"I wouldn't say that."

"You got power. That's what you got. I bet you can do about anything in this world. Clothes without money. Real pictures of my home country. Darned if I don't think you could do just about anything."

I knew she had something in her mind, but I didn't ask any questions. It had been a long day.

I had to talk her proposition over with Mike, of course. The matter involved studio policy as well as a few dollars of studio money.

He pushed his chair back and got up and began to pace. I studied his grave face and then the beautiful cut of his coat across his shoulders and then his grave face again and then the cut of his coat.

"How about it, Mike? Does the kid get her visit to Black Bend? And do I go with her? The studio hasn't started to work on her yet. She's got nothing to do and she's dying of homesickness. Of course I don't have to go, but ——" I paused, remembering that River had said that she wouldn't go without me.

"I don't get it," he said. He walked to his desk and riffled through the ever-present stack of papers, then shouted for his secretary. "Bring me what we have on that gal—what's her name? Ferry Boat or something."

When the file on River Ashburne was in his hands he read it swiftly.

"Look," he said, "she stayed away from her home state for eleven months. She's been here two weeks and all of a sudden is sick with longing to go home. Why?"

I shrugged. "Maybe she has to go where the wild goose goes."

He said, "In that case she ought to know what the wild goose knows, which is that contract players don't fly south. They stay here and take diction lessons. And the nerve of her asking you to go along. Only stars get such attention."

"She's going to be the biggest star you ever had."

He squinted his eyes at me. "Do you really believe that?"

I did and I said so again.

"I guess we'd better make a test of her just so I can see something besides that tintype we have. And by the way, how do you feel about going to a town that's called Cottonmouth Crossing?"

"Oh, dear me, we're not going there. No one who is anyone goes there. We'll be at Black Bend."

He shook his head. "I don't like it. Where do you live? Where do you eat in a place like that?"

I didn't know, but River had said that she had to have me with her and the kid needed to get home. I didn't know why she had to have me and I didn't know why she needed to get home. I only knew that I had never seen her smile.

I walked toward the door. "I don't know where I'll live and I don't know what I'll eat, but that kid is sick. She's got the kind of sickness I've never had. Maybe you had it when you were on a hostile island. Don't forget this is kind of a hostile island, too, for a kid from Black Bend."

Mike was silent for a long moment, then he said, "Tell you what. Line up a test for her tomorrow and then do what you want to do about the thing, but get her back here in ten days."

That's how I got to see Black Bend. Not that any train goes there. The train stops at the big town and the big town has a population of twelve thousand. It's a sulky-looking place, if you know what I mean. The air is heavy and humid and when you walk into the town you feel as though you'd blundered into a room where a murder had just been committed. Small groups of men were standing about outside the station and they were pretending not to see River Ashburne, but I knew that they were looking.

The hotel was just across the street and I couldn't get anybody to carry our bags. The youngsters lounging about were strangely deaf to my call. We carried our own luggage.

The clerk had the reservation all lined up. It had been made in my name from the studio and in some strange way he managed to convey the idea that I had arrived alone and that he did not see River standing there in the lobby. Even the bellboy who led the way upstairs did not appear to notice her.

When we were alone she turned to me with an expression of complete wonderment and admiration upon her face. "I knew you could. I knew you could just do anything. You did it all right. You did it."

"I did? What did I do?"

"You got me into this town, didn't you? Right into this hotel you got me. You got me right ——"

"Wait a minute. There's no trick about that."

"Oh, no? Nobody but you could have done it. Why, I ain't allowed in this town, honey. Just about this time last year I got run out of it and got told never to come back."

For a moment I couldn't think of anything to say. There was a rabbit running over my grave or an icicle tickling my spine.

"What did you do?" I asked quietly.

"I didn't do nothing, honey."

She was sitting on the bed and suddenly she began to bounce delightedly on the mattress, feeling, I was quite sure, that she had given me a satisfactory reply.

"River," I said, throwing my weight around, "I represent the studio and you're going to tell me whatever there is to tell."

Well, it seemed that she had been singing in some kind of juke joint up the road a piece. She'd been singing around this part of the country for quite a spell. People seemed to like it, but there was always trouble. ("You know how men are, don't you, honey? Even the married ones sometimes.") She had always been a good girl. Didn't even let anybody kiss her as a general rule. But still there was always trouble and she just simply couldn't, for the life of her, imagine why. Then one night there was a real big fight, everybody trying to kill everybody else and a lot of real unpleasant goings on. And the next night two men she didn't recognize forced her into a car and drove her over the state line. They gave her fifty dollars and a warning.

"That's all, honey." Bounce, bounce. "They didn't hurt me, you understand." Bounce, bounce. "I got a job singing somewhere else and somebody put me on the radio and then your little old studio found me."

I STARED down at the men in the street. One of them raised his eyes to the window at which I stood and I wished that my little old studio hadn't been so all-fired keen on new talent.

"Why did you come back?" I asked her. "Why didn't you stay in ——"

"This is my home, honey," she said with a certain childish dignity. She looked about the room and, considering the circumstances, there was a surprising amount of contentment in her eyes. "It's awful nice here. Don't you think it is, Ginny?"

I didn't think it was a bit nice. The room was ugly and uncomfortably furnished, but I wanted to stay in it. I found myself growing a little panicked at the idea of strolling

down the avenue. And as the panic mounted within me I knew I had to get out of that room. The longer I stayed in it the more chickenhearted I would become.

"You unpack your things. I'll go arrange for a car to take us out to see your ma."

I walked down the corridor and down the stairs. There was an odor of dust and age, of dampness and decay. This was snake country and I remembered that somewhere I had read that the cottonmouth was a climbing snake. It will give you some idea of my state of mind when I tell you that I shied away from an old hatrack on the landing.

I took a turn about the lobby, letting it become familiar and therefore, I hoped, less ominous. As I glanced out into the hot street I saw something very surprising, something I had not expected to see here. It was only an automobile, but it was a very costly one. It looked like home. It belonged on the studio lot or in Romanoff's parking space. Out of it stepped a very blond, very young giant. There was a purposeful expression in his eyes as he strode up to the desk and whirled the register book around.

"Is it true that River Ashburne came in today?" he asked.

The clerk looked slightly ill. "Mr. Latchford," he said tremulously, "I only work here. I ——"

"Jack, I asked a simple question. What's the answer?"

The clerk turned white and said, "Yes. She's here."

And suddenly I knew that River Ashburne hadn't come back to visit her ma or to eat hushpuppies. She had come back because of this young giant. So it was the old story all over again. Love.

Well, he was big and he had the power that money brings in Hollywood, Timbuktu or snake country, so I felt he'd be a good friend to have.

I introduced myself and led the way upstairs. He was not the silent type. As we walked he spoke of River's splendid luck in getting a movie contract. I noticed in his speech the obvious mark of his having been away to school, but I was more impressed by his extraordinary detachment in his references to River. He had come looking for her, hadn't he? Then what was this "we're all so happy for her" routine?

I opened the door of River's room and called to her, "Honey, we got company."

She looked around and for the first time I saw her smile. She let out a little cry and ran toward Latchford and threw her arms around him. He pulled himself free of her embrace and stepped back from her smiling sweetly, charmingly but oh, so distantly.

I TURNED away from the look in her eyes. She was so hurt that I couldn't bear to watch. She stood silently in the center of the big, old-fashioned room looking heartsick.

Latchford lighted a cigarette for himself. "I can't tell you, River, how sorry I was when I heard of your experience with the local boys. It wouldn't have happened if I'd been aware of the plan. You know that, don't you?"

She nodded dismally.

"I didn't know where to contact you to see if you needed anything. You'd just disappeared. I wanted you to know that I was sorry about it all. That's why I'm here. Is there anything I can do for you?"

River shook her head.

"If either you or Miss Kingman want the use of a car or any little thing like that ——"

"No!" River said and burst into sudden, stormy tears. "I don't want any of your cars, Mr. Latchford, all I want is you and you know it. And what's more you want me too."

I couldn't see why he wouldn't want her. He was never going to find anything tastier than this home-cooked dish.

"All my life I never did want nothing but you," she wept, "and all these months I've waited for you to come find me but you never came. Why didn't you come find me? I thought of you so hard it was a real pain and now I come back to find you and here you are acting like you never wanted me at all."

Latchford glanced at me uncomfortably. I can't say that I blamed him. He stood there looking very big and young and distressed. He wasn't accustomed to tears.

"What'll I do?" he asked me.

I shook my head. "I'm a stranger in town."

BUT I had to do something. She was tearing herself apart. I made soothing noises at her and persuaded her to lie down. Then I put a cool towel on her forehead and walked with Latchford out into the dusty corridor.

"May I review the bidding?" I asked.

He told me all about it, standing there beside the fire extinguisher that wouldn't work if we needed it. His mother was the power of the whole territory down that way. She employed everybody. With the exception of the Western Union office, his mother controlled just everything.

"She owns this hotel too." He smiled, remembering.

"Oh, congratulations," I said.

People came to his mother with their troubles. When they wanted help, when they were in grief, when they wanted to complain.

"The women did a lot of complaining about River Ashburne. Men didn't think about much else but River and it caused a lot of unrest. The girl herself is blameless."

"Your mother should have run the men out," I said.

"Perhaps, only it seemed easier to get rid of just one little girl. Mother got sick of the complaints and the fights and the constant turmoil. That's all."

"Not quite," I said. "It doesn't explain why River thinks you're in love with her."

"No, it doesn't," he admitted. "It's because she's the kind of person she is. She sings about love and dreams about it and the night that big brawl occurred in the roadhouse I was there."

He had gone to hear her sing. The whole town was talking about her voice and his curiosity had been aroused. He had sat alone and had listened and had thought her voice just wonderful.

"It was natural for me to be interested in her because I'd always known her. When her father was alive he worked on our place. I think River was born there, as a matter of fact."

The fight had started over River, of course. Someone had been dancing with her and there had been an attempt to cut in and within a minute all hell had broken loose.

"I was afraid she'd get hurt," he told me. "I waded in and picked her up and carried her out. Then we drove around for a while just talking."

"Just talking?"

"All right. This is a full confession for your studio records. I kissed her."

"And promised her what?"

He shook his head. "I promised nothing."

Well, it figured. Why would he promise anything? He was who he was and River was something quite different. He was the old plantation house, the fox hunt and the revered sword of a long-dead general. She might be the most beautiful girl in the world but she was only a banjo, a fish fry and a piece of ground that was sweated over but never owned. Still, I knew the magic that Hollywood had worked before and could work again.

I said, "That girl is going to be the biggest star the movies ever had."

The Heart That Loves

By Merle Price

The songs of love are dear, are
sweet for hearing,
Yet hearts that love have strength
for more than song.
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"I hope so," he said. "I wish her well." Then he turned and walked swiftly down the corridor.

I went back to River and changed the cold cloth on her forehead. She caught my hand and held it tightly. "What am I going to do?" she asked in a very small voice. "I love him."

Very helpfully I said, "There, there."

"And he loves me too. I know he does."

I wished I was back swapping live black poodles for dead ones.

The next day we went over to Black Bend. It was a Li'l Abner sort of town. Everybody turned out to welcome River. Her ma had told them all, of course, that River was a Hollywood actress now, and the excitement was tremendous. River wore her velvet skirt and red blouse. She seemed to know they'd want to see her in that.

Her ma was a bony woman with her hair in a tight little knot. She was younger than she looked, but older than she felt. She was the life of the party and kept asking people if they remembered the days when she looked like River. Nobody remembered. There was a great deal of drinking and eating and much laughter and song.

River was a pretty solemn guest of honor, but this was overlooked in the general gaiety and confusion. There seemed to be hundreds of hound dogs and babies. Never before in my life have I heard so much noise or seen so many bare feet in midafternoon. And there was Claude Pendexter. He was a tall, skinny guy with small, black eyes and thin lips. Right away I was crazy about him. He put a wiggly green worm on River's exposed chest, and when she screamed he lifted her high in his arms and set her down in a tree crotch.

"Now you give me a great big kiss," he said. "And don't play shy. You can't fool me no more with shyness now that you've been in Hollywood. Everybody knows what goes on there."

When we got back to the hotel that night I said to River, "Honey, you've seen the old place and you've seen your ma. How about getting out of here now?"

She shook her head. "I'm not going, Ginny."

"What!"

"You go. I'm gonna stay. I'm gonna stay forever."

"Now listen, River, you have to get something through your head. You have to face it. That Latchford doesn't ——"

"Yes, he does. He loves me almost crazy, honey, but he's thinking about his ma. She run me out of town, I figure. She's the one who done it and just because he's so mad about me."

Well, if she wanted to figure it that way it was all right with me. "Honey," I said, "that could be true; but love you or not, you have to get used to the idea that you're not going to have him."

A curious expression crossed her face. She said, "Maybe I'm used to the idea already. Anyway seems like, 'cause I promised Claude Pendexter today that I'd marry him."

"Claude Pendexter! You're crazy! You can't do it. Why, he's horrible. He's a monster." I was sick at the thought of that terrible, leering loony possessing all River's sweetness and grace and loveliness.

She said, "He asked me and I don't like Hollywood, Ginny. Hope I don't hurt your feelings none but what's it got, that Hollywood?"

For three hours I talked to her about Hollywood and what it had.

When I was finished she said, "You'll stay for the wedding, won't you, honey? It's going to be on Sunday."

Like a dying elephant I made one last attempt to throw my weight around. "You can't do it without the studio's permission," I said sternly. "There's the contract, you know."

"I don't care about no studio or no contract," River said. "What can they do if I don't care about no studio or no contract?"

She had me there.

Of course I stayed and went to the wedding. It was a big affair. River wore white satin and a lace veil. She looked heavenly. I was her attendant in a terribly smart yellow net creation and gold slippers. Ma had selected the wedding finery. There were fiddles and more hound dogs and babies and a minister in a frock coat who stood in the hot sunlight and read the service.

But before the service was read we had quite a bit of excitement. The people were gathering from near and far and the fiddles were playing and the drinks were flowing and a few fights had started in the clearing beyond ma's house. In short, everything was going normally when all of a sudden Latchford, the tall, young giant, appeared striding from nowhere into the midst of the wedding party. And the people stared and the fiddles stopped playing and the jugs were grounded and the fighting in the clearing waited and Latchford walked up to Claude Pendexter and waved him away from where he had been standing beside River.

Latchford took River's hand as though they were all alone in the world and he looked deep into those blazing eyes of hers and said, "Did you think I'd let you marry him?"

River shook her head. "No," she said. "Not for a minute, honey. Not for a minute."

And then the fiddles played again and after a while River and Latchford were married by the minister in the frock coat.

Mike's secretary told me that he was in Projection Room 8 so I went down there. When I opened the door he turned in annoyance at the interruption. Then he smiled and gave me a big welcome.

"Say, I've just seen the test of that Ferry Boat or whatever her name is. She could be dynamite."

"She is dynamite," I said, "but it doesn't matter any more. I lost her, Mike. I lost the biggest potential the studio ever had."

He frowned. "How did it happen?"

I glanced at my wrist watch. "If you want the details I'll write them to you. I'm pressed for time. Mike. I have something to tell you. I'm going back to Black Bend myself tonight."

"What for?"

I lowered my eyes in girlish confusion. "I met a man, Mike. A wonderful man. Sensitive, intelligent, sophisticated. Name of—name of Claude Pendexter. He wants me to marry him."

Mike jumped out of his beautifully upholstered chair and stared down at me. "Ginny, you can't. You can't do that. I love you, Ginny. Didn't you know it?" He pulled me to my feet and held me tight in his arms. "Ginny, I couldn't stand it if you married another guy. I thought you knew that someday ——"

"Someday is awful far away, Mike."

He said, "You're crazy. Someday is tomorrow in Las Vegas."

And it was. Funny how River used to look at me in awe as though I was the one who knew everything.

TELL ME, DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

"Well, aren't you going to give me some advice?"

"I certainly am. Make your plans for a further addition to your family about the middle of next April."

"You're certain of that?"

"Positive. I could hear a fetal heart plainly. A fetal heart means only one thing—a living pregnancy."

An angry flush suffused the comely face of the patient. "I am going back to that doctor," she said, "and what I shall tell him! I'm going to get my money back, if it's the last thing I ever do!"

The doctor smiled wryly. "I'm a little curious to know what you paid him."

"Three hundred dollars. It was out of my own savings."

"I'm afraid you can tell that three hundred dollars good-by," he said. "Or, rather, charge it up to experience."

"But I'll sue him for it."

"I think you will not do that."

"Why, what do you mean? Of course I'll sue him."

"My dear young lady, you asked me if I were not going to give you some advice. Now I'll add to what I've already told you. Put the entire matter out of your mind."

"But I want my money back—I can't afford to throw it away in that manner."

"Of course you can't. But you won't be able to sue. Even the merest apology for a lawyer would never accept such a case."

"I don't see why."

"Because you have no case. In the first place, I'll bet a hat you didn't pay by check."

"No, he wanted cash."

"Of course. So you have no evidence that you paid him anything."

"But—but ——"

"He'll deny anything you say regarding payment of any kind."

"Then I'll sue him for doing an abortion."

"He didn't do an abortion."

"He tried to, didn't he?"

"I couldn't say how hard he tried. Anyhow, he didn't succeed."

"But couldn't he be prosecuted for attempting an abortion?"

"He could. But who will prosecute him?"

"I will."

"I'm quite sure you will not. You see, a prosecution of that sort is a matter for the district attorney."

"Then I'll go to the district attorney."

"I would strongly advise you not to. When you employed that scamp to perform an abortion upon your person, you made yourself a participant in a crime."

"That doesn't make sense."

"It's the law."

"It's a fool law."

"It's a good law, and a necessary law to protect women from the scamps who flout it, and it has come down through the ages. Have you ever read the solemn oath which Hippocrates exacted from the medical students under his instruction, more than three thousand years ago? There was one clause in it: 'I will not give to a woman an instrument to produce abortion.' That was the ethical basis for our present law. Under law, submitting to such an operation makes you just as culpable as the party who performs it. I have had the experience a half-dozen times, of seeing a woman whom I had to report as having had a criminal operation arrested and kept under surveillance during her entire hospital stay, with a police officer just outside the door of the ward, day and night."

"I don't see why you had to report her."

"It was my duty, just as it would be my duty to report you under similar circumstances."

"Do you mean you would report *me?*"

"I would be legally bound to, unless I wanted to get into trouble myself."

"I hope you *won't* report me."

"I have nothing to report. You couldn't prove you had an abortion, if you wanted to. As a matter of fact, you didn't."

"AND I can't get my money back?"

"I see no possible way. You can't prove that anything was done to you. You can't prove that you paid any money. The doctor would simply deny everything, and no lawyer would accept your case."

"There doesn't seem to be any justice."

"There's no justice when you compound a felony, or a crime."

"You make it sound as though I were a criminal."

"In the eyes of the law you are. However, I wouldn't lose any sleep over it. Just consider yourself out of a bad mess, and forget the entire matter."

"Something ought to be done to abortionists."

"I'm glad you agree with me. You didn't when you came in here."

"I agree with you, all right. I wish something could be done to that doctor. Couldn't it?"

"The district attorney's office would like to get evidence to put every criminal abortionist in town in Sing Sing, where he belongs; but it's the hardest thing in the world to prove. After all, it would only be your word against his—you haven't any witness of any kind."

"It's a shame that they can get away with such things."

"I might remark that you are a trifle late in coming to that conclusion. However, if I've succeeded in convincing you, I shall not consider the time wasted."

"I KNOW you've given me a lot of your valuable time, and I do appreciate it, Doctor. I might have got into terrible trouble."

"Indeed you might. You can consider yourself well out of it, for you would have had no recourse. The best rule is to stay out of the clutches of such vermin. As a matter of fact, this fellow you employed was clumsy almost beyond belief, in more ways than one."

"Do you think he really meant to do what I wanted him to do?"

"I think likely, only he botched the job. Did you bleed much after he was through with you?"

"Only a little."

"Of course he'd have started it off and left it to someone else to clean up."

"Is that the way it works?"

"Oh, yes, we are continually having such cases in our hospital services. We hate them, but have to take them in order to save lives."

"One thing, Doctor. Do you think what that man did will have any effect on my baby now—injure it, or mark it?"

"I doubt it very much. You say yourself that he accomplished very little. I don't think, you need to worry about that," the doctor told her.

"But you said he was clumsy."

"What I meant was that he took very little means to protect himself. It makes me think that he either was a beginner, or had been at it so long that he had become careless."

"What means could he have taken to protect himself?"

"He could have sent you to some sort of nursing home that he might maintain in some other part of the town, or even in another borough, ostensibly to be operated on, not by himself but by his anonymous associate. There he would have done his work not only behind the usual surgical mask, but behind a screen that would have prevented you from identifying him at any future time. You wouldn't even have known whether the man who was operating was tall or short, thin or fat, or any distinguishing characteristic about him. You would never be able to pin anything on him."

"Ugh! It makes me shiver."

"And rightly so. Did you ever stop to think what might be at the bottom of many of the trunk mysteries involving the finding of dismembered female bodies, that you read about now and then in the papers?"

"I—I don't believe I have, Doctor," she said.

"Just such a happening as we've been discussing, where a death occurs and the culprit finds himself with a body on his hands."

"Ugh! You talk like a detective."

"I sometimes like to make myself think I *am* one."

"I believe everything you've told me. Well, now, Doctor, I'm going to have a baby, after all that's happened. Will you take care of me?"

"I tell you what I'll do. I'll see you through your confinement if you'll promise me, solemnly, that you'll never visit an abortionist again, as long as you live."

"You have my promise, Doctor."

In January, Tell Me, Doctor continues with the ever-present danger of infection from induced abortion, and its perilous consequences.

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—ANON.

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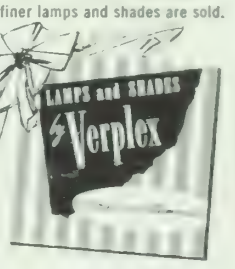
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THE GIRL WITH THE HOOP

(Continued from Page 53)

hundred years ago the Salons were dominated by literary pictures; today our exhibitions are dominated by abstractions; then as now what you painted was more important than how you painted; then as now it was necessary for artists to relearn their craft. As Renoir said, "We had to place our models in an atmosphere which was familiar to us. Can you see me painting a *Nebuchadnezzar* at a café table, or *The Mother of the Gracchi* in a box at the opera?" So Renoir and his friends turned to the world around them and rediscovered something that artists once more seem to have forgotten, the beauty of everyday life. Working largely out of doors, they also made important technical discoveries. They freed themselves from the curse of bitumen, that never-drying black pigment, which each year at the Salon cracked and blistered across acres of umbrageous canvas. They painted instead with a palette as joyous as a field of flowers.

For the friendship of two, the patience of one is necessary. —INDIAN PROVERB

To render the ever-changing play of light, they developed a new technique, a method of painting with small strokes of pure color placed side by side. Renoir became a master of this style, and was recognized as a leader among the Impressionists. But around 1883, when Impressionism was beginning to be accepted, he decided that at least for him it was a blind alley. As he said, "If the painter works directly from Nature, he ultimately looks for nothing but momentary effects; he does not try to compose and soon he becomes monotonous." He recognized that the Impressionists in their search for optical truth had disregarded design, solidity, permanence, those values which made the greatness of the Old Masters.

It was then that he reached a conclusion, which he never tired of stating and which is of vital significance to artists today. He decided that "It is in the museum that one learns to paint." This did not mean, he hastened to add, that one should do over Rubens or Raphael. "One must paint the pictures of one's own time. But it is in the museum that one gets the feeling of painting, a feeling which Nature alone cannot give." About the same time he came across a treatise on art written in the fifteenth century by a Florentine, Cennino Cennini. From it he learned that painting was a matter of the mind as well as the eye, that drawing was as important as color, and that design involved more than momentary impressions. He traveled to Italy and studied Carpaccio, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese and Raphael, and, especially in Naples, Pompeian frescoes. He returned to the Louvre with a keener love for Rubens and Velazquez. He journeyed to Spain and in Madrid was overwhelmed by the Prado, the greatest museum of paintings in the world.

The Girl With the Hoop, painted in 1885, is his tribute to Velazquez. The narrow vertical canvas, the asymmetrical yet balanced composition, the pose of the figure, all were learned from the portraits of the children of Philip IV. Renoir once said to Vollard, "You ought to see Velazquez' pictures of the Spanish nobility. Doubtless they were all common as dirt, but they have a supreme dignity. Velazquez has given them his dignity." This same aristocracy of bearing Renoir has transferred to a young French girl who poses in her garden holding her hoop.

But the picture is not an imitation of Velazquez. It is a painting of its own time, variegated in color, brilliant in illumination, dashing in brushwork, especially in the background, where strokes of heavy pigment are like jets of colored light. The portrait radiates Renoir's joy in painting, his delight in the sensuous beauty of pigment. "It is not enough for a painter to be a clever craftsman," he once said; "he must love to caress his canvas too"—a wise remark, which should be inscribed on the walls of every art school. —JOHN WALKER

Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art

A VISIT FROM MOTHER

(Continued from Page 42)

a big high-ceilinged room in an old house converted into apartments for married students wasn't everybody's idea of luxury, but where else would she and Andy have found a white marble fireplace that really worked? As for the kitchen—when it wasn't in use it was hidden from sight perfectly by that huge and wildly surrealistic screen she and Andy had had such fun painting. And she'd hand-blocked the curtains herself, in colors to go with the Picasso print above the mantel which Andy had framed in a way that really looked professional. Of course there were minor drawbacks, like the bathroom's being down the hall. But Ducky had her own bathinet and toidy, and the two other couples on this floor, with whom she and Andy shared the bathroom, were not only graduate students like themselves, but also their best friends.

She heard the rap on the door that meant Elvira Eames, from next door, had decided to pop in for a morning *Kaffeeklatsch*. Elvira's son Pete was three, old enough to be enrolled in the college nursery school. Jean yelled come in, and Elvira came in. She was a tall girl with dark bangs, who managed to look sophisticated and even elegant in a paint-daubed smock over a pair of ski pajamas.

"For to see and for to admire," Elvira said, standing dramatically in the doorway, holding out a new French-drip coffee maker. "Ralph made some extra money this week tutoring a stupid but affluent oaf. And heaven knows we needed a new coffeepot. Ralph was threatening to divorce me if his morning coffee didn't improve." She placed the coffeepot against her cheek. "Still hot. And still two cups of coffee in it. So, if you will provide the cream and sugar and two cups ——"

They sat down to admiration of the new coffee maker. "Oh, dear, it does make heavenly coffee," Jean sighed. "I'll have to try to squidge one out of Andy's next pay check."

"Better not count on it for a long, long time. Not if your mother's coming for a visit. By the time you get through impressing her, or even trying to convince her that you and Andy aren't teetering on the edge of poverty, poor Andy's wallet will be squashed flat. At least, judging by my own experience."

Jean laughed. "Why in the world should I try to impress my own mother?" She counted the slices of bread in the loaf. "Let's have ourselves another piece of toast. There's not enough left for tomorrow morning, anyway."

"See?" Elvira said. "You do that, my gal, when your mother's around and she'll start dabbing at her eyes and inquiring whether you really do get enough to eat. My mother looked at Petey, who's never been sick a day in his life, and asked me if I wasn't worried about him picking up germs from the slum children in the neighborhood. I pointed out that this so-called slum area she was talking about was inhabited chiefly by graduate students and faculty members and that Dr. Winthrop Wadsworth, the most famous authority on entomology in the whole country, lives right across the street. Unfortunately,

(Continued on Page 154)

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(Continued from Page 152)

Mrs. Wadsworth came out of her house right while I was pointing—and you know how tackily she dresses. All I succeeded in doing was convincing mother that, at the best, our life is lived among the *genteel* poor." She took a healthy bite of toast. "Which I suppose it is."

"Oh, mother isn't like that at all."

Elvira shrugged. "Well, live and learn. Nancy Lou's the one who's really had experience along that line. She gets not only her mother and her mother-in-law but relatives all the way down to sixteenth kissing cousins, who simply have to pop in while they're up nawth to see how the young 'uns are making out, poor dears." She put down her coffee cup and went to the door. "Hey, Nance! Come in and join the party."

Nancy Lou came in. She was dressed for her nine-o'clock class in sweater and skirt, bobby socks and saddle shoes. She was young and blond and very very pretty. She looked like someone whose mind, such as it was, ought to be concerning itself with nothing less frivolous than the next prom. Actually, she was one of the most promising graduate students in the psychology department. Nancy Lou was the only one of the three who didn't have a child. Yet. But she'd reached the point where the bulge was beginning to appear and the morning nausea to disappear.

"Is that coffee I smell?" Nancy Lou said, curling up in the big armchair. "I've still got ten minutes before I have to scamper off to class."

Elvira shook the coffeepot. "It was. But alas, poor Yorick."

JEAN got up. "I still have some instant left. I think." She peered into the jar. "Enough for three cups, anyway. Which reminds me, I'd better put coffee on my shopping list. Mother's a coffee fiend."

"Jean's having a visitation," Elvira said. "Her mother."

"Don't let it get you down, honey chile," Nancy Lou said. "You know what I do? Anybody comes visiting I make them take us out for meals. I used to knock myself out, setting the table real fancy and digging into the budget for extras—and it just made them feel *terrible*." She sipped the coffee Jean handed her. "And if your mother absolutely insists on forcing money on you before she leaves, take it. And give her a great big hug. It will make her feel wonderful—and won't do the budget any harm. I never tell Lonnie, of course. His pride would be affronted." She uncurled herself from the chair. "Well, I'd better get moving. But you just take my advice, honey, and let your sweet little old mother entertain *you*. That way, she'll go back home beaming with gratification that she's managed to give the children a little treat, lift their drab lives out of the rut for a moment. Because that's what we are to them, you know. Children."

"I think you're both all wet," Jean said. "I refuse to be self-conscious about a visit from my own mother."

But in spite of her words she found herself looking around after they were gone, trying to see the place as it would appear to her mother. She bit her lip. She wished Andy had had time to give the woodwork a fresh coat of paint. It looked pretty grimy. And her mother was such an immaculate housekeeper. Well, at least she could give the woodwork a thorough scrubbing.

SHE picked Ducky up and Ducky lifted her arms to be taken by-by. "No stroll down the avenue in your pram this morning, sweetie," Jean said. "Mamma's got work to do." She stripped Ducky to a diaper and spread a waterproof pad on the couch in Ducky's room. With the window open and the screen firmly in place and the really ingenious fence that Andy had rigged up, that went all around the couch and fastened with screws against the walls, Ducky had a marvelous combination play pen and sun porch. Jean gave her daughter's rear a gentle spank. "See? No millionaire's child could ask for more in the way of luxury."

She went to work on the living room. At eleven she stopped long enough to pop a potato in the Dutch oven for Ducky's lunch. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror above the sink and giggled. If her mother could see her now she'd think her daughter did live the life of a slavey. There was a smudge on her nose and her hair was every which way and the old maternity wraparound she used as a house dress in the morning made her look far thinner than she was, because it was miles too big now, of course. But tonight, when they went to the airport to greet grandma, she'd be wearing her good suit and Andy would be wearing his good suit and Ducky would be dressed in the adorable new hat and bonnet her grandma had sent—and say what you will, they'd make a very handsome and prosperous-looking family.

She tackled the room again. When she'd polished the furniture and shined up the big brass samovar that had been Andy's and her wedding present to themselves, the house would really have that special company shine that always made Jean gloat with pride. She glanced at the clock. At the rate she was going she'd have plenty of time after lunch to set a yeast coffeecake to rise. She was proud of her coffeecakes. And if she made something very simple for dinner for Andy and herself tonight—maybe that tuna-and-noodle casserole he liked so well—she'd have a fair chunk left out of the week's allowance to spread herself out a bit the next three days. Maybe a flank steak tomorrow night. The butcher usually had a special on it on Thursdays, and London broil was good enough for anybody's table. Friday she could send her mother to the park with Ducky in the morning and hie herself over to the fish market. Nobody could ask for anything more delicious—or inexpensive—than whole baked fish stuffed with celery and bread crumbs——

She'd reached that point when the doorbell rang. Frowning a little, because Ducky

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BRUCE GOULD, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of September, 1952.

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[SEAL]

(My commission expires February 3, 1953.)

had fallen asleep with her little rump sticking right up in the air, and she was afraid the bell would awaken her, Jean went to answer it.

Her mother was standing there. "Oh, darling, darling!" her mother said. "I hope you don't mind my surprising you like this, but I had a chance to take an earlier plane and I couldn't bear to wait a moment longer to see you."

"Mind?" Jean said. "*Mind?*" And like a great big baby she found herself bawling. From happiness.

"Here, here, you foolish child," her mother said, handing her a hanky as if Jean were still three years old. But that was all right, because her mother was crying too. "Now, let me get a good look at you and see how Andy's treating my only daughter."

Jean became conscious of her disheveled appearance. She tried to turn it off with a little laugh. "Yes, look at me! I was just trying to get the house slicked up a little and ——"

"Silly," her mother said. "Do you think I came all this distance to look under the bed or dust curls?" She pinched Jean's cheek. "A little thin. But on the whole you're looking pretty spry for an old married lady. Happy, baby?"

"Terribly," Jean said. And hugged her mother again. She brought her bag in from the hall. "But really, I haven't lost any weight. It's this dress. And actually, I'm a very good housekeeper. Usually. But I wasn't expecting you till ——"

"Stop apologizing, darling," her mother said. "I'm your mother, remember? Now where's that wonderful baby—oh!" She stopped short and tiptoed toward the couch. At the sound of footsteps, Ducky woke. Not crying. Not even fretting, as she sometimes did now that she was teething. She woke smiling. And holding her arms out to grandma to be picked up. "Oh, my sweetheart, my little precious," grandma breathed, bending toward her.

"I'm afraid she's a bit wet, though," Jean said, to conceal her pride.

Her mother laughed and kissed the fat little crease under Ducky's chin. "Well, what did you expect? Where do you keep your diapers, dear?"

"Right here," Jean said. She began to paw frantically through the drawer. The diaper service wasn't due again until tomorrow. It would be just her luck to be caught short and have to use a table napkin, with mother here. She felt almost faint with relief when she discovered there were plenty of spares. She handed the diaper to her mother.

"Maybe I'd better watch you, the first time," her mother said. "You probably have a different system than I used when you were a baby." She sounded almost . . . scared.

THE little frozen feeling of inadequacy that had been gathering around Jean's heart cracked wide open. She hugged Ducky and her mother, both together. "Pooh. Old method, new method, who cares?" She picked up her daughter and diapered her. Skillfully. Quickly. "Now we'll give her her lunch," she said, "and have a bite ourselves. Oh, you'd probably like to wash up first." She stopped. "Oh, dear, the bathroom—I'm afraid—well, you see, it's down the hall ——"

"Stop looking so tragic about it," her mother said. "There's a lock on the door, isn't there? Just show me where it is."

Jean showed her where it was. She hurried back into the kitchen. She popped Ducky into the high chair and started to take the potato from the Dutch oven. It occurred to her suddenly that she'd better think about something to serve her mother for lunch. Well, nobody expected much if she arrived unexpectedly. Soup and toasted cheese sandwiches and maybe a salad? She remembered there was no bread. Popovers, then. And scrambled eggs. And there were still four strips of bacon. She gave Ducky a zwieback chunk to chew as a temporary measure. She lit the oven, assembled the popovers in something under eight minutes flat and heaved a sigh of relief. Grandma was taking her time about washing up. As if she knew Jean needed a few minutes to get organized. When she returned, Jean would give her the pleasure of spooning food into her grandchild, while Jean scrambled the eggs. Then they'd sit down to a pleasant lunch and a cozy talk over their coffee ——

Jean sat down limply. No coffee! Picking up the surprised Ducky, she dashed down the hall to Elvira's. "May I borrow that elegant drip pot? And the makings?"

"She's here? Already?" Elvira said.

Jean nodded. "And of course it's wonderful to have her here, but ——"

"I know," Elvira said.

JEAN met her mother just outside her own door. She held up the coffeepot and managed a smile. And a lie. "My neighbor borrowed it last night. For a party. Now, grandma, how would you like to give your grandchild her lunch while I prepare ours?"

"Now, darling," her mother said, "let's be sensible. And not fuss. A sandwich and a cup of coffee ——"

"You are going to have scrambled eggs and popovers for your lunch," Jean said. "And like it."

The popovers were high and light and marvelous. They had a wonderful lunch. And a good talk. And afterward, with grandma holding Ducky in her arms, and Jean's arm around her mother's waist, Jean showed off the apartment. The draperies. The way the two day beds, set at right angles to each other, with the lamp table between, made a conversation corner. The print Andy had framed. And her mother admired everything.

"Oh, mother, it's so *wonderful* to have you here," Jean said. And it was. There had only been those first few minutes of tension.

In the afternoon they took Ducky to the park, with her proud grandma wheeling her. They had a wonderful afternoon. Until they turned homeward.

"I've got to stop in here and do my shopping," Jean said, when they reached the stores.

Her mother put her hand on Jean's arm. "Dear. Before we go in, do you mind if I say something? I know what Andy makes and I don't want you two children to go to any unnecessary expense or treat me like a guest. Why don't we have that delicious noodle-and-tuna casserole you make so nicely?"

Jean felt the color rush to her cheeks. "Oh, no! We children, as you put it, are really flush these days." Shamelessly she borrowed from Elvira again. This time the tale about the windfall from tutoring the stupid oaf. Magnified. So it sounded as if their income was regularly augmented that way. "And so tonight," she finished grandly, "we're having porterhouse steak."

"We're having a noodle-and-tuna casserole," her mother said, smiling. "I could always tell when you were fibbing, darling, from the time you were a little girl."

They ended up with steak. After what was almost a fight. And another fight at the counter, when her mother insisted on paying for it. And all the rest of the things that Jean had bought, carried away by her determination not to let her mother think that she and Andy had a hard time managing. This time her mother won. Which was just as well. When Jean saw the clerk adding the totals on the machine she had the feeling you have in a dream when you find yourself walking down the street naked. And you can't very well count your money, and start putting items back on the shelf, with your mother right there.

She had a fight with Andy that night. One of the few fights they'd ever had, actually, during their whole marriage. Andy was furious about the steak. Not about her having bought steak. He approved of that. But

When angry, count four; when very angry, swear.
—MARK TWAIN

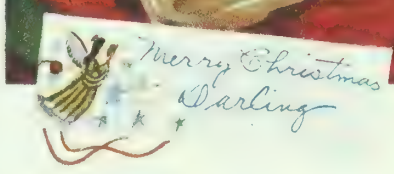


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about having let her mother pay for it, when she was their guest. Andy told Jean she should have gone down to the bank, if necessary, and drawn out the money. The fight had to be conducted in angry whispers, because of her mother sleeping right in the next room. Andy was so angry he didn't even kiss her good night. Oh, it was a terrible fight! And then, at the same moment, both of them stretched out their hands to each other from the twin beds set at right angles to each other. Because they had never yet let the sun go down on their wrath.

And naturally, that meant they both ended up in the same bed. And were still there when they woke to hear Ducky screaming like a fiend. And grandma tiptoeing in the kitchen, making Ducky's morning cereal. And probably investigating everything that was—and wasn't—in the cupboards.

"ARE you awake, dear?" her mother said. "The alarm clock went off half an hour ago. But I didn't like to disturb you. But if Andy has a class this morning ——"

Andy did have a class that morning. Jean scrambled out of his arms, feeling strangely guilty about having been found there. Not that she didn't have a perfect right to be there, of course, but ——

Andy was the one who was the most embarrassed. And because they hadn't heard the alarm go off, he had to hurry through his shaving and refused to take time for breakfast.

Jean pushed her hair back from her face and tried to spoon cereal into Ducky, who kept turning her face away and fussing. She remembered suddenly that she hadn't bought any coffee yesterday, in all the excitement. And of course she'd returned the pot to Elvira last night, anyway. But she was too listless to care. Her mother had disappeared. Probably washing up, Jean thought.

One inch of progress is worth a yard of complaint.
—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Her mother came in. With her coat on. And a jar of instant coffee in her hands. "I just ran down to the corner," she said. "I noticed you were out of coffee. And this kind is so nice and simple to prepare, don't you think?"

She'd probably noticed the absence of the coffeepot. And drawn her own conclusions. Jean gave up in defeat. "Thanks, mamma," she said. And started boiling the water. While grandma fed Ducky. Who immediately stopped fussing.

"How're you making out?" Nancy Lou asked, meeting Jean at the mailbox the next day, while grandma was happily taking Ducky for an outing.

"It's wonderful to have her here," Jean said. "But I feel as if I were walking a tightrope all the time. Between trying to show mother what a good wife and mother I've become and how marvelously I manage and at the same time trying to conceal from her all the subterfuges by which I accomplish it, I feel all worn out."

Elvira, stopping for her own mail, grinned. "Thought you were going to act perfectly natural? And just do what you and Andy always do?"

"Have you ever tried to be natural with someone who's known you since you were a baby?" Jean said. "And isn't the least bit acquainted with you as a wife and mother?"

Solemnly, Nancy Lou and Elvira each shook hands with Jean. "Welcome to the sisterhood," Elvira said.

"By the way, what about tomorrow night?" Nancy Lou said.

They always pooled their resources and had a party in one apartment or the other in rotation on Saturday nights.

"Mother's plane doesn't leave until Sunday morning," Jean said. "And I do want her to have a chance to meet you all. And see what wonderful times we do have together. So, if it's all right with you, since it's my turn anyway?"

"We know what you mean," Elvira said. "I'll make my famous veal scallopini and Nancy Lou will make one of her lush desserts and we'll really show mamma how the younger half lives."

They really showed her. Elvira looked *soignée* in a suit that was three years old and Ralph, with his clean scrubbed look, made the kind of intern who you know would one day be the kind of doctor his own father was. And Nancy Lou, in a dainty blue dress, was radiant with the first flush of approaching motherhood, and anyone looking at Lonnie could almost see the distinction with which he'd wear a jurist's robe someday. And the food was the sort that no hostess of many years' standing would have been ashamed to serve. Jean was proud of her friends. And even prouder of her mother, who asked all the right questions, about the future—and none of the wrong questions, about how any of them managed in the present. She sighed with bliss when the party finally broke up. It had been a wonderful ending to her mother's visit.

"Oh, you're so wonderful, all of you," her mother said. "Such—such wonderful, brave children. So ——"

"Children?" Andy said. "Children?" A little muscle twitched along his jaw. "We're not children, playing with blocks. We're adults, making the best of the long and tough pull ahead of us!"

"Sh-h-h," Jean said. "Please, Andy."

But Andy shook off the restraining hand she placed on his arm. "We mind terribly," he shouted to her mother. "Do you think I like to see Jean dragging Ducky's carriage up and down the stairs because we can't afford the first-floor apartment at five dollars a month more? Going without any new clothes? Worrying about how she's going to feed me and Ducky food that will be cheap enough and still nourishing? I don't like it one bit. No, we're not children. But we're young enough and enough in love so we can afford to be poor. For the present."

Her mother walked over to Andy and kissed him. Hard. "But of course," she said. "Isn't that just what I was saying?"

With Ducky in her arms, Jean watched the plane circle and disappear in the sky. Such a wonderful visit, she thought, through the ache in her throat. But so short. So soon over.

"Never mind," she told Ducky. "Grandma promised she'd come soon again. And next time we'll really show her how beautifully organized and efficient your mamma can be. . . . What's that in your hand, Andy?"

Andy uncrumpled the piece of paper Jean's mother had tucked into his hand just before she stepped on the plane. His jaw was set in determination. "She probably thought, after the way I shot off my mouth last night, that we are on the ragged edge of poverty. Well, you'll just have to send it back, Jean."

But Jean was craning her neck and smiling. "Darling. Look at the date," she said. "They made it out before mother even came on the trip. To both of us. Don't you see?" She brushed her cheek against his shoulder. "Even if mother had found me a paragon of management and our house a little gem and everything going smoothly, she'd still have left it for us. Not because we're children but because we're *their* children. You and Ducky and I."

ANDY looked at the check again and grinned. "Oh, heck," he said. "If we can afford to be temporarily poor, I guess we can afford to be temporarily rich." He looked down at Ducky. "But don't let that be a precedent to you, young lady, in your future dealings with your parents," he told her, "after you're grown up and married. You hear me?"

Jean laughed. And touched her lips to the soft vulnerable spot on Ducky's head. As if a time could ever possibly come, she thought, when Ducky would be so grown up that she wouldn't need at least a *little* help now and then from her loving parents. **THE END**

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